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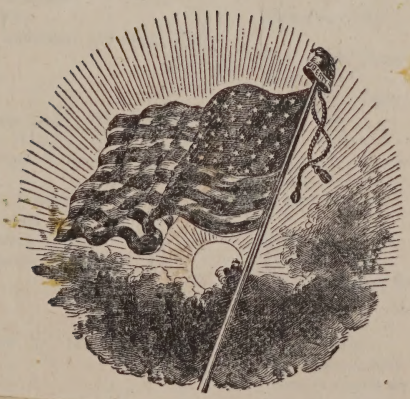
THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XXXII.



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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXXII. — JULY, 1873. — NO. CLXXXIX.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

ROME, February, 1873.

IT is certainly sweet to be merry at the right moment; but the right moment hardly seems to me to be the ten days of the Roman Carnival. It was a rather cynical suspicion of mine perhaps, that they would not keep to my imagination the brilliant promise of tradition; but I have been justified by the event, and have been decidedly less conscious of the festal influences of the season than of the inalienable gravity of the place. There was a time when the Carnival was a serious matter, that is, a heartily joyous one; but in the striding march of progress which Italy has recently witnessed, the fashion of public revelry has fallen woefully out of step. The state of mind and manners under which the Carnival was kept in generous good faith, I doubt if an American can very exactly conceive: he can only say to himself that, for a month in the year, it must have been sweet to *forget!* But now that Italy is made, the Carnival is unmade; and we are not especially tempted to envy the attitude of a population who have lost their relish for play, and not yet acquired, to any striking extent, an enthusiasm for work. The spectacle on the Corso has seemed to me, on the whole, a sort of measure of that great breach with the past of which Catholic Christendom felt the somewhat muffled shock in September, 1870. A traveller who had seen old Rome, coming back any time during the past winter, must have immediately perceived that something momentous had happened, — something hostile to picturesqueness. My first warning was that, ten minutes after my arrival, I found myself face to face with a newspaper stand. The impossibility in the other days of having anything in the journalistic line but the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Voce della Verità* used to seem to me to have much to do with the extraordinary leisure of thought and stillness of mind to which Rome admitted you. But now the slender piping of the Voice of Truth is stifled by the raucous note of eventide venders of the *Capitale*, the *Libertà*, and the *Fanfulla;* and Rome reading unsifted news is another Rome indeed. For every subscriber to the *Libertà*, I incline to think there is an antique masker and reveller the less. As strik-

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ing a sign of the new *régime* seemed to me the extraordinary increase of population. The Corso was always a well-filled street: now it 's a perpetual crush. I never cease to wonder where the new-comers are lodged, and how such spotless flowers of fashion as the gentlemen who stare at the carriages can bloom in the atmosphere of those *camere mobiliate* of which I have had glimpses. This, however, is their own question; bravely they resolve it. They seemed to proclaim, as I say, that, by force of numbers, Rome had been secularized. An Italian dandy is a very fine fellow; but I confess these goodly throngs of them are to my sense an insufficient compensation for the absent *monsignori*, treading the streets in their purple stockings, and followed by their solemn servants, returning on their behalf the bows of the meaner sort; for the mourning-gear of the cardinals' coaches that formerly glittered with scarlet, and swung with the weight of the footmen clinging behind; for the certainty that you'll not, by the best of traveller's luck, meet the Pope sitting deep in the shadow of his great chariot with uplifted fingers, like some inaccessible idol in his shrine. You may meet the king, indeed, who is as ugly, as imposingly ugly, as some idols, though not as inaccessible. The other day, as I was passing the Quirinal, he drove up in a low carriage, with a single attendant; and a group of men and women, who had been waiting near the gate, rushed at him with a number of folded papers. The carriage slackened pace, and he pocketed their offerings with a business-like air, — that of a good-natured man accepting hand-bills at a street-corner. Here was a monarch at his palace gate receiving petitions from his subjects, — being adjured to right their wrongs. The scene ought to have been picturesque, but, somehow, it had no more color than a woodcut in an illustrated newspaper. Comfortable I should call it at most; admirably so, certainly, for there were until lately few sovereigns standing, I believe, with whom their people enjoyed these filial hand-to-hand relations. The king, this year, however, has had as little to do with the Carnival as the Pope, and the innkeepers and Americans have marked it for their own.

It was advertised to begin at half past two o'clock of a certain Saturday; and punctually, at the stroke of the hour, from my room across a wide court I heard a sudden multiplication of sounds and confusion of tongues in the Corso. I was writing to a friend for whom I cared more than for a Roman holiday; but as the minutes elapsed and the hubbub deepened, curiosity got the better of affection, and I remembered that I was really within eye-shot of a spectacle whose reputation had ministered to the day-dreams of my infancy. I used to have a scrap-book with a colored print of the starting of the bedizened wild horses, and the use of a library rich in keepsakes and annuals whose frontispiece was commonly a masked lady in a balcony, — the heroine of a delightful tale farther on. Agitated by these tender memories, I descended into the street; but I confess that I looked in vain for a masked lady who might serve as a frontispiece, or any object whatever that might adorn a tale. Masked and muffled ladies there were in abundance; but their masks were of ugly wire and perfectly resembled the little covers placed upon strong cheese in German hotels, and their drapery was a shabby water-proof, with the hoods pulled over their chignons. They were armed with great tin scoops or funnels, with which they were solemnly shovelling lime and flour out of bushel baskets down upon the heads of the people in the street. They were packed into balconies all the way down the long vista of the Corso, in which their calcareous shower maintained a dense, a gritty, unpalatable fog. The crowd was compact in the street, and the Americans in it were tossing back *confetti* out of great satchels hung round their necks. It was quite the "you 're another" sort of repartee, and less

flavored than I had hoped with the airy mockery which tradition associates with this festival. The scene was striking, certainly; but, somehow, not as I had dreamed of its being. I stood contemplating it, I suppose, with a peculiarly tempting blankness of visage, for in a moment I received half a bushel of flour on my too-philosophic head. Decidedly it was an ignoble form of humor. I shook my ears like an emergent diver, and had a sudden vision of how still and sunny and solemn, how peculiarly and undisturbedly themselves, how secure from any intrusion less sympathetic than one's own, certain outlying parts of Rome must just now be. The Carnival had received its death-blow, in my imagination; and it has been ever since but a thin and dusky ghost of pleasure that has flitted at intervals in and out of my consciousness. I turned my back on the Corso and wandered away, and found the grass-grown quarters delightfully free even from the possibility of a fellow-countryman! And so having set myself an example, I have been keeping Carnival by strolling perversely along the silent circumference of Rome. I have no doubt I have lost a great deal. The Princess Margaret has occupied a balcony opposite the open space which leads into the Via Condotti, and, I believe, like the discreet princess that she is, has dealt in no missiles but *bonbons*, bouquets, and white doves. I would have waited half an hour any day to see the Princess Margaret holding a dove on her forefinger; but I never chanced to notice any preparations for this delightful spectacle. And, yet do what you will, you cannot really elude the Carnival. As the days elapse, it filters down, as it were, into the manners of the common people; and before the week is over, the very beggars at the church-doors seem to have gone to the expense of a domino. This masquerading of paupers, or of all but paupers, is the only feature of the affair especially suggestive of the old pleasure-taking passion. When you meet these specimens of dingy drollery capering about in dusky back streets at all hours of the day and night, and flitting out of black doorways between those greasy groups which cluster about Roman thresholds, you feel that once upon a time the seeds of merriment must have been implanted in the Roman temperament with a vigorous hand. An unsophisticated American cannot but be struck with the immense number of persons, of every age and various conditions, to whom it costs nothing in the nature of an ingenuous blush to walk up and down the streets in the costume of a theatrical supernumerary. Fathers of families do it at the head of an admiring progeniture; aunts and uncles and grandmothers do it; all the family does it, with varying splendor, but the same good conscience. "A pack of babies!" the philosophic American pronounces it for its pains, and tries to imagine himself strutting along Broadway in a battered tin helmet and a pair of yellow tights. Our vices are certainly different; it takes those of the innocent sort to be ridiculous! Roman childishness seems to me so intimately connected with Roman amenity, urbanity, and general gracefulness, that, for myself, I should be sorry to lay a tax on it, lest these other commodities should also cease to come to market. The Carnival is a bore, as much as you please; but it has this great merit, that its very existence means good-nature; means no rowdies, nor loafers, nor drunkards, nor pickpockets, nor fisticuffs. It may be childish, but in the nursery shoulder-hitting is undeveloped.

I was rewarded, when I had turned away with my ears full of flour, by a glimpse of an intenser sort of life than the dingy foolery of the Corso. I walked down by the back streets to the steps which ascend to the Capitol, — that long inclined plane, rather, broken at every two paces, which is the unfailing disappointment, I believe, of tourists primed for retrospective raptures. Certainly, the Capitol, seen from this side, is not commanding. The hill is

so low, the ascent so narrow, Michael Angelo's architecture in the quadrangle at the top so meagre, the whole place, somehow, so much more of a mole-hill than a mountain, that for the first ten minutes of your standing there Roman history seems suddenly to have sunk through a trap-door. It emerges, however, on the other side, in the Forum; and here, meanwhile, if you get no sense of the sublime, you get gradually a delightful sense of the picturesque. Nowhere in Rome is there more color, more charm, more sport for the eye. The gentle slope, during the winter months, is always covered with lounging sun-seekers, and especially with those more constantly obvious members of the Roman population, — beggars, soldiers, monks, and tourists. The beggars and peasants lie kicking their heels along that grandest of loafing-places, the great steps of the Ara Cœli. The dwarfish look of the Capitol is greatly increased, I think, by the neighborhood of this huge blank staircase, mouldering away in disuse, with the weeds in its crevices, and climbing to the rudely solemn façade of the church. The sunshine glares on this great unfinished wall only to light up its featureless despair, its expression of conscious, irremediable incompleteness. Sometimes massing its rusty screen against the deep blue sky, with the little cross and the sculptured porch casting a clear-cut shadow on the bricks, it seems to have an even more than Roman desolation, and confusedly suggests Spain and Africa, — lands with nothing but a past. The legendary wolf of Rome has lately been accommodated with a little artificial grotto, among the cacti and the palms, in the fantastic triangular garden squeezed between the steps of the church and the ascent to the Capitol, where she holds a perpetual levee, and "draws," apparently, as powerfully as the Pope himself. Above, in the little piazza before the stuccoed palace which rises so jauntily on a basement of thrice its magnitude, are more loungers and knitters in the sun, seated round the massively inscribed base of the statue of Marcus Aurelius. Hawthorne has perfectly expressed the attitude of this admirable figure in saying that it extends its arm with "a command which is in itself a benediction." I doubt if any statue of king or captain in the public places of the world has more to commend it to the popular heart. Irrecoverable simplicity has no sturdier representative. Here is an impression that the sculptors of the last three hundred years have been laboriously trying to reproduce; but contrasted with this mild old monarch, their prancing horses seem like a company of riding-masters, taking out a young ladies' boarding-school. The admirably human character of the figure survives the rugged, rusty bronze and the archaic singularity of the design; and one may call it singular that in the capital of Christendom the portrait most suggestive of a Christian will is that of a pagan emperor.

You recover in some degree your stifled hopes of sublimity as you pass beyond the palace, and take your choice of two curving slopes, to descend into the Forum. Then you see that the little stuccoed edifice is but a modern excrescence upon the mighty cliff of a primitive construction whose great squares of porous tufa, as they descend, seem to resolve themselves back into the colossal cohesion of unhewn rock. There is a prodigious picturesqueness in the union of this airy, fresh-faced superstructure and these deep-plunging, hoary foundations; and few things in Rome are more entertaining to the eye than to measure the long plumb-line which drops from the inhabited windows of the palace, with their little overpeeping balconies, their muslin curtains and their bird-cages, down to the rugged handiwork of the republic. In the Forum proper the sublime is eclipsed again, though the late extension of the excavations gives a chance for it. As yet, nothing has been laid bare save an immense stretch of pavement, studded with the broken pedestals of vanished columns, — the

ancient floor, I believe, of the Basilica Julia. The narrow, rough-flagged Via Sacra passes directly beside it, and the edge of the building seems to have pressed close upon the curbstone. These great masses of pavement are rather a naked spectacle; but to the lingering eye they acquire a strangely solemn charm, — so worn and fretted with human use they are, with history literally trodden into them, — and still so capable of bearing the weight of the present and connecting it with the past. The floor of the temple, in smooth fair slabs of pale blue and gray, has an extraordinary freshness and tenderness of color. Burial has made it young again, and it seems good for another thousand years. Nothing you can do in Rome helps your fancy to a more vigorous backward flight than to lounge on a sunny day over the railing which guards this vast excavation. It gives one the oddest feeling to see the past, the ancient world, as one stands there, bodily turned up with the spade, and transformed from an immaterial, inaccessible fact of time into a matter of soils and surfaces. The pleasure is the same — in kind — as what you get at Pompeii, and the pain the same. It was not here, however, that I found my reward for turning my back on the Corso, but in a little church at the end of the narrow byway which diverges up the Palatine from just beside the Arch of Titus. This by-way leads you between high walls, then takes a bend and introduces you to a long row of rusty, dusty little pictures of the stations of the cross. Beyond these stands a small church with a façade so modest that you hardly recognize it until you see the leather curtain. I never see a leather curtain without lifting it; it is sure to cover a picture of some sort, — good, bad, or indifferent. The picture this time was poor, — whitewash and tarnished candlesticks and mouldy muslin flowers being its principal features. I should not have remained if I had not been struck with the attitude of the single worshipper, — a young priest kneeling before one of the side-altars, who, as I entered, lifted his head and gave me a sidelong look, — so charged with the languor of devotion that he immediately became an object of interest; he was visiting each of the altars in turn, and kissing the balustrade beneath them. He was alone in the church, and, indeed, in the whole neighborhood. There were no beggars, even, at the door; they were plying their trade on the skirts of the Carnival. In the whole deserted place he alone knelt there for religion, and, as I sat respectfully by, it seemed to me that I could hear in the perfect silence the far-away uproar of the maskers. It was my late impression of these frivolous people, I suppose, joined with the extraordinary gravity of the young priest's face, — his pious fatigue, his droning prayer, and his isolation, — which gave me just then and there a supreme vision of the religious passion, — its privations and resignations and exhaustions, and its terribly small share of amusement. He was young and strong and evidently of not too refined a fibre to enjoy the Carnival; but planted there with his face pale with fasting and his knees stiff with praying, he seemed so stern a satire on it and on the crazy thousands who were preferring it to *his* way, that I half expected to see some heavenly portent out of a monastic legend come down and confirm his choice. But, I confess, though I was not enamored of the Carnival myself, that his seemed a grim preference, and this forswearing of the world a terrible game; a gaining one only if your zeal never falters; a hard fight when it does! In such an hour, to a stout young fellow like the hero of my anecdote, the smell of incense must seem horribly stale, and the muslin flowers and gilt candlesticks a very meagre piece of splendor. And it would n't have helped him much to think that not so very far away, just beyond the Forum, in the Corso, there was sport for the million, for nothing. I doubt whether my young priest had thought of this. He had made himself a temple out of the very substance of

his innocence, and his prayers followed each other too fast for the tempter to slip in a whisper. And so, as I say, I found a solider fact of human nature than the love of *coriandoli!*

One never passes the Coliseum, of course, without paying it one's respects, — without going in under one of the hundred portals and crossing the long oval and sitting down awhile, generally at the foot of the cross in the centre. I always feel, as I do so, as if I were sitting in the depths of some Alpine valley. The upper portions of the side toward the Esquiline seem as remote and lonely as an Alpine ridge, and you look up at their rugged sky-line, drinking in the sun and silvered by the blue air, with much the same feeling with which you would look at a gray cliff on which an eagle might lodge. This roughly mountainous quality of the great ruin is its chief interest; beauty of detail has pretty well vanished, especially since the high-growing wild flowers have been plucked away by the new government, whose functionaries, surely, at certain points of their task, must have felt as if they shared the dreadful trade of those who gather samphire. Even if you are on your way to the Lateran, you will not grudge the twenty minutes it will take you, on leaving the Coliseum, to turn away under the Arch of Constantine, whose noble battered bas-reliefs, with the chain of tragic statues, fettered, drooping barbarians, round its summit, I assume you to have profoundly admired, to the little piazza before the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, on the slope of the Cælian. There is no more charmingly picturesque spot in Rome. The ancient brick apse of the church peeps down into the trees of the little wooded walk before the neighboring church of San Gregorio, intensely venerable beneath its excessive modernization; and a series of heavy brick buttresses, flying across to an opposite wall, overarches the short, steep, paved passage which leads you into the piazza. This is bordered on one side by the long mediæval portico of the church of the two saints, sustained by eight time-blackened columns of granite and marble; on another by the great scantily windowed walls of a Passionist convent; on a third by the gate of a charming villa, whose tall porter, with his cockade and silver-topped staff, standing sublime behind his grating, seems a kind of mundane St. Peter, I suppose, to the beggars who sit at the church-door or lie in the sun along the farther slope which leads to the gate of the convent. The place always seems to me the perfection of an out-of-the-way corner, — a place you would think twice before telling people about, lest you should find them there the next time you were to go. It is such a group of objects, singly and in their happy combination, as one must come to Rome to find at one's villa door; but what makes it peculiarly a picture is the beautiful dark red campanile of the church, standing embedded in the mass of the convent, It begins, as so many things in Rome begin, with a stout foundation of antique travertine, and rises high, in delicately quaint mediæval brick-work, — little stories and apertures, sustained on miniature columns and adorned with little cracked slabs of green and yellow marble, inserted almost at random. When there are three or four brown-breasted *contadini* sleeping in the sun before the convent doors, and a departing monk leading his shadow down over them, I think you will not find anything in Rome more *sketchable.*

If you stop, however, to observe everything worthy of your water-colors, you will never reach the Lateran. My business was much less with the interior of St. John Lateran, which I have never found peculiarly interesting, than with certain charming features of its surrounding precinct,— the crooked old court beside it, which admits you to the Baptistery and to a delightful rear-view of the queer architectural odds and ends which in Rome may compose a florid ecclesiastical façade. There are more of these, a stranger jumble of chance detail, of lurking recesses and wanton projections and

inexplicable windows, than I have memory or phrases for; but the gem of the collection is the oddly perched peaked turret, with its yellow travertine welded upon the rusty brick-work, which was not meant to be suspected, and the brick-work retreating beneath and leaving it in the odd position of a tower *under* which you may see the sky. As to the great front of the church overlooking the Porta San Giovanni, you are not admitted behind the scenes; the phrase is quite in keeping, for the architecture has a vastly theatrical air. It is extremely imposing, — that of St. Peter's alone is more so; and when from far off on the Campagna you see the colossal images of the mitred saints along the top standing distinct against the sky, you forget their coarse construction and their breezy draperies. The view from the great space which stretches from the church-steps to the city wall is the very prince of views. Just beside you, beyond the great portico of mosaics, is the Scala Santa, the marble staircase on which (says the legend) Christ descended under the weight of Pilate's judgment, and which all Christians must forever ascend on their knees; before you is the city gate which opens upon the Via Appia Nuova, the long gaunt file of arches of the Claudian aqueduct, their jagged ridge stretching away like the vertebral column of some monstrous, mouldering skeleton, and upon the blooming brown and purple flats and dells of the Campagna and the glaring blue of the Alban Mountains, spotted with their white, high-nestling towns, all beautifully named, — Grotta Ferrata, Rocca di Papa, Castel Gandolfo, Albano, Palestrina; and to your left is the great grassy space lined with dwarfish mulberry-trees, which stretches across to the damp little sister-basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. During a former visit to Rome I lost my heart to this idle tract, and wasted much time in sitting on the steps of the church and watching certain white-cowled friars who were sure to be passing there for the delight of my eyes. There are fewer friars now, and there are a great many of the king's recruits who inhabit the ex-conventual barracks adjoining Santa Croce, and are led forward to practise their goose-step on the sunny turf. Here, too, the poor old cardinals who are no longer to be seen on the Pincio, descend from their mourning-coaches and relax their venerable knees. These members alone still testify to the traditional splendor of the princes of the Church; for as they advance, the lifted black petticoat reveals a flash of scarlet stockings, and makes you groan at the victory of civilization over color.

If St. John Lateran disappoints you internally, you have an easy compensation in traversing the long lane which connects it with Santa Maria Maggiore and entering the singularly perfect nave of that most delightful of churches. The first day of my stay in Rome, under the old dispensation, I spent in wandering at random through the city, with accident for my *valet de place*. It served me to perfection and introduced me to the best things, among others to Santa Maria Maggiore. First impressions, memorable impressions, are generally irrecoverable; they often leave one the wiser, but they rarely return in the same form. I remember of my coming uninformed and unprepared into Santa Maria Maggiore, only that I sat for half an hour on the edge of the base of one of the marble columns of the beautiful nave and enjoyed a perfect feast of fancy. The place seemed to me so endlessly suggestive that perception became a sort of throbbing confusion of images, and I departed with a sense of knowing a good deal that is not set down in Murray. I have sat down more than once at the base of the same column again; but you live your life but once, the parts as well as the whole. The obvious charm of the church is the elegant grandeur of the nave, — its perfect shapeliness and its rich simplicity, its long double row of white marble columns and its high flat roof, embossed with intricate gildings and mouldings. It opens into a choir of an extraordi-

nary splendor of effect, which I recommend you to visit of a fine afternoon. At such a time, the glowing western light, entering the high windows of the tribune, kindles the scattered masses of color into sombre brightness, scintillates on the great solemn mosaic of the vault, touches the porphyry columns of the superb *baldachino* with ruby lights, and buries its glaring shafts in the deep-toned shadows which cluster over frescos and sculptures and mouldings. The deeper charm to me, however, is the social atmosphere of the church, as I must call it for want of a better term, — the sense it gives you, in common with most of the Roman churches and more than any of them, of having been prayed in for several centuries by a singularly complicated and picturesque society. It takes no great shrewdness to perceive that the social *rôle* of the Church in Italy is terribly shrunken nowadays; but also as little, perhaps, to feel that, as they stand, these deserted temples were produced by a society leavened through and through by ecclesiastical manners, and that they formed for ages the constant background of the human drama. They are, as one may say, the *churchiest* churches in Europe,— the fullest of gathered detail and clustering association. There is not a figure that I have read of in history, fiction, or poetry pertaining to Italy,— and dreamed of in consequence,— that I cannot imagine in its proper place kneeling before the lamp-decked Confession beneath the altar of Santa Maria Maggiore. One sees after all, however, even among the most palpable realities, very much what one's capricious intellect projects there; and I present my remarks simply as a reminder that one's constant excursions into churches are not the least interesting episodes of one's walks in Rome.

I had meant to give a simple specimen of these daily strolls; but I have given it at such a length that I have scanty space left to touch upon the innumerable topics which occur to the pen that begins to scribble about Rome. It is by the aimless *flânerie*, which leaves you free to follow capriciously every hint of entertainment, that you get to know Rome. The greater part of Roman life goes on in the streets, and to a traveller fresh from a country in which town scenery is rather wanting in variety, it is full of picturesque and curious incident. If at times you find it rather unsavory, you may turn aside into the company of shining statues, ranged in long vistas, into the duskily splendid galleries of the Doria and Colonna Palaces, into the sun-checkered boscages of antique villas, or into ever-empty churches, thankful even for a tourist's tribute of interest. The squalor of Rome is certainly a stubborn fact, and there is no denying that it is a dirty place. "Don't talk to me of liking Rome," an old sojourner lately said to me; "you don't really like it till you like the dirt." This statement was a shock to my nascent passion; but — I blush to write it — I am growing to think there is something in it. The nameless uncleanness with which all Roman things are oversmeared seems to one at first a damning token of moral vileness. It fills you with more even of contempt than pity for Roman poverty, and you look with inexpressible irritation at the grovelling creatures who complacently vegetate in the midst of it. Soon after his arrival here, an intimate friend of mine had an illness which depressed his spirits and made him unable to see the universal "joke" of things. I found him one evening in his arm-chair, gazing grimly at his half-packed trunk. On my asking him what he intended: "This horrible place," he cried, "is an insufferable weight on my soul, and it seems to me monstrous to come here and feast on human misery. You 're very happy to be able to take things easily; you 've either much more philosophy than I, or much less. The squalor, the shabbiness, the provincialism, the barbarism, of Rome are too much for me. I must go somewhere and drink deep of modern civilization. This morning, as I

came up the Scalinata, I felt as if I could strangle every one of those filthy models that loaf there in their shameless degradation and sit staring at you with all the ignorance, and none of the innocence, of childhood. Isn't it an abomination that our enjoyment here directly implies their wretchedness; their knowing neither how to read nor to write, their draping themselves in mouldy rags, their doing never a stroke of honest work, their wearing those mummy-swathings round their legs from one year's end to another? So they 're kept, that Rome may be picturesque, and the *forestieri* abound, and a lot of profligate artists may paint wretchedly poor pictures of them. What should I stay for? I know the Vatican by heart; and, except St. Peter's and the Pantheon, there 's not a fine building in Rome. I 'm sick of the Italian face, — of black eyes and blue chins and lying vowel sounds. I want to see people who look as if they knew how to read and write, and care for something else than flocking to the Pincio to suck the knobs on their canes and stare at fine ladies they 'll never by any hazard speak to. The Duke of Sermoneta has just been elected to — something or other — by a proper majority. But what do you think of their mustering but a hundred voters? I like the picturesque, but I like the march of mind as well, and I long to see a newspaper a little bigger than a play-bill. I shall leave by the first train in the morning, and if you value your immortal soul you will come with me!"

My friend's accent was moving, and for some moments I was inclined to follow his example; but deep in my heart I felt the stir of certain gathered pledges of future enjoyment, and after a rapid struggle I bade him a respectful farewell. He travelled due north, and has been having a delightful winter at Munich, where the march of mind advances to the accompaniment of Wagner's music. Since his departure, to prove to him that I have rather more than less philosophy, I have written to him that the love of Rome is, in its last analysis, simply that perfectly honorable and legitimate instinct, the love of the *status quo*, — the preference of contemplative and slow-moving minds for the visible, palpable, measurable present, — touched here and there with the warm lights and shadows of the past. "What you call dirt," an excellent authority has written, "I call color": and it is certain that, if cleanliness is next to godliness, it is a very distant neighbor to *chiaroscuro*. That I have come to relish dirt as dirt, I hesitate yet awhile to affirm; but I admit that, as I walk about the streets and glance under black archways into dim old courts and up mouldering palace façades at the colored rags that flap over the twisted balustrades of balconies, I find I very much enjoy their "tone"; and I remain vaguely conscious that it would require a strong stomach to resolve this tone into its component elements. I don't know that my immortal soul permanently suffers; it simply retires for a moment to give place to that of a hankering water-color sketcher. As for the models on the Spanish Steps, I have lately been going somewhat to the studios, and the sight of the copies has filled me with compassionate tenderness for the originals. I regard them as an abused and persecuted race, and I freely forgive them their mouldy leggings and their dusky intellects.

I owe the reader amends for writing either of Roman churches or of Roman walks, without an allusion to St. Peter's. I go there often on rainy days, with prosaic intentions of "exercise," and carry them out, body and mind. As a mere *promenade*, St. Peter's is unequalled. It is better than the Boulevards, than Piccadilly or Broadway, and if it were not the most beautiful place in the world, it would be the most entertaining. Few great works of art last longer to one's curiosity. You think you have taken its measure; but it expands again, and leaves your vision shrunken. I never let the ponderous leather curtain bang

down behind me, without feeling as if all former visits were but a vague prevision, and this the first crossing of the threshold. Tourists will never cease to be asked, I suppose, if they have not been disappointed in the size of St. Peter's; but a few modest spirits, here and there, I hope, will never cease to say No. It seemed to me from the first the hugest thing conceivable, — a real exaltation of one's idea of space; so that one's entrance, even from the great empty square, glaring beneath the deep blue sky, or cool in the far-cast shadow of the immense façade, seems not so much a going in somewhere as a going out. I should confidently recommend a first glimpse of the interior to a man of pleasure in quest of new sensations, as one of the strongest the world affords. There are days when the vast nave looks vaster than at others, and the gorgeous baldachino a longer journey beyond the far-spreading tesselated plain of the pavement, when the light has a quality which lets things look their largest, and the scattered figures mark happily the scale of certain details. Then you have only to stroll and stroll, and gaze and gaze, and watch the baldachino lift its bronze architecture, like a temple within a temple, and feel yourself, at the bottom of the abysmal shaft of the dome, dwindle to a crawling dot. Much of the beauty of St. Peter's resides, I think, in the fact that it is all *general* beauty, that you are appealed to by no specific details, that the details indeed, when you observe them, are often poor and sometimes ridiculous. The sculptures, with the sole exception of Michael Angelo's admirable *Pietà*, which lurks obscurely in a dusky chapel, are either bad or indifferent; and the universal incrustation of marble, though sumptuous enough, has a less brilliant effect than much later work of the same sort, — that, for instance, of St. Paul's without the Walls. The supreme beauty of the church is its magnificently sustained simplicity. It seems — as it is — a realization of the happiest mood of a colossal imagination. The happiest mood, I say, because this is the only one of Michael Angelo's works in the presence of which you venture to be cheerful. You may smile in St. Peter's without a sense of sacrilege, which you can hardly do, if you have a tender conscience, in Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame. The abundance of enclosed light has much to do with your smile. There are no shadows, to speak of, no marked effects of shade; but effects of light innumerable, — points at which the light seems to mass itself in airy density, and scatter itself in enchanting gradations and cadences. It performs the office of shadow in Gothic churches; hangs like a rolling mist along the gilded vault of the nave, melts into bright interfusion the mosaic scintillations of the dome, clings and clusters and lingers and vivifies the whole vast atmosphere. A good Catholic, I suppose, is a Catholic anywhere, in the grandest as well as in the humblest churches; but to a traveller not especially pledged to be devout, St. Peter's speaks more of contentment than of aspiration. The mind seems to expand there immensely, but on its own level, as we may say. It marvels at the reach of the human imagination and the vastness of our earthly means. This is heaven enough, we say: what it lacks in beauty it makes up in certainty. And yet if one's half-hours at St. Peter's are not actually spent on one's knees, the mind reverts to its tremendous presence with an ardor deeply akin to a passionate effusion of faith. When you are weary of the swarming democracy of your fellow-tourists, of the unremunerative aspects of human nature on the Corso and Pincio, of the oppressively frequent combination of coronets on carriage panels and stupid faces in carriages, of addled brains and lacquered boots, of ruin and dirt and decay, of priests and beggars and the myriad tokens of a halting civilization, the image of the great temple depresses the balance of your doubts and seems to refute the invasive vulgarity of things, and assure

you that nothing great is impossible. It is a comfort, in other words, to feel that there is nothing but a cab-fare between your discontent and one of the greatest of human achievements.

This might serve as a Lenten peroration to these remarks of mine which have strayed so wofully from their jovial text, but that I ought fairly to confess that my last impression of the Carnival was altogether Carnivalesque. The merry-making on Shrove Tuesday had an air of native vigor, and the dead letter of tradition seemed at moments to be informed with a living spirit. I pocketed my scepticism and spent a long afternoon on the Corso. Almost every one was a masker, but I had no need to conform; the pelting rain of confetti effectually disguised me. I can't say I found it all very exhilarating; but here and there I noticed a brighter episode, — a capering clown inflamed with contagious jollity, some finer humorist, forming a circle every thirty yards to crow at his indefatigable sallies. One clever performer especially pleased me, and I should have been glad to catch a glimpse of the natural man. I had a fancy that he was taking a prodigious intellectual holiday, and that his gayety was in inverse ratio to his daily mood. He was dressed like a needy scholar, in an ancient evening-coat, with a rusty black hat and gloves fantastically patched, and he carried a little volume carefully under his arm. His humors were in excellent taste, his whole manner the perfection of genteel comedy. The crowd seemed to relish him vastly, and he immediately commanded a gleefully attentive audience. Many of his sallies I lost; those I caught were excellent. His trick was often to begin by taking some one urbanely and caressingly by the chin and complimenting him on the *intelligenza della sua fisionomia.* I kept near him as long as I could; for he seemed to me an artist, cherishing a disinterested passion for the grotesque. But I should have liked to see him the next morning, or when he unmasked that night, over his hard-earned supper, in a smoky *trattoria!* As the evening went on, the crowd thickened and became a motley press of shouting, pushing, scrambling — everything but squabbling — revellers. The rain of missiles ceased at dusk; but the universal deposit of chalk and flour was trampled into a cloud, made lurid by the flaring pyramids of gas-lamps, replacing for the occasion the stingy Roman luminaries. Early in the evening came off the classic exhibition of the *moccoletti*, which I but half saw, like a languid reporter resigned beforehand to be cashiered for want of enterprise. From the mouth of a side-street, over a thousand heads, I beheld a huge, slow-moving illuminated car, from which blue-lights and rockets and Roman candles were being discharged, and meeting in a dim fuliginous glare far above the house-tops. It was like a glimpse of some public orgy in ancient Babylon. In the small hours of the morning, walking homeward from a private entertainment, I found Ash-Wednesday still kept at bay. The Corso was flaring with light, and smelt like a circus. Every one was taking friendly liberties with every one else, and using up the dregs of his festive energy in convulsive hootings and gymnastics. Here and there certain indefatigable spirits, clad all in red, as devils, were leaping furiously about with torches and being supposed to startle you. But they shared the universal geniality and bequeathed me no midnight fears as a pretext for keeping Lent, — the *carnovale dei preti*, as I read in that profanely radical sheet, the *Libertà*. Of this, too, I have been having glimpses. Going lately into Santa Francesca Romana, the picturesque church near the Temple of Peace, I found a feast for the eyes, — a dim, crimson-toned light through curtained windows, a great festoon of tapers round the altar, a bulging girdle of lamps before the sunken shrine beneath, and a dozen white-robed Dominicans scattered in the happiest "composition" on the pavement. It was better than the moccoletti.

H. James Jr.

BONAVENTURA.

THE OLD BURIAL-PLACE OF SAVANNAH.

THE broad, white road flows by this place of tombs,
  Set in the inlet's curving lines of blue.
Through the low arch, wide-spreading tender glooms,
Stand the gray trees, light-veiled by those strange looms,
  That weave their palest thread of air and dew.

Gray moss, it seems the mist of tears once shed;
  Dim ghost of prayers, whose longing once it spoke;
For, still, its fairy, floating flags, o'erhead,
By every wind of morning visited,
  Sigh in a silence that were else unbroke.

Silence, how deep! The Southern day half-done
  Is pierced by sudden thrills of autumn chill.
From the tall pine-trees black against the sun,
The great brown cones, slow dropping, one by one,
  Fall on dead leaves, and all again is still!

So still, you hear the rush of hurrying wings
  Beyond the river, where tall grasses grow.
Far off, the blackbird eddying dips and sings,
Or on the heavy-headed rice-stalks swings,
  Slow swaying with the light weight, to and fro.

This is the temple of most deep repose —
  Guardian of sleep, keeper of perfect rest!
Silently in the sun the fair stream flows;
Upon its unstirred breast a white sail goes
  From the blue east into the bluer west.

Nature herself with magic spell of power
  Stands in these aisles and says to all things, "Peace!"
Nothing she hears more harsh than growth of flower
Or climbing feet of mosses that each hour
  Their delicate store of softest green increase,

Or flying footsteps of the hurrying rain.
  No need have we to pray the dead may sleep:
Shut in such depths of perfect calm can pain
No entrance find; nor shall they fear again
  To turn and sigh, to wake again or weep.

Ellen Frances Terry.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART I.

I.

The Lake.

FAR up under the snow-line, where the sun seldom rises, and, when it rises, seldom sets, is a lake. In the long summer days, grave fir-trees and barren rocks, wearing on their brows the wrinkles of centuries, reflect their rugged heads in its mirror; but it is not often that gentle spring and summer find their way hither on their wanderings round the earth, and when they do, their stay is brief. And again winter blows his icy breath over the mountains; stiff and dead lie the waters, and the fir-trees sigh under the burden of the heavy snow.

At the northern end of the lake, the Yokul, the son of winter, lifts his mighty head above the clouds, and looks in cold contempt down upon the world below; with his arms, the long, freezing glaciers, he embraces the landscape around him, hugging it tightly to his frosty bosom.

On the eastern side the rocks open wide enough for a little brook to escape from the mountains into the valley; and as it runs chattering between the ferns and under the tree-roots, it tells them from year to year an endless tale of the longings of the lake and of the despotic sway of the stern old Yokul. But once every year, when spring comes with merry birds and sunshine, the little brook feels itself larger and stronger, and it swells with joy, and bounds laughing over the crooked tree-roots and throws in its wantonness a kiss of good-by to its old friends, the ferns. Every spring the brook is glad; for it knows it will join the river, it knows it will reach the ocean.

"The flood is coming," said the old people in the valley, and they built a dam in the opening of the rocks, where the brook had flowed, and stopped it. Farther down they put up a little mill with a large water-wheel, which had years ago belonged to another mill, so that the whole now looked like a child with its grandfather's hat and spectacles on.

"Now we will make the brook of some use," said they; and every time the lake rose to the edge of the dam, they opened the flood-gate; the water rushed down on the mill, the water-wheel turned round and round, and the mill-stones ground the grain into flour. So the brook was made of use.

But up on the mountain the snow lay deep yet, and the bear slept undisturbed in his wintry cave. Snow loaded the branches of the pines, and the ice was cold and heavy on the bosom of the lake. For spring had not yet come there; it always came first to the old folks down in the valley. It was on its way now up the mountain-side.

A mild breeze stole over the rocks and through the forest, the old fir shook her branches and rose upright. Masses of snow fell down on the rock; they rolled and grew, as they rolled, until with a heavy thump they reached the lake. A loud crash shot through the ice from shore to shore.

A few sunbeams came straggling in through the forest, struck the fir, and glittered on the ice, where the wind had swept it bare.

"Spring is coming," said the old tree, doubting whether to trust her own eyes or not; for it was long since she had seen the spring. And she straightened herself once more, and shook her tough old branches again.

"Spring is coming," she repeated, still speaking to herself; but the stiff pine, standing hard by, heard the news,

and she told it to the birch, the birch to the dry bulrushes, and the bulrushes to the lake.

"Spring is coming," rustled the bulrushes, and they trembled with joy. The lake heard it, and its bosom heaved; for it had longed for the spring. And the wind heard it, and whispered the message of joy, wherever it came, to the rocks, to the glaciers and to the old Yokul. "Spring is coming," said the wind.

And the lake wondered; for it thought of the swallows of last spring, and of what the swallows had said. "Far from here," chirped the swallows, "is the great ocean; and there are no pine-trees there, no firs to darken the light of the sun, no cold and haughty Yokul to freeze the waters."

"No firs and no Yokul?" said the lake, wondering, for it had never seen anything but the firs and the Yokul.

"And no rocks to bound the sight and hinder the motion," added the swallows.

"And no rocks," exclaimed the lake; and from that time it thought of nothing but the ocean.

For two long years the lake had been thinking, until at last it thought it would like to tell somebody what it had been thinking; the old fir looked so wise and intelligent, it felt sure that the fir would like to know something about the ocean. But then it wondered again what it had to tell the fir about the ocean, and how it should tell it, until at last spring came, and it had not yet spoken. Then the fir spoke.

"What are you thinking about?" said the fir.

"About the ocean," answered the lake.

"The ocean?" repeated the fir, in a tone of inexpressible contempt; "what is the use of thinking about the ocean? Why don't you think of the mill?"

"Have you ever seen the ocean?" asked the lake, timidly.

"Seen the ocean? No; but I have seen the mill, and that is a great deal better." And the fir shrugged her great shoulders, as if pitying both the ocean and those that could waste a thought on it.

Then for a long time the lake was silent, until it felt that it could no longer hold its peace; then it spoke. This time, it thought it would speak to the pine; the pine was younger and might perhaps itself once have had longings for the ocean.

"Have you ever longed for the ocean?" said the lake to the pine.

"I have longed for the mill," answered the pine harshly, and its voice sounded cold and shrill; "and that is what you had better long for too," it added. The pine looked down into the clear water, and saw its own image; it shook its stately branches and seemed greatly pleased with its own appearance.

"But," began the lake again, "would you not like to see the ocean?"

"No," cried the pine, "my father and my father's father grew up, lived, and died here; they never saw the ocean, and they were just as well off without it. What would be the use of seeing the ocean?"

"I do not know," sighed the lake, and was silent; and from that time it never spoke about the ocean, but it thought the more of it, and longed for the spring and the swallows.

It was early in June. The sun rose and shone warm on the Yokul, night and day. To the lake it seldom came, only now and then a few rays would go astray in the forest, peep forth between the rugged trunks, and flash in the water; then hope swelled in the bosom of the lake, and it knew that spring was coming.

At last came spring, and with it the sea-winds and the swallows. And every evening, when the sun shone red and dreamy, the lake would hear the sea-wind sing its strange songs about the great ocean, and about the tempests that lifted its waves to the sky; it would listen to the swallows, as they told their wonder-stories of the blooming lands beyond the ocean, where

there were no firs, no rocks, and no Yokul, but in their stead palm-trees with broad glittering leaves and sweet fruits, beautiful gardens and sunshiny hills, looking out over the great boundless ocean.

"And," said the swallows, "there is never any snow and ice there; always light and sunshine."

"Always light and sunshine?" asked the lake, wondering; and its thoughts and its longings grew toward the great ocean and that sunshiny land beyond it.

The sun rose higher and shone on the Yokul warmer than ever before; the Yokul sparkled and glittered in the sunshine; it was almost merry, for it smiled at the sun's trying to melt it.

"It is no use trying," said the Yokul; "I have been standing here so long now, that it is of no use trying to change me." But change it did, although it was too stubborn to own it; for it sent great, swelling rivers down its sides, down into the valley, and into the lake.

And as the sun rose, the lake grew; for there was strength in the sunshine. The old fir shook her head, and shrugged her shoulders; but still the lake kept growing, growing up over her feet, until the old fir stood in the water above her knees. Then she lost her patience.

"What in all the world are you thinking about?" exclaimed the old tree.

"About the ocean," said the lake; "O that I could see the ocean!"

"Come," whispered the sea-wind, dancing down over the mountain-side, "come to the ocean."

"Come," chirped the swallows, "come to the ocean."

"I am coming," said the lake, and it rushed upon the dam; the barrier creaked and broke. The lake drew a full breath, and onward it leaped, onward over the old mill it staggered and fell; onward through fields and meadows, through forests and plains; onward it rushed, onward to the ocean.

II.

Henjumhei.

Where the valley is narrowest, the mountain steepest, and the river swiftest, lies Henjumhei. The cottage itself is small and frail, and smaller and frailer still it looks with that huge rock stooping over it, and the river roaring and foaming below; it seems almost ready to fall. The river, indeed, seems to regard it as an easy prey, for every spring, when it feels lusty and strong, it draws nearer and nearer to the cottage, flings its angry foam in through the narrow window-holes, and would, perhaps, long ago have hurled the moss-grown beams down over its brawling rapids, if it had not been for the old rock, which always frowns more sternly than ever when the river draws too near the cottage. Perhaps it was the same fear of the river which induced Gunnar Thorson Henjumhei, Thor Gunnarson's father, to plant two great beams against the eastern and western walls; there is now but little danger of its falling, and Thor Gunnarson has lived there nearly ten years since his father, Gunnar, felled that great fir, which felled himself, so that he had to be brought home to die. Now, how old Gunnar, who was known to be the best lumberman in all the valley, could have managed to get that trunk over his neck, was a matter which no one pretended to understand, except Gunhild, his widow; and every one knew that she was a wise woman. This was what she said: —

"There was an old fir, the finest mast that ever struck root on this side the mountains; but the tree was charmed, and no one dared to fell it: for it belonged to the Hulder,* and it was from the top of that old fir that she called

* The Hulder is a kind of personification of the forest; she is described as a maiden of wonderful beauty, and only in this respect different from her mortal sisters, that she has a long cow's-tail attached to her beautiful frame. This is the grief of her life. She is always longing for the society of mortals, often ensnares young men by her beauty, but again and again the tail interferes by betraying her real nature. She is the protecting genius of the cattle.

with her loor * her herds of motley cattle; many a time she had been seen sitting there at eventide, counting her flocks, and playing her mournful loor until not a calf or a kid was missing. No man had dared to fell the tree, for it would have been that man's death. Then there came one day a lumber-merchant from town; he saw the mast and offered two hundred silver dollars for it. Old Lars Henjum said he might have it, if he could find the man who had the courage to fell it. Now, that thing was never made which Gunnar was afraid of, and he would like to see the woman, said he, either with tail or without it, who could scare him from doing what he had made up his mind to do. So he felled the mast, and paid with his life for his boldness. For behind the mast stood the Hulder, and it was not for nothing that the last stroke of the axe brought the huge trunk down on the lumberman's head. Since then ill luck has ever followed the family, and ever will follow it," said old Gunhild.

Before his father's death Thor Henjumhei had been the first dancer and the best fighter in all the valley. People thought him a wild fellow, and the old folks shrugged their shoulders at his bold tricks and at his absurd ideas of going to sea to visit foreign countries, or of enlisting as a soldier and fighting in unknown worlds. Why did he not, like a sensible man, marry and settle down as his father and his father's father had done before him, and work like them for his living, instead of talking of the sea and foreign countries? This puzzled the good old folks considerably; but in spite of their professed dislike for Thor, they could never help talking about him; and, in spite of all his wildness, they could not help owning that there really was something about him which made even his faults attractive. Strange it was, also, that, although Thor was only a houseman's † son, many a gardman's wife had been seen smiling graciously upon him when her fair daughter was leaning on his arm in the whirling spring-dance. But since the day he had found his father in the forest, bloody and senseless, under the Hulder's fir, no one recognized in him the old Thor. He settled down in the little cottage by the river, married according to his mother's wish, worked as hard and as steadily as a plough-horse, and nevermore mentioned the sea or foreign countries. Old Gunhild was happier than ever; for although she had lost her husband (poor soul, anybody might have known that he would come to a sudden end), she had found her son. And as for Birgit, her daughter-in-law, she was the gentlest and most obedient creature that ever was, and did exactly as Gunhild bade her; thus they lived together in peace and unity, and were not even known to have had a single quarrel, which is a most remarkable circumstance, considering that they were daughter-in-law and mother-in-law, and lived under the same roof and even in the same room. But Birgit had as firm a belief in Gunhild's superiority of sense and judgment as she had in the old silver-clasped Bible or in Martin Luther's Catechism, and would no more have thought of questioning the one than the other. Her husband she had never known in his wild days, and, although she had heard people tell about the gay and daring lad, who could kick the rafter in the loftiest ceiling, and on whose arm the proudest maiden was fain to rest, she somehow never could persuade herself to believe it. To her he always remained the stern, silent Thor, to whom she looked up with an almost reverential admiration, and whose very silence she considered the most unmistakable proof of superior wisdom.

Nearly a year had Birgit been at Henjumhei, [illegible] Christmas came round

* The Loor is a straight birch-bark horn, widening toward one end. It is from three to six feet long, and is used for calling the cattle home at evening.

† In the rural districts of Norway there is sharp distinction between a "gardman," or a man who owns his land, a[illegible] 'houseman," who pays the rent of his house and an adjoining piece of land large enough to feed a cow or two, by working a certain number of weeks or months a year for the gardman.

again. It was on Christmas eve that Gunnar Thorson was born; for of course the boy was christened Gunnar, after his grandfather. Thor came home late from the woods that night. Gunhild was standing in the door, looking for him.

"It is cold to-night, mother," said he, pulling off his bear-skin mittens, and putting his axe up in its old place under the roof.

"You may well say so, son," said Gunhild.

Thor fixed an inquiring look on his mother's face. She read the look, and answered it before he had time to ask.

"A boy," said she, "a beautiful child."

"A boy," repeated Thor, and his stern features brightened as he spoke. He took off his cap before he went in that night. Gunhild followed.

"Wonderful child, indeed," said she, "born on a Christmas eve." Then she went out again, took a large knife, polished it until it shone like silver, and stuck it with the point in the door.

"Now, thank God," muttered she to herself, "the child is safe and no hill-people * will dare to change it."

Days came and days went, and a month had passed. The child grew, and the mother failed; and every night when Thor came home from his work he looked more and more troubled. Gunhild saw it.

"When spring has crossed the mountains, she will get well," said she.

But spring came; the sun shone bright and warm on the Yokul and the western glaciers; the icy peaks reflected its light into the narrow valley, and the Yokul sparkled like a crystal palace.

"Now spring is coming," said Gunhild.

It was early in J[illegible] and spring's first flower came just in time to adorn Birgit's coffin. All the neighbors were at the funeral; and no man, who saw the dense crowd in the churchyard, would have supposed that this was the funeral of a houseman's wife. When the ceremony was over, the pastor came up to shake hands with Thor and Gunhild.

"A hard loss, Thor," said the pastor.

"A hard loss, father," said Thor.

"Unexpected?"

"Unexpected. Mother thought spring would make her well." His lip quivered, and he turned abruptly round.

"And spring did make her well, Thor," said the pastor warmly, grasping Thor's hand and giving it a hearty parting shake.

If the cottage of Henjumhei had ever seen such wild deeds as it did while that boy was growing up, it surely must have been very long ago. For there was no spot from the chimney-top to the cellar to which he did not scramble. "And it certainly is a wonder," said his grandmother, "that he does not break his neck, and tear the house down ten times a day." The cottage contained only one room, with an open hearth in a corner, and two beds, one above the other, both built between the wall and two posts reaching from the floor to the roof. There was no ceiling, but long smoky beams crossing the cottage. A few feet above these were nailed a dozen boards or more, crosswise from one rafter in the roof to another on the opposite side. This is called Hemsedal, or the bed where strangers sleep. There the beggar and the wanderer may always find a sack of straw and a bed of pine branches whereon to rest their weary limbs. These beams were Gunnar's special delight. He was not many years old, before he could get up there by climbing the door; each beam had its own name from stories which his grandmother had told him, and he sat there and talked to them or hours together. On the one nearest the hearth was an old saddle which had been

* The hill-people are a k[illegible] ugly pygmies with big heads and small bodies. They often steal newborn infants and place their own in the plundered cradle. Such changelings have large glassy eyes with a blank stare, and eat immensely, but never grow very large, and can never learn to speak.

hanging there from immemorial times; its name was "Fox," and on it he rode every day over mountains, seas, and forests to free the beautiful princess, who was guarded by the Trold with three heads.

In the winter, as soon as the short daylight faded, he would spend hours in Hemsedal; and to his grandmother's inquiry about what he was doing there, he would always answer that he was looking at the dark. Although Gunhild never liked to have the boy sit up there, and often was herself frightened at the strange things he said, she never dared bid him come down; for her superstition peopled the cottage as well as all nature round her with elves and fairy spirits, whom she would not for any price offend. They might, indeed, some time in the boy's life, prove a potent protection to him.

There was only one thing which Gunnar liked better than riding Fox and looking at the dark, and that was to listen to grandmother's stories; for grandmother could tell the most wonderful stories. Thor was very fond of his son, but it was not his way to show his fondness, and still less to speak of it; but, though nothing was said, it was always understood that he wished to have the boy near him in the evening when the day's work was done. Then he would light his old clay-pipe, and take his seat on one side of the hearth; on the low hearth-stone itself his mother would sit, and little Gunnar on the floor between them. It was on such evenings, while Thor was busily smoking and carving some wooden box or spoon, and grandmother knitting away on her stocking, that she would tell her stories about Necken,* who had loved in vain, and plays his sad tunes in the silent midsummer night; much she knew also of the Hulder, whose beauty is greater than mortal eye ever beheld. But the finest story of all was the one about the poor boy who walked thousands of miles, through endless forests and over huge mountains, to kill the Trold, and free the beautiful princess. Gunnar never could weary of that story, and grandmother had to tell it over and over again.

One night Gunhild had just told of the boy and the princess for the third time. The fire on the hearth threw its red lustre upon the group. There was no candle or lamp in the room, only a drowsy stick of fir flickered from a crevice in the wall. Gunnar sat staring into the dying embers.

"What are you staring at, boy?" said his father.

"O father, I see the Trold, and the boy, and the princess, and all of them, right there in the fire," cried Gunnar eagerly.

"You had better go to bed," said Thor.

Now Gunnar would have liked to hear something more about the poor boy, but he durst not disobey; so he reluctantly climbed up to his grandmother's bed, undressed, and went to sleep. But that night he dreamed that the cottage was an enchanted palace, that his grandmother was an enchanted princess, and his father the three-headed Trold who kept the charm. The next morning he cautiously suggested the idea to his grandmother, whom he frightened so thoroughly that she promised herself never in her life to tell the child any Trold story again. And she never did. But the story had made too deep an impression upon the boy's mind ever to be forgotten. He tried repeatedly to learn more from his grandmother about the later fate of the poor boy and the princess; but the grandmother always lost her temper whenever he approached that subject, and stubbornly refused to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. Then he determined to make explorations at his own risk; for he knew it would be of no use asking his father. There must surely be more than one beautiful princess in the world, thought he, and more than one Trold, too; and he knew a boy

* As the Hulder is the spirit of the forest, so Necken is the spirit of the water. He lives in the wildest cataracts, where he plays his violin, or, according to others, a harp, and he who listens closely may hear his wonderful music above the roaring of the water.

who would not be afraid to meet any number of Trolds, for the sake of one beautiful princess.

Few people ever came to Henjumhei, for it was very much out of the way, being far from the church-road, and the river was too swift to be crossed so far up. Farther down the current was not so strong, and there a skilful boatman could row across without danger. Now and then a beggar would find his way up to the cottage, and, as these visits brought many bits of pleasant gossip and parish news, and, moreover, formed Gunhild's only connection with the world outside, through the long dark winter, they were always gratefully accepted, and the visitor never went away unrewarded. Of course Thor never knew of what was going on in the valley, and every girl in the parish might have married, and every other man emigrated, for all he cared. He had enough to do with his own affairs, he said, and so had his neighbor with his. This was a point of constant disagreement between Gunhild and her son; for she was naturally of a social disposition, and led this lonely life more from necessity than from choice. As for Gunnar, he knew nothing about the people in the valley, and consequently felt no interest in them; but still he enjoyed the visits of the beggars as much as his grandmother; he always looked upon them with a kind of reverential awe, and would not have been in the least surprised if he had seen their rags suddenly turn into gold and purple. The boy had lived so long in a world of his own imagination, and had had so very little to do with the world of reality, that he was not able to distinguish the one from the other.

III.

The Gardman Folks.

About a mile down the river, where the valley opens widely toward the fjord and the sunshine, lies Henjum, the largest estate within hundreds of miles. Atle Larsson Henjum is the first man in the whole parish, and even the pastor himself pays him his regular visits after the Christmas and Easter offerings. In church he always takes the foremost seat, nearest the pulpit, and the pastor seldom commences his sermon before Atle is in his seat. On offering-days he is always the first man at the altar. Atle Henjum is only a peasant, but he is proud of being a peasant. "My father and my father's father, and again his father, as far back as Saga records, were peasants," he would say, "so I do not see why I should wish to be anything else." Atle always likes to speak of his father and his father's father, and he is sure never to think of doing anything which they have not done before him. It is because his father always had occupied the foremost seat in church that he feels bound to do it; as for himself, it makes no difference to him where he sits. Everybody who could remember Lars Atleson, Atle's father, said that never had a son followed more closely in father's footsteps than Atle did. As far back in time as memory goes, Atle's ancestors had lived on Henjum, and their names had been alternately Lars Atleson and Atle Larsson; consequently, when Atle's son was born, he would probably rather have drowned him than given him any other name than Lars.

Henjum holds as commanding a position over the rest of the valley as its lord over his fellow-parishioners. The fresh-painted, red, two-story building, with its tall chimneys and slated roof, looks very stately indeed on the gently sloping hillside, with the dark pine forest behind it and the light green meadows below.

Atle Henjum owned a good deal more land than he could take care of himself; more than half of his estate he leased to his housemen, in lots large enough to hold a cottage and feed one or two cows. These housemen, of which Thor Henjumhei was one, paid the lease of their land by working a certain number of weeks on the "gard," as they called the estate to which they and their lots belonged.

Atle himself was thus called the gardman, and his family the gardman folks.

Atle's father and father's father had been hard workers, and so was Atle himself; and the houseman who expected to remain long in his service must follow his example; next, he must have no will of his own, but do exactly as he was told, without saying one word for or against. To this last rule, however, there was one exception; Thor Henjumhei was a man of as few words as his master, but of all the housemen he was the only one who was allowed to speak his opinion, or, more, who was requested to do so. There was a singular kind of friendship between the two, founded on mutual respect. Atle knew well that Thor was as stiff and at bottom as proud as himself, and Thor had the same conviction with regard to Atle. Seldom was any new land broken, a fallow field sown, or a lumber bargain settled, before Thor's opinion was heard.

Atle Henjum had two children. Lars, the boy, was by two years the older; he was of just the same age as Thor's son, Gunnar. The daughter's name was Gudrun.

The Henjum estate stretched straight to the river, on either side of which was a boat-house, one belonging to Henjum, and the other to Rimul. Rimul was a large and fine estate, though not quite as large as Henjum; the house was only one story, and did not look half as stately as the big Henjum building; but it had such a friendly and cheerful look about it, that nobody could help wishing to step in, when he chanced to pass by. Ingeborg Rimul herself was the stateliest woman you might see; indeed, she was not Atle Henjum's sister for nothing. Atle had never had more than this one sister, and while she was at home he had always been proud of her stately growth and fair appearance. Of course Ingeborg had a suitor for every finger, while she was a maiden; but when anybody asked her why none of the young lads found favor with her (and there were many mothers of promising sons who put that question to her), she always answered that she was in no hurry. Then one day a young man from the city came to visit the parsonage. He had studied for the ministry at the University of Christiania, wore a long silk tassel in his cap, and spectacles on his nose. His name was Mr. Vogt. He had not been long in the valley before he discovered in church a girl with long golden hair and a pair of eyes which interested him exceedingly. Ingeborg received many invitations from the parsonage in those days, even so many that Atle began to suspect mischief, and forbade her going there altogether. Ingeborg of course dared not disobey her brother. She never went to the parsonage again while Mr. Vogt was there. But somebody thought he had seen a long silk tassel and a pair of bright blue eyes down on the shore late one dreamy summer evening; and another, who thought he had seen more, was not sure but it was fair Ingeborg's golden head he had recognized resting on Mr. Vogt's bosom one moonlight night, under the great birch-tree by the river. Whether true or not, sure it was that all the valley was talking about it; but strange to say, the last to hear it and the last to believe it was Atle Henjum. In fact, it made him so angry, when somebody congratulated him on his new brother-in-law, that no one from that day dared mention Vogt's name in his presence. But Atle also had his eyes opened before long. For one day Mr. Vogt came marching up the hills to Henjum, and asked to see Atle. What passed between them no one ever knew: all that was known is that Mr. Vogt left the parsonage that very night, and went back to the city; that Ingeborg, against her custom, did not appear either at church or anywhere else for several weeks, and that the next time she did appear, people thought she looked a little paler, and carried her head somewhat higher than usual. Before the year passed she was

married to Sigurd Rimul, who was several years younger than herself. Atle made the wedding, and a grand wedding it was; it lasted from Wednesday till Monday; there was drinking and dancing, and both pastor and judge were invited. Never had a bride on this side of the mountains brought such a dowry; there was wool and linen and silver enough to cover the road from the church to the bridal-house; so she had every reason to feel happy, and, if she did not, it was not her fault, for she tried hard. Since that time Mr. Vogt was never seen, and seldom heard of in the valley. The parson told somebody who asked for him, that he had married a wealthy man's daughter, and was settled as pastor of a large parish near the city.

It was now about seven or eight winters since Ingeborg's wedding; if she had not known sorrows before, as indeed she had, her married life did not begin with too bright a prospect. Sigurd was a good husband; so everybody said, and no one was readier to praise him than his wife. People said, however, that Ingeborg still had everything her own way, and that Sigurd had "to dance to his wife's pipe." But if anybody had dared hint such thing in Sigurd's presence, there is no knowing what he might have done; for kind and gentle as he was, the saying was, that he had one tender point, and when any one touched that he was wilder than a bear. Sigurd was proud of his wife; he thought her the most beautiful and most perfect woman who ever lived; and he would not have been afraid to strike the king himself, if he had gainsaid him on that point. Still, there were those in the parish who were of a different opinion; for rejected suitors are not apt to make very warm friends afterwards, and their mothers and sisters still less so. To Ingeborg it mattered little what people said; she carried her head as high after her wedding as she had done in her maiden days, and shook hands with the parishioners on Sundays after service as friendly as ever. Then something happened which made a change in her life.

Erick Skogstod had been one of Ingeborg's warmest admirers. She had refused him twice, but still he did not despair. He was present at her wedding, and had been drunk even on the second day. The sixth winter after, he invited Sigurd and Ingeborg to his own wedding. They both rode to church with the bridal party, but Ingeborg excused herself from coming in the evening; she could not leave her baby, she said; so Sigurd went alone. The second night more than half of the guests were drunk, and even the bridegroom himself had clearly looked "a little too deep into the glass." Sigurd was displeased. He left the hot, noisy hall, where the din was almost deafening, and went out into the yard to cool himself. The moon shone bright, and there was a clear frost. He had meant to steal away unnoticed, when the bridegroom and three or four guests met him in the yard and stopped him. "Where is your wife?" asked Erick.

"She is at home."

"Why did n't she come? Perhaps she thought herself too good to come to Erick Skogstod's wedding."

"She could not leave her baby," replied Sigurd calmly, taking no notice of the latter remark.

"Could not leave her baby, hey?" cried Erick; "if she cannot leave her baby, then you may tell her from Erick Skogstod not to send her baby to a wedding alone another time." And seizing Sigurd with both hands by the coat-collar, he thrust his face close up to his and burst into a wild laughter.

"What do you mean?" said Sigurd, releasing himself from Erick's grasp.

"I mean that you are a baby, and that you had better go home and put on one of your wife's petticoats, and not come here and mingle with men." Erick was very much amused at his own taunts, and turned round to his attendants, laughing. They all laughed and looked scornfully at Sigurd. His arm trembled; he struggled hard to keep calm.

"You are afraid now, Sigurd Rimul," cried the bridegroom, again seizing him by the collar.

"Never shall you see the day when Sigurd Rimul is afraid." A heavy blow sent Erick headlong to the ground; for a moment he lay silent and moved not a finger; then with a fearful yell he bounded to his feet, lifted his huge fist, and rushed furiously against his opponent; but Sigurd was prepared, and warded off the blow with his arm. Erick foamed with rage; he felt for his knife, but fortunately it was gone, or that night must have been a bloody one. Then with both arms he caught his guest round the waist, and tried to throw him. The other struggled to free himself; but before he succeeded, Erick had tripped him, and his head struck heavily against the frozen ground, with Erick's large body upon it. Erick rose and looked at Sigurd: Sigurd did not rise.

It was about midnight. Ingeborg was sitting up with her sick child; she heard a noise in the hall, laid the child on the bed, and opened the door. Four men came into the room, bearing something between them. They laid her husband upon the bed. "Almighty God, what have you done with him?" she shrieked.

"He quarrelled with Erick Skogstod and got the worst of it," said one of the men.

Sigurd was never himself again. The doctor said that he had received a severe shock of the brain. He was like a child, and hardly knew anybody. A year after he died, and before long the oldest child followed him.

Four winters had passed since Ingeborg buried her husband; still she was the same stately woman to look at, and people saw little change in her. Now she lived as a rich widow on a large estate, and again people began to whisper of suitors and wooing. But they soon ceased, for the widow of Rimul was not backward in showing the lads in the valley that she had not changed her mind since her maiden days.

Ragnhild Rimul, Ingeborg's daughter, was fairer than spring. If Ingeborg's hair had been fair and golden, her daughter's was fairer still; if Ingeborg's eyes had been deep and blue, Ragnhild's were deeper and bluer. The young birch is light and slender; and when by chance it grows alone in the dark, heavy pine forest, it looks lighter and more slender. Ragnhild was a birch in the pine forest. Spring and sunshine were always about her.

The sitting-room at Rimul was large and light. The windows looked east and south, and the floor was always strewn with fresh juniper-needles. In the corner between the windows was a little book-shelf with a heavy silver-clasped Bible, a few hymn-books, and a "house-postille," or a book of daily devotions. Under the book-shelf was what Ragnhild called her corner, where she had her little chair, and kept her shells, pieces of broken china, and other precious things. There was no stove in the room, but an open hearth, before which stood a large arm-chair, which in former times had belonged to Sigurd's father and grandfather, and had been standing there ever since. The room had a ceiling of unpainted planks, and the timber walls still retained the pleasant color of fresh-hewn pine beams. A door led from the sitting-room into the chamber where Ingeborg and her daughter slept. In another building across the yard were the barns, the stables, and the servant-hall. The maids slept in the cow-stable which almost rivalled the dwelling-house in comfort and neatness. Behind the buildings the land rose more abruptly toward the mountains, but the slope was overgrown with thick-leaved groves, whose light foliage gradually shaded into the dark pine forest above. The fields of Rimul reached from the mansion down to where the river joined the fjord.

Sunshine had always been scarce there in the valley; Rimul, however, had the advantage of all other places, for the sun always came first there and lingered longest. Thus it had sun both within and without.

IV.

Lays and Legends.

Old Gunhild had been a good singer in her time; indeed, she had quite a fine voice even now, perhaps a little husky at times and rather low for a woman. But Thor and Gunnar, at least, both thought it wonderfully melodious, and there is no doubt but it was remarkably well adapted to the wild and doleful lays it was her wont to sing.

One winter night the fire burnt cheerfully on the hearth, and they were all gathered round it as usual; Thor smoking, and working at his spoons and boxes, Gunnar eagerly listening to his grandmother's stories.

"Sing, now, grandmother," demanded the boy, as a marvellous Troldstory had just been finished.

"Very well. What do you want?" For grandmother was always ready to sing.

"Something about the Hulder." And she sang of a young man who lay down in the woods to sleep, but could not sleep for the strange voices he heard from flower and river and mountain; then over them all stole the sad, joyful yearning tones of the Hulder's loor; and anon he beheld a beautiful maiden in scarlet boddice and golden hair, who fled before him night and day through the forest, till he heard the sound of the Sabbath-bell. He whispered the name of Christ: —

"Then saw I the form of the maiden fair
Vanish as mist in the morning air.

"With the last toll of the Sabbath-bell
Gone was the maiden and broken the spell.

"O young lads and maidens, beware, beware,
In the darksome woods,
The treacherous Hulder is playing there
In the darksome woods."

After running through some wild mournful notes, Gunhild's voice gradually sank into a low, inarticulate murmur. Thor's box was no nearer done than when the song commenced, and his pipe had gone out. Gunnar's eyes rested dreamily in the fire. For a while they all sat in silence. Gunhild was the first to speak.

"What are you staring at, child?" said she.

Gunnar did not hear.

"What are you looking for in the fire, child?" repeated the grandmother a little louder. Gunnar seemed to wake up as from some beautiful dream, which he tried to keep, but could not.

"Why, grandmother, what did you do that for?" said he, slowly and reluctantly turning his eyes from the flickering flames.

"Do what, child?" asked his grandmother, half frightened at the strange look in his eyes.

"You scared her away," said he gloomily.

"Scared whom away?"

"The Hulder with scarlet bodice and golden hair."

"Bless you, child! Whatever you do, don't look at me in that way. Come, let the Hulder alone, and let us talk about something else."

"Another story?"

"As you please, another story."

But Gunhild knew very little about other things than Necks, Hulders, and fairies, and before long she was deep in another legend of the same nature. This was what she told: —

"He who is sorrowful knows Necken, and Necken knows him best who is sorrowful. When the heart is light, the ear is dull; but when the eye is dimmed by the hidden tear, then the soul is in the ear, and it can hear voices in the forest and sea which are dumb to the light-hearted. I remember the day when old Gunnar first told me that I was fair, and said his heart and his cottage would always have a place for me. I was gay and happy then; my heart danced in my bosom, and my feet beat the time on the ground. I went to the old cataract. It cared little for my joy; it looked cold and dreary.

"Two years from that day the church-bells tolled over my first-born. My heart was heavy, and my eye so hot that it burned the tear before it could reach the eyelid. Again I sat on Necken's stone at the cataract, and

from the waters arose strange music, sad but sweet and healing, like the mild shower after the scorching heat. Then the tears started and I wept, and the music wept too; we wept together, and neither of us knew who stopped first. Since then I have always loved the old cataract; for now I know that it was true, as the legend says, that Necken plays his harp there amid the roar of the waters. And Necken knows sorrow; he loved, but he loved in vain.

"Love is like fire, child; love is like fire. Wounds of fire are hard to heal; harder still are those of love. Necken loved a mortal maiden; fair was she like the morning, but fickle as the sea-wind. It was a midsummer morning he saw her last, and midsummer night she had promised to wed him. Midsummer night came, but she came not. It is said to be years and years ago; but still the midsummer night has never missed him, as he raises his head above the water, looking for his bride, when the midnight hour strikes. Strangely, then, do the mournful chords tremble through the forests in the lonely night; for he calls his bride. If they ever reached her ear, no one knows; but that lad or that maiden, who comes to the cataract at the midnight hour, will hear the luring music, and he who loves in truth and loves in sorrow will never go away uncomforted. Many a fair maiden has spoken there the desire of her heart, and has been heard; many a rejected wooer came there with a heart throbbing with love and heavy with sorrow; he has called for help and help he has found, if he was worthy thereof. For Necken knows the heart of man; he rewards him who is worthy of reward, and punishes him who deserves punishment. Many a lad woos a maiden, but loves her gold. Such also have sought the cataract at the midnight hour; they have never since been seen, for they never returned. An invisible arm has hurled them down into the whirling pools, and their cries have been heard from afar, as they were seized by the seething rapids.

"Long ago, when my forehead was smooth like the fjord in the summer morning, when my cheek was as fresh as the early dawn, and my hair like a wheat-field in September, then I knew a lad whom no one will forget who had ever seen him; and that lad was Saemund of Fagerlien. Never eagle, however high its flight, was safe from his arrow; never bear made his den too deep for him to find it; never a beam was built beyond the reach of his heel.

"Saemund's father was a houseman; had no farm for his son, no silver spoons or costly linen. But if you wanted to see sport, you ought to have gone to the dance, when Saemund was there. Never that girl lived, gardman's or houseman's daughter, who did not feel her heart leap in her bosom, when he offered to lead her in the lusty spring-dance. He never challenged a man to fight but too late that man repented who offered him a challenge.

"The sun shone on many fair maidens in those days; but strength is failing now, and beauty is fading, and the maidens nowadays are not like those who lived before them. But even then no lad who had cast his eyes on Margit of Elgerfold would wish to look at another maiden. For when she was present, all others faded, like a cluster of pines when a white birch sprouts in the midst of them. Thorkild of Elgerfold was at that time surely the proudest, and, likely enough, also among the richest in the parish. He had no other child than Margit, and there was no lad in the valley he thought good enough for her.

I have often heard old and truthful people say, that there were more wooers in one week at Elgerfold in those days than all the other maidens of the valley saw all the year round. Old Thorkild, Margit's father, did not fancy that wooing-business; but Margit had always been used to have her own way; so it was just as well to say nothing about it.

"Then came winter, and with winter came gay feasts, weddings, and merry

dancing-parties. Of course Margit was there, and as for Saemund, no wedding or party was complete without him; they might as well have failed to ask the bridegroom. But people would say, that during that winter he led Margit of Elgerfold in the dance perhaps a little oftener than was agreeable to old Thorkild, her father. He was only a houseman's son, you know, and she was a rich man's daughter. And if you did not try to shut your eyes, you could not help noticing that Margit's sparkling eyes never shone as brightly as when Saemund asked her to dance, and the smile on her lips never was sweeter and happier than when she rested on his arm.

"When winter was over, Margit went to the saeter * with the cattle; the saeter-road was quite fashionable that summer; probably it was more frequented than even the highway. And a gay time they had up there; for there was hardly a lad, gardman's or houseman's son, who did not visit the saeter of Elgerfold, and especially on Saturday eves, when scores of young men would chance to meet on the saeter green. The girls from the neighboring saeters would be sent for, and the night would be sure to end with a whirling spring-dance. But one was missed in the number of Margit's visitors, and that happened to be he who would have been most welcome. Saemund had shouldered his gun and spent the long summer days hunting. He had never been at the saeter of Elgerfold; and as there were no parties at that season, he and Margit hardly ever saw each other.

"People were busy talking at that time, as people always are. Why did Margit, said they, before summer was over, dismiss every one of her suitors, even the sons of the mightiest men in the parish? Of course, because she had taken it into her foolish head, that she wanted somebody who did not want her, and the only one who did not seem to want her was Saemund of Fagerlien. Now parish talk is not altogether to be trusted, but neither is it altogether to be disbelieved; for there always is some truth at the bottom, and the end showed that this was not gathered altogether from the air * either, as the saying is. Margit had gold, and she had beauty; but for all that she was but a weak woman, and what woman's heart could resist those bottomless eyes of Saemund's? Surely, Margit had soon found that she could not. So she thought the matter over, until at last she discovered that there was hardly one thought in her soul which was not already his. But what should she do? 'Here at home he will never come to see me,' said she to herself, 'for he knows father would not like it. I had better go to the saeter, and have the boys come to visit me there; then, when all the rest go, he will hardly be the only one to stay away.' But summer came and went, and saeter-time was nearly gone. Yet he had not come. 'This will not do,' thought Margit; 'perhaps he imagines I intend to marry some one of the gardmans' lads, since they come here so often.' And she dismissed them all. Now he must surely come. But autumn came, and the fall storms, the messengers of winter, swept through the valley and stripped the forest of its beauty. Yet he had not come. It was cold on the saeter then, and thick clouds in the east foreboded snow. Then old Thorkild himself went to the saeter, and wanted to know why his daughter had not come home with the cattle long ago. It certainly was madness to stay in the mountains now, so late in the season, when the hoar frost covered the fields and the pasture was nearly frozen. Perhaps the hoar frost had touched Margit's cheeks too, for the spring-like roses were fading fast, and the paleness of winter was taking

* Saeter is a place in the mountains where the Norwegian peasants spend their summers, pasturing their cattle. In the interior districts the whole family generally goes to the saeter, while in the lower valleys they send only their daughters and one or more maid-servants.

* A common expression in Norway for something that seems to have originated without any apparent cause or foundation.

their place. 'She has caught a bad cold,' said her father; 'she stayed too late in the mountains.'

"People seldom saw Saemund that summer. All they knew was that he was in the highlands hunting. Now and then he would appear in the valley at the office of the judge with two or three bear-skins, and receive his premiums. Nobody could understand why he did not go to the Elgerfold saeter, like all the other lads; for there was no doubt he would be welcome. But Saemund himself well knew why he stayed away. If he had not felt that Margit of Elgerfold was dearer to him than he even liked to own to himself, he might perhaps have seen her oftener. It is only a foolish fancy, thought he, at first; when summer comes it will pass away. But summer came, and Saemund found that his foolish fancy was getting the better of him. He did not know what to make of himself. How could he, a low-born houseman's son, have the boldness to love the fairest and richest heiress in all the valley? How could he ever expect to marry her? The thought was enough to drive him mad.

"Winter came, and Margit was waiting still. Winter went; Saemund had not yet come. Spring dawned, the forest was budding, and midsummer drew near.

"'There is no other way,' thought Margit, as she sat in her garret-window and saw the silence of the midsummer night stealing over the fjord, the river, and the distant forests. Even the roaring of the cataract sounded half smothered and faint. 'There is no other way,' repeated she. 'I will try, and if I am wrong — well, if I am wrong, then may God be merciful to me.' She went to the door of her father's room and listened; he slept. She wavered no longer. The cataract was not far away; soon she was there. The doleful cry of an owl was the first sound to break the silence; she stopped and shuddered, for the owl is a prophet of evil. Then an anxious hush stole through the forest, and in another moment the silence was breathless; Margit listened; she heard but the beating of her own heart, then something like a strange whispering hum below, overhead, and all around her. She felt that it was the midnight hour coming. It seemed to her that she was moving, but she knew not whither her feet carried her. When her sight cleared, she found herself at the edge of the cataract. There she knelt down.

"'Necken,' prayed she, 'hear me, oh hear me! Margit's heart is full of sorrow, and none but thou canst help her. Long has she loved Saemund, long has she waited, but he would not come.' 'Margit, he has come,' whispered a well-known voice in her ear, and Margit sank in Saemund's arms. Long had she waited, at last he had come; and as their hearts and their lips met, they heard and they felt the sounds of wonderful harmony. It was the tones of Necken's harp. Both had sought and both had found him."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1800.

THAT product of the human intellect which we denominate the Campaign Lie, though it did not originate in the United States, has here attained a development unknown in other lands. It is the destiny of America to try all experiments and exhaust all follies. In the short space of seventy-seven years, we have exhausted the efficiency of falsehood uttered to keep a man out of office. The fact is not to our credit, indeed; for we must have lied to an immeasurable extent before the printed word of man, during six whole months of every fourth year, could have lost so much of its natural power to affect human belief. Still less is it for our good; since Campaign Truths, however important they may be, are equally ineffectual. Soon after the publication of a certain ponderous work, called the Life of Andrew Jackson, one of the original Jackson men of Pennsylvania met the author in the street, and said in substance, "I am astonished to find how little I knew of a man whose battles I fought for twelve years. I heard all those stories of his quarrels and violence; but I supposed, OF COURSE, they were Campaign Lies!"

Thomas Jefferson, who began so many things in the early career of the United States, was the first object upon whom the Campaign Liar tried his unpractised talents. The art, indeed, may be said to have been introduced in 1796 to prevent his election to the Presidency; but it was in 1800 that it was clearly developed into a distinct species of falsehood. And, it must be confessed, that, even amid the heat of the election of 1800, the Campaign Liar was hard put to it, and did not succeed in originating that variety and reckless extravagance of calumny which has crowned his efforts since. Jefferson's life presented to his view a most discouraging monotony of innocent and beneficial actions, — twenty-five years of laborious and unrecompensed public service, relieved by the violin, science, invention, agriculture, the education of his nephews, and the love of his daughters. A life so exceptionally blameless did not give fair scope to talent; since a falsehood, to have its full and lasting effect, must contain a fraction of a grain of truth. Still, the Campaign Liar of 1800 did very well for a beginner.

He was able, of course, to prove that Mr. Jefferson "hated the Constitution," had hated it from the beginning, and was "pledged to subvert it." The noble Marcellus of New York (Hamilton, apparently) writing in Noah Webster's new paper, the Commercial Advertiser, soared into prophecy, and was thus enabled to describe with precision the methods which Mr. Jefferson would employ in effecting his fell purpose. He would begin by turning every Federalist out of office, down to the remotest postmaster. Then, he would "tumble the financial system of the country into ruin at one stroke"; which would of necessity stop all payments of interest on the public debt, and bring on "universal bankruptcy and beggary." Next, he would dismantle the navy, and thus give such free course to privateering, that "*every* vessel which floated from our shores would be plundered or captured." And, since every source of revenue would be dried up, the government would no longer be able to pay the pensions of the scarred veterans of the Revolution, who would be seen "starving in the streets, or living on the cold and precarious supplies of charity." Soon, the unpaid officers of the government would resign, and "counterfeiting would be practised with impunity." In short, good people, the election of Jefferson will be the signal for Pandora to

open her box, and *empty* it upon your heads.

The Campaign Liar mounted the pulpit. In the guise of the Reverend Cotton Mather Smith, of Connecticut, he stated that Mr. Jefferson had gained his estate by robbery and fraud; yea, even by robbing a widow and fatherless children of ten thousand pounds, intrusted to him by the dead father's will. "All of this can be proved," said the Reverend Campaigner. Some of the falsehoods were curiously remote from the truth. "He despises mechanics," said a Philadelphia paragraphist of a man who doted on a well-skilled, conscientious workman. "He despises mechanics, and owns two hundred and fifty of them," remarked this writer. That Monticello swarmed with yellow Jeffersons was the natural conjecture of a party who recognized as their chief the paramour of a Reynolds. "Mr. Jefferson's Congo Harem" was a party cry. There were allusions to a certain "Dusky Sally," otherwise Sally Henings, whose children were said to resemble the master of Monticello in their features and the color of their hair. In this particular Campaign Lie there was just that fractional portion of truth which was necessary to preserve it fresh and vigorous to this day. There is even a respectable Madison Henings now living in Ohio who supposes that Thomas Jefferson was his father. Mr. Henings has been misinformed. The record of Mr. Jefferson's every day and hour, contained in his pocket memorandum books, compared with the record of his slave's birth, proves the impossibility of his having been the father of Madison Henings. So I am informed by Mr. Randall, who examined the records in the possession of the family. The father of those children was a near relation of the Jeffersons, who need not be named.

Perhaps I may, in view of recent and threatened publications, copy a few words from Mr. Randall's interesting letter on this subject. They will be valued by those who believe that chastity in man is as precious a treasure as chastity in woman, and not less essential to the happiness, independence, and dignity of his existence: —

"Colonel Randolph (grandson of Mr. Jefferson) informed me (at Monticello) that there was not a shadow of suspicion that Mr. Jefferson, in this or any other instance, had any such intimacy with his female slaves. At the period when these children were born, Colonel Randolph had charge of Monticello. He gave all the general directions, and gave out all their clothes to the slaves. He said Sally Henings was treated and dressed just like the rest. He said Mr. Jefferson never locked the door of his room by day, and that he, Colonel Randolph, slept within sound of his breathing at night. He said he had never seen a motion or a look or a circumstance which led him to suspect, for an instant, that there was a particle more of familiarity between Mr. Jefferson and Sally Henings than between him and the most repulsive servant in the establishment, and that no person living at Monticello ever dreamed of such a thing. Colonel Randolph said that he had spent a good share of his life closely about Mr. Jefferson, — at home and on his journeys, in all sorts of circumstances, — and he believed him to be as chaste and pure, "as immaculate a man as ever God created." Mr. Jefferson's eldest daughter, Mrs. Governor Randolph, took the Dusky Sally stories much to heart. But she spoke to her sons only once on the subject. Not long before her death, she called two of them to her, — the Colonel, and George Wythe Randolph. She asked the Colonel if he remembered when Henings (the slave who most resembled Mr. Jefferson) was born. He turned to the book containing the list of slaves, and found that he was born at the time supposed by Mrs. Randolph. She then directed her son's attention to the fact that Mr. Jefferson and Sally Henings could not have met, were far distant from each other, for fifteen months prior to the birth. She bade her sons remember this fact,

and always defend the character of their grandfather. It so happened, when I was examining an old account-book of Mr. Jefferson's, I came *pop* on the original entry of this slave's birth; and I was then able, from well-known circumstances, to prove the fifteen months' separation. . . . I could give fifty more facts, if there were any need of it, to show Mr. Jefferson's innocence of this and all similar offences against propriety."

So much for this poor Campaign Lie, which has been current in the world for seventy-three years, and will, doubtless, walk the earth as long as weak mortals need high examples of folly to keep them on endurable terms with themselves.

Religion, for the first and last time, was an important element in the political strife of 1800. There was not a pin to choose between the heterodoxy of the two candidates; and, indeed, Mr. Adams was sometimes, in his familiar letters, more pronounced in his dissent from established beliefs than Jefferson. Neither of these Christians perceived, as clearly as we now do, the absolute necessity to unreasoning men of that husk of fiction in which vital truth is usually enclosed; nor what a vast, indispensable service the Past renders the ignorant man in supplying fictions for his acceptance less degrading than those which he could invent for himself. Mr. Adams, however, was by far the more impatient of the two with popular creeds, as he shows in many a comic outburst of robust and boisterous contempt. He protested his utter inability to comprehend that side of human nature which made people object to paying a pittance for his new navy-yards, and eager to throw away their money upon such structures as St. Paul's in London and St. Peter's at Rome. As for the doctrine of the Trinity, he greatly surpassed Jefferson in his aversion to it. He scolded Jefferson for bringing over European professors, because they were "all infected with Episcopal and Presbyterian creeds," and "all believed that that great Principle, which has produced this boundless universe, Newton's universe and Herschel's universe, came down to this little ball, to be spit upon by Jews." Mr. Adams's opinion was, that "until this awful blasphemy was got rid of, there will never be any liberal science in this world."

And yet *he* escaped anathema. Mr. Jefferson, on the contrary, was denounced by the pious and moral Hamilton as "an atheist." The great preacher of that day in New York was Dr. John Mason, an ardent politician, as patriotic and well-intentioned a gentleman as then lived. He evolved from Jefferson's Notes on Virginia the appalling truth, that the Republican candidate for the Presidency did not believe in a universal deluge! He sounded the alarm. A few weeks before the election, he published a pamphlet entitled The Voice of Warning to Christians on the ensuing Election; in which he reviewed the Notes, and inferred, from passages quoted, that the author was "a profane philosopher and an infidel." "Christians!" he exclaimed, "it is thus that a man, whom you are expected to elevate to the chief magistracy, insults yourselves and your Bible!" An interesting character was this Dr. Mason, if we may believe the anecdotes still told of him by old inhabitants of New York. What a scene must that have been when he paused, in the midst of one of his rousing Fast-Day sermons, and, raising his eyes and hands to Heaven, burst into impassioned supplication: "Send us, if Thou wilt, murrain upon our cattle, a famine upon our land, cleanness of teeth in our borders; send us pestilence to waste our cities; send us, if it please Thee, the sword to bathe itself in the blood of our sons; but spare us, Lord God Most Merciful, spare us that curse, — most dreadful of all curses, — an alliance with Napoleon Bonaparte!" An eye-witness reports that, as the preacher uttered these words, with all the energy of frantic apprehension, the blood gushed from his nostrils. He put his handkerchief to his face with-

out knowing what he did, and, instantly resuming his gesture, held the bloody handkerchief aloft, as if it were the symbol of the horrors he foretold. To such a point, in those simple old days, could campaign falsehood madden able and good men!

The orthodox clergy were not averse, then, it appears, to "politics in the pulpit." Our historical collections yield many proofs of it in the form of pamphlets and sermons of the year 1800. It cheers the mind of the inquirer, in his dusty rummaging, to measure the stride the public mind has taken in less than three quarters of a century. "Hold!" cries one vigorous lay sermonizer (Claims of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency examined at the Bar of Christianity), — "hold! The blameless deportment of this man has been the theme of encomium. He is chaste, temperate, hospitable, affectionate, and frank." BUT, he is no Christian! He does not believe in the deluge. He does not go to church. "Shall Thomas Jefferson," asks this writer, "who denies the truth of Christianity, and avows the pernicious folly of all religion, be your governor?"

One writer proves his case thus: 1. The French Revolution was a conspiracy to overthrow the Christian religion; 2. Thomas Jefferson avowed a cordial sympathy with the French Revolution; 3. Therefore, Thomas Jefferson aims at the destruction of the Christian religion. To this reasoning facts were added. Mr. Jefferson, fearing to trust the post-office, had written a letter *in Latin* to an infidel author, approving his work and urging him to print it. Then look at his friends! Are they not "deists, atheists, and infidels"? Did not General Dearborn, one of his active supporters, while travelling to Washington in a public stage, say, that "so long as our temples stood, we could not hope for good order or good government"? The same Dearborn, passing a church in Connecticut, pointed at it, and scornfully exclaimed, "Look at that painted nuisance!" But the most popular and often-repeated anecdote of this nature, which the contest elicited, was the following: "When the late Rev. Dr. John B. Smith resided in Virginia, the famous Mazzei happened one night to be his guest. Dr. Smith having, as usual, assembled his family for their evening devotions, the circumstance occasioned some discourse on religion, in which the Italian made no secret of his infidel principles. In the course of conversation, he remarked to Dr. Smith, 'Why, your great philosopher and statesman, Mr. Jefferson, is rather further gone in infidelity than I am'; and related, in confirmation, the following anecdote. That as he was once riding with Mr. Jefferson, he expressed his 'surprise that the people of this country take no better care of their public buildings.' 'What buildings?' exclaimed Mr. Jefferson. 'Is not that a church?' replied he, pointing to a decayed edifice. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Jefferson. 'I am astonished,' said the other, 'that they permit it to be in so ruinous a condition.' '*It is good enough*,' rejoined Mr. Jefferson, '*for him that was born in a manger!*' Such a contemptuous fling at the blessed Jesus could issue from the lips of no other than a deadly foe to his name and his cause."

This story had the greater effect from the constant repetition of the unlucky passage of Jefferson's letter to Mazzei upon the Samsons and Solomons who had gone over to the English side of American politics. Fifty versions of it could easily be collected even at this late day, but the one just given appears to be the original. It is startling to discover, while turning over the campaign litter of 1800, that, in the height and hurly-burly of the strife, there was spread abroad, all over the land, a report of Mr. Jefferson's sudden death, which it required several days to correct, even in the Atlantic cities. It was first printed in the Baltimore American. "I discharge my duty," said the gentleman who brought the news from Virginia, "in giving this information as I received it; but may

that God, who directed the pen and inspired the heart of the author of the Declaration of American Independence, procrastinate, if but for a short time, so severe a punishment from a land which heretofore has received more than a common share of his blessings!"

It is not clear, upon the first view of the subject, why Jefferson should have been singled out for reprobation on account of a heterodoxy in which so many of the great among his compeers shared. He attributed it himself to the conspicuous part he had taken in the separation of Church and State in Virginia; a policy which the clergy opposed with vehemence, in each State, until, in 1834, the divorce was complete and universal by the act of Massachusetts. Readers of Dr. Lyman Beecher's Autobiography remember how earnestly that genial hunter before the Lord fought the severance in Connecticut. Some of the clergy, Jefferson thought, cherished hopes of undoing the work done in Virginia and other States through Madison, Wythe, and himself. But, said he, "the returning good sense of our country threatens abortion to their hopes, and they believe that any portion of power confided to me will be exerted in opposition to their schemes. And they believe rightly; for I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

He avoided, on principle, that line of conduct, so familiar to public men of the fourth, fifth, and sixth rank, which Mark Twain has recently called "currying favor with the religious element." While he was most careful not to utter a word, in the hearing of young or unformed persons, even in his own family, calculated to disturb their faith, he was equally strenuous in maintaining his *right* to liberty both of thought and utterance. Thus, at a time when the word "Unitarian" was only less opprobrious than infidel, and he was a candidate for the Presidency, he went to a church of that denomination at Philadelphia, in which, as he says, "Dr. Priestley officiated to numerous audiences." "I never will," he once wrote, "by any word or act, bow to the shrine of intolerance or admit a right of inquiry into the religious opinions of others. On the contrary, we are bound, you, I, and every one, to make common cause, even with error itself, to maintain the common right of freedom of conscience. We ought, with one heart and one hand, to hew down the daring and dangerous efforts of those who would seduce the public opinion to substitute itself into that tyranny over religious faith which the laws have so justly abdicated. For this reason, were my opinions up to the standard of those who arrogate the right of questioning them, I would not countenance that arrogance by descending to an explanation."

It strengthened Jefferson's faith in republican institutions, that his countrymen rose superior to religious prejudices in 1800, and gave their votes very nearly as they would if the religious question had not been raised. Tradition reports, that when the news of his election reached New England, some old ladies, in wild consternation, hung their Bibles down the well in the butter-cooler. But, in truth, the creed of Jefferson is, and long has been, the real creed of the people of the United States. They know, in their hearts, whatever form of words they may habitually use, that Christianity is a *life*, not a belief; a principle of conduct, not a theory of the universe. "I am a Christian," wrote Jefferson, "in the only sense in which Jesus wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others." One evening, in Washington, having, for a wonder, a little leisure, he took two cheap copies of the New Testament, procured for the purpose, and cut from them the words of Jesus, and such other passages of the evangelists as are in closest accord with them. These he pasted in a little book, and entitled it, The Philosophy of Jesus extracted from the Text of the Evangelists. Two evenings were employed in this interesting

work; and when it was done, he contemplated it with rapturous satisfaction. The words of Jesus, he thought, were "as distinguishable from the matter in which they are embedded as diamonds in dunghills. A more precious morsel of ethics was never seen."

The peculiar result of the election of 1800 is familiar to most readers: Jefferson, 73; Burr, 73; Adams, 65; C. C. Pinckney, 64; Jay, 1. Again Hamilton's preposterous device of the electoral college brought trouble and peril upon the country; for the Federalists, as soon as the tie was known, made haste to fill up the measure of their errors by intriguing to defeat the will of the people, and make Burr President instead of Jefferson. I need not repeat the shameful story. For many days, during which the House of Representatives balloted twenty-nine times, the country was excited and alarmed; and nothing averted civil commotion but the wise and resolute conduct of the Republican candidates. At Albany, where Burr's duties as a member of the Legislature of New York detained him during the crisis, an affair more interesting to him even than the Presidential election was transpiring. Theodosia, his only daughter, the idol of his life, was married at Albany, February 2, 1800 (a week before the balloting began), to Joseph Alston of South Carolina. He performed but one act in connection with the struggle in the wilderness of Washington. He wrote a short, decisive note to a member of the House, repudiating the unworthy attempt about to be made to elevate him. His friends, he truly said, "would dishonor his views and insult his feelings by a suspicion that he would submit to be instrumental in counteracting the wishes and the expectations of the United States"; and he constituted the friend to whom he wrote his proxy to declare these sentiments if the occasion should require. Having despatched this letter, and being then at a distance of eight days' travel from the seat of government, he did nothing, and *could* do nothing, further.

Jefferson's part was much more difficult. Besides that a great party looked to him as the repository of their rights, his own pride was interested in his not being made the victim of a corrupt intrigue. As the President of the Senate, he was in the nearest proximity to the scene of strife, liable to take fire from the passions that raged there. Seldom has a fallible man been placed in circumstances more trying to mind and nerve.

There were four evil courses possible to the Federalists; each of which Jefferson had considered, and was prepared for, before the balloting began.

1. They might elect Aaron Burr President and himself Vice-President. In that case, because the election would have been "agreeable to the Constitution," though "variant from the intentions of the people," his purpose was to submit without a word. "No man," he wrote a few weeks later, "would have submitted more cheerfully than myself, because I am sure the administration would have been Republican."

2. The Federalists could offer terms to Jefferson, and endeavor to extort valuable concessions from him. Upon this point, too, his mind was made up; and he met every approach of this nature by a declaration, in some form, that "he would not come into the Presidency by capitulation." He has himself recorded several of these attempts at negotiation. "Coming out of the Senate, one day," he writes, "I found Gouverneur Morris on the steps. He stopped me, and began a conversation on the strange and portentous state of things then existing, and went on to observe, that the reasons why the minority of States was so opposed to my being elected were, that they apprehended that, 1. I would turn all Federalists out of office; 2. Put down the navy; 3. Wipe off the public debt. That I need only to declare, or authorize my friends to declare, that I would not take these steps, and instantly the event of the election would be fixed. I told him that I should leave the

world to judge of the course I meant to pursue, by that which I had pursued hitherto, believing it to be my duty to be passive and silent during the present scene; that I should certainly make no terms; should never go into the office of President by capitulation, nor with my hands tied by any conditions which should hinder me from pursuing the measures which I should deem for the public good." Other interviewers, some of whom held the election in their hands, had no better success.

3. The balloting could have been continued day after day, until the end of Mr. Adams's term, two weeks distant; when, there being no President and no Vice-President, anarchy and chaos might have been expected. For this emergency, also, Jefferson had provided a plan which, he always thought, would have prevented serious trouble. The Republican members of Congress, in conjunction with the President and Vice-President elect, intended to meet, and issue a call to the whole country for a convention to revise the Constitution, and provide a suitable, orderly remedy for the lapse of government. This convention, as Jefferson remarked to Dr. Priestley, "would have been on the ground in eight weeks, would have repaired the Constitution where it was defective, and wound it up again."

4. But unhappily there was a fourth expedient contemplated, which was fraught with peril to the country's peace. It was proposed to pass a law devolving the government upon the chairman of the Senate (to be elected by the Senate), in case the office of President should become vacant. At once he declared, in conversations meant to be reported, that such an attempt would be resisted by force. The very day, said he, that such an act is passed, the Middle States (i. e. Virginia and Pennsylvania) will arm. And when we know that James Monroe was the governor of Virginia, and Thomas McKean governor of Pennsylvania, we may be sure that this was no empty threat. Not for a day, he added, will such a usurpation be submitted to. "I was decidedly with those," he explained a few weeks after, "who were determined not to permit it. Because, that precedent once set, it would be artificially reproduced, and would soon end in a dictator."

But he was not wanting in efforts to prevent a calamity so dire. There was one man who could have instantly frustrated the scheme by his veto, — Mr. Adams, the President, with whom Jefferson, with that indomitable good-nature and inexhaustible tolerance of his, had maintained friendly relations through all the mad strife of the last years. Upon reaching the seat of government at the beginning of this session, he had hesitated before calling at the Presidential mansion. Knowing the sensitive self-love of his old friend, he was afraid that if he called too soon Mr. Adams would think he meant to exult over him, and that if he delayed his visit beyond the usual period it would be regarded as a slight. He called, however, at length, and found the defeated man alone. One glance at the President satisfied him that he had come too soon. Mr. Adams, evidently unreconciled to the issue of the election, hurried forward in a manner which betrayed extreme agitation; and, without sitting down or asking his visitor to sit, said, in a tremulous voice, "You have turned me out; you have turned me out." Mr. Jefferson, in that suave and gentle tone which fell like balm upon the sore and troubled minds of men, said, "I have not turned you out, Mr. Adams, and I am glad to avail myself of this occasion to show that I have not, and to explain my views on this subject. In consequence of a division of opinion existing among our fellow-citizens, as to the proper constitution of our political institutions, and of the wisdom and propriety of certain measures which had been adopted by our government, that portion of our citizens who approved and advocated one class of these opinions and measures selected you as their candidate for the Presi-

dency, and their opponents selected me. If you or myself had not been in existence, or for any other cause had not been selected, other persons would have been selected in our places, and thus the contest would have been carried on, and with the same result, except that the party which supported you would have been defeated by a greater majority, as it was known that, but for you, your party would have carried their unpopular measures much further than they did. You will see from this that the late contest was not one of a personal character, between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, but between the advocates and opponents of certain political opinions and measures, and, therefore, should produce no unkind feelings between the two men who happened to be placed at the head of the two parties."

These words did much to restore Mr. Adams to composure for the moment. Both gentlemen took seats, when they conversed in their usual friendly way upon the topics of the hour. We have the testimony of both of them to the correctness of this report. Mr. Jefferson has recorded the interview; and, once, when his friend, Edward Coles, repeated to Mr. Adams the story as he had heard it at Monticello, Mr. Adams said to him, "If you had been present and witnessed the scene, you could not have given a more accurate account of what passed." The fiery ex-President added, "Mr. Jefferson said I was sensitive, did he? Well, I *was* sensitive. But I never before heard that Mr. Jefferson had given a second thought as to the proper time for making the visit."

Being thus on the old terms with his old friend, Jefferson visited him at this threatening crisis to call his attention to the most obvious means of averting the danger. He has recorded the failure of his attempt: "We conversed on the state of things. I observed to him, that a very dangerous experiment was then in contemplation, to defeat the Presidential election by an act of Congress declaring the right of the Senate to name a President of the Senate, to devolve on him the government during any interregnum; that such a measure would probably produce resistance by force, and incalculable consequences, which it would be in his power to prevent by negativing such an act. He seemed to think such an act justifiable, and observed, it was in my power to fix the election by a word in an instant, by declaring I would not turn out the Federal officers, nor put down the navy, nor sponge out the national debt. Finding his mind made up as to the usurpation of the government by the President of the Senate, I urged it no further, and observed, the world must judge as to myself of the future by the past, and turned the conversation to something else."

Happily the Federalists, admonished by their fears, recovered in time the use of their reason. Hamilton, from the first, opposed the attempt to give the first place to his vigilant New York rival; but this he did merely on the ground that Burr was, if possible, a more terrific being even than Jefferson. Gouverneur Morris, who was a gentleman, as well as a man of *real* ability, placed his own opposition to the nefarious scheme on the right basis: "Since it was evidently the intention of our fellow-citizens to make Mr. Jefferson their President, it seems proper to fulfil that intention." After seven days of balloting, the House of Representatives elected Thomas Jefferson President, and Aaron Burr Vice-President.

Thus ended the rule of the Federalists, the first party that ever governed the United States. Never was the downfall of a party more just or more necessary. Its entire policy was tainted by the unbelief of its leaders in the central principle of the republican system. Nearly every important thing they did was either wrong in itself, or done for a wrong reason. The only President they ever elected, Mr. Adams, was as interesting and picturesque a character as Dr. Samuel Johnson, and nearly as unfit as Johnson for an executive post; while Hamilton, in whom

they put their chief trust, can be acquitted of depravity only by conceding his ignorance and incapacity. Alexander Hamilton had no message for the people of the United States. His "mission," if he had one, was not here. His mind was not continental. He did not know his ground. And, like many other unwise, well-intentioned men, he brought opprobrium even upon that portion of truth which he had been able to grasp. Probably there is an ingredient of truth in every heartfelt conviction of an honest mind ; and no one can read Hamilton's confidential letters without feeling his sincerity and devotion.

The basis of truth in the convictions of Hamilton and his circle was, that the Intelligence and Virtue of a country *must*, in some way, be got to the top of things, and govern. Jefferson heartily agreed with them in this opinion ; and felt it the more deeply, from having discovered that the political system of the Old World had placed a fool on every throne, and hedged him about with a dissolute and ignorant class. Hamilton always assumed that Intelligence and Virtue of the requisite degree are only to be found among people who possess a certain amount of property; equivalent, say, to a thousand Spanish dollars. Jefferson was for bringing *the whole* of the Intelligence and Virtue of a community into play by the subsoil plough of general suffrage ; recognizing the natural right of every mature Person to a voice in the government of his country. If Hamilton had been a wise and able man, he would have had an important part to play in anticipating and warding off the only real danger that has ever menaced republican institutions in America, — ignorant suffrage. Upon *him* would have devolved the congenial task of convincing the American people, seventy years before Tweed and the Carpet-Bagger convinced them, that a man of this age who cannot read is not a mature person, but is a child, who *cannot* perform the act of the mind called voting. His had been the task of establishing the truth, that a system of suffrage which admits the most benighted men and excludes the most enlightened women, is one which will not conduct this Republic honorably or safely down the centuries. He might have helped us in this direction. His "thousand Spanish dollars" belonged to another system, utterly unsuited to this hemisphere ; and he did nothing for the United States which time has not undone, or is not about to undo.

He threatened, it seems, to "beat down" the incoming administration ; and, indeed, I observe, in the newspapers of the time, that he continued, as long as he lived, to fulminate sonorous inanity against Mr. Jefferson's acts and utterances. But he was never again a power in the politics of America. He bought a few acres of land near the Hudson, not far from what exultant land agents now speak of as One Hundred and Fiftieth Street ; where the thirteen trees, which he planted in commemoration of the original thirteen States, are now in a condition of umbrageous luxuriance, pleasing to behold even in a photograph. There he strove, during the pleasant summer weeks, to forget politics in cultivating his garden ; and there he awaited the inevitable hour when Jefferson's fanatical course should issue in that Anarchy which he had so often foretold, and from which *his* puissant arm would deliver a misguided people.

Peace now fell upon the anxious minds of men. A vast content spread itself everywhere as the news of Jefferson's election was slowly borne in creaking vehicles over the wide, weltering mud of February and March. The tidings from abroad, too, were more and more reassuring : a convention with Bonaparte was as good as concluded ; the Continent was pacificated by being terrified or subdued ; and there were good hopes of that peace between Great Britain and France which was to follow before Jefferson had sent in his first message. Bonaparte, so terrible to Europe and

to Federalists, seems always, if we may judge from his correspondence, to have cast friendly eyes across the Atlantic. In 1800, it is true, he ordered Fouché to notify "M. Payne" that the police was aware of his ill-conduct, and that, on the first complaint against him, he would be *renvoyé en Amérique, sa patrie;* but, in 1801, about the time of Jefferson's inauguration, he assigned to Robert Fulton ten thousand francs for the completion of his experiment with the Nautilus at Brest. Fortunate Jefferson! For the first time in eight years, an American administration could look abroad over the ocean without shame and without fear. Peace at home, peace abroad, safety on the sea!

It becomes a conqueror to conciliate. Only gentle and benevolent feelings occupied the benign soul of Jefferson at this trying period. Those who look over his correspondence of the early weeks of 1801 remark again what a precious, tranquillizing resource he had in nature, and in those "trivial fond records" that employ the naturalist's pen. His letters to philosophical friends, at the time when misguided men were intriguing to rob his country of its right to elect a chief magistrate, were more frequent and more interesting than usual. The bones of the mammoth, the effects of cold on human happiness, the power of the moon over the weather, the temperature of moonbeams, the question of the turkey's native land, the peculiar rainbows seen from Monticello, and the nature of the circles round the moon were subjects which had power to lure him from the contemplation of the pitiful strifes around him. Nor did he forget his precious collections of Indian words. He tells one correspondent that he possesses already thirty vocabularies, and that he has it "much at heart to make as extensive a collection as possible of Indian tongues"; wondering to find the different languages so radically different. When, at last, the political struggle was at an end, his first and only thought was to conciliate. He knew the suicidal character of the error which the Federalists had committed, and he was glad of it, because it made his task of restoring parties to good-humor so much easier. "Weeks of ill-judged conduct here," he wrote to a friend, a few days after the election in the House, "have strengthened us more than years of prudent and conciliatory administration could have done. If we can once more get social intercourse restored to its pristine harmony, I shall believe we have not lived in vain." The leaders of the Federalists, he supposed, were "incorrigible"; they would, doubtless, continue to oppose and denounce; but he hoped to convince the mass of their followers that the accession of the Republican party to power would not reverse all the beneficent laws of nature.

If there is one thing upon which the Tories of America and Great Britain plume themselves more than another, it is their superior breeding, their finer sense of what is due from one person to another in trying circumstances. The public has been frequently informed, that, when the Federalists fell from power in 1801, the "age of politeness passed away." The late Mr. Peter Parley Goodrich lamented the decline of "the good old country custom" of youngsters giving respectful salutation to their elders in passing. It was at this period, he tells us, that the well-executed bow "subsided, first, into a vulgar nod, half ashamed and half impudent, and then, like the pendulum of a dying clock, totally ceased." When Jefferson came in, he adds, rudeness and irreverence were deemed the true mode for democrats; a statement which he illustrates by one of his entertaining anecdotes. "How are you, priest?" said a rough fellow to a clergyman. "How are you, democrat?" was the clergyman's retort. "How do you know I am a democrat?" asked the man. "How do you know I am a priest?" said the clergyman. "I know you to be a priest by your dress." "I know you to be

a democrat by your address," said the parson.

This anecdote, Mr. Goodrich assures us, in his humorous manner, is "strictly *historical*." I am afraid it is. And I fear that much of the superior breeding of the gentlemen of the old school, of which we are so frequently reminded, was a thing of bows and observances; which expressed the homage claimed by rank, instead of the respectful and friendly consideration due from man to man.

In taking leave of power in 1801, the "gentlemen's party" revealed the innate vulgarity of the Tory soul. When I say vulgarity, I mean *commonness*, the absence of superiority, which is the precise signification of the word. Congress had acted upon Hamilton's suggestion of dividing the country into judicial districts, with a permanent United States court in each; but they preserved only the shadow of his perfect apparatus of tyranny: twenty-four district courts in all, with powers not excessive. But when the fangs of a serpent have been extracted, the creature in its writhing impotence retains its power to disgust. This increase of the judiciary was believed to be only a device for providing elevated and comfortable places for Federalists, from the vantage-ground of which they could assail with more effect the Republican administration. The measure was not, in itself, a lofty style of politics; but the manner in which the scheme was carried out bears the unquestionable stamp of — commonness.

Mr. Adams's last day arrived. This odious judiciary law had been passed three weeks before; but, owing to the delay of the Senate to act upon the nominations, the judges were still uncommissioned. The gentlemen's party had not the decency to leave so much as *one* of these valuable life-appointments to the incoming administration; nor any other vacancy whatever, of which tidings reached the seat of government in time. Nominations were sent to the Senate as late as nine o'clock in the evening of the 3d of March; and Judge Marshall, the acting Secretary of State, was in his office at midnight, still signing commissions for men through whom another administration was to act. But the Secretary and his busy clerks, precisely upon the stroke of twelve, were startled by an apparition. It was the bodily presence of Mr. Levi Lincoln of Massachusetts, whom the President elect had chosen for the office of Attorney-General. A conversation ensued between these two gentlemen, which has been recently reported for us by Mr. Jefferson's great-granddaughter: * —

LINCOLN. I have been ordered by Mr. Jefferson to take possession of this office and its papers.

MARSHALL. Why, Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified.

LINCOLN. Mr. Jefferson considers himself in the light of an executor, bound to take charge of the papers of the government until he *is* duly qualified.

MARSHALL (*taking out his watch*). But it is not yet twelve o'clock.

LINCOLN (*taking a watch from his pocket and showing it*). This is the President's watch, and rules the hour.

Judge Marshall felt that Mr. Lincoln was master of the situation; and, casting a rueful look upon the unsigned commissions spread upon the table, he left his midnight visitor in possession. Relating the scene in after-years, when the Federalists had recovered a portion of their good-humor, he used to say, laughing, that he had been allowed to pick up nothing but his hat.

While these events were transpiring, Mr. Adams was preparing for that precipitate flight from the Capital which gave the last humiliation to his party. He had not the courtesy to stay in Washington for a few hours, and give the éclat of his presence to the inauguration of his successor. Tradition reports that he ordered his carriage to be at the door of the White House at midnight; and we know that, before the dawn of the 4th of March, he had left Washington forever.

* Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, p. 308.

That day was celebrated throughout the United States like another 4th of July. Soldiers paraded, bells rang, orations were delivered, the Declaration of Independence was read, and in some of the Republican newspapers it was printed at length. In most towns of any importance a dinner was eaten in honor of the day, the toasts of which figured in the papers, duly numbered, and the precise number of cheers stated which each called forth. Sixteen was evidently considered the proper number for the President. In some instances, if we may believe the party press, the Federalists paraded their disgust. No one can tell us now whether the great bell of Christ Church in Philadelphia really did "toll all day" when the news of Jefferson's election reached the city; nor whether, on the 4th of March, a ship-owner, on going to the wharf and finding his vessel dressed with flags, flew into a passion, and swore he would sell out his share in her if the flags were not taken in. Nothing is too absurd to be believed of human prejudice.

Of the ceremonies at Washington the records of the time give us the most meagre accounts. Boswell, the father of interviewing, had no representative in America then, and journalism was content to print little more than the Inaugural Address. It is only from the accidental presence of an English traveller that we know in what manner Mr. Jefferson was conveyed to the Capitol that morning. He had no establishment in Washington. "Jack Eppes," his son-in-law, was completing somewhere in Virginia the purchase of four coach-horses, — price, $ 1,600, — with which the President elect hoped to contend triumphantly with the yellow mud of Washington. But, as neither horses nor coach had yet arrived, he went to the Capitol in his usual way. "His dress," as our traveller, John Davis, informs us, "was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades." In composing the Inaugural Address (fitter to be read on the Fourth of July than the Declaration of Independence) he evidently put his heart and strength into the passages which called upon estranged partisans to be fellow-citizens once more: —

"Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans, — we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a Republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the laws, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern."

In 1801, this was "theory." In 1861, it was fact.

Happy, indeed, was the change which that day came over the aspect of American politics. No longer was the spectacle exhibited of the government pulling one way and the people another. The people of the United States ruled the United States, and they were served by men who owned their rightful mastery. That element which resisted the Stamp Act, and declared independence, was uppermost again. "Old Coke" and Algernon Sydney were in the ascendant. The hard hand that held the plough, the thick muscle that wielded the hammer,

the pioneer out on the deadly border-line between savage and civilized man, and all the mighty host of toiling men, gained something of dignity and self-esteem by the change. The old Whig chiefs, who for two or three years past had been avoided, reviled, cut by their juniors and inferiors, could look up again and exchange glad salutations. The old men of the ante-Revolution time were coming into vogue once more, and Jefferson used all the prestige of his office in their behalf.

A graceful act of manly homage (like King Hal's greeting to "old Sir Thomas Erpingham" on the morning of Agincourt*) was that letter which President Jefferson, amid the hurry and distraction of his first days of power, found time to write to Samuel Adams, then verging upon fourscore, past service, but not past love and veneration. It was so good and gentleman-like in Jefferson to *think* of the old hero at such a time; and it was becoming in Virginia, thus again, as in the great years preceding the Revolution, to greet congenial Massachusetts. And how gracefully the President acquitted himself: "I addressed a letter to you, my very dear and ancient friend, on the 4th of March; not, indeed, to you by name, but through the medium of some of my fellow-citizens, whom occasion called on me to address. In meditating the matter of that address, I often asked myself, 'Is this exactly in the spirit of the patriarch, Samuel Adams? Is it as *he* would express it? Will he approve of it?' I have felt a great deal for our country in the times we have seen; but individually for no one so much as yourself. When I have been told that you were avoided, insulted, frowned upon, I could but ejaculate, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' I confess I felt an indignation for you which for myself I have been able, under every trial, to keep entirely passive. However, the storm is over, and we are in port. The ship was not rigged for the service she was put on. We will show the smoothness of her motions on her Republican tack." And he goes on to tell the old man how intent he is upon restoring harmony in the country; an object to which he is ready to "sacrifice everything but principle." "How much I lament," concluded the President, "that time has deprived me of your aid. It would have been a day of glory which should have called you to the first office of the administration. But give us your counsel, my friend, and give us your blessing!" We can imagine the radiant countenance of this venerable man, so august in his poverty and isolation, as he held this letter in his palsied hand and slowly gathered its contents.

Dr. Priestley, too, who had been an object of envenomed attack, and menaced with expulsion under the Alien Law, received cordial recognition, and a warm invitation to visit the seat of government. "I should claim a right to lodge you," said the President, "should you make such an excursion." He evidently felt it a public duty to atone, in some degree, for the inhospitality with which the United States had appeared to treat the first man eminent in original science who ever emigrated to the western continent. "It is with heartfelt satisfaction," he wrote to him, "that in the first moments of my public action I can hail you with welcome to our land, tender to you the homage of its respect and esteem, cover you under the protection of those laws which were made for the good and wise like you, and disdain the legitimacy of that libel on legislation which, under the form of a law, was for some time placed among them."

Before Dr. Priestley had the pleasure of reading these lines, he had enjoyed the greater one of knowing that, among President Jefferson's first acts, was the pardoning of every man in the country who was in prison under the Sedition Law. Jefferson used to say that he considered that law "a nullity as absolute and palpable as if

* Henry V., Act IV. Scene 1.

Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image." The victims of the Alien Law were beyond his reach; but some of them, who could be fitly consoled by epistolary notice, Kosciusko, Volney, and others, received friendly letters from the President.

A gallant, high-bred act it was in Jefferson not to shrink from the odium of recognizing the claim which Thomas Paine had to the regards of a Republican President. The ocean, for some years past, had not been a safe highway for a man whom both belligerents looked upon as an enemy, and Paine had in consequence expressed a wish for a passage home in a naval vessel. The first national ship that sailed for France after Mr. Jefferson's inauguration carried a letter from the President to Mr. Paine, offering him a passage in that vessel on its return. "I am in hopes," he wrote, "that you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living." This must have been comforting to a man who, having been first driven from England, then threatened with expulsion from France, and warned by the Sedition Law from entering the United States, might have been truly described, before the 4th of March, 1801, as "the man without a country." Enriched though he had been by the gratitude of America, he had been living in Paris for some time past in poverty and squalor; his American property being little productive in the absence of the owner. Mr. Jefferson's letter found him the occupant of "a little dirty room, containing a small wooden table and two chairs." An old English friend, who visited him not long after he had received it, describes Paine's abode, which he had much trouble to find, as being the dirtiest apartment he ever sat down in. "The chimney hearth was an heap of dirt," he adds; "there was not a speck of cleanliness to be seen. Three shelves were filled with pasteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a minister of foreign affairs: *Correspondance Britannique*, *Française*, etc. In one corner of the room stood several huge bars of iron, curiously shaped, and two large trunks; opposite the fireplace, a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dresser in a scullery than a sideboard."

The occupant of this doleful room, then sixty-five years of age, soon came down stairs dressed in a long flannel gown, and wearing in his haggard face an expression of the deepest melancholy. His conversation showed that he was in full sympathy with the little band of Frenchmen whom Bonaparte had not dazzled out of their senses. He had dared even to translate and print Jefferson's Inaugural Address; "by way of contrast," as he said, "with the government of the First Consul." But he had lost all hope of France. "This is not a country," he said, "for an honest man to live in; they do not understand anything at all of the principles of free government, and the best way is to leave them to themselves. You see, they have conquered all Europe, only to make it more miserable than it was before. Republic! Do you call *this* a republic? Why, they are worse off than the slaves at Constantinople; for there they expect to be bashaws in heaven by submitting to be slaves here below. But here they believe neither in heaven nor hell, and yet are slaves by choice! I know of no republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for such men as you and me. I have done with Europe and its slavish politics." He gave his visitor Mr. Jefferson's letter to read, and said he meant soon to avail himself of its offer. "It would be a curious circumstance," he added, laughing, "if I should hereafter be sent as Secretary of Legation to the English Court which outlawed me. What a hubbub it would create at the king's levee to see Tom Paine presented by the American ambassador! All the bishops and women would faint

away." His guest frankly told him that the course of events had caused him to change his principles. Paine's answer was, "You certainly have the right to do so; but you cannot alter the nature of things. The French have alarmed all honest men; but, still, truth is truth."

Poor Paine! His errors were, for the most part, those of his age, and they were aggravated by his circumstances, his defective education, and the ardor of his temperament. But his merits, which were real and not small, were peculiarly his own. He loved the truth for its own sake; and he stood by what he conceived to be the truth when all the world around him reviled it. That hasty pamphlet of his which he named The Age of Reason, written to alleviate the tedium of his Paris prison, differs from other deistical works only in being bolder and honester. It contains not a position which Franklin, John Adams, Jefferson, and Theodore Parker would have dissented from; and, doubtless, he spoke the truth when he declared that his main purpose in writing it was to "inspire mankind with a more exalted idea of the Supreme Architect of the Universe." I think his judgment must have been impaired before he could have consented to publish so inadequate a performance. In a remarkably convivial age, he sang a very good song, and often favored a jovial company, after dinner, with ditties of his own composition. This ever-welcome talent, joined to the vivacity of mind which naturally expends itself in agreeable conversation, made him in his best days the delight of his circle, and lured him, perhaps, into habits that prevented his ripening into happiness and wisdom; for no man can attain welfare who does not obey the physical laws of his being. It becomes us, however, to deal charitably with the faults of a benefactor, who wrote The Crisis and Common Sense, who conceived the planing-machine and the iron bridge. A glorious monument in his honor swells aloft in many of our great towns. The principle of his arch now sustains the marvellous railroad depots that half abolish the distinction between in-doors and out.

Nearly every other man whom Jefferson singled out for distinction had suffered, in some special manner, during the recent contests. Madison, after bearing the brunt of many a battle in the House of Representatives, retired at last, almost despairing of the Republic, and went home to make a new stand in the Legislature of Virginia. His father, too, far advanced in years, needed his constant aid in the management of an extensive estate that only a master's eye could render profitable. Now he was coming back to the seat of government as Secretary of State! The declining strength of his father warned him not to leave his home for the inauguration, and the old man died a few days after. The news of Mr. Madison's nomination to the Cabinet, and that of his father's death reached the public at the same time.

What a change, too, for Albert Gallatin to find himself at the head of the Treasury Department! We can estimate his services to Republicanism by the singular intensity of the hatred borne him by the Federalists. From 1793, when Pennsylvania elected him to represent her in the Senate of the United States, their aversion, as much as his own merit, had kept his name conspicuous. For eight weeks the Senate debated the question whether he was eligible to sit in their body. The Constitution requires that a Senator, who is not a native of the United States, must have been a citizen for nine years. The question was, whether Albert Gallatin's citizenship began on the day when he landed in Massachusetts, thirteen years before, or on the day when he formally took the oath of allegiance to the United States, eight years before. By a strict party vote, fourteen to twelve, the Senate declared him ineligible. Two years after, he was a member of the House of Representatives, the firm and able opponent

of every reactionary measure which the Federalists introduced. His enemies were again inconsiderate enough to confer upon him the distinction of an outrage. In February, 1799, when he was exerting every faculty in opposition to the Alien Law, the majority held a caucus and resolved to make no answer whatever to anything that might be said against either the Alien or the Sedition Law. Gallatin rose in the House to urge their repeal. For a short time he was heard in contemptuous silence. Then, honorable members began to converse, laugh, cough, move about; and made at last so loud a noise that, as Jefferson remarked at the time, the speaker must have had the lungs of an auctioneer to be heard. Perhaps he may have thought of this scandalous scene when he sent to the Senate, two years after, the name of Albert Gallatin for Secretary of the Treasury.

Levi Lincoln, the new Attorney-General, had a taste in common with the President. He loved science. Another remarkable qualification was, that he was a distinguished Massachusetts lawyer, — at the head of the bar of that State for several years, — and yet *not* a Federalist. These two facts, if we may believe the controversial writings of the day, bore to one another the relation of cause and effect.

Henry Dearborn of Maine, whom Mr. Jefferson appointed Secretary of War, had been a veritable hero of romance. In 1775, he was a village doctor. For three years, the sign of Dr. Dearborn had hung out in a hamlet of New Hampshire, when a horseman on a panting steed brought the news of the battle of Lexington. Before the sun had set that day, the young doctor, splendid with the glow of perfect health and the elastic grace of twenty-four, led sixty men toward Cambridge, sixty-five miles distant, which he reached soon after sunrise on the day following. At Bunker Hill, he was a captain; but as there was nothing to do there but load and fire, he took a musket, and made one of his company, loading and firing with the rest as long as they had anything to put into their guns. He went with Arnold's thousand men on that march through an untrodden wilderness to join Montgomery in an attack upon Quebec. The wonder was, that a man of them escaped starvation. Captain Dearborn had with him a magnificent dog, the favorite of all the company, and to himself most dear; but he could not resist the entreaties of starving comrades, and gave him up, at length, to some soldiers, who took the dog to their quarters, and divided his flesh, with fine Yankee self-control, among the men who could least help themselves, who were nearest perishing. "They ate every part of him," wrote his master, "not excepting his entrails; and, after finishing their meal, they collected the bones and carried them to be pounded up, and to make broth for another meal." The only other dog attached to the expedition, a small one, had been privately killed and eaten before. Men sacrificed their "old breeches" made of moosehide; boiled them long, and then cut them into slices, and broiled them on the coals. A barber's powder-bag was made into soup at last. It excited the wonder of the doctor-captain to see men keep up with their company until they were so near exhaustion that they would breathe their last, four or five minutes after sitting down. Dearborn himself gave out at length, and lay in a hut for ten days at the point of death. But he rallied, trudged after the army, and went to the assault at the head of his command.

In this spirit and in this manner, Henry Dearborn served till the surrender of Cornwallis, which he witnessed. On General Washington's staff, as quartermaster-general, he acquired that familiarity with military business which made him at home in the office in which Mr. Jefferson placed him. President Washington had appointed him marshal of the district of Maine, and the people had elected him twice to the House of Representatives. He

was a large, handsome man, of erect, graceful, military bearing; a striking figure in the circles of the city that was rising in the primeval wilderness. He was, perhaps, the only public man in the country who united all the qualities desirable for his post; being a soldier, a Republican, a man of science, and a man of business.

In bestowing the great places of the government, Jefferson evidently had it in view to exalt and stimulate the intellectual side of human nature, then under a kind of ban in Christendom. Every member of his Cabinet was college-bred; and every man of them was in some peculiar way identified with knowledge. Madison was, above all things else, a student of constitutional science as well as of constitutional law. Gallatin, the founder of the glass manufacture of Pittsburg, was accomplished in the science of his day, eminently an intellectualized person. Dearborn, a graduate of Harvard, had also been admitted to one of the learned professions. Robert Smith of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, a graduate of Princeton, after long eminence at the bar and in public life, died President of the Agricultural Society and Provost of the University of Maryland. Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, Postmaster-General, a graduate of Yale, a lawyer of learning and high distinction, fought through the Connecticut Legislature the liberal school-fund to which that State is so much indebted. He was noted, all his life, as the intelligent and public-spirited friend of everything high and advanced. It was he who promoted internal improvements in a manner to which the strictest constructionist could not object, by giving a thousand acres of land for the benefit of the Erie Canal. Chancellor Livingston, whom Mr. Jefferson invited to his Cabinet, and induced to go as minister to France, was the most liberal patron science had yet found in America. A graduate of King's College in New York, he spent his leisure and his income in promoting science, art, and agriculture. It was his intelligent faith and his liberal outlay of money that enabled Robert Fulton to carry out John Fitch's idea of a steamboat. James Monroe, the least learned of the men whom Jefferson advanced, could give a glorious reason why he was *not* a graduate of a college. The battle of Lexington called him away from William and Mary to the camp at Cambridge.

Let it be noted, then, as an interesting fact in political history, that the first Democratic administration paid homage to the higher attainments of man, and sought aid from the class furthest removed from the uninstructed multitude. If Jefferson had not done this from principle, he would have done it from calculation; because, knowing the people as he did, he was aware that the further they get from bowing down to fictitious distinctions, the more alive they become to those which are real. At the same time, he did not overvalue learning. "It is not by his reading in Coke-Littleton," he wrote to the brother of Robert Smith, "that I am induced to this proposition (offering him the Navy Department), though that also will be of value in our administration; but from a confidence that he must, from his infancy, have been so familiarized with naval things, that he will be perfectly competent to select proper agents and to judge of their conduct." From that day to this, as often as Mr. Jefferson's example has been followed in this particular, the people of the United States have been gratified. What appointments more popular than those of Irving, Goodrich, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Kennedy, and Curtis?

An American President usually has something to do besides managing the affairs of the public. After making the first arrangements, Jefferson went home for a month to put his own affairs in train for a long absence, to select books for removal, and give time for the members of his Cabinet to remove to Washington. The city was miserably incomplete and unprovided. Only ten months had passed since Philadelphians, going by the office of the Sec-

retary of State, had read on a placard the official notice of the removal of the government to the tract of wilderness which had been despoiled of its primeval beauty and named after the Father of his Country. These were the words they read: "Notice.—The office of the Department of State will be removed this day from Philadelphia. All letters and applications are therefore to be addressed to that department at the city of Washington from this date, 28th May, 1800." The day before, President Adams began his journey toward the new capital, going "by way of Lancaster and Fredericksburg." When Mrs. Adams joined him, she was ill-advised enough to go by Baltimore; and a nice time she had of it. Between Baltimore and Washington, the forest had not a break. Soon after leaving Baltimore, her coachman lost his way, went eight or nine miles wrong, then tried to get back through the forest to the right road, and wandered two hours without finding a creature of whom to ask a question; until, at last, a straggling negro came along, whom they hired as a guide. Washington she discovered to be all promise and no performance; everything begun and nothing finished; no bells in the Presidential mansion; no fence about it; the grand staircase not up; and the great rooms unfurnished. She used the unplastered East Room that winter for drying clothes.

If the President's house was in such a condition, we may conclude that, if the President and Cabinet meant to be comfortable, they must lend a hand to the work themselves. They were going to live in a city of huts and small unfinished houses, with, here and there, a marble palace rising above the trees, and a great street of rich yellow clay piercing the forest, three miles long, a hundred feet wide, and two feet deep,—"the best city in the world for a future residence," as Gouverneur Morris remarked to one of his fair correspondents. "We want nothing here," said he, "but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other little trifles of this kind to make our city perfect."

Besides sending many a load of books and other articles by way of beginning, Jefferson kept a wagon going pretty frequently between Monticello and Washington during the whole of his Presidency. Before leaving home he wrote curiously minute directions for his steward, Mr. Edmund Bacon. His heart was set upon restoring and enlarging a mill for grinding the grain of the region roundabout; *that* must be pushed to completion. Then there were fences to be made, fields to be cleared, a new variety of corn to be tried, charcoal to be burnt, the garden to be levelled, pork to be bought, the nailery to be kept going, clothing to be provided, groves to be thinned, shrubs to be pruned, the building to continue. Concerning all these labors, Mr. Jefferson left precise instructions, and kept them in mind at all times. Take this brief passage of his last orders in April, 1801, as a specimen of the kind of directions he frequently gave while he was apparently absorbed in affairs of state:—

"I have hired all the hands belonging to Mrs. and Miss Dangerfield, for the next year. They are nine in number. Moses the miller is to be sent home when his year is up. With these will work in common, Isaac, Charles, Ben, Shepherd, Abram, Davy, John, and Shoemaker Phill; making a gang of seventeen hands. Martin is the miller, and Jerry will drive his wagon. Those who work in the nailery are Moses, Wormly, James Hubbard, Barnaby, Isbel's Davy, Bedford John, Bedford Davy, Phill Hubbard, Bartlet, and Lewis. They are sufficient for two fires, five at a fire. I am desirous a single man, a smith, should be hired to work with them, to see that their nails are well made, and to superintend them generally; if such an one can be found for $150 or $200 a year, though I would rather give him a share in the nails made, say one eighth of the price of all the nails made, deducting the cost of the iron; if such a person can be got, Isbel's Davy may be withdrawn

to drive the mule wagon, and Sampson join the laborers. There will then be nine nailers, besides the manager, so that ten may still work at two fires; the manager to have a log-house built, and to have 500 pounds of pork. The nails are to be sold by Mr. Bacon, and the accounts to be kept by him; and he is to direct at all times what nails are to be made. The toll of the mill is to be put away in the two garners made, which are to have secure locks, and Mr. Bacon is to keep the keys. When they are getting too full, the wagons should carry the grain to the overseer's house, to be carefully stowed away. In general, it will be better to use all the bread corn from the mill from week to week, and only bring away the surplus. Mr. Randolph is hopper-free and toll-free at the mill. Mr. Eppes having leased his plantation and gang, they are to pay toll hereafter. Clothes for the people are to be got from Mr. Higginbotham, of the kind heretofore got. I allow them a best striped blanket every three years. This year eleven blankets must be bought, and given to those most in need, noting to whom they are given. The hirelings, if they had not blankets last year, must have them this year. Mrs. Randolph always chooses the clothing for the house-servants; that is to say, for Peter Henings, Burwell, Edwin, Critta, and Sally. Colored plaids are provided for Betty Brown, Betty Henings, Nance, Ursula, and indeed all the others. The nailers, laborers, and hirelings may have it, if they prefer it to cotton. Wool is given for stockings to those who will have it spun and knit for themselves. Fish is always to be got from Richmond, and to be dealt out to the hirelings, laborers, workmen, and house-servants of all sorts, as has been usual. 600 pounds of pork is to be provided for the overseer, 500 pounds for Mr. Stewart, and 500 pounds for the superintendent of the nailery, if one is employed; also about 900 pounds more for the people, so as to give them half a pound apiece once a week. This will require, in the whole, 2,000 or 2,500 pounds. After seeing what the plantation can furnish, and the three hogs at the mill, the residue must be purchased. In the winter, a hogshead of molasses must be provided and brought up, which Mr. Jefferson (merchant at Richmond) will furnish. This will afford to give a gill apiece to everybody once or twice a week."

No interest of his plantation was too trifling to escape his attention. He did not disdain to remind Mr. Bacon that "the old garden pales" wanted patching up, nor omit to designate the two men most fit for the job. When all else had been provided for, he adds, by way of postscript, that, as "these rains have possibly spoiled the fodder you had agreed for, you had better see it, and, if injured, look out in time for more." And yet another word: If Mr. Bacon would prefer to "take his half beef *now*," he might kill an animal for the purpose, and send the other half to the house, or to Mr. Randolph's.

A man does not govern a commonwealth the worse for having been trained in a homely school like this. Such training, of course, would not be sufficient; but, even of itself, it would bring an intelligent mind nearer the secret of genuine statesmanship than Bonaparte's military school or Pitt's parliamentary arena.

Early in May, the members of the administration were in Washington, and Mr. Jefferson addressed himself to the task which his countrymen had assigned him.

James Parton.

THE SINGING WIRE.

HARK to that faint and fairy twang
That from the bosom of the breeze
Has caught its rise and fall: there rang
Æolian harmonies!

I looked; again the mournful chords,
In random rhythm lightly flung
From off the wire, came, shaped in words;
And thus, meseemed, they sung.

"I, messenger of many fates,
Strung to all strains of woe or weal,
Fine nerve that thrills and palpitates
With all men know or feel, —

"O, is it strange that I should wail?
Leave me my tearless, sad refrain,
When in the pine-top wakes the gale
That breathes of coming rain.

"There is a spirit in the post;
It, too, was once a murmuring tree;
Its sapless, sad, and withered ghost
Echoes my melody.

"Come close, and lay your listening ear
Against the bare and branchless wood.
Say, croons it not, so low and clear,
As if it understood?"

I listened to the branchless pole
That held aloft the singing wire;
I heard its muffled music roll,
And stirred with sweet desire.

"O wire more soft than seasoned lute,
Hast thou no sunlit word for me?
O, though so long so coyly mute,
Sure she may speak through thee!"

I listened; but it was in vain.
At first, the wind's old, wayward will
Drew forth again the sad refrain:
That ceased, and all was still.

But suddenly some kindling shock
Struck flashing through the wire: a bird,
Poised on it, screamed, and flew; the flock
Rose with him, wheeled, and whirred.

Then to my soul there came this sense
"Her heart has answered unto thine;
She comes, to-night. Up! hence, O hence!
Meet her: no more repine!"

Mayhap the fancy was far-fetched;
And yet, mayhap, it hinted true.
Ere moonrise, Love, a hand was stretched
In mine, that gave me — you!

And so more dear to me has grown
Than rarest tones swept from the lyre,
The minor-movement of that moan
In yonder singing wire.

Nor care I for the will of states,
Or aught besides, that smites that string,
Since then so close it knit our fates,
What time the bird took wing.

G. P. Lathrop.

AN OLD ENGLISH HOME.

AN American, who had not taken a long holiday for many a year, lately found himself walking about England and Scotland in the pleasant month of June, revisiting familiar places as well as faces, and though sorrowfully missing some of the cherished friends of former years, yet finding nature as lovely and the old English homes as enchanting as ever, and memory, if sadder, yet almost as sweet as presence.

During his summer rambles through England, it was once the traveller's good fortune to spend a week within bow-shot of the soft-flowing Avon, and to look from his chamber-window on the tall spire of the church where Shakespeare lies buried. The murmur of the stream as it moves gently by the guarded grave lulled the senses of the loiterer, while it brought before his mind scenes of the grand old times when Bacon pondered and Raleigh shone, when Shakespeare "warbled his native wood-notes wild," not knowing half his own supremacy, and when the "throned vestal" ruled the land with a strong hand if not a wise one. The avenue of limes leading up to the venerable pile where the precious dust is enshrined was distinctly outlined against the summer sky; the cheerful voices of the mowers came up from the fragrant meadows; and a deep, happy rest seemed falling from the fleecy clouds that floated over the home of Shakespeare.

Perched on "the Hill" overlooking a prospect of rural beauty unsurpassed, enjoying the hospitality of a delightful country-house, the traveller's days were filled with a "dreamful ease" such as he had not known for many a year. His host, a Warwickshire gentleman of the oldest and best school, knew every nook and corner of interest in the country round; and under such intelligent guidance who could go wrong? There were delightful visits to Warwick Castle and Charlecote Park, to Anne Hathaway's cottage, to the stately ruins of Kenilworth, with boating on the river during the long

summer twilight. Every day brought its fresh pleasures and open-air entertainments; and a programme of new excursions was discussed every morning at the breakfast-table. With a keen relish for all country sports and an inborn love for horses, the host of "the Hill" was never at a loss for pleasant occupation, and "gave his mind to it" vigorously.

One of the pleasantest days spent by the merry crew from "the Hill" was passed at Lower Eatington Park, one of the most beautiful homes in England. It is one of those places for which we have no parallel in America, because we have no ancestral homes belonging for many generations to a leisure class, — no old "pleasaunces" which the love of beauty and the spirit of conservance have united to form and maintain for hundreds of years. Set in the midst of venerable trees — notably some old hawthorns — that are as sacred as the family plate and pictures, and the removal of which, so long as they will stand upright, nothing but the severest need would justify, — with many stretches of that soft, rich grass which is made only by constant years of close mowing, — the house looks out on to a scene of peace and loveliness and trimmed luxuriance, the like of which no country save England can show. For a thousand years has Lower Eatington been in the possession of the Shirley (anciently the Sasuualo) family; and in Domesday Book it is thus described: —

"Sasuualo holds of Henry (de Feriers) seventeen hides (seventeen hundred acres) in Etendone. The arable employs twelve ploughs, four are in the demesne (or Home Farm), and there are ten bondmen (slaves), there are thirty-two villeins (somewhat superior to slaves), with a priest, twenty-five borders (cottagers), one soldier, and two thanes (freeholders). They have sixteen ploughs and a half: a mill pays eighteen shillings, and there are thirty acres of meadow. It was worth six pounds, afterwards four pounds, now twenty pounds."

This was the condition of Eatington about 1085 when Saswallo, or Sewallis, the first ascertained ancestor of the house of Shirley, held it. Later, in the reign of Charles I., we find the place described by Sir Thomas Shirley the antiquary, thus: —

"There are divers marks in this towne, by which we may judge that it hath been from all antiquitie the seat of a noble and renowned family. It hath a very ancient church, sumptuously built, and dedicated to the honor of the blessed Trinity, and likewise a chantrey founded, and a large chapel to the honour of S. Nicholas, which was anciently the place of sepulture for the lords of this manor, who had, at their proper cost and charges, built and endowed both these places of prayer and devotion: and close by the church is a very ancient Mansion House, built by an ancestor of this family, so long ago that the memorie, by the revolution of so many ages, is utterly lost and forgotten; for the antient forme and structure of the house is a witness beyond all exception of its pristine antiquity, it being covered with so unknown a covering that none can tell with what it is made with, plainly shewith it was built in so ancient times that the very stuff itself whereof the texture was made is many ages since, not only worn out of the kingdom, but also the very knowledge that ever any such thing was within the realm."*

This oldest of all the Eatington mansions on record was, however, presumably taken down somewhere about the year 1641, when Sir Charles Shirley terminated the long lease of the manor which had been made for generations to the Underhill family, and came into formal possession himself. A new and smaller house was built out of the old materials, with alterations, improvements, additions, etc., by various inheritors, till in 1858 the present owner, Evelyn Philip Shirley, finding the place considerably out of repair, commenced to case and roof it in the ad-

* Harl. MS. 4928, chap. iii. British Museum, London.

vanced early English style so much in vogue at the present day in England. The designs were made by Mr. Prichard of Llandaff, and the alterations were completed in the year 1862. And a beautiful place he has made of it! Turret and gable and an exquisite, cloister-like * veranda give the true mediæval character to the house; while in the deep bay-window of the drawing-room our fancy can set soft, sunny ladies of the Stuarts' time, looking wistfully across the broad domain for lovers out on dangerous ventures; or perhaps listening to the tale of perils met and overcome, as the cavalier bends over the ringleted head with his plumed hat drooping low in his hand.

The interior of the house is as quaint and lovely as the outside; and fourteen bas-reliefs represent the principal events of the family history. In one we have the earliest recorded ancestor, the Saswallo, or Sewallis, of the Conqueror's time, on his knees, offering to the bishop a model of the church at Eatington, of which some remains still exist. In another, Henry, the grandson of the former, like Esau, is selling his birthright to his younger brother Sewallis, in the reign of Henry II.: from the elder brother descended the now extinct house of Treton, from the younger the present family of Shirley. Another bas-relief gives us Sir Sewallis de Eatendon, knight, a crusader, and grandson of the preceding; another, *his* grandson, Sir Ralph Shirley, first knight of the shire for the county of Warwick, in the twenty-third year of Edward I., anno 1294; on another we have Sir Thomas, his son, in the Holy Land. "His page is bringing him the head of a Saracen whom Sir Thomas is said to have vanquished and decapitated," which circumstance is the traditional origin of the family crest. The sixth is the death of Sir Hugh Shirley, son of Sir Thomas, at the battle of Shrewsbury, on Saturday, the 20th of July, 1403. "Sir Hugh was one of the four knights who, clothed in the royal armour, successively encountered and fell under the victorious arm of Douglas in single combat, thus immortalized by Shakespeare in Douglas's speech to the king in the first part of Henry IV.": —

"Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?"

And again in Prince Henry's speech to Douglas: —

"Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of SHIRLEY, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay."

The seventh shows Sir Ralph, son of Sir Hugh, on the eve of his departure for the French war, making over to his mother, Beatrice, the care of Ralph, his infant son and heir, and to Richard Elebet, clerk, and others, the fee of his estates. The eighth gives Sir Ralph, this same "infant son," now grown to man's estate, taking leave of his mother previous to his expedition to France, with his band of archers, just before the siege of Harfleur and the battle of Agincourt; and the ninth shows us his great-grandson dubbed a knight by Henry VII. on the field of Stoke, 1487. Over the great library window are three panels representing incidents in the lives of the three celebrated Shirley Brothers, the sons of Sir Thomas Shirley of Wiston (Sussex), the representative of a younger branch of the family. The first, or tenth, rather, shows the attack of Sir Thomas Shirley the younger — eldest of the "Three Brothers" — on the Turks in the island of Zea (Archipelago) in 1603; the second, or eleventh, Sir Anthony and Sir Robert, the younger two of the "Three Brothers," leading the Persians against the Turks and teaching them the use of artillery, in 1599; and the

* At one end of this cloister, which is roofed in with glass, are the following lines in Old English letters on a small tablet: —

"Fourscore and four, if God gives strength
The web of life is spun;
Fourscore and four, the Cloister's length
A statute mile is run."

third, or twelfth, the same Sir Robert Shirley's reception at the court of James I., as ambassador from Shah Cebbas, King of Persia, in 1611; the thirteenth gives Sir Robert Shirley, baronet, five generations removed from the last Sir Ralph, in the act of founding the church of Staunton Karold in Leicestershire, 1653; and the fourteenth gives him again in 1656, when committed to the Tower of London (where he died) "by the usurper Oliver Cromwell in consequence of his loyalty to his Church and King." The last public record of the family is an address signed by the principal noblemen and gentlemen of Warwickshire to Major-General Horatio Shirley, C. B., on his return from the Crimea, 1856, with their respective arms emblazoned on vellum. This hangs in the hall opposite the carved oak mantel-piece; and here also are preserved the rifle and the prayer-book carried by the general during the war; which last, being in the holster of his saddle during the battle of the Alma, most probably saved his life by receiving the bullet which else would have passed into his body. Further must be noticed the old family pictures by such names as Rembrandt, Vandyke, Canaletti, Zucchero, Huysmans, Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, Wilson, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Northcote, Clint, and others; while coats-of-arms, blazoning the various alliances of the family, give warmth and color and the flavor of old-time chivalry to almost every wall and window.

A bow-shot from the manor-house are the remains of the old parish church, consisting only of the towers and south transept, with two arches on the north side and part of the walls of the nave and chancel, the latter of red sandstone from Kenilworth, all overgrown with ivy and the small, ivy-leaved toadflax bearing its pale purple blossoms in rich profusion. Two old effigies, representing a knight and lady, are held to be the effigies of Ralph Shirley and Margaret Waldershef, his wife, in the time of Edward II. (1327); and there are other monuments and inscriptions less doubtful and more detailed.

But the whole thing goes together. The ivied ruins holding their ancient memorials of departed greatness; the old house, new cased and fronted, with its lavish blazonry and *gesta magnatum;* the leafy park with its herds of deer, its grand old trees, and that indescribable look of high condition which generations of ease alone can give; the host himself, the representative of the long line of illustrious ancestry, proud of his family, and yet not too proud, faithful to its traditions, to its politics, its renown, a true gentleman, one too highly set to be over-careful of his dignity because safe in his own unassailable place, — all strike upon the imagination with a fulness and suggestiveness beyond measure fascinating. And though not unique in England, where many such are to be found, yet Lower Eatington, the home of the house of Shirley, may be taken as typical of the real English country home, where the gentleman of old lineage and fine estates lives his life as it has been marked out for him for more than a thousand years; doing such good as he can to his tenantry and poorer neighbors, setting an example of high honor and incorruptible integrity; and, if less receptive and go-ahead than our own energetic, self-made men, offering a standard of noble bearing and an example of stately qualities which the world would be the poorer were it to be without.

Nothing was wanting to complete its charm to the American visitor, who saw Lower Eatington in the soft summer weather, and in that lovely season invoked the associations of the place, where knights and crusaders had ridden forth to their deeds of "derring do"; where men who knew and loved Shakespeare had walked among the trees and talked of his works and genius; where, perhaps, Shakespeare himself had rambled, musing, through the glades, fashioning the figure of the "melancholy Jaques" in his mind; where, doubtless, Queen Elizabeth had

cast approving eyes when on her famous visit to Kenilworth, not so very far away ; where, maybe, Leicester and Amy Robsart had lingered in the moonlight ; where the stout old cavalier had defied the power of Cromwell and the rushing tide of political change ; where man had done his best for nature, and nature in return had yielded back to man deep peace and loveliness.

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

IMPRISONED.

LIGHTLY she lifts the large, pure, luminous shell,
Poises it in her strong and shapely hand.
"Listen," she says, "it has a tale to tell,
Spoken in language you may understand."

Smiling, she holds it at my dreaming ear :
The old, delicious murmur of the sea
Steals like enchantment through me, and I hear
Voices like echoes of eternity.

She stirs it softly. Lo, another speech!
In one of its dim chambers, shut from sight,
Is sealed the water that has kissed the beach
Where the far Indian Ocean leaps in light.

Those laughing ripples, hidden evermore
In utter darkness, plaintively repeat
Their lapsing on the glowing tropic shore
In melancholy whispers low and sweet.

O prisoned wave that may not see the sun!
O voice that never may be comforted!
You cannot break the web that fate has spun ;
Out of your world are light and gladness fled.

The red dawn nevermore shall tremble far
Across the leagues of radiant brine to you ;
You shall not sing to greet the evening star,
Nor dance exulting under heaven's clear blue.

Inexorably woven is the weft
That shrouds from you all joy but memory :
Only this tender, low lament is left
Of all the sumptuous splendor of the sea.

Celia Thaxter.

EDUCATING A WIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WE had much gay society at Braxfield; and among the visitors who almost daily thronged our table were many young ladies, very eligible matches, and some almost as charming as that dear Fräulein Münchhausen.

Two of them, I remember, came from Dublin with their father, who was physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had apartments at the castle. They were splendid specimens of the old Milesian race: fair girls with finely formed, well-developed figures, strong and stately, and just evading the exuberance of *embonpoint;* with brilliant complexions, the rich red in their cheeks such as only the "weeping skies" of the Green Island call out; with magnificent auburn hair, and large blue eyes that looked filled to the brim with merry thoughts. They were highly accomplished, too; dressed with simple elegance, and were modish and well-bred, as far as that irrepressible spirit of fun and frolic which seems inborn in spirited Irish girls would let them.

The first evening, after the elder of these dashing Milesians had given us, with stirring effect, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," while she accompanied herself admirably on the harp, gracefully displaying arms of marvellous whiteness that a sculptor might have yearned to copy, it chanced that their father and mine became deeply engaged in a grave conversation touching the formation of human character. Meanwhile, on a sofa at some distance, I had commenced a low conversation on some light topic with the fair songstress, who seemed indifferent to metaphysics; when the younger sister, touching me so as to call attention to her movements, stole slyly up behind her father, and, cautiously raising her hands to his head, twitched off his wig while he was in the very midst of some learned reply, and made off with it to our end of the room. I shall never forget my father's look of amazement. From his guest I expected an outburst of anger, but he only said, "Come back, this minute, you monkey! Do you think I can talk philosophy without a wig?"

They stayed with us several days; and I was quite dazzled and somewhat overwhelmed by their beauty and spirit.

A complete contrast in character to these stylish perpetrators of fun, less bewildering but far more interesting, were two young ladies whose acquaintance I had previously made. They also were from Ireland, indeed from one of its noted families; daughters of a nobleman whose name is still cherished by the Irish people as one of the most daring and disinterested defenders of their political franchises.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, younger son of James, first Duke of Leinster, seems, despite his rank, to have been born a democrat. A mere stripling in our Revolutionary days and barely of age when France quailed under her "Reign of Terror," he warmly sympathized, during both revolutions, with the oppressed millions struggling for freedom. As a member of the Irish Parliament toward the close of the last century, he took a stand for the independence of his country (then in imminent danger of subversion) as daring as that of Patrick Henry for ours. Brooding over her oppression, impatient under her sufferings, and finding words unavailing to effect redress, Lord Edward appears to have felt that the time for action had come. He joined the secret society of "United Irishmen," and was enthusiastically elected its president. That society virtually adopted as its motto the same

which had been the watchword of our own Revolution, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must"; and erelong it counted its members by hundreds of thousands, scattered over every parish in the island; many of them devoted men, nerved to a stern purpose by sacred incentives, national and spiritual. At that time the Irish Parliament enjoyed absolute independence of all power but the Crown. Grattan, in 1780, had procured the passage of a resolution, "that the king's Most Excellent Majesty and the Lords and Commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland." The British government, acquiescing at the time, sought now to abolish this only competent power; replacing a national and independent legislature by the admission into the British Parliament of a few Irish members, none of whom, however, it was lawful to choose from among professors of the Catholic faith. Then the "United Irishmen" plotted treason. The plot was prematurely revealed, and their leader betrayed, for money, — by an informer. Lord Edward, after killing with a dagger one of his assailants and severely wounding another, would doubtless have been tried for treason and sentenced to the gallows, but that he died in a Newgate prison-cell two weeks after his capture, of wounds envenomed by disappointed hopes. With a refinement of cruelty for which government policy, except it be such as is utterly disgraceful in a civilized nation, furnishes not a shadow of excuse, his wife had not been permitted to see him; and permission was given to his brother and sister only when it was certain he must die, and then but for a few minutes, just three hours before his death. This was in 1798; and two years afterwards, despite the noble stand taken by a talented band of patriots, the outrage was consummated, and the Irish Parliament was merged in that of Great Britain.

Some years before his death Fitzgerald had won and married the beautiful Pamela, daughter, by more than adoption, it seems,* of the celebrated Madame de Genlis. By her he had two daughters, Pamela and Lucy. These young ladies were connections of a kindly neighbor of ours, Lady Mary Ross, who lived two miles off at Bonnington, a romantic country-seat near the Falls of the Clyde; Lady Ross's son, Sir Charles, having married their father's sister, Lady Mary Fitzgerald. During a visit of some months at Bonnington they were frequent visitors, and always welcome ones, to Braxfield.

We found them charming girls; charming and estimable; but one would never have imagined them sisters. The elder, Pamela, inheritor of her mother's personal gifts, but without the gayety of her mother's country, was a handsome brunette, small of stature and beautifully formed, with large dark pensive eyes that seemed still to mourn her father's untimely fate; the younger, Lucy, a delicate blonde, tall and graceful, sprightly and sympathetic; Irish evidently, not French, of origin; her enthusiastic father's true child. Both had the charm of perfect manners, noble, simple, and kindly, rather than demonstrative.

One of them became a connection of ours. It chanced that Sir Guy Campbell, my mother's first-cousin, a dashing young officer, came to us on a visit for a few days; and that my father invited Lady Ross and the two Miss Fitzgeralds to dinner to meet him. That evening decided his fate. The dark eyes, with their depths of wistful expression, made an immediate conquest of the lively and brilliant youth. Next day he rode over to Bonnington, and the next, and the next. His visit to us was finally prolonged into a three-weeks' stay, and every forenoon, during that time, Sir Guy's charger was brought regularly to the door, not to return with his master, after the first week, till late at night. At the end of

* "Pamela, the adopted, or (as may now be said without scruple) the actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans (Egalité), etc." — Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore, London, 1831, Vol. I. p. 178.

the three weeks, the rider's furlough drawing to a close, there was a wedding at Bonnington, and my father (who had been appointed Pamela's co-trustee with the Duke of Leinster, her uncle) gave away the bride.

I, in the officer's place, should have preferred Lucy. As it was, she being five or six years older than myself, I did not presume to think of her, except as a boy thinks of a beautiful woman, with reverential admiration and, as Tennyson has phrased it, with "tender dread." She was to me a sort of ideal being, removed beyond the actual and the familiar. Perhaps this was in part due to the fact that my affections had already begun to attach themselves elsewhere.

I have stated that, as a boy, I had read a work of Thomas Day's; the same of which Leigh Hunt says, "The pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of Sandford and Merton." But I do not think that, up to the time of which I am writing, I had read the author's life; or found out that he had selected, from a foundling hospital, two young girls of twelve, intending to educate them on Rousseau's system and to make one of them, by and by, his wife; and that this strange contrivance did not succeed.

An experiment which, at the age of twenty-one, I commenced, was, I think, better deserving of success than Thomas Day's; inasmuch as it was not founded on the cold-blooded calculation of educating first and taking the chance of falling in love afterwards; also, because, instead of wandering off to French philosophy, I trusted to the domestic influences of Braxfield House.

Among the young girls in our village school was one, ten years old, and whom, as she may be still alive, I shall call Jessie. Her father was foreman of a room in one of our mills, an ordinary character; her mother (often familiarly going among her neighbors, according to the custom of the country, by her maiden name, Peggy Gardiner) seemed, by beauty and demeanor, and to judge by the exquisite cleanliness, order, and good taste that marked her humble apartments, quite above her station. From her, no doubt, had come to Jessie the nameless grace, the native refinement that distinguished the child, not in my eyes alone, from all her schoolmates.

I should not trust myself to describe this young girl, as I first remember her, did I not call to mind what my mother, six or seven years later, confessed to me, on her return from a visit to Glasgow, on which Jessie had accompanied her. "I could not walk the streets with her," she said, "without serious annoyance. Almost every gentleman we met turned round to look at her, and several contrived to pass and repass us several times, evidently smitten by her beauty. In the shops it was little better: business seemed half suspended, customers and shopmen alike pausing to admire."

"You don't think it was Jessie's fault, mother?" I asked.

"No; I think the poor girl's modest and quiet bearing only attracted people the more; but it was very unpleasant."

That was when she was fifteen or sixteen; as a child of ten she was scarcely less noticed by the fashionable visitors who thronged our school. Not in music and dancing alone did she excel all her fellows. I gave occasional lessons in geography and history to the elder girls' class to which she belonged; and while I found her first in almost every branch, she seemed quite unconscious of her superiority.

Her complexion was fair and of unrivalled purity, her face a perfect Grecian oval; the eyes deep blue, and filled with a dancing light when she smiled; the chestnut hair long and silky. Every feature was cut with singular delicacy; the only deviations from strict regularity being that the mouth was, in proportion, a trifle larger than that of the Venus of Milo, but then the

teeth, dazzlingly white and perfect, atoned; and that the nose was just a little bit what the French call *retroussé;* — though one need not now have recourse to French; Tennyson has coined just the word. To Jessie, as to Lynette, the lines apply, —

> "And lightly was her slender nose
> Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Only that, in Jessie's case, the divergence from the classic line was so slight that the simile of the flower-petal does not quite suit the occasion.

Though she afterwards grew to medium height only, she was, in those days, rather tall for her age. Her person was perfect in its form and proportions; and this has always had a singular charm for me. Spurzheim set down *form* large, and *color* small, in my phrenological chart, telling me I should make a good sculptor or architect; and, in effect, I have always found more pleasure in going over a collection of the best statuary than in viewing the finest gallery of paintings. I recollect reading casually, in some newspaper, the lines,

> "She had a form — but I might talk till night,
> Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
> Ere I had told its beauties. It was slight,
> Even as yon willow, and, like its soft stem,
> Fell into thousand motions and all lovely,"

and thinking that they must have been written expressly to describe Jessie. Yet I believe it was not so much her beauty, alike of form and feature, that first awoke in me a sentiment seldom felt, I think, by an adult, for a child so young, as another peculiarity. She was a creature of quick sensibilities, which she had not learned to conceal. Her countenance, always an interesting one, was, if love be dangerous, a somewhat dangerous one to watch. She had a habit — painful, I knew she herself often found it — of blushing at the touch of any emotion, whether of joy or sorrow; at trifles even, as at the unexpected sight of some girl-friend; and when deeply and suddenly moved, the flush would overspread face and neck. This happened, on one occasion, when I had taken her by surprise in addressing to her a few words of commendation; the telltale blush which my praise called up first awoke in myself the consciousness how dear she was to me.

I was very much ashamed when I became aware of this: knowing that if it were observed it would expose me to ridicule; not so much on account of the girl's social position, — I did not care for that, it being already an article in my social creed that Love, like God, is no respecter of persons, — but a mere child! not half my own age, and I but just out of my minority: that *was* ridiculous! I could not even call to mind that any hero of a novel had ever indulged in so absurd a fancy.

The parents of Jessie belonged to the sect over which my grandfather had presided, — the Independents; and my mother attended service twice every Sunday in a small chapel or hall which my father had set apart for these worshippers. When I returned from college, my mother, feeling that her authority in such matters had ceased, merely asked me if I chose to go with her. She was greatly delighted when she found me a willing attendant both at morning and evening service; and I am glad the dear, good lady never guessed what the attraction was, never knew how often I might have played truant if Peggy Gardiner, a regular church-goer, had not brought her little daughter with her, looking as fresh and lovely as a spring flower; dressed simply but with scrupulous neatness, and recalling to me what Christ said of the lilies of the field, — that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Luckily our pew was square and spacious, and I almost always contrived so to select my place (facing the congregation) that I could see that charming young face. My sisters, and even William, would now and then drop to sleep when the sermon overran an hour and a half; but I know that grave, serious audience must have been greatly edified, and my mother quite comforted, by my wakefulness,

and by what must have seemed to them my unwavering attention, during endless disquisitions on free-will and election and predestination, on vicarious atonement and original sin. The preachers were too gloomily in earnest ever to select so cheerful a theme as that embodied in my favorite text, "Love is the fulfilling of the law"; and, fortunately for their good opinion of me, thoughts are not read in this world as no doubt they will be in the next.

It has sometimes occurred to me, however, that this sudden attachment of mine might have proved a passing fancy only, had not my eldest sister, Anne, very innocently and unintentionally given it food and encouragement.

Anne was then a thoughtful girl of seventeen or eighteen, shy, and a little awkward in manner, not handsome nor even pretty, but thoroughly good and practical; domestic in her tastes, a skilful needle-woman who had worked a wonderfully elaborate sampler, embroidered with crowns, royal, baronial, and I know not how many others, and bearing, in various colored worsteds, a stanza, selected, I think, by her mother as a bit of quiet consolation for lack of beauty, and reading thus: —

"Can comeliness of form or shape or air
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these — these only — can the heart retain."

Anne was very fond of children and a born teacher; attending the village school almost daily, and often taking part in the instruction of the various classes. In the spring or summer of 1822 she selected two of the best pupils (of whom Jessie was one and a certain Mary the other), who came to Braxfield after school-hours and had lessons from her in music, reading, and sometimes in other branches. After a time, Mary being required at home for domestic duties, Jessie remained sole scholar. Toward the close of the year, her mother began to talk of sending her into the mills; but pupil and teacher having by this time become strongly attached to each other, a respite of a few months was obtained, and her daily visits, which were uninterrupted even by the rigor of a severe winter, were continued into the next spring.

During all this time, however delighted I was with Anne's proceedings, I set special guard on my looks and actions. Yet I was unable to refrain from frequent attendance at my sister's private lessons, especially in music. In eight or ten months Jessie had made wonderful proficiency on the piano, and sang duets with my second sister, Jane, to the admiration of the household; with all of whom, I may add, she had become a favorite. As I look back on those days, this seems to me strange; for marked favor to one of humble rank is wont, in a class-ridden country like England, to produce envy and ill-will. It was Jessie's idiosyncrasy, I think, which averted such results. She had that innate refinement which is sometimes held to belong only to "gentle blood"; coupled with a simple bearing, alike removed from servility and presumption, which seemed to accept a new position, gladly indeed, but quietly and as a matter of course. Less than a year's daily intercourse with a cultivated circle had so wrought on that delicate nature that, by personal carriage and good breeding, she seemed "to the manor born." The servants instinctively treated her as one of our family; yet to her school companions she was still the same lively and cordial playmate as before. Need I add that the impression she had made on me deepened daily?

About the 1st of March, 1823, I had a conversation with Anne. She began by saying Jessie's mother had been telling her that her husband thought it was time that their child should begin to defray her own support by tending a throstle-frame. I could not help reddening, almost as Jessie herself might have done.

"You don't like that?" said Anne.

"Of course not. Do you?"

"It would give me great pain. I

love the dear child, and I should feel almost as if I were to lose a little sister. But, Robert, I think you would care more still."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, you have a telltale face; but that's not all. I found you out some time since. A man who has a secret to keep ought not, when he reads his favorite authors, to make marginal references."

"I can't imagine what you mean, my dear."

"You and I are pretty much in the habit of reading the same books; and in half a dozen places lately I 've found passages marked that showed what you were thinking about; one of them in Thomson's Seasons, in that story about the 'lovely young Lavinia' who 'once had friends,' and married so nicely at last."

My consciousness must have betrayed me at this point, for she added, "It 's no use denying it, Robert. You wish, some day, to make Jessie your wife."

"You think me an idiot for falling in love with a mere child?"

"No; one may admire a rosebud as well as the full-grown flower; and such a sweet rosebud, too!"

"But I 'm more than twice her age."

"You won't be, by and by. When you 're thirty, Jessie will be nineteen. That 's not out of the way. You 're willing to wait?"

"Willing?" I felt pretty much as a Peruvian worshipper might, if he had been asked whether he was willing to await the rising of the sun; but I only said, "Will you help me, Anne?"

Thereupon, after consulting together, we concocted a scheme. My father was then on a visit to Ireland, where he had been lecturing in furtherance of his plans of social reform;* and my sister told me she intended, as soon as he returned, to ask his permission to adopt Jessie, charging herself with the child's education. When I heard this, I thought Providence must be helping me; for that was just what I had been wishing for months to bring about, without daring to suggest it, and not knowing whether the girl's parents would consent. Anne thought they would; for the mother had expressed to her doubts whether her daughter, who, though healthy, was far from being robust, could endure without injury the confinement of the mills at so early an age.

Thus reassured, I suggested that it might be weeks before my father returned, and that it would be best to send him a letter, carefully prepared, at once. A copy of this letter, covering sixteen pages of note-paper and dated March 3, 1823, lies before me. It was in my sister's handwriting and signed by her, though in truth a joint production. I had put my heart into it; and, for that matter, so had Anne, who made some excellent points. Here is one: —

"Do not imagine, my dear papa, that I intend to make a fine lady of this little girl; nothing is further from my thoughts. I wish to render her independent, and able by and by to take care of herself. With such an education as I propose to give her, she will, when she grows up, be a valuable instructress of youth; and how rarely do we meet with such a one! It shall be my study to prevent her acquiring idle or expensive habits, and to make my little charge much more diligent and orderly than you have ever seen *us*."

Then followed a diplomatic suggestion, intended, I am afraid, to put my father off the true scent. She told him: —

"In case I kept house for one of my brothers, she would, I am sure, prove a most agreeable companion for me; and, by affording me a never-failing source of amusement and interest, might enliven many hours I should otherwise spend in solitude."

The sly gypsy knew well enough

* He was then and later popular in Ireland, even among the upper classes. On March 18, 1823, he held a meeting, very numerously attended, at the Rotunda, Dublin; at which the Lord Mayor presided, and the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, the Earl of Meath, Lord Cloncurry, Lady Rossmore, and a long list of nobility and gentry, were present.

that her elder brother, at least, was not likely to set up bachelor's hall and there to need a sister to preside; and that her pupil, instead of proving an amusement to her in the fraternal mansion, would probably there become a domestic blessing to somebody else. But of course it would never have done prematurely to suggest such a contingency as that.

Anne waited with an anxiety only less profound than my own for a reply. It was kind and favorable; and, my mother acquiescing, Jessie became a member of our family circle.

I was exultant; yet I put a still stricter guard than before on all I said and did when Jessie was present. It was a great exercise of self-control. No matter how numerous and brilliant the company in our drawing-room, I knew, by instinct, whether Jessie was there, and missed her at once if she withdrew. Young girls of my own age, beautiful, cultivated, and well-born, — and many such were, from time to time, inmates of Braxfield House, — all failed to awaken in me an emotion comparable to the feeling which the sight of that child, scarcely eleven years old when she came to us, uniformly called forth.

She seemed to win my parents' hearts, and they behaved admirably, making no distinction between her and their own children; and for this I was the more grateful, because it placed them, now and then, in an awkward position. They would have to listen, for example, while some casual visitor descanted in warm terms on the singular beauty of their youngest daughter; and I overheard one preposterous flatterer tell my father how much she was like him: about as like, I longed to tell him, as I to Hercules. My father took it very quietly, smiling, and saying only, "She is not mine, — an adopted child." But I think my mother did n't quite like it.

I came very near betraying myself one evening; but fortune stood my friend. We had a young folks party, and a number of both sexes had gathered together. A proposal was made that we should "draw for sweethearts," — for the evening, of course; but some one added jestingly, "Perhaps for life, — who knows?" So we wrote the name of each young lady (Jessie included) on a slip of paper, then folded these and shook them up in a hat which I handed round. It so happened that the number of young ladies exceeded by four or five that of the young gentlemen; so that, when all had drawn and my turn came last, there were still several slips remaining. I glanced at that which I drew and saw Jessie's name. In a moment, what Anne had said of my telltale face flashed across me; I turned instantly to hide my confusion by depositing the hat; and, as I did so, I dropped into it the name that was hidden away in my heart, and stealthily abstracted another unperceived. This time it was the plainest girl in the room; to whom, grateful for danger past, I cordially offered myself as partner.

But before the evening was over, I contrived to get possession of the slip with Jessie's name. This I secreted within the lining of a small bead purse which one of my sisters had worked for me. That purse and its enclosure exist still. I kept it hidden away in the secret drawer of a writing-desk.

Our experiment proceeded, smoothly and successfully, for more than two years, — two of the brightest years of my life; even though I had no means of judging whether Jessie's heart, in after years, would turn to me or not.

I have heard the question debated, which is the greater happiness, — to love or to be loved. Theoretically, on purely ethical principles, one is led to the conclusion that to love is the higher privilege; and practically the experience of a lifetime confirms to me that view of the case. To love is best. It wears better, it has a nobler influence on a cultivated heart, than the mere consciousness of being loved, however grateful that consciousness may be to self-love, however, too, it may minister to vanity. The tendency

of loving, if one loves truly, is to eliminate selfishness; but it often fosters selfishness to be the object of love. It is better to love without requital, than to be loved unless one can render double in return. It is not of love received, but of love given, that Paul, faithfully translated, speaks, in memorable words: Love, greater than faith, greater than hope, suffereth long, envieth not, seeketh not her own, endureth all things, never faileth. But the recipient even of the purest love may be dead to long-suffering, may nourish envy, may cherish self-seeking, may lack patience under adversity, and may fail when the hour of trial comes. Not he on whom love is bestowed is the favored one, but he by whom love is conferred. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

I never swerved in my loyalty to Jessie; yet, though I could not help being uniformly kind to her and watchful for her welfare, I tried hard never to give the child any reason to believe that I loved her otherwise than as I did my three sisters. They, on their part, treated her at all times with sisterly affection, as one of themselves; and this was greatly to their credit; for Jessie not only quite outshone them in beauty, but in musical talent, in grace in the ball-room and elsewhere, and ultimately in ease of manner. If, at the end of two years, a stranger had been asked to say which of the four girls had been raised from an humble home to her present position, I think Jessie was the last he would have been likely to select.

If I had remained at Braxfield, this novel experiment of mine could have had, I incline to believe, but one issue. It was otherwise ordered, however. In the winter of 1824–5, my father purchased a village and a large tract of land in Indiana, with what result I shall state by and by; and in the autumn of 1825, when Jessie was little more than thirteen years old, I emigrated to this country. I was sorely tempted, before I left home, to tell the girl how much I loved her, and that I hoped some day, if she should ever come to love and accept me as a husband, to make her my wife. But, while I was romantic enough in those days and later to do many foolish things, common-sense suggested that to a child such a declaration was ill-judged and out of place. So I departed and made no sign. With Anne, however, I conferred in secret; and she promised me, if I could not return in three or four years, to come to the United States herself and bring Jessie with her.

Though it is anticipating dates, I may as well here state the ultimate issue of this episode in my life. Two years later, namely, in the summer of 1827, longing to see Jessie once more, I joined an English friend and recrossed the Atlantic. I found the young girl beautiful and interesting even beyond my remembrance or expectation; and, what moved me still more, she received me so cordially and with such evident emotion, that — though I think I may say that I have never been guilty of the presumption of imagining myself loved when I was not — it *did* seem to me the chances were fair that, if I remained some months and spoke out, she would not say me nay.

But I determined first to make a confidante of my mother, in whose good sense and deep affection for me I placed implicit trust.

"My son," she said, "I saw, before you went to America, that you loved this girl and had already thought of her as a wife. But there is much to be taken into account in such a matter."

"You would prefer to have a daughter-in-law from our own rank in life?"

"If I could have chosen, yes; but I do not think that a sufficient objection. My own good father worked his way up from a position as humble; and Jessie's appearance and manners are as ladylike as if she had been my own child."

"But you *have* objections, dear mother. Do not withhold them from me, I entreat you."

"At least I should like to see what

will be the result, on her character, of the next three years. I know you, Robert; you have a very high ideal of what a wife ought to be; unreasonably high, I am afraid. You think this girl perfect, but she is not. I should like to be sure that she will grow up free from undue love of admiration, and, what is more important, perfectly sincere."

"Not truthful, mother?"

"I do not say that; though, when she first came to us, I sometimes thought it. She is very anxious to please, and occasionally says things rather because she thinks they will be agreeable than because they square with her convictions. I should like a more earnest and downright character in your wife."

"You wish me to give her up?"

"No; she has many excellent qualities; she has so affectionate a heart, and such winning ways, that there is not one of us who can help loving her. But I *have* something to ask of you, for your sake, dear Robert, not for mine. This girl is only fifteen, a child still; and you have to return with your father very soon to America. Do not commit yourself: you ought not to marry any one younger than eighteen or nineteen. Let three years pass. I'll take as much pains with Jessie, meanwhile, as if she were already my daughter; and I will report to you faithfully the result. Come back when the three years are passed; and, if I am then alive and you still wish to marry her, I will not say a word, except to wish you both all the happiness this world can afford." The tears rose to her eyes as she added, in a lower tone, "I only ask for delay; it may be the last request I shall ever make of you."

I have never made up my mind, since, whether I did right or wrong. But my mother was in very feeble health at the time, and I felt no assurance that I should ever see her again, as, indeed, I never did. If she had objected to Jessie because of her lowly birth, if she had spoken harshly of her, if she had told me she would never consent to receive her as a daughter-in-law, I should have sought to engage the girl, young as she was, then and there. But all she said was so reasonable, and the unfitness of marriage before three years so apparent, that I hesitated as she went on. Her tears, at the last, decided the matter. I gave her the promise she wished.

My word thus pledged, I felt that I must hasten my departure for London, whence we were to embark. The day before I set out, I asked Jessie if she would not like to visit her parents in the village; and when she assented, I proposed that we should take a circuitous route through the Braxfield woods, the last time, as it proved, that I ever saw them.

On no occasion in my life have I suffered from a struggle between duty and inclination as I did during that walk. As we passed, deep in the woods, a rural seat whence, through the foliage, glittered, in the autumn sun, the rippling waters of the Clyde, I proposed to Jessie that we should sit awhile, to rest and talk. What we said and how long we remained there I cannot tell. All I remember is, feeling at last that, if we sat there half an hour longer, I should break the solemn promise I had made to my mother. So we rose, went on, half in silence, to the village, where we separated, — and dream and temptation were over!

Ere the three years of probation had passed, Anne had died,* and Jessie had married a most amiable and estimable young man, in easy circumstances, — had married before I knew, even, that she had been sought in marriage. More than thirty years passed

* In a letter from my father to myself, written soon after Anne's death, he says of her: "I never knew a judgment more severely correct than hers upon all subjects connected with the mind and dispositions. Whatever was needed to assist her in the education of her pupils she studied with unabating interest; and even you would be surprised to hear of the number of works which she read to store her mind with useful facts on all subjects for the benefit of those under her charge. She had patience, perseverance, and an accurate knowledge of human nature, and took an interest in the progress and happiness of her pupils, such as I have never seen excelled."

after that walk through the wooded braes of Braxfield before I saw Jessie again.

It was in Scotland we met, both married persons. I found her in her own handsome house, in a beautiful situation, surrounded by every comfort and some luxuries. So far as I could learn, she had so borne herself through life as to secure esteem and love from a cultivated circle of acquaintances.

Just at first I could scarcely recognize, in the comely matron, the Jessie of my youth, until she smiled. But we met twice or thrice, and talked over the olden time, very quietly at first. During my last visit I asked her if she had ever known that I loved her and that I had wished to make her my wife. She said it had several times occurred to her as possible, even before I left Braxfield, the first time, for America; that she had felt sure of it during the woodland walk, and especially while we sat together in that secluded spot, with the birds only for witnesses; but when I had departed to another hemisphere with no promise of return, and without declaring myself, she had felt sure it was because of her humble parentage, and so had given up all idea that she could ever be my wife. Then, with a frankness which even as a child she had always shown toward me, she added that she never could tell when she first loved me; and that if, during that last walk, I had asked her to become my betrothed, she would have said yes with her whole heart and soul. The tears stood in her eyes as she made this avowal; and she followed it up by saying, "I wished to meet you once, and to tell you this. But I know you will feel it to be best that we should not see each other, nor write to each other, any more."

I told her she was wise and good, and that I would strictly conform to her wishes; thinking it best so, for both our sakes. So even an occasional exchange of letters which, throughout our thirty years' severance, had been kept up at long intervals, has ceased from that day. And now, when more than another decade has passed, I am uncertain whether Jessie is still in this land of the living, or has gone before to another, where many dear friends who have been life-long apart will find no cause for further separation.

Here let me confess that it needed, as prompting motive to overcome the natural reluctance one feels to confide to the public such details of inner life as one has seldom given even to intimate friends, a sense of the duty which an autobiographer owes to his readers. They are entitled, in the way of incident, to whatever of interest or value is strictly his own to relate; the secrets of others, however, not being included in that category.

When my father returned from Ireland, to find Jessie a member of his family, he related to us an anecdote which pleased me much, in the state of mind I then was, and which may be acceptable to others.

In the winter of 1818–19 a party of bright and lively young people had assembled, to spend the period of Christmas festivity at a spacious old country-seat not very far from Dublin. Several of them, ladies as well as gentlemen, had already acted creditably on the amateur stage; so they fitted out a large hall as theatre, and got up several standard comedies in a manner that elicited hearty applause. Encouraged by this success, they thought they might manage one of Shakespeare's tragedies; and their choice fell on Romeo and Juliet. They succeeded in casting all the characters except one, that of Juliet herself. It was offered to several young ladies in succession; but they all persistently refused, fearing to attempt so arduous a part. In this dilemma some one suggested an expedient. Miss O'Neill, then in the zenith of her fame, was an actress of unblemished reputation, most ladylike demeanor, and eminent talent, whom I once saw as Juliet. She was then regarded, justly I imagine, as the most perfect interpreter of Shakespeare's

embodiment of fervid passion and devotion in the daughter of Capulet that had ever appeared on the London boards; her singular beauty admirably seconding her rare powers, and turning the heads of half the fashionable young men of the day. She was universally respected, was often admitted to the best society, and had several times assisted at private theatricals.

It so happened that she was then in Dublin, and, for the time, without an engagement. The proposal was, to write to her and ask her, on her own terms, to come to them and take the part of Juliet. This was eagerly acceded to, and a letter despatched accordingly.

The part of Romeo had been assigned to a gentleman of fortune and family, Mr. Becher of Ballygibbin, County Cork; *jeune encore*, as the French say, for he was still on the right side of forty, and excelling all his companions in histrionic talent. To him, as soon as the invitation had been given, came one of his intimate friends. "Becher," said he, "take my advice before it is too late. Throw up the part of Romeo. I daresay some one else can be found to take it."

"Back out of the part? And why, pray? Do you think my acting is not worthy to support Miss O'Neill's?"

"You act only too well, my good fellow, and identify yourself only too perfectly with the characters you undertake. I know Miss O'Neill well; there can't be a better girl, but she 's dangerous. She 's perfectly bewitching in her great *rôle*. It is notorious that no man ever played Romeo to her Juliet without falling in love with her. Now I 'd be sorry to see you go to the stage for a wife."

"Marry an actress! and at my age! Do you take me for a fool?"

"Anything but that, Becher. I *do* take you for a whole-souled, splendid fellow, with a little touch of romance about him, impressible by beauty, and still more alive to grace and talent, and I really can't make up my mind to address even that glorious creature as Mrs. 'Becher.'"

"Do talk sense, Tom. If I had n't agreed to play Romeo, I 'd go and offer to take the part now, just to convince you how ridiculous you are."

"Well, all I hope is that the enchantress will decline."

But she accepted. Becher played Romeo, shared the fate of his predecessors; was engaged within the month, and married a few weeks afterwards.

My father spent several days with them at their country-seat. He was charmed with Mrs. Becher, in whom, he said, he could not detect the slightest trace of the actress. And the marriage, my father told us, seemed to have been eminently fortunate, though up to that time they had no children.

In the sequel they had several children. Mr. Becher, eight years later, was created a baronet, lived thirty years with his wife, and was succeeded, in 1850, by their son, Sir Henry Wrixon Becher, the present baronet. Lady Becher died only last winter, loved and mourned by friends and dependants; having survived her husband more than twenty years.

With one other love-story, also brought by my father from Ireland, I shall conclude this chapter.

The names I have forgotten, but the circumstances happened in a country-house, the hereditary seat of an ancient and wealthy Irish family.

There, to its owner then only a few years married, was born a son and heir. There was, in his household at the time, a young woman of eighteen, fairly educated, but in humble circumstances, who had been retained as dependant rather than servant, filling the posts of nursery-governess, and assistant housekeeper. Let us call her Miss Norah Fitzpatrick. She was faithful, industrious, and good-looking, but with no pretension to beauty.

The infant heir of some thirty or forty thousand a year, committed to her care and daily carried about in her arms, became much attached to his nurse. His affection seemed to increase with years; and at the age of eight or ten, he used to call her his wife, and

say he intended to marry her by and by. He returned from college some months before he was eighteen, and, true to his first fancy, after a time he proposed to Miss Fitzpatrick, then just twice his age. She told him that both for his sake and hers, such a marriage was not to be thought of; the great disparity of age, she said, was alone reason sufficient; but, aside from that, the marriage with one so far beneath him in social position would go nigh to break his parents' hearts and make himself unhappy; for which she could never forgive herself, and which would render her miserable, even as his wife. And in this she persisted.

Thereupon the youth ceased to urge his suit; but after moping about for some weeks in a listless way, took to his bed with a low fever. When the family physician, an enlightened man, found the usual remedies unavailing and the mother in despair, he said to her, "Madam, it is my duty to tell you that your son's condition seems to me the result of deep-seated mental depression. Something preys on his mind; try to find out what it is; you may then be able to do more for him than all the medicine in the pharmacopœia."

The next day the mother did her best to call forth her son's confidence, but for a time in vain. All she could get from him was, "It's no use, mother dear. It will only vex you."

But when she implored him, weeping, to tell her all, he said at last: "I have loved Norah all my life. I asked her, since I came home, to marry me; but she refused me, because she said it would make us all unhappy. And, say what I will, she sticks to it."

"My son, my son, how *could* you think of such a thing?"

"I told you it was no use, mother; I knew you would take it just so; but I have n't spirit to live without her."

Then the father was consulted; he was furious; but the patient's fever increased from day to day, and the mother's heart began to relent. "If it should kill him!" she said to her husband; "you know how you felt when I refused you the first time."

That touched him, but he held out three days longer, the young man appearing to sink all the time. Then, one morning, he got up with a sudden resolution and sought his son's bedside. "Listen to me, dear boy," he said; "your happiness is my first object, but it is my duty to prevent you from doing anything rashly, which you may repent all your life afterwards. You are scarcely eighteen; that is too young to marry. I want you to make the tour of Europe before you settle down. I will find you an excellent tutor as companion. But I ask from you that you will not return to Ireland till you are twenty-one, nor correspond, meanwhile, with Miss Fitzpatrick. I must say she has acted very honorably; and if, when you return, you still remain of the same mind and she will accept you, your mother and I will not withhold our consent. But you must promise, on your honor as a gentleman."

And so the bargain was struck, the parents doubtless believing that three years would cure a boyish fancy. Two weeks saw the son well again, and prepared for his journey. On the very day he was twenty-one, he returned to claim his parents' promise; overpersuaded Norah; and my father, invited to their country-seat ten years afterwards, found them, he told us, one of the happiest looking couples he had ever seen. The lady *did* seem more like the young man's mother than his wife; but a thousand nameless, unobtrusive attentions testified that a marriage which the world doubtless pronounced preposterous was a true conjugal union, after all.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

MY thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

O not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe,
But blessings of the voiceless heart,
The love that passeth show!

Yet all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were,
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky;—
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh!

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake,
And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee!

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven!
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven!

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

John G. Whittier.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART I.

I.

ONE of the most fateful days of John Vane's life was the day on which he took board with that genteel though decayed lady, the widow of a wholesale New York grocer who had come out at the little end of the horn of plenty, and the mother of two of the prettiest girls in Slowburgh, Mrs. Rensselaer Smiles.

Within a week he was in a state of feeling which made him glance frequently at the eldest of these young ladies, and within a month he would have jumped at a chance to kiss the ground upon which she trod. In the interval he ventured various little attentions, intended to express his growing admiration and interest, such as opening the door for her when she left the dining-room, taking off his hat with a flourish when he met her in the hall, joining her now and then in the street, "just for a block or two," and once tremulously presenting her with a bouquet. He would have been glad to run much more boldly than this in the course of courtship, but his heart was in such a tender-footed condition that he could not go otherwise than softly. In his worshipping eyes Miss Olympia Smiles was not only a lovely phenomenon, but also an august and even an absolutely imposing one. Notwithstanding that she was the daughter of his landlady, and held but a modest social position even in our unpretentious little city, she had an unmistakable air of fashionable breeding and boarding-school finish, such as might be expected of a lady who had passed her early youth in opulence. Moreover, she drew about her an admiring bevy of our university undergraduates, who, by their genteel fopperies and classic witticisms, made Vane feel ill at ease in their presence, although he strove manfully in secret to despise them as mere boys. Finally, she was handsome and impressively so, tall, shapely, and grand in figure, superb and even haughty in carriage, with a rich brunette coloring which made him think of Cleopatra, and with glowing dark eyes which pierced even to his joints and marrow.

The one circumstance which encouraged Vane to aspire after this astral being was the fact that she seemed older than most of the undergraduate planets who revolved about her, throwing him for the present into sorrowful eclipse. He thought that she must be twenty-three, and he sometimes trusted that she might be twenty-five, or perhaps twenty-seven. At the same time he so reverenced her that he could not have been tortured into believing that she was a veteran flirt, trained to tough coquetry in many a desperate skirmish. Often and often had Olympia "sat up" with a young man till after midnight, and then gone up stairs and passed her mother's bedroom door on her hands and knees, not in penance and mortification of spirit, but in mere anxiety to escape a lecture. Of these melodramatic scenes John Vane knew nothing, and desired to know nothing. We must add also, as indicative of his character and breeding, that, had he been minutely informed of them, he would have thought none the less of Miss Smiles. In the first place, he was so fascinated by her that he would have pardoned almost any folly or imprudence in her bygone history. In the second place, he had been brought up in a simple stratum of society, where girls were allowed large liberties in sparking, even to the extent of arms around waists and much kissing, without incurring prudish condemnation. Indeed, so far was he from being fastidious in these matters, that, when

he heard that Olympia had been engaged to one or more students, and that these juvenile bonds had been promptly severed, he was rather pleased and cheered by the information than otherwise.

"She must be about sick of those young jackanapes," he hopefully inferred. "She must be about ready to take up with a grown man, who knows what he wants, and has some notion of sticking to a bargain, and is able to do the decent thing in the way of supporting her."

John Vane was himself, both in person and in repute, no despicable match. As may have been already guessed by such readers as are fitted to apprehend his character and find instruction in his history, he was one of those heroes of industry and conquerors of circumstances known as self-made men, whose successes are so full of encouragement to the millions born into mediocrity, and whom, consequently, those millions delight to honor. Had he really fabricated himself, whether we speak of his physical structure or of his emotional nature, he would have accomplished a rather praiseworthy job of creation. Very few better looking men or kinder hearted men have ever paraded the streets of Slowburgh in Masonic caparisons. Justly proportioned, with ample withers, a capacious barrel, and limbs that were almost majestic, he stood nearly six feet high in his stockings, weighed full two hundred pounds in the same, and was altogether an uncommonly fine animal. It is true that, to use his own jovial phrase, he "ran a little too much to blubber for comfort"; but it was disposed so becomingly and carried so easily, that it did not prevent him from moving with grace, while his political enemies had to admit that it conspicuously enhanced his dignity, and justified his admirers in talking of him for governor. His face, too, usually passed for handsome; it was fairly regular in feature, and of a fresh blond color like that of a a healthy baby; moreover, it had the spiritual embellishment of a ready, courteous, and kindly smile. It was only the fastidiously aristocratic and the microscopically cultivated who remarked of this large and well-moulded figure-head that it lacked an air of high-breeding and was slightly vacuous in expression. These severe critics found the genial blue eyes which fascinated humble people as uninteresting as if they had been made of china-ware. They hinted, in short, that John Vane's beauty was purely physical, and had no moral or intellectual significance.

To this height of sentimental fault-finding Miss Olympia Smiles had not attained. New-Yorker by birth though she was, and polished by long-continued friction against undergraduate pundits, she was not a soul of the last and most painful finish. She could not see but that Mr. Vane was, from every point of view, sufficiently handsome. Still she did not feel much pleased with his obvious admiration, nor desire at all to lure him on to the point of love-making. There were imperfections in him which grated upon her sensibilities, far as these were from being feverishly delicate. In the first place, she found his conversation rather uninteresting and distinctly "common." He could only talk freely of politics, business, and the ordinary news of the day; he had no sparkles of refined wit and no warm flashes of poesy; he was a little given to coarse chaffing and to slang. For instance, he one day said to his *vis-à-vis* at table, "Harris, please to scull that butter over this way"; and, what made the matter worse, he said it with a self-satisfied smile, as though the phrase were original and irresistibly humorous. It was unpleasant also to hear him remark every morning, alluding to the severity of the weather, that "the thermometer was on a bender." Such metaphors might do in students and other larkish, agreeable youngsters; but in a mature man, who pretended to be marriageable, they argued dulness or vulgarity. Finally, Olympia plainly gathered from Mr. Vane's

daily discourse that he was pretty ignorant of science, history, literature, and other such genteel subjects.

But there was a much more serious defect in this handsome man, considered as a possible admirer. He was a widower, and a widower with encumbrances. He had a wife thirty years old in the graveyard, and he had two children of eight and ten who were not there. It was annoying to Olympia to see him help this boy and this girl to buttered slapjacks, and then bend upon herself a glance of undisguisable, tender appetite. Had he rolled in his carriage and resided in a mansion on Saltonstall Avenue, she might have been able to put up with his weeds and his paternity; but in a mere manufacturer of refrigerators, whose business was by no means colossal, these trappings of woe and pledges to society were little less than repulsive.

"I can never, never let him speak to me about it," said the young lady, with excitement, when her mother hinted to her that Mr. Vane seemed to be drifting toward an offer; "he is *so* common!"

"You must get married some time, I suppose," sighed Mrs. Smiles, whose pride had had a fall as splintering as that of Humpty Dumpty, and who found it hard work to support two stylish daughters; "men who are not common are rare in our present circle."

"I would rather be an old maid than take a widower with two children," asserted Olympia.

"But how would the old maid live in case her mother should be removed?" asked the parent, pained in heart by her own plain-dealing, but feeling that it was called for.

The spinster who had never spun nor done any other remunerative labor could not answer this question. Presently it might have been observed that a tear was rolling down her cheek. Hard, hard indeed is the condition of a proud girl who sees herself encompassed by the thorny hedges of poverty, with no escape therefrom but a detested match, — a match as disagreeable to smell at as one of the brimstone species.

"Don't throw away this chance without fairly considering it," continued the widow. "Mr. Vane is a prosperous man, and a growing man every way. He has good manners, barring some slang phrases. He likes to talk about sensible subjects and to inform himself. Ten years hence you may find him your superior and have reason to be proud of him. A clever wife would help him forward wonderfully. He is a man that the right kind of a woman could make over and make fit for any circle."

Mrs. Smiles was so deeply interested in this subject that she talked much more firmly and impressively than was her wont. Her manner, however, was pathetically mild and meek, as of a woman who is accustomed to be trampled upon by misfortune, and of a mother who has learned to bow down to her children. She was a somewhat worn creature, originally, indeed, of fair outlines both physical and spiritual, but considerably rubbed out and defaced by the storms of adversity. She reminded one of those statues which travellers have seen in Italian courtyards, which were once, no doubt, rounded, vigorous, clean-cut, sparkling, and every way comely, but which, being made of too soft a marble, or beaten upon too long by winds and rains, have lost distinctness of lineament and brightness of color. "A good liquor at the start, but too much matured somehow 'r nuther," judged one of her boarders, Mr. Jonas Damson, the grocer. Yet this seemingly dilapidated and really tottering woman was the entire support, financially and morally, of two healthy daughters. Why? Because she was a relic of the time when ladies were not mere dandies; when work steadily done and responsibility loyally borne trained their characters into vigor; when they, like their men, were producers as well as consumers. Mrs. Smiles was not as highly educated as Olympia; she could not talk, whether wisely or foolishly, of so many subjects; but industrially and morally she was worth six of her.

Well, as this sorrowfully forethought-ed mother had foreseen, the proposal of marriage came at last. John Vane popped the question with the terror and anguish and confusion natural to a self-made man who is madly in love with a "born lady." His tender heart, hysterical with affectionate fear and desire, nearly pounded the breath out of him while he uttered its message. What he said he was not then sanely conscious of, and could never afterwards distinctly remember.. He may have spoken as beautiful words as lover ever did, or he may have expressed himself in the slang which Olympia found so repellent. But five minutes later he had forgotten the most momentous speech of his life; the particulars of it had departed from him as irretrievably as the breath in which they had been uttered; they were as completely gone as the odors of last year's flowers. Olympia's response, however, remained engraven upon his soul with sad distinctness; it was as plain as "Sacred to the memory of," cut into the marble of a gravestone.

"Mr. Vane, I sincerely respect you, and I thank you for this mark of your esteem, but I cannot be your wife," was the decorous but unsympathetic form of service which she read over his hopes.

He essayed to implore, to argue his suit, to ask why, etc. But she would not hear him. "It cannot be," she interrupted, hastily and firmly; "I tell you, Mr. Vane, it cannot be."

And so what seemed to him his ghost went out from her presence, to walk the earth in cheerless unrest.

Ofcourse, however, there was yet hope in the depths of his wretchedness, like a living though turbid spring of water in the bottom of a ruined well. He still wanted this girl; meant to bring her somehow to favor his suit; trusted in cheerful moments that she would yet be his. How should he move her? His friend, Mr. Jonas Damson, to whom he confided his venture and shipwreck, said to him, "John, you must show her your dignified side. Don't stay here and look melted butter at her and cry in your coffee. Don't make a d—d fool of yourself, John, right under her nose. If you can't keep a good face on the business here, quit the house. Show her your independence. Let her see you can live without her. Sorry to lose you, John, from your old chair; but as a friend I say, look up another feeding-place."

So, despite the plaintive reluctance of Mrs. Smiles, and despite his own desire to gaze daily upon his fair tormentor, the rejected lover changed residence. A rival boarding-house received John Vane and his two children, and his weekly payment of forty dollars. Next, after a little period of nerveless stupor, he rushed into the arena of politics. A politician of some local note, he was already able to send to the polls a "crowd" of the artisans whom he employed, or who knew him favorably as an old comrade in handicraft, and consequently a sure candidate for the city council from his own ward, and a tolerably strong one for the State legislature.

Happily for his reawakened ambition, there had been a scandal of late among the "men inside politics." The member of Congress from the district of Slowburgh had been charged, and proved guilty too, of taking a one thousand dollar bribe from the "Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea Steam Navigation Company." Some old war-horses of the party, after vainly trying to hush the matter up, had decided to throw the Honorable James Bummer overboard.

"Bummer never could run again," they unanimously neighed and snorted. "To try to carry Jim Bummer would break down the organization. Jim must take a back seat, at least till this noise about him blows over, and give some fresh man a chance. A man, by George, that would cut the cherry-tree, and then tell of it, was n't fit to guide the destinies of his country."

On the other hand, the personal friends of Bummer, that is to say, the men whom he had put into "soft places," or who had shared his "perks,"

supported him for many cogent reasons. They charged his enemies with encouraging the Copperheads and the KuKlux; with dishonoring American institutions in the face of monarchical Europe and of high Heaven, — both apparently hostile countries; worst of all, and what was insisted upon with the bitterest vehemence, they charged them with demoralizing the party, as if Bummer had moralized it. They denied the bribe doubly: first, they asserted that their man had accepted no stock in said Steam Navigation Company; second, they affirmed that he had as much right to own stock in it as any other citizen. They were stubborn and very uproariously wrathful, and not feeble in point of following. It was evident that the battle which must take place in the nominating caucus would be very fiercely contested. The friends of reform were forced to concede that, if they did not put up a candidate of admittedly high character and of great personal popularity, the meretricious veteran who now carried the banner of the district would continue to carry it. The whole momentous struggle, too, must centre in the aforesaid caucus. Of course, after this mysterious agency had decided who should head the party, no good Republican could "go back on" the nominee, though he were the impenitent thief.

"John Vane, you must be there to-night," said Mr. Darius Dorman to our hero, a few hours previous to the caucus. "We may want you like the Devil," he added, without considering the precise uncomplimentary sense of the comparison.

Darius Dorman called himself a broker or general business man; he shaved notes when he had money, and when he had none speculated in city lots; he was always on the lookout for public jobs, such as paving contracts, and the supply of stores to the State militia; of late he was reported to be "engineering something through Congress." A very sooty and otherwise dirty chore this last must have been, if one might judge of it by the state of his linen, his hands, and even his face. Indeed, there was about Dorman such a noticeable and persistent tendency toward griminess, that it seemed as if he must be charged with some dark, pulverous substance, which shook through the interstices of his hide. Soap and water were apparently of no more use to him than they would be to a rag-baby of coarse calico stuffed with powdered charcoal instead of sawdust. His collar, his cuffs, his haggard, ghastly features, his lean, griping claws, his very finger-nails were always in a sombre condition, verging in spots towards absolute smirch. This opaque finish of tint, coupled with a lean little figure and a lively, eager action, caused some persons to liken him to a scorched monkey. Other persons, whose imaginations had been solemnized by serious reading, could not look upon him without thinking of a goblin fresh from the lower regions, who had not found time since he came on earth to wash himself thoroughly. In truth, if you examined his discoloration closely, you distinguished a tint of ashes mingled with the coal smirch, so that a vivid fancy might easily impute to him a subterranean origin and a highly heated history. Another poetical supposition concerning him was, that his dusky maculations and streakings were caused by the exudations of an exceedingly smutty soul. His age was unknown; no one in Slowburgh knew when he was born, nor as much as where he came from; but the iron-gray of his unkempt, dusty hair suggested that he must be near fifty.

"They mean to put up Saltonstall against Bummer, don't they?" asked John Vane, with a languid air, as if he took little interest in the caucus.

"Yes, but it won't work," replied Dorman. "Saltonstall is altogether too much of a gentleman to get the nomination. He's as calm and cold and dead as his buried ancestors, the old governors. You can't get people to hurrah for a gravestone, even if it has a fine name on it. In fact, the fine name is a disadvantage; American freemen hate an aristocrat. It's really

curious to see how Saltonstall's followers are killing him off. They are saying that, because he is the son of an honorable, he ought to be an honorable himself, and that he will do the right thing for the sake of his forefathers. Our voters don't see it in that light. They want plain people to become honorables. Besides, who wants a Congressman to be fussy? The chaps inside politics know that they won't get any favors out of a man who has a high and mighty character to nurse. I tell you that Saltonstall won't get the nomination. Bummer won't get it either. Some third man is bound to come in; and you may be the very fellow. So, don't fail to be on hand, Vane. Everything depends on your showing yourself. When you are called for, rise up to the full height of your manly figger, and see what a yell there 'll be for honest John Vane."

"O, pshaw! nonsense now," smiled Vane, shaking his large and shapely head; but none the less he resolved to attend the caucus, and, indeed, positively promised so to do.

II.

ALTHOUGH Darius Dorman was noted for his unfulfilled prophecies, — for instance, frequently making business predictions which caused such widows and orphans as believed in him to lose their money, — he on this occasion hit the nail of the future pretty squarely on the head.

As soon as the caucus had been organized and had listened to a pair of brief speeches urging harmonious action, it split into two furiously hostile factions, each headed by one of the gentlemen who had talked harmony. Fierce philippics were delivered, some denouncing Bummer for being a taker of bribes and a pilferer of the United States Treasury, and some denouncing Saltonstall (as near as could be made out) for being a gentleman. So suspicious of each other's adroitness were the two parties, and so nearly balanced did they seem to be in numbers, that neither dared press the contest to a ballot. The war of by no means ambrosial words went on until the air of the hall became little less than mephitic, and the leading patriots present had got as hoarse and nearly as black in the face as so many crows. At last, when accommodation was clearly impossible, and the chiefs of the contending parties were pretty well fagged with their exertions, Darius Dorman sprang to his feet (if, indeed, they were not hoofs), and proposed the name of his favored candidate.

"I beg leave to point the way to a compromise which will save the party from disunion and from defeat," he screamed at the top of a voice penetrating enough to cleave Hell's thickest vapors. "As Congressman for this district I nominate honest John Vane."

Another broker and general contractor, whose prompt inspiration, by the way, had been previously cut and dried with great care, instantly and, as he said, spontaneously seconded the motion. Then, in rapid succession, a workingman who had learned the joiner's trade with Vane, and a Maine liquor law orator who had more than once addressed fellow-citizens in his teetotal company, made speeches in support of the nomination. The joiner spoke with a stammering tongue and a bewildered mind, which indicated that he had been put up for the occasion by others, and put up to it, too, without regard to any fitness except such as sprang from the fact of his being one of the "hard-handed sons of toil," — a class revered and loved to distraction by men whose business it is to "run the political machine." The practised orator palavered in a fluent, confident singsong, as brassily penetrating as the tinkle of a bell, and as copious in repetitions. "Let the old Republican," he chanted, "come out for him; let the young Republican come out for him; let the Democrat, yea, the very Democrat, come out for him; let the native-born citizen come out for him; let the foreign-born citizen come out for him; let the Irishman and the German and the colored man come out

for him; let the cold-water temperance man come out for him; let the poor, tremulous, whiskey-rotted debauchee come out for him; let the true American of every sort and species come out for him; let *all*, yea, *all* men come out for awnest Jawn Vane!"

There was no resisting such appeals, coming as they did from the "masses." The veteran leaders in politics saw that the "cattle," as they called the common herd of voters, were determined for once to run the party chariot, and most of them not only got out of the way, but jumped up behind. They were the first to call on Vane to show himself, and the first to salute his rising with deafening applause, and the last to come to order. A vote was taken on his nomination, and the ayes had it by a clear majority. Then Darius Dorman proposed, for the sake of party union, for the sake of the good old cause, for the sake of this great Republic, to have the job done over by acclamation. There was not an audible dissenting voice; on the contrary, there was "wild enthusiasm." The old war-horses and wheel-horses and leaders all fell into the traces at once, and neighed and snorted and hurrahed until their hard foreheads dripped with patriotic perspiration, every drop of which they meant should be paid for in municipal or State or Federal dollars.

Many elders of the people escorted Vane home that evening, and sat up with him with a devotion which deserved no end of postmasterships. Of all these admirers, however, the one who snuggled closest and stayed latest was that man of general business, Darius Dorman.

"John, a word with you," he began confidentially, after his rivals had all departed, at the same time drawing close up to Vane's side, and insinuating a dark, horny claw into one of his buttonholes; "I think you must own, John, that I have done more than any other man to help you into this soft thing. Would you mind hearing a word of advice?"

"Go on," replied Vane, with that cheery, genial smile which had done so much toward making him popular; "I owe you an oyster supper."

"You 'll owe me a good many, if you follow my counsel," continued Dorman. "Now listen to me. You 'll be elected; that 's a sure thing. But after that, what? Why, you 've got a great career open to you, and you may succeed in it, or you may fail. It all depends on what branch of politics you work at. Don't go into the war memories and the nigger worshipping; all those sentimental dodges are played out. Go into finance. The great national questions to be attended to now are the questions of finance. Spread yourself on the tariff, the treasury, the ways and means, internal improvements, subsidy bills, and relief bills. Dive into those things and stick there. It 's the only way to cut a figure in politics and to make politics worth your while."

"I 've thought of that already," replied Vane hopefully. "It 's my line, you know, — business, money-matters, practical finance."

"Exactly!" assented Dorman. "Well, throw yourself on it, especially internal improvements and subsidy bills, — that sort of thing. When you get in I shall have a scheme to propose to you which you 'll like to push. Something big, something national, something on a grand scale. If it goes through, it will make reputations, and fortunes, too, for that matter," he added, with a glance at Vane which was monkey-like in its sly greediness.

"I don't propose to go into Congress for money," answered honest John Vane.

"O, of course not!" leered Dorman. "You want honor, and the respect of the country, and so on. Well, that is just the kind of a measure that will fix the eyes of the country on whoever carries it through. You 'll be delighted with it, I know you will. However, I must n't blow it now; the time has n't come. All I meant to say was, that I wanted you to keep a hand

ready for it when it comes round. Well, that 's all. I congratulate you, I do, with all my heart. Good night."

Next day all Slowburgh was talking of Vane's unexpected nomination for Congress. "Queer choice," said some people. "Everything happens in politics. Vane is as ignorant of real public business as he is of Sanscrit." Others remarked, "Well, we shall have a decent man in the place. John is a good-hearted, steady, honest fellow. Not very brilliant, but he will learn the ropes as others have; and then he is so confounded honest!"

After a nomination, as we Americans know by wearisome experience, there must be an election. The struggle between the two great and noble parties of the ins and the outs which divided Slowburgh was on this occasion unusually vehement. The opposition, trusting to the divisions which they supposed to exist in the administration ranks, made such a fight as despair makes when it changes to hope. Many of those genteel and highly cultivated persons who ordinarily hate politics became excited; and among these abnormally agitated ones was Miss Olympia Smiles. It seems very strange, and yet it was natural. Discovering that her rejected suitor had become an object of interest to all Slowburgh, she also, by mere human infection or contagion, began to find him interesting. We know how women go on when they once begin; we remember how, during the war, they flung their smiles, their trinkets, and seemingly their hearts, to unintroduced volunteers; we have all seen them absorb enthusiasm from those around, and exhale it with doubled heat. So it went, during that political crisis, with the young lady in question. Before the campaign had roared half-way through its course, she was passionately interested in it, and electioneered for her preferred candidate even to her mother's Democratic boarders.

"Measures are of little consequence," she declared when she was argued with and confuted by these prejudiced individuals. "What we want and all that we want is good men in high places. And, if I had a vote," she frequently asserted with a convincing blush, so beautiful was it, — "if I had a vote, it should go for honest John Vane."

Honest John heard of this and of other similar speeches of Olympia's, and they seemed to him altogether the most eloquent efforts of the campaign. They gave him a joy which a connoisseur in happiness might envy, — a joy which more than once, when he was alone, brought the tears into his eyes. He had cherished no spite against the girl because she had refused him; and he did not now say to himself scornfully that she would like to be the wife of a Congressman, but that it was too late; he was too thoroughly a good fellow and true lover to secrete any such venom of thought or feeling. The hope that he might yet win Olympia Smiles, and devote to her such part of his life as his country and the refrigerator business could spare, opened to him the prospect of a little heaven upon earth. Meeting her one day in the street, he ventured to stop her, thanked her stammeringly for her favorable wishes, pressed her hand with unconscious vehemence, and parted from her with a swimming head. Olympia was sensible enough and sensitive enough to carry away a rejoiced heart from this interview. She knew now that she could still have this hero of the hour, and she began to find that she wanted him, at least a little. He was no longer common and, metaphorically speaking, unclean in her patrician eyes. She looked after his tall, robust figure as it went from her, and thought how manly and dignified and even handsome it was. His condition of widowerhood became vague to her mind; the gravestone of his wife vanished like a ghost overtaken by daybreak; even his two cherished children could not cast a shadow over her feelings. It would surely be something fine to enter the capital of the nation as the wife of one of the nation's law-givers; it would at least be far

better than growing into old-maidenhood amid the sordid anxieties of a boarding-house. Aristocratic as her breed was, and delicate as had been her culture, the title of Mrs. John Vane tempted her. Should she throw a net for this man, drag him back to her feet, and accept him? Well, perhaps so; but first she would see whether he carried his election; she must not be caught by a mere prophecy of greatness and glory. Let us not be severe upon the young lady because of her prudence, asserting that she carried it to the point of calculating selfishness. As far as concerned love-making, this was her first essay in that deliberate virtue; and impartial psychology will not express angry surprise at her overdoing it a little, so much is the human mind ruled by the law of undulation or pulsation, or, in other words, so apt is it to go from one extreme to another. Besides, in a matter so permanently serious to woman as marriage, it is pardonable and even praiseworthy that she should be cautious.

Well, honest John Vane triumphed at the polls, and became member of Congress for the district of Slowburgh. Let us glance now at his qualifications for the splendid and responsible position of which his fellow-citizens had pronounced him worthy. He was, to use a poetical figure, in the flower of his age, or, to use a corresponding arithmetical figure, about thirty-five. He had, as he and his admirers supposed, fully formed his character, and settled it on a stable platform of worthy habits and creeds. He was commercially honest, indefatigably industrious, a believer in the equal rights of man, a strenuous advocate of the Maine liquor law, a member, if I am not greatly mistaken, of the church, and every way in good repute among grave, conscientious people. His "war record" was admitted to be unimpeachable; that is to say, he had consistently and unflinchingly denounced the Rebellion "from its inception"; if he had not fought for the Union on the battle-field, he had fought for it on the stump and in the chimney-corner. In all his geographical sentiments he was truly American, even to occasional misunderstanding of our foreign affairs, and to the verge of what one might call safe rashness. He wanted somebody (meaning of course somebody else) to thrash England well for the Trent affair, and to annihilate her for the Alabama outrages. He affirmed in one of his public "efforts" that our claim for indirect damages should be prosecuted, if necessary, "before the court of high Heaven," which phrase he always regarded as one of his happiest inspirations, although he had found it "in the paper." He contended that it was our mission, and consequently our duty to interfere in behalf of oppressed Cuba by bringing it within the pale of our own national debt, and generally to extend the area of freedom over such countries as would furnish us with a good market for our home productions, and a mild climate for our invalids. At the same time he did not want to go to war for these benevolent purposes; for war, as he frequently remarked, was a frightful thing, and we had already shed blood enough to show that we would fight rather than submit to outrage; he only proposed that we "should sit still in our grandeur and let those fellows gravitate towards us."

His views concerning internal affairs were marked by an equal breadth. He held that the industry of the American producer should be protected, at no matter what cost to the American consumer. He was opposed to the introduction of Chinese cheap labor as being injurious to the "noble class of native artisans," however it might benefit our equally noble farmers by furnishing them with low-priced tools, shoes, and clothing. He believed that our system of government was the purest and most economical in the world, when it was not abused by municipal rings, public defaulters, railroad legislators, and lobbyists of the State and national capitals. He argued that rotation in office is republican, because it "gives

every citizen a fair chance"; and that it is a means of national education, because it tempts even the dregs of society to aspire to responsibility and power. In the whole superficies of our civil affairs he saw but one error which needed serious and instant attention, namely, the franking privilege. If that could be removed, and two millions thereby saved annually out of a budget of three or four hundred millions, he thought that the legislative sun of American democracy would be left without a spot, the exemplar and despair of other tax-laden nations.

Such was the optimist and amiable patriotism of Congressman Vane. While we cannot but admire it from a sentimental point of view, we are obliged to regret that it did not rise from a wider base of information. Whether the conclusions of this self-taught statesman were right or wrong, they were alike the offspring of ignorance, or at best of half-knowledge. We can only palliate his dark-mindedness with regard to American politics on the ground that it was cosmically impartial, and extended to the politics of all other countries, ancient and modern. He had never heard that our civil institutions were not exclusively our own invention, but germinated naturally from the colonial charters granted by "tyrannical Britain." He believed that, because Queen Victoria cost England half as much annually as Boss Tweed cost the single city of New York, therefore England ought to be and must be on the verge of a revolution. He supposed that Prussia must be an unlettered and dishonestly governed country, because it is ruled by a king. Of the ancient states of Greece he had a general idea that they were republics, with some form or other of representative government, Sparta being as much a democracy as Athens. It would have been news to him, as fresh as anything arriving by telegraph, that Attica was legislated for by a single municipality, and that its inhabitants were three fourths slaves. The Rome of his mind was also a representative democracy, and its conscript fathers were, perhaps, selected by conscription, like recruits for some armies. Of the tyranny of capitalists and of the corruption of magistrates and tax-collectors in that most famous of all republics, he was as ignorant as he was, or strove to be, of similar phenomena in the United States. His reading in ancient history began and ended with Rollin, to the exclusion of Niebuhr, Arnold, Grote, Curtius, and Mommsen, of whom, indeed, he had never heard. It may be thought that, for the sake of a joke, I am exaggerating Mr. Vane's Eden-like nakedness and innocence; but I do solemnly and sadly assure the reader that I have not robbed him of a single fig-leaf of knowledge which belonged to him.

As for political economy, he had never seen a line of Adam Smith, Mill, Bastiat, or any of their fellows, they not being quoted in "the papers" which furnished his sole instruction in statesmanship, and almost his sole literary entertainment. He was too completely unaware of these writers and of their conclusions to attack them with the epithet of theorists or of *doctrinaires*. All that he knew of political economy was that Henry C. Carey had written some dull letters about it to the Tribune, and that the Pennsylvania ironmen considered him "an authority to tie to." His vague impression was that the science advocated the protection of native manufactures, and that consequently it would be worth looking into whenever he found a moment's respite from business and politics.

Certainly, it was wonderful how little this self-taught soul could see into a millstone, even when it was his own and he ground at it daily. He was a manufacturer of refrigerators; and very thankful indeed was he that Congress had imposed high import duties on foreign specimens of that "line of goods"; it was patriotic and wise, he thought, thus to protect American industry against the pauper labor of Europe. Meantime, he did not consider that his zinc and hinges, and screws and nails,

and paint and varnish were taxed; that his own food, raiment, fuel, and shelter, and also the food, raiment, fuel, and shelter of his workmen, were likewise taxed; that, in short, taxation increased the expense of all the materials of labor and the necessaries of life which made up the principal cost of his fabrics; and that it was mainly because of these things that he was unable to produce refrigerators at anything like the ante-tax prices. The government put a little money into one of his pockets and took the same sum or more out of several others; and he was so far from seeing that the legerdemain did not help him, or perhaps hurt him, that he enthusiastically sang praises to it. There had been a time when he exported, when he could boast that a portion of his revenue came from beyond sea, when he had hopes of building up a fine market abroad. Not so now; foreigners could no longer afford to buy of him; they made all their own refrigerators. John Vane did not comprehend this adverse providence any more than if he had himself been made of pine and lined with zinc. He compendiously remarked, "Our prices rule too high for those beggars," and was patriotically proud of the fact, though sadly out of pocket by it. Such was his insight into legislation where it directly concerned his own bread and butter. You can imagine what a clear view he had of those labyrinths of it which ramify through the general body politic.

But if he was not an instructed soul, he was at all events an honest one. That attribute all his fellow-citizens conceded to him, even those who did not see the wisdom or beauty of it; it was a matter of common fame in Slowburgh, and, one might almost say, of common conversation. Men who could not get trusted for five dollars spoke of him approvingly as "Honest John Vane," feeling, perhaps, that in so doing they imputed to themselves a little of his righteousness, so illogical are the mental processes of sinners. It is worth while to relate (if only to encourage our youth in the ways of virtue) how easily he had acquired this high repute. While a member of the State legislature he had refused a small bribe from a lobbyist, and had publicly denounced the briber. That this inexpensive outburst of probity should secure him widespread and permanent fame does not, to be sure, shed a very pleasing light over the character which is borne by our law-givers. But we will not enter upon that subject; it perhaps needs more whitewash than we possess. We will simply call the attention of Sunday school pupils and Young Men's Christian Associations to the cheering fact that, at a prime cost of one hundred dollars, our townsman was able to arise and shine upon a people noted for its political purity as "Honest John Vane!" Only one hundred in greenbacks (about ninety in gold) out of pocket, and the days of Washington come again! I should suppose that, for say twice the figure, a legislator of the period might get the title of "Father of his Country."

J. W. DeForest.

AN AMATEUR SUPE'S STORY.

TAKE this one, please; the fellows have used that chair a little rough, as you see. The table, I think, will hold. Perhaps you will like this pen better. It 's queer you should want to write it down. Well, I 'll give it to you again just as it happened, and I will pledge my word and honor, too, that it is true in every particular. That was over three years ago, now; — you never do? You don't mind my smoking though, I suppose? — yes, it must have been three years and a half ago, for of course you know I am a senior now; at any rate, it was during the first vacation of my Freshman year. I would n't do such a thing these days, you understand; a fellow gets older as — as he advances in years; you know what I mean. Well, I went down to the city to pass the first vacation with a friend. My friend was not any taller than I was, though he was my elder by about two years, but then he weighed nearly twice as much as I did. The fact is, he was remarkably fat for one who could get around as he did. And he was the jolliest fellow I ever knew. It was he who proposed that we should go on the stage as supernumeraries. The inspiration came to him just after lunch one day as he was reading the play-bill of one of the theatres. A grand spectacular melodrama, entitled, I believe, Footprints of the Fairies, was to be produced. Although it was a bad, rainy afternoon, we started for the theatre, where, "at enormous expense and with an unparalleled host of attractive auxiliaries," "the great, pleasing, moral, instructive, and sensational melodrama," as we read in the bill, would be given "every evening until further notice." I don't know how we learned or guessed that the ballet and processions were rehearsed in the afternoon, but it seems they were.

Arrived at the theatre, we saw at a glance it would not do to let the man in the box-office into our secret, there was something so forbiddingly commercial in his face; his sympathy with art, we felt sure, paused at the waxed ends of his dyed mustache. Prowling round the building, we finally discovered an alley which led to the back entrance. There we had the good fortune to observe a small battalion of mangy-looking creatures, of all ages and both genders, huddled about the door under umbrellas and waterproofs more or less shabby. These, we soon learned, were the supes, with the rank and file of the ballet, come to the afternoon rehearsal, and waiting for the door to be opened. We fraternized with them during the five minutes or more we stood together in the rain before the laggard doorkeeper made his appearance; that is, we made known our ambition to the most respectable-faced fellow among them, and chatted with him in a friendly way, until we had a chance to follow the crowd through the narrow door into a dark hole somewhere under the stage. This was what is called the "supe-room," as I afterward learned. Impunity thus far emboldened us to ask for some one in authority; and so we were referred to a little thin old Frenchman whose blood seemed all gone to his head. His face was excessively red; and his scalp, redder still if possible, shone grotesquely through his sparse, sandy-white hair. We did not see where he came from; he burst upon us as soon as the gas was lighted. Swelling with turkey-cock dignity, he gave us to understand that he, *ma foi!* was master of the ballet, and had "nossing to do wiz ze confoun' supes." And then the old fellow walked off, pointing his toes out at exact right angles.

Soon after that, a door opened in the back part of the room we were in, and we became suddenly aware of three

things: first, a smell of water-color paint from the scenes in the mysterious region of the stage above; second, a stairway leading to that coveted region itself; and, third, the presence, as the whisper of the unruly multitude around us immediately announced, of Mr. Butler, the chief of the supes. He was a brisk, decided sort of man, a born American I should say, perhaps thirty-five years old. We told him we wanted to go on the stage just for one night; we did n't want any money for it, in fact would rather like to pay for the privilege; in any way, and on any condition, we simply wanted to go on the stage; we would go on in the ballet even, but unfortunately we could n't dance. It was my fleshy friend who said that. Of course, he would n't have said anything so self-evident, if he had not been embarrassed by the very quiet way in which the chief of the supes listened to our enthusiasm. There was a moment of silence, during which Mr. Butler looked us over like so many theatrical properties, and then he said that he had no use for us, that he had supes enough. We told him we thought ourselves peculiarly adapted to the business; we had a love for it; we had taken parts in private theatricals, and really had dramatic talent of which he could form no idea. But it was of no use. He said he thought he *could* form a pretty fair idea of our dramatic talent; there was no need to say any more about it; we could n't go on the stage in that theatre. We thought of offering him every dollar we had with us as a bribe; but there was something so decided and business-like about Mr. Butler, that we had n't the courage. He marshalled the supernumerary host up to rehearsal, and there was seemingly nothing left for us to do but to go home again.

On our way out through the passage we observed an old fellow at the door of what proved to be the room where the supes' costumes were kept. I think he was an Englishman; he was a little old man, and the gray bristles of his chin, the whole lower part of his face, and the whole upper part of his coat and vest were covered with snuff. Now, dirt and dishonesty may not always go together, but this man looked bribable. We told him of our unsatisfied longing to be fairies, or soldiers in the triumphant army of the prince, or at least a pair of those nondescript citizens of melodrama, who represent nothing that ever was on land or sea, but who swell processions or stand against flats in imbecile phalanx; and we ended by offering the old fellow five dollars if he would smuggle us in among the supes that night. He gave the lower part of his face a new coat of snuff while he was hesitating. Finally, after much argument on both sides, he consented, if we would agree to pay him the money as soon as we had got inside the theatre, and if we would promise not to betray him, even should we be detected and ignominiously expelled. As we took our leave he gave us two "supe checks," which would open the magic back door to us on our return that evening. But to make everything doubly safe, he appointed a meeting with us at six o'clock upon a neighboring street-corner.

Reaching my friend's house, we gave warning that we should not be home to dinner, that we were going to dine out and go to the theatre "with a party." Then we went up stairs to dress, that is, to put on our very worst old clothes. Leaving our watches, and all our money but seven dollars and a half between us, we stole out of the house unobserved; and in an oyster-cellar, over a couple of thin stews, we waited our time. The old fellow met us promptly on the corner at the appointed hour, led us silently and mysteriously to the room of which he had charge, and received his five dollars with trembling hand. Even so early as that, most of the supes had arrived, and, what was worse for us, they had appropriated all the best costumes. The result was that we had to make ourselves up from the habilimentary remnants of various ages and nations. I succeeded in getting into a pair of white tights and a

kind of tunic which hugged me, even in the skirt, about as closely as the tights did. I forget what our old friend said was the original color of this tunic, but I remember it was much scaled and spangled, and barred across the breast with red and white. Upon my head I wore an elegant cap and bells, and held a cottonwood wand in my hand. My cap was too large, and kept getting down over my nose, like an extinguisher. Both of my sandals were designed for the right feet of two noble Romans, who could never have been near enough of a size to be brothers; one of my sandals, in fact, was too large and the other was too small for me. My friend, who had also skirmished all along the line of history for his eclectic costume, had, singularly enough, a pair of lefts for his sandals; but then his were red and mine were white, so we could not exchange.

Well, there is, I suppose, something naturally triumphant in tights; they seem to suspend one in the air by the legs, as you might say. Perhaps it is because you are n't used to them, and because they are lighter than pantaloons. That, however, will hardly account for the queer, nervous, exultant feeling we had as we strutted about among the impossible soldiery and assistant fairies, preparing to go on the stage. We were not quite happy though, for fear of Mr. Butler, the captain of the supes. He had not discovered us yet, but what would he say or do when he should discover us? He certainly would catch us, for some of the ballet girls and most of the profesional supes had already detected us as amateurs; and a couple of blond pages in silver spangles and dishevelled hair were poking fun at us. Just at the awful moment when we had got up stairs to the region of the wings and were upon the point of making our *début* in a vast procession of gnomes, fairies, and Utopian infantry, — men and women, boys and girls, — just at that moment we were addressed by Mr. Butler, the chief of the supes. He argued the case aloud, right in the hearing of the two silver-spangled blond pages and others, whether he would or would not put us out into the street, tights, tunics, unmatched sandals, and all. Not only while he was thus debating the matter, but when he demanded how we got in there, we did the only thing for us to do, which was to look him complacently in the face, and say nothing. Then he looked at us in silence awhile. Maybe he did n't care or dare to lose the wardrobe we wore. Perhaps he thought he would draw our salaries — twenty-five cents a night — for himself. My friend was, or pretended to be, of opinion that the chief of the supes admired the persistency of our devotion to the drama. I think, rather, he saw the funny side of our impudence. At any rate, he said we might go on the stage, now that we were there, telling my friend to keep right behind me, and charging me to follow directly after a certain red spirit of evil with a green baize tail. Then Mr. Butler turned on his heel and left us. We observed him soon after looking our way and laughing with one of the actors in a neighboring wing; and we were so far reassured as to give all our trepidation to the approaching *début*.

It is doubtful if the audience knew what the play was about; it was one of those grand spectaculars whose plot dies of sheer inanition midway of the performance. From the wings, hustled about as I was in a throng of supes and ballet girls, with those two silver-spangled blond pages jamming my cap-and-bells extinguisher down over my eyes and nose, — well, I can give no idea what an insane jumble, what a confused system of goose-tracks, those Foot-prints of the Fairies were to me. At last the thrilling moment of our first appearance before the foot-lights had arrived, and the motley rabble of the wings and side scenes disgorged itself upon the stage in a grand procession, whose connection with the past, present, or future of the beautiful fairy, the heroine of the piece, I never hope to understand. We entered at the back of

the stage left, crossed over right, came down the stage, and, turning once more, marched across in the full glare of the foot-lights and off left, and went directly on again, having merely shuffled ourselves into different order, so as not to seem the same procession. During this second deal, as we were coming around again in front of the foot-lights, my friend dropped one of his red sandals, and, instead of passing on without it, as a professional supe would have done, he stopped and clattered back after it, thereby breaking the line, halting the whole procession, and of course bringing down the house.

For all the heartiness of the audience's applause, my friend felt that he had not distinguished himself, and we both stole away out of Mr. Butler's sight, concealing ourselves with our old patron, costumer to the supes. His hand trembled and wasted snuff in an unusual manner when he learned what my friend had done. We kept very quiet for some time, and, hoping at last that the storm was blown over, were beginning to feel a return of the gauzy exhilaration of tights and tunics. I suppose there was very little of the real Grecian in our make-up; but I must say I don't know when I ever got so much real pleasure out of anything classical. And that was our glad state when the chief of the supes sent for us. Mr. Butler, as strange as it may sound, did not seem to have time to swear at either of us just then; he wanted us, in great haste, to go on the stage again. We went on once or twice more, sometimes marching, sometimes leaning on our wands and blinking stupidly at the audience, like practised professionals. So by the end of the act everybody began to have confidence in everybody; which we, on our part, manifested by fraternizing with the supes, and getting in the way of the scene-shifters and property-men.

A queer race we found the supes to be. Some of them worked at trades during the day, but many of them looked as if they never did anything so unromantic or praiseworthy as honest work. Some of the younger ones, I fancy, served in a blameless state of stage-struck glamour. Even the rogues among them did not appear to be of the most intelligent sort. We were surprised to learn that the coarsest featured women, as a general thing, were the handsomest before the foot-lights. It seems that everything on the stage must be exaggerated; your living statuary must be of heroic size, as it were. The ballet girls were mostly heroines in this sense; they were certainly not attractive, huddled together near at hand. There were, however, some good, not to say pathetic, faces among them. Think of a poor widow dancing to support her four small children! Well, there was such a one in that ballet. The blond pages I have told you of were rather handsome; but then they annoyed us so, especially after my friend's exploit with his sandal, that we could not look upon them with unprejudiced eyes. There was a discontented supe, who, perhaps for the sake of being contrary, sided with us, or, I should say, befriended us, all through the evening's troubles. He was a tall fellow, and just pigeon-toed enough of one foot to make him, when crossing the stage in oil-cloth top-boots, appear to go sideways, or, rather, in that larboard-quarter way in which you have seen a dog trot, seeming to tack, but really going before the wind. Well, there is some of sort connection between this peculiarity of his and the pathetic voice in which he vented his discontent, for I never can think of one without thinking of the other. It was true, he said, when they painted for Indians or Turks, or blacked themselves for negroes in the moral drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, or The Octoroon, supes got fifty instead of twenty-five cents a night; but then they had to furnish their own soap. The Spanish brown, with which they made themselves Moors or Indians, was always very bad,—the same that houses are painted with, he believed. We could form no idea, he assured us, of how it would stick.

In the third act of the play we were drafted as Roman soldiers, and we appeared as nearly in character as gilt and pasteboard and tin battle-axes and broadswords could make us. As Roman soldiers we were to figure in the scene disclosing the celebrated "Fairy Lake of Glass" advertised by the management to be "one solid glass plate," and to have cost five thousand dollars. Now, that extraordinary sheet of water consisted in reality of a goodly sized piece of bright sheet-tin, and cost, as nearly as a person outside the hardware business can estimate, about thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents. In due time we found ourselves — an incongruous pretorian cohort — marching through fairyland. Whether it was the roundness of my friend's fat legs, or the witchery of the scene, or whether I was simply carried away with stage fervor, I cannot say; indeed, I have tried and tried to explain how the strange temptation came over me, and I fear I shall never know; but just as we were marching at the rear of the little raised platform, which I suppose was mistaken by the audience for a bridge over the famous "Fairy Lake of Glass," I gave my pine-helved battle-axe another flourish, and thrust its tin point between a couple of brilliant scales in the pasteboard armor of my friend, as he swaggered grandly ahead of me. I prodded him, it seems, much harder than I meant. I had intended a gentle surprise: the result proved something more. For, as I touched his fat ribs, there came from him a smothered shriek, and I was amazed to see my friend leap madly into the air, clearing the bridge, and landing plump upon the "Fairy Lake of Glass," a couple of feet below. There was a sound of crumpling tin heard all over the house, and my friend floundered desperately on his Roman stomach, to the uproarious applause of the audience. Scrambling up as quickly as he could, he resumed his place in the line. On our second round, as we came to the front again, the audience recognized us both, and cheered louder than before. In fact, they appeared to see far more histrionic genius in our performance than the stage-manager and chief of the supes did. You can imagine the swearing with which those two gentlemen prologued and epilogued the announcement that we need not go on the stage any more.

We vanished into the room of our old patron, whom, in our sheer desperation and for short, we took to calling "Snuffy." Here we crawled out of the Augustan age into our own, by getting into our clothes as quickly as possible. My friend in his good-nature forgave me for prodding him with the battle-axe; and, once more in condition to appear in the street in case of emergency, we plucked up courage, resolving to see the thing out. We mingled among the supes until we imagined our identity lost, at least to the stage-manager, if not to Mr. Butler. After a while we ventured up stairs to the wings again, where we were recognized and commented upon by the ballet girls, and chaffed worse than ever by the blond pages. In their ignorance of Roman history, they called my friend Brutus, I recollect, and myself Julius Cæsar. Being a freshman, of course I told them that it was Cæsar who got stabbed, in the annals, and it could not therefore be Brutus whom I had prodded in the ribs. They did n't care; they Cæsared me more than ever. We had not been very long in the wings when I observed a blond charmer in the guise of a page, with silver scales and hair gracefully dishevelled, leaning against a side scene, with her feet crossed akimbo, as I shall have to call it in my ignorance of the proper term. She was evidently just ready to go upon the stage. Her golden back-hair was toward me. Thinking to pay in her own coin at least one of my most persistent tormentors, I stole up behind her and gave her hair a playful twist. The lady turned briskly around, and, glaring at me, demanded in an indignant, tragic way, "What does this mean, sir?" Then I discovered that I had been pulling the hair of the leading

actress, wife of the leading actor, the Prince of the piece. She, the Queen of all the Fairies, in order that she might watch her princely lover unobserved, was then disporting herself in the disguise of a page at the court of his Highness's royal father. Of course, she was an utter stranger to me, and I was dumbfounded. "What does this mean, sir?" she repeated. "There comes my husband, I will speak to him." Looking in the direction indicated by her eyes, I beheld the Prince in all his magnificent clothes striding toward us from the stars' dressing-room. "For heaven's sake, madam," I faltered, "don't, don't do that! I took you for somebody else." At this, the two pages of our acquaintance, who seemed always on hand just in time to witness any discomfiture, burst out laughing; in which the Queen of the Fairies herself could not help joining. His Highness the Prince stalked by us on to the stage, and I walked to another wing, the two pages following, and amusing themselves with me, until it came time for them to join the Queen before the audience.

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes I have a dim recollection of being in everybody's way. It was probably owing to this fact, added to that of a scarcity of supes, that Mr. Butler, the chief, so far forgot his anger and the past as to ask us if we wanted to go on as fishes in the grand submarine scene in the last act. In that we would have little to do but stand still, and he thought he could trust us that far. Finding us willing to be fishes, he led us into a property-room, filled with all sorts of sea-monsters, and bade us take our choice. My friend, in his fat ferocity, chose to be a shark. I said I would be a whale. As a fish and a shark, my friend looked like an exaggerated edition of himself as a young man, excepting only about the mouth. There, what was intended to be fierce was in reality oddly lack-adaisical. If, however, the shark was weakly sentimental, my whale was ponderous and impressive, the largest of three of the same species. I inspected it as it lay sprawled upon its ineffectual back on the floor of the property-room; it was an unsavory thing, upon a framework of half-tanned leather and ill-cured whalebone. Another supe and myself carried the carcass to the stage, where, behind a flat, they were arranging the submarine scene,— the home of the water-nymphs, or something of the kind. Here I was made to mount the centre pedestal at the back of the stage, with a lesser whale in either hand. Then they put the frame right over me. My whale had evidently been made for a much taller supe than I was, as the holes for the eyes to look out of were about a foot above my head; and the whole weight of the colossus, instead of resting upon my shoulders, as it was designed to do, pressed somehow right upon my forehead. About the time the weight began to be painfully felt, and I became aware that I never could stand it, the curtain rose. There I was, like another Jonah, cooped up in that dark, suffocating carcass. My complainings could not be heard, or at least understood, then, if I uttered them. How I did curse my vaulting ambition that had so overleaped itself! If I had only chosen to be a modest dolphin, or any smaller fish! Of the audience, of the submarine wonders, of my friend the shark, of my blond, be-silvered tormentors, I could see nothing; but these last I heard occasionally in their comments upon the "boss whale," as they called me. The confined air and the pressure upon my head at last became unbearable. As there was no possible help for me from without, I cast about within me, as I may say, for what I should do for myself. The only relief I could think of was to stoop down, leaving most of the weight upon my arms, and my arms upon my knees. No sooner had I done this than I could hear, through the thickness of my skin, "Get up, get up, there!" coupled with muffled oaths; "Get up, I say!" And I recognized the commanding voice of the chief of the supes. "Straighten up that whale, or I 'll put

you out of the theatre!" Now, although that was the catastrophe that I just then coveted most, I made a mighty effort and stood up again. After a painful moment or so, I determined that I would sit down on my pedestal, even if the chief whale waddled inconstantly and feebly in the dust, lower than his fellows, and even if I should be taken and led out ignominiously by my dorsal fin. And I did sit down through the rest of the scene. There was marching going on in front of me on the stage. I could not see it, of course, but I knew every time my faithful pages came around by the remarks they made; which were *asides* to this effect, "Sick whale, sick whale! O, ain't he cunning? Walk off on your fin!"

At last the scene was to close by the fishes and all marching out; I was to bring up the rear of the procession. I stumbled around the stage blindly, following one of the lesser whales by a sort of fishy instinct, I suppose. To add brilliancy of effect to the scene, an extra gas-pipe had been brought on to the stage, about a foot above the flooring, at the side where the procession made its exit. Those who preceded me, having the use of their eyes, stepped gayly over this, but I tripped and fell sprawling, the head of the whale plunging drolly out of the audience's view, leaving the tail elevated gigantically, and my legs dangling at an oblique angle with it, all in plain sight. I could not get out of the whale, and I could not get off the stage; so there I lay and kicked. I could hear that the applause of the audience increased with my struggles. It occurred to me that I could at least conceal my legs, which were clad in the pantaloons usual to land animals of our species; and I turned over. This had the surprising dioramic effect to the audience of a sudden disappearance. I had vanished as to my legs, but there still lay beached upon the stage the biggest half of the whale. The Queen of the Fairies, and his Highness the Prince, who, nearer to the foot-lights, were trying to carry on the play, had their voices drowned by the cheers of the house. All this mingled dimly in my ears with the vituperation of the chief of the supes, the stage-manager, and prompter. It was the three of them in their wrath who pulled the whale off the stage, leaving me still in view, spread out in my shirt-sleeves and pantaloons, exhausted by strangulation and mortification. Just as I was recovering enough to think about gathering myself up to steal away, a couple of supes, dressed in blue and gold knee-breeches and cut-away coats, marched in and carried me off like a piece of stage furniture.

This all happened in much less time than it takes to tell it; yet it was enough for me — I beg your pardon? Yes, that was my last appearance on the stage. There is no use of dwelling upon my utter humiliation, or the jibes of the pages and ballet girls. But at the abuse of the chief of the supes I finally revolted; I had endured enough; I turned upon him. I told him that was no sort of a whale anyhow; it was intended for a giant and one without lungs. I had heard enough, and suffered enough. He need n't tell me that I could n't go on the stage again; I did n't want to go on again; I would n't go on the stage again. And those, I may add, were our sentiments when we got home that night, and are our sentiments even to this hour.

Ralph Keeler.

EARLY CANADIAN MIRACLES AND MARTYRS.

ON the 2d of July, 1659, the ship St. André lay in the harbor of Rochelle, crowded with passengers for Canada. She had served two years as a hospital for marines, and was infected with a contagious fever. Including the crew, some two hundred persons were on board, more than half of whom were bound for Montreal. Most of these were sturdy laborers, artisans, peasants, and soldiers, together with a troop of young women, their present or future partners; a portion of the company set down on the old record as "sixty virtuous men and thirty-two pious girls." There were two priests, also, Vignal and Le Maître, both destined to a speedy death at the hands of the Iroquois. But the most conspicuous among these passengers for Montreal were two groups of women in the habit of nuns, under the direction of Marguerite Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance. Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose kind, womanly face bespoke her fitness for the task, was foundress of the school for female children at Montreal; her companion, a tall, austere figure, worn with suffering and care, was directress of the hospital. Both had returned to France for aid, and were now on their way back, each with three recruits,—three being the mystic number, as a type of the Holy Family, to whose worship they were especially devoted.

Amid the bustle of departure, the shouts of sailors, the rattling of cordage, the flapping of sails, the tears and the embracings, an elderly man, with heavy plebeian features, sallow with disease, and in a sober, half-clerical dress, approached Mademoiselle Mance and her three nuns, and, turning his eyes to heaven, spread his hands over them in benediction. It was Le Royer de la Dauversière, founder of the sisterhood of St. Joseph, to which the three nuns belonged. "Now, O Lord," he exclaimed, with the look of one whose mission on earth is fulfilled, "permit thou thy servant to depart in peace!"

Sister Maillet, who had charge of the meagre treasury of the community, thought that something more than a blessing was due from him; and asked where she should apply for payment of the interest of the twenty thousand livres which Mademoiselle Mance had placed in his hands for investment. Dauversière changed countenance, and replied, with a troubled voice, "My daughter, God will provide for you. Place your trust in him."* He was bankrupt, and had used the money of the sisterhood to pay a debt of his own, leaving the nuns penniless.

I have related in another place† how an association of devotees, inspired, as they supposed, from heaven, had undertaken to found a religious colony at Montreal in honor of the Holy Family. The essentials of the proposed establishment were to be a seminary of priests dedicated to the Virgin, a hospital to St. Joseph, and a school to the Infant Jesus; while a settlement was to be formed around them simply for their defence and maintenance. This pious purpose had in part been accomplished. It was eighteen years since Mademoiselle Mance had begun her labors in honor of St. Joseph. Marguerite Bourgeoys had entered upon hers more recently; yet even then the attempt was premature, for she found no white children to teach. In time, however, this want was supplied, and she opened her school in a stable, which answered to the stable of Bethlehem, lodging with her pupils in the loft, and instructing them in Roman Catholic Christianity, with such rudiments of mundane knowledge as she and her advisers thought fit to impart.

* Faillon, *Vie de M'lle Mance*, I. 172. This volume is illustrated with a portrait of Dauversière.

† The Jesuits in North America.

Mademoiselle Mance found no lack of hospital work, for blood and blows were rife at Montreal, where the woods were full of Iroquois, and not a moment was without its peril. Though years began to tell upon her, she toiled patiently at her dreary task, till, in the winter of 1657, she fell on the ice of the St. Lawrence, broke her right arm, and dislocated the wrist. Bonchard, the surgeon of Montreal, set the broken bones, but did not discover the dislocation. The arm, in consequence, became totally useless, and her health wasted away under incessant and violent pain. Maisonneuve, the civil and military chief of the settlement, advised her to go to France for assistance in the work to which she was no longer equal; and Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose pupils, white and red, had greatly multiplied, resolved to go with her for a similar object. They set out in September, 1658, landed at Rochelle, and went thence to Paris. Here they repaired to the seminary of St. Sulpice; for the priests of this community were joined with them in the work at Montreal, of which they were afterwards to become the feudal proprietors.

Now ensued a wonderful event, if we may trust the evidence of sundry devout persons. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, had lately died, and the two pilgrims would fain pay their homage to his heart, which the priests of his community kept as a precious relic, enclosed in a leaden box. The box was brought, when the thought inspired Mademoiselle Mance to try its miraculous efficacy and invoke the intercession of the departed founder. She did so, touching her disabled arm gently with the leaden casket. Instantly a grateful warmth pervaded the shrivelled limb, and from that hour its use was restored. It is true that the Jesuits, who were far from friendly to the enterprise of Montreal, ventured to doubt the Sulpitian miracle and even to ridicule it; but the Sulpitians will show to this day the attestation of Mademoiselle Mance herself, written with the fingers once paralyzed and powerless.* Nevertheless, the cure was not so thorough as to permit her again to take charge of her patients.

Her next care was to visit Madame de Bullion, a devout lady of great wealth, who was usually designated at Montreal as "the unknown benefactress," because, though her charities were the main-stay of the feeble colony, and though the source from which they proceeded was well known, she affected, in the interest of humility, the greatest secrecy, and required those who profited by her gifts to pretend ignorance whence they came. Overflowing with zeal for the pious enterprise, she received her visitor with enthusiasm, lent an open ear to her recital, responded graciously to her appeal for aid, and paid over to her the sum, munificent at that day, of twenty-two thousand francs. Thus far successful, Mademoiselle Mance repaired to the town of La Flèche to visit Le Royer de la Dauversière.

It was this wretched fanatic who, through visions and revelations, had first conceived the plan of a hospital in honor of St. Joseph at Montreal.† He had found in Mademoiselle Mance a zealous and efficient pioneer; but the execution of his scheme required a community of hospital nuns, and therefore he had labored for the last eighteen years to form one at La Flèche, meaning to despatch them in due time to Canada. The time at length was come. Three of the nuns were chosen, Sisters Brésoles, Macé, and Maillet, and sent under the escort of certain pious gentlemen to Rochelle. Their exit from La Flèche was not without its difficulties. Dauversière was in ill odor, not only from the multiplicity of his debts, but because, in his character of agent of the association of Montreal, he had at various times sent thither those whom his biographer describes

* For an account of this miracle, written in perfect good faith and supported by various attestations, see Faillon, *Vie de M'lle Mance*, chap. iv.

† See The Jesuits in North America.

as "the most virtuous girls to be found at La Flèche," intoxicating them with religious excitement, and shipping them for the New World against the will of their parents. It was noised through the town that he had kidnapped and sold them; and now the report spread abroad that he was about to crown his iniquity by luring away three young nuns. A mob gathered at the convent gate, and the escort were forced to draw their swords to open a way for the terrified sisters.

Of the twenty-two thousand francs which she had received, Mademoiselle Mance kept two thousand for immediate needs, and confided the rest to the hands of Dauversière, who, hard pressed by his creditors, used it to pay one of his debts, and then, to his horror, found himself unable to replace it. Racked by the gout and tormented by a complication of ailments, he betook himself to his bed in a state of body and mind truly pitiable. One of the miracles, so frequent in the early annals of Montreal, was vouchsafed in answer to his prayer, and he was enabled to journey to Rochelle and bid farewell to his nuns. It was but a brief respite; he returned home to become once more the prey of a host of maladies and to die at last a lingering and painful death.

While Mademoiselle Mance was gaining recruits in La Flèche, Marguerite Bourgeoys was no less successful in her native town of Troyes, and she rejoined her companions at Rochelle, accompanied by Sisters Châtel, Crolo, and Raisin, her destined assistants in the school at Montreal. Meanwhile, the Sulpitians and others interested in the pious enterprise had spared no effort to gather men to strengthen the colony, and young women to send as their wives; and the whole were now mustered at Rochelle, waiting for embarkation. Their waiting was a long one. Laval, bishop at Quebec, was allied to the Jesuits, and looked on the colonists of Montreal with more than coldness. Sulpitian writers say that his agents used every effort to discourage them, and that certain persons at Rochelle told the master of the ship in which the emigrants were to sail that they were not to be trusted to pay their passage-money. Hereupon ensued a delay of more than two months before means could be found to quiet the scruples of the prudent commander. At length the anchor was weighed, and the dreary voyage begun.

The woebegone company, crowded in the filthy and infected ship, were tossed for two months more on the relentless sea, buffeted by repeated storms, and wasted by a contagious fever, which attacked nearly all of them and reduced Mademoiselle Mance to extremity. Eight or ten died and were dropped overboard, after a prayer from the two priests. At length land hove in sight; the piny odors of the forest regaled their languid senses as they sailed up the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence and anchored under the rock of Quebec.

High aloft, on the brink of the cliff, they saw the *fleur-de-lis* waving above the fort of St. Louis, and, beyond, the cross on the tower of the cathedral traced against the sky; the homes of the merchants on the strand below, and boats and canoes drawn up along the bank. The bishop and the Jesuits greeted them as co-workers in a holy cause, with an unction not wholly sincere. Though a unit against heresy, the pious founders of New France were far from unity among themselves. To the thinking of the Jesuits, Montreal was a government within a government, a wheel within a wheel. This rival Sulpitian settlement was, in their eyes, an element of disorganization adverse to the disciplined harmony of the Canadian Church, which they would fain have seen, with its focus at Quebec, radiating light unrefracted to the uttermost parts of the colony. That is to say, they wished to control it unchecked, through the agency of their ally, the bishop.

The emigrants, then, were received with a studious courtesy, which veiled but thinly a stiff and persistent opposition. The bishop and the Jesuits were

especially anxious to prevent the La Flèche nuns from establishing themselves at Montreal, where they would form a separate community, under Sulpitian influence; and, in place of the newly arrived sisters, they wished to substitute nuns from the Hôtel Dieu, of Quebec, who would be under their own control. That which most strikes the non-Catholic reader throughout this affair is the constant reticence and dissimulation practised, not only between Jesuits and Montrealists, but among the Montrealists themselves. Their self-devotion, great as it was, was fairly matched by their disingenuousness.*

All difficulties being overcome, the Montrealists embarked in boats and ascended the St. Lawrence, leaving Quebec infected with the contagion they had brought. The journey now made in a single night cost them fifteen days of hardship and danger. At length they reached their new home. The little settlement lay before them, still gasping betwixt life and death, in a puny, precarious infancy. Some forty small, compact houses were ranged parallel to the river, chiefly along the line of what is now St. Paul's Street. On the left there was a fort, and on a rising ground at the right a massive windmill of stone, enclosed with a wall or palisade pierced for musketry, and answering the purpose of a redoubt or block-house.† Fields, studded with charred and blackened stumps, between which crops were growing, stretched away to the edges of the bordering forest; and the green, shaggy back of the mountain towered over all.

There were at this time a hundred and sixty men at Montreal, about fifty of whom had families, or at least wives. They greeted the new-comers with a welcome which, this time, was as sincere as it was warm, and bestirred themselves with alacrity to provide them with shelter for the winter. As for the three nuns from La Flèche, a chamber was hastily made for them over two low rooms which had served as Mademoiselle Mance's hospital. This chamber was twenty-five feet square, with four cells for the nuns, and a closet for stores and clothing, which for the present was empty, as they had landed in such destitution that they were forced to sell all their scanty equipment to gain the bare necessaries of existence. Little could be hoped from the colonists who were scarcely less destitute than they. Such was their poverty, thanks to Dauversière's breach of trust, that when their clothes were worn out, they were unable to replace them, and were forced to patch them with such material as came to hand. Maisonneuve, the governor, and the pious Madame d'Aillebout, being once on a visit to the hospital, amused themselves with trying to guess of what stuff the habits of the nuns had originally been made, and were unable to agree on the point in question.*

Their chamber, which they occupied for many years, being hastily built of ill-seasoned planks, let in the piercing cold of the Canadian winter through countless cracks and chinks; and the driving snow sifted through in such quantities that they were sometimes obliged, in the morning after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food would freeze on the table before them, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed on the hearth before they could cut it. These women had been nurtured in ease, if not in luxury. One of them, Judith de Brésoles, had in her youth, by advice of her confessors, run away from parents who were devoted to her, and immured herself in a convent, leaving them in agonies of doubt as to her fate. She now acted as superior of the little community. One of her nuns records of her that she had a fervent devotion for the Infant

* See, for example, chapter iv. of Faillon's Life of Mademoiselle Mance. The evidence is unanswerable, the writer being the partisan and admirer of most of those whose *pieuse tromperie*, to use the expression of Dollier de Casson, he describes in apparent unconsciousness that anybody will see reason to cavil at it.

† *Lettre du Vicomte d'Argenson, Gouverneur de Canada, 4 Août*, 1659, MS.

* *Annales des Hospitalières de Villemarie, par la Sœur Morin*, a contemporary record, from which Faillon gives long extracts.

Jesus; and that, along with many more spiritual graces, he inspired her with so transcendent a skill in cookery, that "with a small piece of lean pork and a few herbs she could make soup of a marvellous relish."* Sister Macé was charged with the care of the pigs and hens, to whose wants she attended in person, though she, too, had been delicately bred. In course of time, the sisterhood was increased by additions from without; though more than twenty girls who entered the hospital as novices recoiled from the hardship and took husbands in the colony. Among a few who took the vows, Sister Jumeau should not pass unnoticed. Such was her humility, that, though of a good family and unable to divest herself of the marks of good breeding, she pretended to be the daughter of a poor peasant, and persisted in repeating the pious falsehood till the merchant Le Ber told her flatly that he did not believe her.

The sisters had great need of a man to do the heavy work of the house and garden, but found no means of hiring one, when an incident, in which they saw a special providence, excellently supplied the want. There was a poor colonist named Jouaneaux to whom a piece of land had been given at some distance from the settlement. Had he built a cabin upon it, his scalp would soon have paid the forfeit; but, being bold and hardy, he devised a plan by which he might hope to sleep in safety without abandoning the farm which was his only possession. Among the stumps of his clearing there was one hollow with age. Under this he dug a sort of cave, the entrance of which was a small hole carefully hidden by brushwood. The hollow stump was easily converted into a chimney; and by creeping into his burrow at night, or when he saw signs of danger, he escaped for some time the notice of the Iroquois. But, though he could dispense with a house, he needed a barn for his hay and corn; and while he was building one, he fell from the ridge of the roof and was seriously hurt. He was carried to the Hôtel Dieu, where the nuns showed him every attention, until, after a long confinement, he at last recovered. Being of a grateful nature and enthusiastically devout, he was so touched by the kindness of his benefactors, and so moved by the spectacle of their piety, that he conceived the wish of devoting his life to their service. To this end a contract was drawn up, by which he pledged himself to work for them as long as strength remained; and they, on their part, to maintain him in sickness or old age.

This stout-hearted retainer proved invaluable; though, had a guard of soldiers been added, it would have been no more than the case demanded. Montreal was not palisaded, and at first the hospital was as much exposed as the rest. The Iroquois would skulk at night among the houses, like wolves in a camp of sleeping travellers on the prairies; though the human foe was, of the two, incomparably the bolder, fiercer, and more bloodthirsty. More than once one of these prowling savages was known to have crouched all night in a rank growth of wild mustard in the garden of the nuns, vainly hoping that one of them would come out within reach of his tomahawk. During summer, a month rarely passed without a fight, sometimes within sight of their windows. A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by a clatter of musketry, would announce the opening of the fray and promise the nuns an addition to their list of patients. On these occasions they comforted themselves according to their several natures. Sister Morin, who had joined their number three years after their arrival, relates that Sister Brésoles and she used to run to the belfry and ring the tocsin to call the inhabitants together. "From our high station," she writes, "we could sometimes see the combat, which terrified us extremely, so that we came down again as soon as we could, trembling

* "C'était par son recours à l'Enfant Jésus qu'elle trouvait tous ces secrets et d'autres semblables," writes in our own day the excellent annalist, Faillon.

with fright and thinking that our last hour was come. When the tocsin sounded, my Sister Maillet would become faint with excess of fear; and my Sister Macé, as long as the alarm continued, would remain speechless, in a state pitiable to see. They would both get into a corner of the rood-loft, before the Holy Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death; or else go into their cells. As soon as I heard that the Iroquois were gone, I went to tell them, which comforted them and seemed to restore them to life. My Sister Brésoles was stronger and more courageous; her terror, which she could not help, did not prevent her from attending the sick and receiving the dead and wounded who were brought in."

The priests of St. Sulpice, who had assumed the entire spiritual charge of the settlement, and who were soon to assume its entire temporal charge also, had for some years no other lodging than a room at the hospital, adjoining those of the patients. They caused the building to be fortified with palisades, and the houses of some of the chief inhabitants were placed near it, for mutual defence. They also built two fortified houses, called Ste. Marie and St. Gabriel, at the two extremities of the settlement, and lodged in them a considerable number of armed men, whom they employed in clearing and cultivating the surrounding lands, the property of their community. All other outlying houses were also pierced with loopholes, and fortified as well as the slender means of their owners would permit. The laborers always carried their guns to the field, and often had need to use them. A few incidents will show the state of Montreal and the character of its tenants.

In the autumn of 1657, there was a truce with the Iroquois, under cover of which three or four of them came to the settlement. Nicolas Godé and Jean de St. Père were on the roof of their house, laying thatch; when one of the visitors aimed his arquebuse at St. Père, and brought him to the ground like a wild turkey from a tree. Now ensued a prodigy; for the assassins, having cut off his head and carried it home to their village, were amazed to hear it speak to them in good Iroquois, scold them for their perfidy, and threaten them with the vengeance of Heaven; and they continued to hear its voice of admonition even after scalping it and throwing away the skull.* This story, circulated at Montreal on the alleged authority of the Indians themselves, found believers among the most intelligent men of the colony.

Another miracle, which occurred several years later, deserves to be recorded. Le Maître, one of the two priests who had sailed from France with Mademoiselle Mance and her nuns, being one day at the fortified house of St. Gabriel, went out with the laborers, in order to watch while they were at their work. In view of a possible enemy, he had girded himself with an earthly sword; but seeing no sign of danger, he presently took out his breviary, and, while reciting his office with eyes bent on the page, walked into an ambuscade of Iroquois, who rose before him with a yell.

He shouted to the laborers, and, drawing his sword, faced the whole savage crew, in order, probably, to give the men time to snatch their guns. Afraid to approach, the Iroquois fired and killed him; then rushed upon the working party, who escaped into the house, after losing several of their number. The victors cut off the head of the heroic priest and tied it in a white handkerchief which they took from a pocket of his cassock. It is said that on reaching their villages they were astonished to find the handkerchief without the slightest stain of blood, but stamped indelibly with the features of its late owner, so plainly marked that none who had known him could fail to recognize them.† This not very origi-

* Dollier de Casson, *Histoire de Montreal*, 1657, 1658.

† This story is told by Sister Morin, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and Dollier de Casson, on the authority of one Lavique, then a prisoner among the Iroquois, who declared that he had seen the handkerchief in the hands of the returning warriors.

nal miracle, though it found eager credence at Montreal, was received coolly, like other Montreal miracles, at Quebec; and Sulpitian writers complain that the bishop, in a long letter which he wrote to the Pope, made no mention of it whatever.

Le Maître, on the voyage to Canada, had been accompanied by another priest, Guillaume de Vignal, who met a fate more deplorable than that of his companion, though unattended by any recorded miracle. Le Maître had been killed in August. In the October following, Vignal went with thirteen men, in a flat-boat and several canoes, to Isle à la Pierre, nearly opposite Montreal, to get stone for the seminary which the priests had recently begun to build. With him was a pious and valiant gentleman, named Claude de Brigeac, who, though but thirty years of age, had come as a soldier to Montreal, in the hope of dying in defence of the true Church, and thus reaping the reward of a martyr. Vignal and three or four men had scarcely landed, when they were set upon by a large band of Iroquois who lay among the bushes waiting to receive them. The rest of the party, who were still in their boats, with a cowardice rare at Montreal, thought only of saving themselves. Claude de Brigeac alone leaped ashore and ran to aid his comrades. Vignal was soon mortally wounded. Brigeac shot the chief dead with his arquebuse, and then, pistol in hand, held the whole troop for an instant at bay; but his arm was shattered by a gun-shot, and he was seized, along with Vignal, René Cuillerier, and Jacques Dufresne. Crossing to the main shore, immediately opposite Montreal, the Iroquois made, after their custom, a small fort of logs and branches, in which they ensconced themselves, and then began to dress the wounds of their prisoners. Seeing that Vignal was unable to make the journey to their villages, they killed him, divided his flesh, and roasted it for food.

Brigeac and his fellows in misfortune spent a woful night in this den of wolves; and, in the morning, their captors, having breakfasted on the remains of Vignal, took up their homeward march, dragging the Frenchmen with them. On reaching Oneida, Brigeac was tortured to death with the customary atrocities. Cuillerier, who was present, declared that they could wring from him no cry of pain, but that throughout he ceased not to pray for their conversion. The witness himself expected the same fate, but an old squaw happily adopted him and thus saved his life. He eventually escaped to Albany, and returned to Canada by the circuitous but comparatively safe route of New York and Boston.

In the following winter, Montreal suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the brave Major Closse, a man whose intrepid coolness was never known to fail in the direst emergency. Going to the aid of a party of laborers attacked by the Iroquois, he was met by a crowd of savages, eager to kill or capture him. His servant ran off. He snapped a pistol at the foremost assailant, but it missed fire. His remaining pistol served him no better, and he was instantly shot down. "He died," writes Dollier de Casson, "like a brave soldier of Christ and the king." Some of his friends once remonstrating with him on the temerity with which he exposed his life, he replied, "Messieurs, I came here only to die in the service of God; and if I thought I could not die here, I would leave this country to fight the Turks, that I might not be deprived of such a glory." *

The fortified house of Ste. Marie, belonging to the priests of St. Sulpice, was the scene of several hot and bloody fights. Here, too, occurred the following nocturnal adventure. A man named Lavigne, who had lately returned from captivity among the Iroquois, chancing to rise at night and look out of the window, saw by the bright moonlight a number of naked warriors stealthily gliding round a

* Dollier de Casson, *Histoire de Montreal*, 1661, 1662.

corner and crouching near the door, in order to kill the first Frenchman who should go out in the morning. He silently woke his comrades; and, having the rest of the night for consultation, they arranged their plan so well, that some of them, sallying from the rear of the house, came cautiously round upon the Iroquois, placed them between two fires, and captured them all.

The summer of 1661 was marked by a series of calamities scarcely paralleled even in the annals of this disastrous epoch. Early in February, thirteen colonists were surprised and captured; next came a fight between a large band of laborers and two hundred and sixty Iroquois; in the following month, ten more Frenchmen were killed or taken; and thenceforth, till winter closed, the settlement had scarcely a breathing space. "These hobgoblins," writes the author of the Relation of this year, "sometimes appeared at the edge of the woods, assailing us with abuse; sometimes they glided stealthily into the midst of the fields, to surprise the men at work; sometimes they approached the houses, harassing us without ceasing, and like pestiferous harpies or birds of prey, swooping down on us whenever they could take us unawares." *

Speaking of the disasters of this year, the soldier-priest, Dollier de Casson, writes: "God, who afflicts the body only for the good of the soul, made a marvellous use of these calamities and terrors to hold the people firm in their duty towards Heaven. Vice was then almost unknown here, and in the midst of war religion flourished on all sides in a manner very different from what we now see in time of peace." †

The war was, in fact, a war of religion. The small redoubts of logs, scattered about the skirts of the settlement to serve as points of defence in case of attack, bore the names of saints to whose care they were commended. There was one placed under a higher protection and called the *Redoubt of the Infant Jesus.* Chomedey de Maisonneuve, the pious and valiant governor of Montreal, to whom its successful defence is largely due, resolved, in view of the increasing fury and persistency of the Iroquois attacks, to form among the inhabitants a military fraternity to be called "Soldiers of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph"; and to this end he issued a proclamation, of which the following is the characteristic beginning: —

"We, Paul de Chomedey, governor of the island of Montreal and lands thereon dependent, on information given us from divers quarters that the Iroquois have formed the design of seizing upon this settlement by surprise or force, have thought it our duty, seeing that this island is the property of the Holy Virgin,* to invite and exhort those zealous for her service to unite together by squads, each of seven persons; and after choosing a corporal by a plurality of voices, to report themselves to us for enrolment in our garrison, and, in this capacity, to obey our orders, to the end that the country may be saved."

Twenty squads, numbering in all one hundred and forty men, whose names, appended to the proclamation, may still be seen on the ancient records in the office of the city clerk of Montreal, answered the appeal and enrolled themselves in the holy cause.

The whole settlement was in a state of religious exaltation. As the Iroquois were regarded as actual myrmidons of Satan in his malign warfare against Mary and her divine Son, those who died in fighting them were held to merit the reward of martyrs, assured of a seat in paradise.

* Le Jeune, *Relation* 1661, p. 3 (ed. 1858).

† *Histoire de Montreal*, 1660, 1661.

* This is no figure of speech. The Associates of Montreal, after receiving a grant of the island from Jean de Lawzon, placed it under the protection of the Virgin, and formally declared her to be the proprietor of it from that day forth forever.

Francis Parkman.

MISS EUNICE'S GLOVE.

I.

FOR a long time blithe and fragile Miss Eunice, demure, correct in deportment, and yet not wholly without enthusiasm, thought that day the unluckiest in her life on which she first took into her hands that unobtrusive yet dramatic book, Miss Crofutt's Missionary Labors in the English Prisons.

It came to her notice by mere accident, not by favor of proselyting friends; and such was its singular material, that she at once devoured it with avidity. As its title suggests, it was the history of the ameliorating endeavors of a woman in criminal society, and it contained, perforce, a large amount of tragic and pathetic incident. But this last was so blended and involved with what Miss Eunice would have skipped as commonplace, that she was led to digest the whole volume, — statistics, philosophy, comments, and all. She studied the analysis of the atmosphere of cells, the properties and waste of wheaten flour, the cost of clothing to the general government, the whys and wherefores of crime and evil-doing; and it was not long before there was generated within her bosom a fine and healthy ardor to emulate this practical and courageous pattern.

She was profoundly moved by the tales of missionary labors proper. She was filled with joy to read that Miss Crofutt and her lieutenants sometimes cracked and broke away the formidable husks which enveloped divine kernels in the hearts of some of the wretches, and she frequently wept at the stories of victories gained over monsters whose defences of silence and stolidity had suddenly fallen into ruin above the slow but persistent sapping of constant kindness. Acute tinglings and chilling thrills would pervade her entire body when she read that on Christmas every wretch seemed to become for that day, at least, a gracious man; that the sight of a few penny tapers, or the possession of a handful of sweet stuff, or a spray of holly, or a hot-house bloom, would appear to convert the worst of them into children. Her heart would swell to learn how they acted during the one poor hour of yearly freedom in the prison-yards; that they swelled their chests; that they ran; that they took long strides; that the singers anxiously tried their voices, now grown husky; that the athletes wrestled only to find their limbs stiff and their arts forgotten; that the gentlest of them lifted their faces to the broad sky and spent the sixty minutes in a dreadful gazing at the clouds.

The pretty student gradually became possessed with a rage. She desired to convert some one, to recover some estray, to reform some wretch.

She regretted that she lived in America, and not in England, where the most perfect rascals were to be found; she was sorry that the gloomy, sin-saturated prisons which were the scenes of Miss Crofutt's labors must always be beyond her ken.

There was no crime in the family or the neighborhood against which she might strive; no one whom she knew was even austere; she had never met a brute; all her rascals were newspaper rascals. For aught she knew, this tranquillity and good-will might go on forever, without affording her an opportunity. She must be denied the smallest contact with these frightful faces and figures, these bars and cages, these deformities of the mind and heart, these curiosities of conscience, shyness, skill, and daring; all these dramas of reclamation, all these scenes of fervent gratitude, thankfulness, and intoxicating liberty, — all or any of these things must never come to be the lot of her eyes; and she gave herself up to the most poignant regret.

But one day she was astonished to discover that all of these delights lay within half an hour's journey of her home; and moreover, that there was approaching an hour which was annually set apart for the indulgence of the inmates of the prison in question. She did not stop to ask herself, as she might well have done, how it was that she had so completely ignored this particular institution, which was one of the largest and best conducted in the country, especially when her desire to visit one was so keen; but she straightway set about preparing for her intended visit in a manner which she fancied Miss Crofutt would have approved, had she been present.

She resolved, in the most radical sense of the word, to be alive. She jotted on some ivory tablets, with a gold pencil, a number of hints to assist her in her observations. For example: "Phrenological development; size of cells; ounces of solid and liquid; tissue-producing food; were mirrors allowed? if so, what was the effect? jimmy and skeleton-key, character of; canary birds: query, would not their admission into every cell animate in the human prisoners a similar buoyancy? to urge upon the turnkeys the use of the Spanish garrote in place of the present distressing gallows; to find the proportion of Orthodox and Unitarian prisoners to those of other persuasions." But besides these and fifty other similar memoranda, the enthusiast cast about her for something practical to do.

She hit upon the capital idea of flowers. She at once ordered from a gardener of taste two hundred bouquets, or rather nosegays, which she intended for distribution among the prisoners she was about to visit, and she called upon her father for the money.

Then she began to prepare her mind. She wished to define the plan from which she was to make her contemplations. She settled that she would be grave and gentle. She would be exquisitely careful not to hold herself too much aloof, and yet not to step beyond the bounds of that sweet reserve that she conceived must have been at once Miss Crofutt's sword and buckler.

Her object was to awaken in the most abandoned criminals a realization that the world, in its most benignant phase, was still open to them; that society, having obtained a requital for their wickedness, was ready to embrace them again on proof of their repentance.

She determined to select at the outset two or three of the most remarkable monsters and turn the full head of her persuasions exclusively upon them, instead of sprinkling (as it were) the whole community with her grace. She would arouse at first a very few, and then a few more, and a few more, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It was on a hot July morning that she journeyed on foot over the bridge which led to the prison, and there walked a man behind her carrying the flowers.

Her eyes were cast down, this being the position most significant of her spirit. Her pace was equal, firm, and rapid; she made herself oblivious of the bustle of the streets, and she repented that her vanity had permitted her to wear white and lavender, these making a combination in her dress which she had been told became her well. She had no right to embellish herself. Was she going to the races, or a match, or a kettle-drum, that she must dandify herself with particular shades of color? She stopped short, blushing. Would Miss Cro—— But there was no help for it now. It was too late to turn back. She proceeded, feeling that the odds were against her.

She approached her destination in such a way that the prison came into view suddenly. She paused, with a feeling of terror. The enormous gray building rose far above a lofty white wall of stone, and a sense of its prodigious strength and awful gloom overwhelmed her. On the top of the wall, holding by an iron railing, there stood a man with a rifle trailing behind him. He was looking down into the yard inside.

His attitude of watchfulness, his weapon, the unseen thing that was being thus fiercely guarded, provoked in her such a revulsion that she came to a standstill.

What in the name of mercy had she come here for? She began to tremble. The man with the flowers came up to her and halted. From the prison there came at this instant the loud clang of a bell, and succeeding this a prolonged and resonant murmur which seemed to increase. Miss Eunice looked hastily around her. There were several people who must have heard the same sounds that reached her ears, but they were not alarmed. In fact, one or two of them seemed to be going to the prison direct. The courage of our philanthropist began to revive. A woman in a brick house opposite suddenly pulled up a window-curtain and fixed an amused and inquisitive look upon her.

This would have sent her into a thrice-heated furnace. "Come, if you please," she commanded the man, and she marched upon the jail.

She entered at first a series of neat offices in a wing of the structure, and then she came to a small door made of black bars of iron. A man stood on the farther side of this, with a bunch of large keys. When he saw Miss Eunice he unlocked and opened the door, and she passed through.

She found that she had entered a vast, cool, and lofty cage, one hundred feet in diameter; it had an iron floor, and there were several people strolling about here and there. Through several grated apertures the sunlight streamed with strong effect, and a soft breeze swept around the cavernous apartment.

Without the cage, before her and on either hand, were three more wings of the building, and in these were the prisoners' corridors.

At the moment she entered, the men were leaving their cells, and mounting the stone stairs in regular order, on their way to the chapel above. The noisy files went up and down and to the right and to the left, shuffling and scraping and making a great tumult. The men were dressed in blue, and were seen indistinctly through the lofty gratings. From above and below and all around her there came the metallic snapping of bolts and the rattle of moving bars; and so significant was everything of savage repression and impending violence, that Miss Eunice was compelled to say faintly to herself, "I am afraid it will take a little time to get used to all this."

She rested upon one of the seats in the rotunda while the chapel services were being conducted, and she thus had an opportunity to regain a portion of her lost heart. She felt wonderfully dwarfed and belittled, and her plan of recovering souls had, in some way or other, lost much of its feasibility. A glance at her bright flowers revived her a little, as did also a surprising, long-drawn roar from over her head, to the tune of "America." The prisoners were singing.

Miss Eunice was not alone in her intended work, for there were several other ladies, also with supplies of flowers, who with her awaited until the prisoners should descend into the yard and be let loose before presenting them with what they had brought. Their common purpose made them acquainted, and by the aid of chat and sympathy they fortified each other.

Half an hour later the five hundred men descended from the chapel to the yard, rushing out upon its bare broad surface as you have seen a burst of water suddenly irrigate a road-bed. A hoarse and tremendous shout at once filled the air, and echoed against the walls like the threat of a volcano. Some of the wretches waltzed and spun around like dervishes, some threw somersaults, some folded their arms gravely and marched up and down, some fraternized, some walked away pondering, some took off their tall caps and sat down in the shade, some looked towards the rotunda with expectation, and there were those who looked towards it with contempt.

There led from the rotunda to the yard a flight of steps. Miss Eunice descended these steps with a quaking heart, and a turnkey shouted to the prisoners over her head that she and others had flowers for them.

No sooner had the words left his lips, than the men rushed up pell-mell.

This was a crucial moment.

There thronged upon Miss Eunice an army of men who were being punished for all the crimes in the calendar. Each individual here had been caged because he was either a highwayman, or a forger, or a burglar, or a ruffian, or a thief, or a murderer. The unclean and frightful tide bore down upon our terrified missionary, shrieking and whooping. Every prisoner thrust out his hand over the head of the one in front of him, and the foremost plucked at her dress.

She had need of courage. A sense of danger and contamination impelled her to fly, but a gleam of reason in the midst of her distraction enabled her to stand her ground. She forced herself to smile, though she knew her face had grown pale.

She placed a bunch of flowers into an immense hand which projected from a coarse blue sleeve in front of her; the owner of the hand was pushed away so quickly by those who came after him that Miss Eunice failed to see his face. Her tortured ear caught a rough "Thank y', miss!" The spirit of Miss Crofutt revived in a flash, and her disciple thereafter possessed no lack of nerve.

She plied the crowd with flowers as long as they lasted, and a jaunty self-possession enabled her finally to gaze without flinching at the mass of depraved and wicked faces with which she was surrounded. Instead of retaining her position upon the steps, she gradually descended into the yard, as did several other visitors. She began to feel at home; she found her tongue, and her color came back again. She felt a warm pride in noticing with what care and respect the prisoners treated her gifts; they carried them about with great tenderness, and some compared them with those of their friends.

Presently she began to recall her plans. It occurred to her to select her two or three villains. For one, she immediately pitched upon a lean-faced wretch in front of her. He seemed to be old, for his back was bent and he leaned upon a cane. His features were large, and they bore an expression of profound gloom. His head was sunk upon his breast, his lofty conical cap was pulled over his ears, and his shapeless uniform seemed to weigh him down, so infirm was he.

Miss Eunice spoke to him. He did not hear; she spoke again. He glanced at her like a flash, but without moving; this was at once followed by a scrutinizing look. He raised his head, and then he turned towards her gravely.

The solemnity of his demeanor nearly threw Miss Eunice off her balance, but she mastered herself by beginning to talk rapidly. The prisoner leaned over a little to hear better. Another came up, and two or three turned around to look. She bethought herself of an incident related in Miss Crofutt's book, and she essayed its recital. It concerned a lawyer who was once pleading in a French criminal court in behalf of a man whose crime had been committed under the influence of dire want. In his plea he described the case of another whom he knew who had been punished with a just but short imprisonment instead of a long one, which the judge had been at liberty to impose, but from which he humanely refrained. Miss Eunice happily remembered the words of the lawyer: "That man suffered like the wrong-doer that he was. He knew his punishment was just. Therefore there lived perpetually in his breast an impulse towards a better life which was not suppressed and stifled by the five years he passed within the walls of the jail. He came forth and began to labor. He toiled hard. He struggled against averted faces and cold words,

and he began to rise. He secreted nothing, faltered at nothing, and never stumbled. He succeeded; men took off their hats to him once more; he became wealthy, honorable, God-fearing. I, gentlemen, am that man, that criminal." As she quoted this last declaration, Miss Eunice erected herself with burning eyes and touched herself proudly upon the breast. A flush crept into her cheeks, and her nostrils dilated, and she grew tall.

She came back to earth again, and found herself surrounded with the prisoners. She was a little startled.

"Ah, that was good!" ejaculated the old man upon whom she had fixed her eyes. Miss Eunice felt an inexpressible sense of delight.

Murmurs of approbation came from all of her listeners, especially from one on her right hand. She looked around at him pleasantly.

But the smile faded from her lips on beholding him. He was extremely tall and very powerful. He overshadowed her. His face was large, ugly, and forbidding; his gray hair and beard were cropped close, his eyebrows met at the bridge of his nose and overhung his large eyes like a screen. His lips were very wide, and, being turned downwards at the corners, they gave him a dolorous expression. His lower jaw was square and protruding, and a pair of prodigious white ears projected from beneath his sugar-loaf cap. He seemed to take his cue from the old man, for he repeated his sentiment.

"Yes," said he, with a voice which broke alternately into a roar and a whisper, "that was a good story."

"Y-yes," faltered Miss Eunice, "and it has the merit of being t-true."

He replied with a nod and looked absently over her head while he rubbed the nap upon his chin with his hand. Miss Eunice discovered that his knee touched the skirt of her dress, and she was about to move in order to destroy this contact, when she remembered that Miss Crofutt would probably have cherished the accident as a promoter of a valuable personal influence, so she allowed it to remain. The lean-faced man was not to be mentioned in the same breath with this one, therefore she adopted the superior villain out of hand.

She began to approach him. She asked him where he lived, meaning to discover whence he had come. He replied in the same mixture of roar and whisper, "Six undered un one, North Wing."

Miss Eunice grew scarlet. Presently she recovered sufficiently to pursue some inquiries respecting the rules and customs of the prison. She did not feel that she was interesting her friend, yet it seemed clear that he did not wish to go away. His answers were curt, yet he swept his cap off his head, implying by the act a certain reverence which Miss Eunice's vanity permitted her to exult at. Therefore she became more loquacious than ever. Some men came up to speak with the prisoner, but he shook them off and remained in an attitude of strict attention, with his chin on his hand, looking now at the sky, now at the ground, and now at Miss Eunice.

In handling the flowers her gloves had been stained, and she now held them in her fingers, nervously twisting them as she talked. In the course of time she grew short of subjects, and, as her listener suggested nothing, several lapses occurred; in one of them she absently spread her gloves out in her palms, meanwhile wondering how the English girl acted under similar circumstances.

Suddenly a large hand slowly interposed itself between her eyes and her gloves, and then withdrew, taking one of the soiled trifles with it.

She was surprised, but the surprise was pleasurable. She said nothing at first. The prisoner gravely spread his prize out upon his own palm, and after looking at it carefully, he rolled it up into a tight ball and thrust it deep in an inner pocket.

This act made the philanthropist aware that she had made progress.

She rose insensibly to the elevation of patron, and she made promises to come frequently and visit her ward and to look in upon him when he was at work; while saying this she withdrew a little from the shade his huge figure had supplied her with.

He thrust his hands into his pockets, but he hastily took them out again. Still he said nothing and hung his head. It was while she was in the mood of a conqueror that Miss Eunice went away. She felt a touch of repugnance at stepping from before his eyes a free woman, therefore she took pains to go when she thought he was not looking.

She pointed him out to a turnkey, who told her he was expiating the sins of assault and burglarious entry. Outwardly Miss Eunice looked grieved, but within she exulted that he was so emphatically a rascal.

When she emerged from the cool, shadowy, and frowning prison into the gay sunlight, she experienced a sense of bewilderment. The significance of a lock and a bar seemed greater on quitting them than it had when she had perceived them first. The drama of imprisonment and punishment oppressed her spirit with tenfold gloom now that she gazed upon the brilliancy and freedom of the outer world. That she and everybody around her were permitted to walk here and there at will, without question and limit, generated within her an indefinite feeling of gratitude; and the noise, the colors, the creaking wagons, the myriad voices, the splendid variety and change of all things excited a profound but at the same time a mournful satisfaction.

Midway in her return journey she was shrieked at from a carriage, which at once approached the sidewalk. Within it were four gay maidens bound to the Navy-Yard, from whence they were to sail with a large party of people of nice assortment, in an experimental steamer which was to be made to go with kerosene lamps, in some way. They seized upon her hands and cajoled her. Would n't she go? They were to sail down among the islands (provided the oil made the wheels and things go round), they were to lunch at Fort Warren, dine at Fort Independence, and dance at Fort Winthrop. Come, please go. O, do! The Germanians were to furnish the music.

Miss Eunice sighed, but shook her head. She had not yet got the air of the prison out of her lungs, nor the figure of her robber out of her eyes, nor the sense of horror and repulsion out of her sympathies.

At another time she would have gone to the ends of the earth with such a happy crew, but now she only shook her head again and was resolute. No one could wring a reason from her, and the wondering quartet drove away.

II.

BEFORE the day went, Miss Eunice awoke to the disagreeable fact that her plans had become shrunken and contracted, that a certain something had curdled her spontaneity, and that her ardor had flown out at some crevice and had left her with the dry husk of an intent.

She exerted herself to glow a little, but she failed. She talked well at the tea-table, but she did not tell about the glove. This matter plagued her. She ran over in her mind the various doings of Miss Crofutt, and she could not conceal from herself that that lady had never given a glove to one of her wretches; no, nor had she ever permitted the smallest approach to familiarity.

Miss Eunice wept a little. She was on the eve of despairing.

In the silence of the night the idea presented itself to her with a disagreeable baldness. There was a thief over yonder that possessed a confidence with her.

They had found it necessary to shut this man up in iron and stone, and to guard him with a rifle with a large leaden ball in it.

This villain was a convict. That

was a terrible word, one that made her blood chill.

She, the admired of hundreds and the beloved of a family, had done a secret and shameful thing of which she dared not tell. In these solemn hours the madness of her act appalled her.

She asked herself what might not the fellow do with the glove? Surely he would exhibit it among his brutal companions, and perhaps allow it to pass to and fro among them. They would laugh and joke with him, and he would laugh and joke in return, and no doubt he would kiss it to their great delight. Again, he might go to her friends, and, by working upon their fears and by threatening an exposure of her, extort large sums of money from them. Again, might he not harass her by constantly appearing to her at all times and all places and making all sorts of claims and demands? Again, might he not, with terrible ingenuity, use it in connection with some false key or some jack-in-the-box, or some dark-lantern, or something, in order to effect his escape; or might he not tell the story times without count to some wretched curiosity-hunters who would advertise her folly all over the country, to her perpetual misery?

She became harnessed to this train of thought. She could not escape from it. She reversed the relation that she had hoped to hold towards such a man, and she stood in his shadow, and not he in hers.

In consequence of these ever-present fears and sensations, there was one day, not very far in the future, that she came to have an intolerable dread of. This day was the one on which the sentence of the man was to expire. She felt that he would surely search for her; and that he would find her there could be no manner of doubt, for, in her surplus of confidence, she had told him her full name, inasmuch as he had told her his.

When she contemplated this new source of terror, her peace of mind fled directly. So did her plans for philanthropic labor. Not a shred remained. The anxiety began to tell upon her, and she took to peering out of a certain shaded window that commanded the square in front of her house. It was not long before she remembered that for good behavior certain days were deducted from the convicts' terms of imprisonment. Therefore, her ruffian might be released at a moment not anticipated by her. He might, in fact, be discharged on any day. He might be on his way towards her even now.

She was not very far from right, for suddenly the man did appear.

He one day turned the corner, as she was looking out at the window fearing that she should see him, and came in a diagonal direction across the hot, flagged square.

Miss Eunice's pulse leaped into the hundreds. She glued her eyes upon him. There was no mistake. There was the red face, the evil eyes, the large mouth, the gray hair, and the massive frame.

What should she do? Should she hide? Should she raise the sash and shriek to the police? Should she arm herself with a knife? or — what? In the name of mercy, what? She glared into the street. He came on steadily, and she lost him, for he passed beneath her. In a moment she heard the jangle of the bell. She was petrified. She heard his heavy step below. He had gone into a little reception-room beside the door. He crossed to a sofa opposite the mantel. She then heard him get up and go to a window, then he walked about, and then sat down; probably upon a red leather seat beside the window.

Meanwhile the servant was coming to announce him. From some impulse, which was a strange and sudden one, she eluded the maid and rushed headlong upon her danger. She never remembered her descent of the stairs. She awoke to cool contemplation of matters only to find herself entering the room.

Had she made a mistake, after all? It was a question that was asked and

answered in a flash. This man was pretty erect and self-assured, but she discerned in an instant that there was needed but the blue woollen jacket and the tall cap to make him the wretch of a month before.

He said nothing. Neither did she. He stood up and occupied himself by twisting a button upon his waistcoat. She, fearing a threat or a demand, stood bridling to receive it. She looked at him from top to toe with parted lips.

He glanced at her. She stepped back. He put the rim of his cap in his mouth and bit it once or twice, and then looked out at the window. Still neither spoke. A voice at this instant semed impossible.

He glanced again like a flash. She shrank, and put her hands upon the bolt. Presently he began to stir. He put out one foot and gradually moved forward. He made another step. He was going away. He had almost reached the door, when Miss Eunice articulated in a confused whisper, "My — my glove; I wish you would give me my glove."

He stopped, fixed his eyes upon her, and after passing his fingers up and down upon the outside of his coat, said, with deliberation, in a husky voice, "No, mum. I 'm goin' fur to keep it as long as I live, if it takes two thousand years."

"Keep it!" she stammered.

"Keep it," he replied.

He gave her an untranslatable look. It neither frightened her nor permitted her to demand the glove more emphatically. She felt her cheeks and temples and her hands grow cold, and midway in the process of fainting she saw him disappear. He vanished quietly. Deliberation and respect characterized his movements, and there was not so much as a jar of the outer door.

Poor philanthropist!

This incident nearly sent her to a sick-bed. She fully expected that her secret would appear in the newspapers in full, and she lived in dread of the onslaught of an angry and outraged society.

The more she reflected upon what her possibilities had been and how she had misused them, the iller and the more distressed she got. She grew thin and spare of flesh. Her friends became frightened. They began to dose her and to coddle her. She looked at them with eyes full of supreme melancholy, and she frequently wept upon their shoulders.

In spite of her precautions, however, a thunderbolt slipped in.

One day her father read at the table an item that met his eye. He repeated it aloud, on account of the peculiar statement in the last line: —

"Detained on suspicion. — A rough-looking fellow, who gave the name of Gorman, was arrested on the high-road to Tuxbridge Springs for suspected complicity in some recent robberies in the neighborhood. He was fortunately able to give a pretty clear account of his late whereabouts, and he was permitted to depart with a caution from the justice. Nothing was found upon him but a few coppers and an old kid glove wrapped in a bit of paper."

Miss Eunice's soup spilled. This was too much, and she fainted this time in right good earnest; and she straightway became an invalid of the settled type. They put her to bed. The doctor told her plainly that he knew she had a secret, but she looked at him so imploringly that he refrained from telling his fancies; but he ordered an immediate change of air. It was settled at once that she should go to the "Springs," to Tuxbridge Springs. The doctor knew there were young people there, also plenty of dancing. So she journeyed thither with her pa and her ma and with pillows and servants.

They were shown to their rooms, and strong porters followed with the luggage. One of them had her huge trunk upon his shoulder. He put it carefully upon the floor, and by so doing he disclosed the ex-prisoner to Miss Eunice and Miss Eunice to himself. He was astonished, but he remained silent. But she must needs be frightened and

fall into another fit of trembling. After an awkward moment he went away, while she called to her father and begged piteously to be taken away from Tuxbridge Springs instantly. There was no appeal. She hated, *hated*, HATED Tuxbridge Springs, and she should die if she were forced to remain. She rained tears. She would give no reason, but she could not stay. No, millions on millions could not persuade her; go she must. There was no alternative. The party quitted the place within the hour, bag and baggage. Miss Eunice's father was perplexed and angry, and her mother would have been angry also if she had dared.

They went to other springs and stayed a month, but the patient's fright increased each day and so did her fever. She was full of distractions. In her dreams everybody laughed at her as the one who had flirted with a convict. She would ever be pursued with the tale of her foolishness and stupidity. Should she ever recover her self-respect and confidence?

She had become radically selfish. She forgot the old ideas of noble-heartedness and self-denial, and her temper had become weak and childish. She did not meet her puzzle face to face, but she ran away from it with her hands over her ears. Miss Crofutt stared at her, and therefore she threw Miss Crofutt's book into the fire.

After two days of unceasing debate, she called her parents and with the greatest agitation told them *all*.

It so happened, in this case, that events, to use a railroad phrase, made connection.

No sooner had Miss Eunice told her story than the man came again. This time he was accompanied by a woman.

"Only get my glove away from him," sobbed the unhappy one, "that is all I ask!" This was a fine admission! It was thought proper to bring an officer, and so a strong one was sent for.

Meanwhile the couple had been admitted to the parlor. Miss Eunice's father stationed the officer at one door, while he, with a pistol, stood at the other. Then Miss Eunice went into the apartment. She was wasted, weak, and nervous. The two villains got up as she came in, and bowed. She began to tremble as usual, and laid hold upon the mantel-piece. "How much do you want?" she gasped.

The man gave the woman a push with his forefinger. She stepped forward quickly with her crest up. Her eyes turned, and she fixed a vixenish look upon Miss Eunice. She suddenly shot her hand out from beneath her shawl and extended it at full length. Across it lay Miss Eunice's glove, very much soiled.

"Was that thing ever yours?" demanded the woman shrilly.

"Y-yes," said Miss Eunice, faintly.

The woman seemed (if the apt word is to be excused) staggered. She withdrew her hand and looked the glove over. The man shook his head and began to laugh behind his hat.

"And did you ever give it to him?" pursued the woman, pointing over her shoulder with her thumb.

Miss Eunice nodded.

"Of your own free will?"

After a moment of silence she ejaculated in a whisper, "Yes."

"Now wait," said the man, coming to the front, "'nough has been said by you." He then addressed himself to Miss Eunice with the remains of his laugh still illuminating his face.

"This is my wife's sister, and she 's one of the jealous kind. I love my wife" (here he became grave), "and I never showed her any kind of slight that I know of. I 've always been fair to her, and she 's always been fair to me. Plain sailin' so far; I never kep' anything from her, — but this." He reached out and took the glove from the woman, and spread it out upon his own palm, as Miss Eunice had seen him do once before. He looked at it thoughtfully. "I would n't tell her about this; no, never. She was never very particular to ask me; that 's where her trust in me came in. She knowed I was above doing anything out of the way — that is — I mean —" He

stammered and blushed, and then rushed on volubly. "But her sister here thought I paid too much attention to it; she thought I looked at it too much, and kep' it secret. So she nagged and nagged, and kept the pitch boilin' until I had to let it out: I told 'em" (Miss Eunice shivered). "'No,' says she, my wife's sister, 'that won't do, Gorman. That 's chaff, and I 'm too old a bird.' Ther'fore I fetched her straight to you, so she could put the question direct."

He stopped a moment as if in doubt how to go on. Miss Eunice began to open her eyes, and she released the mantel. The man resumed with something like impressiveness:

"Wen you last held that," said he, slowly, balancing the glove in his hand, "I was a wicked man with bad intentions through and through. When I first held it I became an honest man, with good intentions."

A burning blush of shame covered Miss Eunice's face and neck.

"An' as I kep' it my intentions went on improvin' and improvin', till I made up my mind to behave myself in future, forever. Do you understand? — forever. No backslidin', no hitchin', no slippin'-up. I take occasion to say, miss, that I was beset time and again; that the instant I set my foot outside them prison-gates, over there, my old chums got round me; but I shook my head. 'No,' says I, 'I won't go back on the glove.'"

Miss Eunice hung her head. The two had exchanged places, she thought; she was the criminal and he the judge.

"An' what is more," continued he, with the same weight in his tone, "I not only kep' sight of the glove, but I kep' sight of the generous sperrit that gave it. I did n't let *that* go. I never forgot what you meant. I knowed — I knowed," repeated he, lifting his forefinger, — "I knowed a time would come when there would n't be any enthoosiasm, any 'hurrah,' and then perhaps you 'd be sorry you was so kind to me; an' the time did come."

Miss Eunice buried her face in her hands and wept aloud.

"But did I quit the glove? No, mum. I held on to it. It was what I fought by. I was n't going to give it up, because it was asked for. All the police-officers in the city could n't have took it from me. I put it deep into my pocket and I walked out. It was differcult, miss. But I come through. The glove did it. It helped me stand out against temptation when it was strong. If I looked at it, I remembered that once there was a pure heart that pitied me. It cheered me up. After a while I kinder got out of the mud. Then I got work. The glove again. Then a girl that knowed me before I took to bad ways married me and no questions asked. Then I just took the glove into a dark corner and blessed it."

Miss Eunice was belittled.

A noise was heard in the hall-way. Miss Eunice's father and the policeman were going away.

The awkwardness of the succeeding silence was relieved by the moving of the man and the woman. They had done their errand, and were going.

Said Miss Eunice, with the faint idea of making a practical apology to her visitor, "I shall go to the prison once a week after this, I think."

"Then may God bless ye, miss," said the man. He came back with tears in his eyes and took her proffered hand for an instant. Then he and his wife's sister went away.

Miss Eunice's remaining spark of charity at once crackled and burst into a flame. There is sure to be a little something that is bad in everybody's philanthropy when it is first put to use; it requires to be filed down like a faulty casting before it will run without danger to anybody. Samaritanism that goes off with half a charge is sure to do great mischief somewhere; but Miss Eunice's, now properly corrected, henceforth shot off at the proper end, and inevitably hit the mark. She purchased a new Crofutt.

Albert Webster, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

IT is always hazardous to recall a vanishing renown, whether in literature, in art, in philosophy, or in politics. The men esteemed great in each age are chiefly great to that age alone, the greatest seldom reaching their height of reputation during their own lifetime. Reputations are commonly like the paper-money that circulates freely in its own country or district for a few years, and then ceases to have any value except as a curiosity; the few great names are the gold and silver coin that are good all over the world, and after any lapse of time, even though they may be taken at a discount from their original mint mark; while the greatest of all, the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares, are like gems, that have their value enhanced the further their antiquity reaches back. Dr. Channing's times were recent, if we reckon by years, but they have become so completely

"Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past,"

in the whirl of events that has since come upon us, that they seem as remote now as any period since Cotton Mather's day. How far away appears that memorable quarrel in Harvard College, when John Quincy Adams was Professor of Rhetoric there, and when Dr. Holmes's shadowy hero, the Reverend Eliphalet Pearson, seceded from the faculty and resigned his fellowship rather than countenance the inroad of Arminian theology! That was less than seventy years ago; and it is just seventy years since Dr. Channing accepted the call to settle over the Federal Street Society in Boston, where he preached for nearly forty years. Before that ministry was half ended, he was the most renowned and influential preacher in Boston; and long before his death, in 1842, he had a European reputation, as well as the widest celebrity in the United States. His fame was of a mixed and general character; to the majority he was a heretic in religious opinion, holding and successfully propagating unsound doctrines; to many he was the patriarch of their sect; to more, perhaps, a light and a guide in philosophy and literature; while others knew him as the impressive pulpit orator, the enthusiastic but self-restrained reformer, the revered and saintly devotee of a faith at once spiritual and practical. He had appeared as a polemical writer in the controversy between the Unitarians and Trinitarians; as an earnest opponent of slavery and a champion of freedom of speech; and as an unwearied, hopeful philanthropist. In all these characters, the six volumes of his sermons and essays, published soon after his death, exhibited him to his readers, who were numbered by millions, and were found in all parts of the civilized world. Portions of these volumes were translated into the Continental languages, and the story of Dr. Channing's devout life, gathered from his biography by William Henry Channing, began to be known in France and Germany as well as in England.

* *The Perfect Life. In Twelve Discourses.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. Edited from his Manuscripts by his Nephew, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Rousseau. By JOHN MORLEY. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Among the Isles of Shoals. By CELIA THAXTER. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

L'Album du Touriste. Archéologie, Histoire, Littérature, Sport. Québec. Par J. M. LE MOINE, Président de la Société Littéraire et Historique de Québec, etc. Québec: Imprimé par Augustin Côte et Cie. 1873.

Niagara: its History and Geology, Incidents and Poetry. With Illustrations. By GEORGE W. HOLLEY. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

The Reformation. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Literature and Dogma. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease. Designed to elucidate the Action of the Imagination. By DANIEL HACK TUKE. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1873.

Draft Outlines of an International Code. By DAVID DUDLEY FIELD. New York: Baker, Voorhis, & Co. 1873.

Woman in American Society. By ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Red Cotton Night-Cap Country; or, Turf and Towers. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

I Sabinerbjergene. Breve fra Gennazzano. By WILHELM BERGSÖE. (In the Sabine Mountains. Letters from Genazzano.) Copenhagen. 1871.

Bruden fra Rörvig. (The Bride of Rörvig.) A Tale. By WILHELM BERGSÖE. Copenhagen. 1872.

But Channing was an American, and our country soon was swept along into the tumult of political controversy and civil war on the issue of slavery. The warnings and protests of men like Channing were unheeded; timid statesmen like Webster gave way to the popular delusion, and to the clamor of short-sighted self-interest; and the intellectual life of America, withdrawn from questions of religion and philosophy, centred round political problems. The movement in which Channing had been engaged was a silent and spiritual one, contrasted with the shock of parties and of arms that has for twenty years confused the country and agitated mankind. The music of the spheres is enchanting, but it must be heard in the stillness; it cannot compete with the thunder of the captains and the shouting of a battle-field; and for nearly twenty years the memory of Channing has been fading from the minds of men. The influence exerted by him has gone on widening and deepening, no doubt; but there was little room in the national mind for his great method and purely moral and religious impulses to action. In other lands the noise of our quarrel, and the startling prominence America suddenly assumed in the affairs of the world at large, must have diverted attention from Channing's school of thought and practical piety, as an American peculiarity. To bring back some portion of his countrymen and of the European readers of American books to the contemplation of this school seems to be the purpose of William Henry Channing in editing the present volume, and in proposing, as he is said to do, an abridged and revised edition of his uncle's Memoirs. It is an undertaking not unlike the return of Ulysses and his surviving followers from the siege of Troy, and their twenty years' absence out of Ithaca.

Even Boston has wellnigh lost remembrance of the era when Channing and Everett and Bancroft and Sparks and Palfrey were all Unitarian ministers; and it is only by an effort that any of us can call up that long-buried past. Yet in 1819, when Mr. Everett, newly returned from Europe, was rousing enthusiasm in his Greek classes at Cambridge, and while Mr. Bancroft was pursuing his studies in Germany under Dr. Kirkland's patronage; while Mr. Emerson was a Junior in college, and before Mr. Caleb Cushing became his tutor, — in that year Mr. Sparks was settled over a Unitarian parish in Baltimore, and Mr. Channing, not yet a doctor of sacred theology, went down to preach his ordination sermon and declare to the Southern people what Unitarianism truly meant. Let it be added that Dr. Palfrey, who was a classmate of Mr. Sparks, was already preaching; and that Mr. George Ripley, now president of the New York Tribune Association, but then aiming towards the Unitarian ministry, entered college that same year; while Theodore Parker was painfully beginning Latin on his father's little farm in Lexington. How much of the intellectual history of New England do these names suggest; and how many of the men who bore them owed the inspiration of their lives in good part to Dr. Channing! But when the great fire swept over the spot where Channing preached so many years, few of the Bostonians of last November reminded themselves that his pulpit once stood there, and that his parsonage was not far off.

The twelve sermons now selected from the mass of Dr. Channing's manuscripts, and published by his nephew, were written in 1830 and the ten or twelve succeeding years, and belong to the later period of their author's life. When he preached them to his people, he was withdrawing or withdrawn from theological controversy; and though he was also embarking, doubtfully at first, but soon with all his earnestness, in the warfare against slavery, little or nothing of political allusion appears in these discourses. They may be described as neither doctrinal nor practical, so much as spiritual; and in them the essence of Channing's spiritual philosophy is fully made known. One passage may be taken almost as well as another to illustrate this; let us choose one from the ninth discourse, on Jesus Christ, the Brother, Friend, and Saviour: "We are all conscious, however partially, that in human nature there is a Principle that delights in heroic virtue, that admires and reveres men illustrious for self-sacrificing devotedness, that feeds with joy on fictions wherein fellow-beings, amidst great trials and perils, are faithful to duty, and act with noble disinterestedness, at every cost. We all have experienced, in some degree, the workings of the Superior Nature, so as to rejoice with triumphant sympathy, when we read the memoirs of men and women, refined from self-love, pure on principle, consecrated to grand purposes, ascending by lives of ever-enlarging love to the blessedness of the

heavenly world. Now this high power of heart and will, that prompts us to aspire after Perfect Excellence, Jesus came to set free." This is a doctrine which it has been the tendency of recent speculations to set aside even with some contempt, but which cannot fail to reassert itself wherever the elements of faith and hope are largely present among men. In anticipation of some of the discussions that have taken place since his death, Dr. Channing says in another of these discourses : —

"I do not wonder that men of superior intelligence, but wanting in religious faith, have been led, by a review of the extravagances and baffled efforts of the philosophic class, to treat with contempt all claims of human reason of attaining to truth. It is only as we apprehend our relationship to an All-Wise God that we can understand ourselves and become to ourselves objects of awe and solemn interest. The human mind, regarded as the offspring of the Infinite Mind, consciously partakes of the grandeur of its source. Let me know that an Infinite Intelligence pervades the Universe, and I feel that intelligence without bounds may be possible also for myself. Let me further know that this Infinite Intelligence is the Parent of my mind, has an interest in it, watches over it, and created it that it should unfold forever, and partake more and more of His own Truth, and how can I but regard my intellect with veneration? Then I look abroad upon the vast creation, which before had discouraged me, with joy and hope; for I see in its very vastness only a wider field for intellectual culture. I cease to be depressed by learning slowly, if I am to learn forever. Religion thus reveals the grandeur, and still more the sacredness, of human intellect."

As the editor of these discourses says, a "sublime sincerity" inspires their style. It is not the style of the modern sermon, nor of the old-fashioned sermon; it has none of the humor of Beecher, none of the learning and elaborate eloquence of Jeremy Taylor; neither the piquancy of South nor the quaintness of Donne, nor the fervid appeals of the great Methodist preachers. Simple and colorless as it is, the style of Channing was original with him, and a marked characteristic of his mind. He, first among American writers, brought down prose to a sincere plainness and brevity, in marked contrast with the style that preceded it, both here and in England. Dr. Channing found a stilted and cumbrous style in vogue: he made one for himself that erred in the other direction of too great shortness of periods and tameness of expression. His mind was correct and refined, rather than strong and rich; his thoughts moved in a high and clear atmosphere, but had no remarkable breadth or variety. Spiritually he was a great man, intellectually a rare, rather than a remarkable, one. The revival of his discourses, and of his fame as a writer, will doubtless be well received; and he will make a new impression on our times, in these posthumous sermons, but probably a less distinct and profound one than his editor hopes for. His day has gone by; his tone of thought and feeling, much as our day may need it, cannot quite be restored to the freshness of forty years ago. But there will be found much that is permanent, and even prophetic, in these devout utterances of a noble and humane spirit.

— Most readers of Mr. Morley's life of Voltaire probably looked forward to his Rousseau with an interest which the character of that study fully justifies in one sense. It is very entertaining, both because the story of Rousseau's life could not be otherwise, and because it is here told with every grace of a singularly lucid, easy, and yet strenuous style. If some other traits of the work oblige us to hedge a little from the praises we gave Mr. Morley as a philosopher in our notice of his Voltaire, we have only to insist again upon the excellence and beauty of his writing; it has pretty nearly all the virtues and charms of the best prose. The method of his work is to trace the career of Rousseau up to the time when his first great work, The Discourses, was written, and then to give a full critical analysis of that; to proceed with the narrative until The New Heloïsa is produced, when that is similarly examined, and the story is again resumed, to be dropped again in turn for criticism of The Social Contract, Emilius, and The Savoyard Vicar. There is no such comment on the Confessions, and there is no general summary of Rousseau's character at the end. That is considered piecemeal, and as it revealed itself in the several actions of his life. The book is unsatisfactory on this account; for the reader has a right to the author's help in collecting his scattered impressions of Rousseau, and their embodiment in a more tangible figure than finally presents itself to his mind. Certain great faults, weaknesses, and merits in the man

of course insist upon themselves, and are very ably noticed by Mr. Morley, in telling his story; but as to minor traits, also very necessary to a just conception of the man, there is an annoying want of *ensemble* at the last.

On the other hand, some offences, which the reader, aware of Mr. Morley's characteristic disbeliefs, might have dreaded at his hands, are not chargeable against the work. There was sufficient occasion, in writing of Rousseau and his times, to celebrate mortality and the worm at the expense of those fond hopes of eternal life which most of us cherish; but Mr. Morley largely spares our weakness. Only once, we believe, does he elaborately bring forward his dismal convictions; and that is when he speaks of Rousseau's inexpensive trust that Madame de Warens would be compensated in another world for her sufferings in this: then Mr. Morley asks whether we should not really be tenderer and carefuller in our earthly relations if we once frankly accepted the fact that death absolutely separated and ended us all, — a question which the champions of a future life will have no difficulty in answering. But there is another feature of the book which constantly occurs, and which is really an offence and, we fear, a folly. Science having exploded the Supreme Being, Mr. Morley will not print the name of the late imposture with a capital letter: throughout he prints God, "god"; even when he quotes from another writer, he will not allow us poor believers the meagre satisfaction of seeing our God shown the typographical respect which Mr. Morley would not deny to Jove, or Thor, or Vishnu, or even Jones or Smith. Mr. Morley must admit, on reflection, that this is at least a trifle intolerant, for a philosopher; especially, as at other points he is really very considerate and gentle with us. In fact, he is at some pains, we have fancied, to exhibit the Christian virtues in the mind of an atheist; he is even a little goody in his patronage of purity of life and the decencies; and he has the air — though perhaps we have unwarrantably imagined this — of desiring us to behold a man who can dismiss God (or god, as he prefers to call him) without going to the devil. Certainly he manages an essentially dubious subject like the life of Rousseau with great skill; the facts of that strange career are not veiled, and yet they are presented with a wholesome and modest discretion that opens the book to all mature readers. Nor does he fail in the skill of decently painting an age so indecent and heartless and foolish and corrupt, that a man who lived twenty-five years in adultery with a kitchen-maid, who gave his children as fast as they were born to a foundling hospital, who was confessedly fickle and ungrateful, whose last years were great part passed in mental aberration, was a figure of conspicuous virtue, domestic fidelity, truthfulness, and sanity. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Morley's picture of Rousseau's time is the best result to the reader from his work. One at least feels intelligent about the people with whom he chiefly consorted in Paris, — Madame d'Épinay and Madame d'Houdetot, Grimm, Diderot, and the rest: they are strongly sketched, and the society of which they formed a part is frankly and satisfactorily studied. Now and then in a single point, of reflection or statement, Mr. Morley enforces its character with a peculiar aptness and vigor, as where he makes us observe how ready all those adulterers and adulteresses were to weep at some moving picture of virtue, though they never thought of applying any rule of morality to themselves, and where he calls our notice to M. d'Houdetot, dining in friendly intimacy with his wife and his wife's acknowledged paramour Saint Lambert, and Rousseau, who had tried to seduce the lady's affections, not from the husband, but from the paramour, — a dinner strictly *en famille*, as one may say.

Altogether the best portrait in the work is that of Madame de Warens, Rousseau's early "benefactress," whose life with him in Savoy is delicately, almost delightfully studied: the amiable, kind-hearted, poor, light lady is almost alive again under the historian's artful touches. This side of Mr. Morley's work is not to be too highly praised, either for its grace or for its profound tone of morality and warning. The book, in spite of its atheism, is thoroughly moral. It does not deny the immoral lives with which it deals their undeniable charms of freedom, of poetry, of naturalness in certain degree, and neither does it veil their unrest, their misery, their utter unsatisfactoriness. Rousseau seems the least culpable of the people among whom he lived; he paid the penalty of lawlessness in proportion to his temperament rather than his guilt. He is always a painful figure, and the final united impression you receive of him, from a book which does not assemble his traits for a final impression, is that which

his own writings give of him. No one can deal more openly with him than himself, on his personal and moral side; and Mr. Morley's failure seems to be that he does not give you the whole intellectual outline of the man, or adequately reproduce his contemporary effect as a literary and philosophical force. But he has nevertheless made a most interesting book.

— Mrs. Thaxter's beautiful little volume, Among the Isles of Shoals, is written with a fine, desultory, loitering grace, which lends itself to the business of the book with an insurpassable charm. There is a little history and a very little topography, to begin with, and after that not much more intentional method than there is in the days of the summer sojourner at the Shoals, for whose use the volume modestly professes itself written, though the greater truth is that it is for the enjoyment of every refined reader, there and elsewhere. It is a succession of exquisite studies of the island scenery and the character, actual and traditional, of the islanders; the local legends and the tragedies of tempest and shipwreck which give the Shoals their dark, romantic memories. It is, in this way, one of those books which you may take up at any odd moment; but it differs from most books of that kind in refusing to be as casually laid down: you read it all before the odd moment recurs. In fact, we know one honest reviewer, whose affair is to read books in order to write of them, and who, turning to this to refresh his memory of the Atlantic papers which largely compose this, found himself reading it all over again for pleasure, like some mere lover of literature. It is full of the sea, like Mrs. Thaxter's poems; but this delightful prose has charms which one does not find in them. It is so vividly minute in its descriptions, that scarcely a tint or petal or tendril of the flowers that so luxuriously abound at the Shoals escapes it; and the smallest effects of the landscape are caught with pre-raphaelite faithfulness, while it seizes all those aspects of sea and shore and sky that give breadth to a picture. But it is no mere holiday picture; the cold, hard, solitary winter-life at the Shoals, as well as its summer-day aspects, is given, by one who knew all its phases from her earliest childhood, and is part of everything she saw. The difference of this life from that on shore has bred that difference in the islanders' character which so sharply distinguishes them from the people on the New Hampshire coast only nine miles away, and which Mrs. Thaxter portrays with so much delicate humor, from the historical period when they were an example to their brethren on the mainland in a godly walk and conversation, down through their gradual barbarization to a time when, at the beginning of this century, they had neither church nor school among them, but continual rum, fighting, squalor, and all wickedness, insomuch that the English language did not afford scope for the fierce, grotesque profanities with which their hearts were filled. Things are very much better now at the Shoals. A virtuous and unpicturesque prosperity has fallen upon the fishermen; but they are still a very peculiar people, true children of the sea, which shuts out the world from them half the year. Of the ill-fated ships dashed to pieces on their cruel coasts, Mrs. Thaxter tells many a moving tale; and it gives a strange, pathetic interest to this group of ice-bound isles, that the most famous wreck should be that of a Spanish ship, whose "costly timbers of mahogany and cedar-wood were splintered on the sharp teeth of those inexorable rocks; her cargo of dried fruits and nuts, and bales of broadcloth, and gold and silver, was tossed about on the shore." Ghosts of various kinds, both visible and invisible, naturally haunt the islands, and are often encountered; and the newspaper reader knows what a tragedy was enacted in the winter that is just past, on the loneliest of the group, in the murder, with circumstances of most harrowing atrocity, of two young and beautiful Norwegian women. There is a considerable Norse settlement at the Shoals, where those Northmen of old, the earliest discoverers of our continent, may have cast anchor on a summer's day. Indeed, the accidents of commerce and disaster and adventure have conspired to give these islands a singular hold upon the imagination; but the chief part of their poetic good fortune is that they have come to have such a book as this written about them. We ought not to leave it without speaking of the very satisfactory beauty of the wood-engravings that too sparingly illustrate it.

— We are doing a favor to the summer tourist who visits the famous city of Quebec, in calling his attention to M. Le Moine's very agreeable guide to the many points of interest in the place. The best preparation for a visit to Quebec is an acquaintance with Mr. Parkman's histories, The Pioneers of

France in the New World and The Jesuits in North America, which will put the reader in exactly the right mood for appreciating and enjoying that ancient centre of a system utterly passed away; but for that minuter local knowledge which the sojourner will desire, Mr. Le Moine's *Album du Touriste* is indispensable. Hawkins's Picture of Quebec — which was one of the best guide-books ever written — is now quite out of print; but its place is fairly supplied by this work of Mr. Le Moine, which also has some advantage over the older guide in using the results of the most recent historical inquiries, and in coming from the pen of a Quebecker singularly qualified, by race, education, and predilection, to write of his native city. His name will readily recur to the reader of his Maple-Leaves, — a succession of little books, in which the picturesque scenes and romantic episodes of the history of Quebec are treated with an antiquarian diligence and sincerity very happily united to the lightness of a sympathetic *conteur*. The same spirit characterizes the *Album du Touriste*, which differs chiefly from the author's pleasant English sketches in being more systematized, and in covering more ground. It opens with an historical notice of Quebec, to which succeed an account of the churches and the pictures and some interesting archæological studies of divers curious facts. Then ensue gossiping essays on widely various topics, such as Nelson's sojourn in Quebec; the place where Montcalm died; the charming and storied neighborhood of the city; the different battle-fields; the objects of interest and the natural wonders in reach of the excursionist, with full and entertaining notes. Not to be wanting in anything, the book gives us some agreeable *causeries* on the local game, birds, fish, and beasts; and a second part of the Album is devoted to the itinerary of a voyage from Quebec to Gaspé. The style is lively and the material is that of a thorough inquirer, whose historical studies, and whose works in French and English on the fisheries and ornithology of Canada have made him an authority on the points which he treats. The Album would be the better, however, for a more complete index. It is very gracefully and appropriately dedicated "au Touriste, aimé, qui chaque printemps, nous revient avec les hirondelles; au brillant et sympathique historien, qui a su entourer d'une auréole notre vieux Québec, ... à Francis Parkman."

— Another handbook of far more than ordinary value and interest is Mr. Holley's Niagara, which, after a sufficient historical sketch and some chapters on the geology of Niagara, is devoted to satisfactory notices of those scenes and incidents to which the intelligent tourist cares to have his attention directed. It is written with the fervor inseparable from the composition of works of this kind, but it seldom offends good taste; it is not burdened with idle disquisition of any sort; and some passages are of really notable simplicity and excellence, as the account of the shooting of the Whirlpool Rapids by the steamer Maid of the Mist. It tells things pleasant to know of Robinson and other heroes of the Falls, and abounds in that kind of tragic anecdote which has grown up about Niagara. The chapter on the Poetry of the Falls might be advantageously omitted. But the little book is one of real research and observation.

— Mr. Fisher, in the preface to his History of the Reformation says: "With the religious and theological side of the history of the period I have endeavored to interweave and to set in their true relation the political, secular, or more general elements, which had so powerful an influence in determining the course of events. The attempt has also been made to elucidate briefly, but sufficiently, points pertaining to the history of theological doctrine, an understanding of which is peculiarly essential in the study of this period of history." He has been successful in his endeavor, while he has been forced to such brevity in his allusions to events connected with his immediate subject, that a considerable knowledge of general history is essential to the right reading of his book. We do not offer this in any sense as a criticism, but, on the contrary, that we may commend the method which is here employed, and enforce the necessity which is constantly laid upon us to know many things if we would know anything. This volume has grown out of a course of lectures given in 1871 at the Lowell Institute. In addition to all which has been gained by the writer's subsequent studies, there has doubtless been a gain also in coming from the lecture to the printed book. The surroundings of the history proper are admirable, and indicate an amount of pains in the reader's behalf for which he should be grateful. There is an elaborate table of contents at the beginning. In an appendix is a chronologi-

cal table running from 1479 to 1697. This is followed by a list of works treating of the Reformation and of the general history with which it is connected. The list is not complete, but is full enough for its purpose, occupying as it does twenty-five pages. After this is an index of twenty-eight pages. The book is, therefore, well equipped for its work in the library or the class-room. It is, of course, a Protestant history; but it is written in a candid and charitable spirit. Though we might conjecture what the author is not, it would be hard to tell with which particular branch of the Protestant Church he is connected. What he says of his book is true: "It is intended in no sense as a polemical work. It has not entered into my thoughts to inculcate the creed of Protestantism, or to propagate any type of Christian doctrine, much less to kindle animosity against the Church of Rome. Very serious as the points of difference are which separate the body of Protestants from the body of Roman Catholics, the points on which they agree outweigh in importance the points on which they differ." Yet it must not be thought that we have here an author who has cast away his own feeling lest he should bestow admiration where, in his judgment, it belongs. He gives the facts, which he has neither made nor fashioned. But it is inevitable that, in treating of an epoch so laden with stirring events and momentous issues, he should make known his allegiance to what he accounts liberty and right, and a true human progress. The method adopted in the book is to give first a sketch of the general character of the Reformation, followed by a chapter on the rise and decline of the Papal hierarchy, and one on the speical causes and omens of an ecclesiastical revolution prior to the sixteenth century. We are then brought to Luther and the German reformation; Zwingli and the reformation in Switzerland; the reformation in Scandinavian and Slavonic nations and in Hungary; then to John Calvin and the Genevan reformation; whence we pass to France, the Netherlands, England and Scotland, Italy and Spain. Then follow the counter-reformation in the Roman Church, the struggle of Protestantism in the seventeenth century, the Protestant theology, the constitution of the Protestant churches and their relation to the civil authority, and, finally, the relation of Protestantism to culture and civilization. The bare recital of the subjects of the fifteen chapters shows how wide a field is traversed. We are confident that the book will take a high place at once among the histories of whose reputation we may well be proud.

— Mr. Matthew Arnold's new volume comes to us with the old modest aspect, and opens in the subdued and polished tones to which his previous writings had used us. But before the attentive reader has proceeded many pages, he becomes fully aware of a change in his author, — hardly of manner, certainly not in the crystalline style whose clearness and symmetry we can only despairingly admire, but rather of attitude and function. The man who has hitherto seemed content to roam a little idly over questions of literary, social, and religious interest, alighting now here and now there, glorying, as it were, in dilettantism, chanting the praises of pure art, and setting the Greek, for the time being, far above the Jew; teasing, with the light lash of his exquisite satire, now the unsuccessful translators of Homer, now Mr. Spurgeon, now Mr. Bradlaugh, and now Mr. Robert Buchanan with his unfortunate "story of the fig-leaf time"; the man who, despite his literary grace, his critical acumen, and his always interesting vivacity, has fairly laid himself open sometimes to the charge of being incoherent, inconsistent, and ineffective, appears before us now in the character of a professed teacher and an extremely serious one. During a momentary pause in the noisy debate between science and faith, reason and revelation, or whatever you may choose to call the opposing parties, this refined voice is lifted proposing an adjustment, and, if possible, a reconciliation. Its delicacy, in contrast with the ruder tones of the disputants, will attract attention. Its decision and the pregnancy of its utterances will be sure to rivet it. Still, as in former times, Mr. Arnold gracefully calls his work an "essay," — An Essay toward a better Apprehension of the Bible; but we speedily see that this time the "essay" has engaged all the author's powers, and will at least engage all ours in a right appreciation of it.

In his Introduction, Mr. Arnold explains the title, Literature and Dogma, to mean a plea for a literary treatment of the Bible records as opposed to the dogmatic treatment of the professors of scientific theology, represented by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, who resolved in convocation "to *do something* for the honor

of our Lord's Godhead," and the "blessed truth that the God of the Universe is a PERSON," and by other divines whom he holds responsible for having strained and distorted the simplicity of Scripture to suit their own metaphysical conceptions. "The valuable thing in letters, that is, the acquainting one's self with the best which has been thought and said in the world," he affirms to be "the judgment which forms itself insensibly in a fair mind along with fresh knowledge. . . . . Far more of our mistakes," he truly adds, "come from want of fresh knowledge than from want of correct reasoning. . . . . So that minds with small aptitude for abstract reasoning may yet, through letters, gain some hold on sound judgment and useful knowledge, and may even clear up blunders committed, out of their very excess of talent, by the athletes of logic."

Mr. Arnold's bearing toward the dignitaries whom he defies is fairly foreshadowed in the last sentence. If it be thought at times a trifle too sarcastic, and the homage he scrupulously pays to the ability of his opponents more ironical than is always needful, it should be remembered that he comes to us now as the earnest advocate of a very positive, however unorthodox, system of faith in the Bible and in Jesus Christ, and that the resistance he has most to apprehend is, of course, not that of the irreligious, but of those who are eminent in the Church that now is. To these, his summary work with the elaborate doctrinal structure of the ages will be the wildest iconoclasm, and his new-fangled "righteousness" the "filthiest" of "rags"; and of these, like an adroit fighter, he never loses sight throughout the volume.

His argument is briefly this: *Conduct* constitutes three fourths of life. The other fourth he divides between art and science, thus securing himself at once from what may be called the *fashionable* thinkers of the day. The habitual desire to be *right* in conduct becomes, in conscientious men of a comparatively cold and worldly type, morality. In the more ardent and emotional, it is religion. But no one can earnestly devote himself to right conduct or "righteousness," without becoming conscious of a power *not himself*, which makes for and helps to righteousness. Now, this power is God; and we virtually know nothing more of God than that he (if the pronoun be admissible) is this power. But the typical "Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester," with their "Aryan genius" and "logical training," have come to conceive of God and authoritatively to announce him as a "magnified and non-natural man, a personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe."

Of the "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," Israel, the Jewish nation, had, from the days of Abraham to those of David, a clearer and happier perception than any other people has ever possessed. They gave him the names of Elohim and Jehovah, for both of which Mr. Arnold substitutes the less specific and, as he thinks, less misleading term of the Eternal. After the days of David, this perception became gradually obscured, along with a growing degeneracy in the manners of the people, until it had become, with the mass of them, little more than a tradition of lost political greatness, accompanied by the vague expectation that that greatness would some day be restored by a heaven-sent and victorious monarch. Only the prophets — men pre-eminent for piety and ability — retained a clearer view of the loss their nation had sustained, and continued to preach "righteousness" as the only way of return to the favor of the Eternal. This was their mission; by no means the miraculous prevision of future events. They did not even foretell the Messiah, that is, they foretold no such Messiah as finally came. Even Isaiah, in his famous fifty-third chapter, had in his mind only some afflicted servant of the Eternal with whom Jesus, when he came, voluntarily identified himself. With some of the famous "proof texts" concerning Christ, and with the orthodox methods of Biblical criticism generally, Mr. Arnold makes short, though never sharp or irreverent work, in his tenth chapter, entitled the Proof from Prophecy. We give a specimen of his method: —

"That Jacob on his death-bed should, two thousand years before Christ, have 'been enabled,' as the phrase is, to foretell to his son Judah that 'the sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh (or the Messiah) come, and to him shall the gathering of the people be,' *does* seem, when the explanation is put with it, that the Jewish kingdom lasted till the Christian era and then perished, — a miracle of prediction in favor of our current Christian theology. That Jeremiah should have 'been enabled' to foretell in the name of Jehovah, 'The days shall come when I

will raise to David a righteous branch ; in his days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely ; and this is the name whereby he shall be called *the Lord our righteousness*,' *does* seem a wonder of prediction in favor of the tenet of the Godhead of the Eternal Son for which the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are so anxious to do something. For unquestionably Jehovah is often spoken of as the *savior* of Judah and Israel ; 'All flesh shall know that I, the Eternal, am thy *savior* and thy *redeemer*, the mighty one of Jacob" ; and in the prophecy given above as Jeremiah's, the branch of David is clearly identified with Jehovah. Again, that David should say, 'The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool,' does seem a prodigy of prediction to the same effect. . . . .

"But who will dispute that it more and more becomes known that these prophecies cannot stand as we have here given them ? Manifestly, it more and more becomes known that the passage from Genesis, with its mysterious Shiloh and the gathering of the people to him, is rightly to be rendered as follows : 'The pre-eminence shall not depart from Judah so long as the people resort to Shiloh (the national sanctuary before Jerusalem was won), and the nations (i. e. the heathen Canaanites) shall obey him.' We here purposely leave out of sight any such consideration as that our actual books of the Old Testament came first together through the piety of the house of Judah, and when the destiny of Judah was already traced ; and that to say roundly, 'Jacob was enabled to foretell — the sceptre shall not depart from Judah,' as if we were speaking of a prophecy published by Dr. Cumming, is wholly inadmissible. For this consideration is of force, indeed ; but it is a consideration drawn from the rules of literary history and criticism, and not likely to have weight with the mass of mankind. Palpable error and mistranslation are what will have weight with them.

"And what, then, will they say as they come to know (and do not and must not more and more of them come to know it every day ?) that Jeremiah's supposed signal identification of Christ with the God of Israel, 'I will raise to David a righteous branch,' etc., runs really, 'I will raise to David a righteous branch ; in his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely, and this is the name whereby they shall call themselves, *The Eternal is our righteousness !*' The prophecy thus becomes simply one of the many promises of a successor to David, under whom the Hebrew people should trust in the Eternal and follow righteousness ; just as the prophecy from Genesis is one of the many prophecies of the enduring continuance of the greatness of Judah. 'The Lord saith unto my Lord' in like manner : — will not people be startled when they find that it ought to run instead, 'The Eternal said unto my Lord the king' ? A simple promise of victory to a prince of God's chosen people !"

Nevertheless, in the fulness of time there did appear among the same "simple Semitic" people to whom the first revelation of the Eternal had been granted a new and a unique teacher, whose closeness of spirit to the Eternal amounted almost to a sense of identification with him, and who discerned clearly not only what had been lost in the ages of obscured belief, but what had been lacking in Israel's first ideal. To this he added the quality of *mildness*, commonly rendered *meekness*, and the habit of constant self-sacrifice. His method of appealing to the consciences of men was no longer startling and denunciatory, but, above everything, "*sweetly reasonable*," for so Mr. Arnold renders the word Ἐπιεικής, not very inadequately translated in the Epistle of James by the phrase "easy to be entreated."

"Israel is perpetually talking of God and calling him his Father ; and every one, says Christ, 'who hears the Father comes to *me*, for I know him and know his will and utter his word.' God's will and word in the Old Testament was *righteousness ;* in the New Testament it is righteousness explained to have its essence in *inwardness*, *mildness*, and *self-renouncement*. This is in substance the word of Christ, which he who hears 'shall never see death' ; of which he who follows it 'shall know by experience whether it be of God.'"

But this doctrine, so lofty and spiritual that it has not yet been fully apprehended by the world, was, of course, far above the level of those to whom it was immediately delivered. The early disciples had their personal attachment to the infinitely lovable Jesus, and even Saint Paul was near enough to feel the influence of his personal magnetism ; but before the first gospel narratives were written, imagination and superstition were at work to adorn and overlay

the simple story. We must judge as far as we can by internal evidence what are the words of Jesus himself and what have been innocently added by his chroniclers. The whole series of miracles Mr. Arnold not so much rejects as reluctantly lets go. He says they are doomed and cannot stand before the spirit of the time. His chapters on the New Testament Record, the Testimony of Jesus to himself, and the Testimony of the early Witnesses, are models of critical writing of the most careful, courteous, and dispassionate order. In his treatment of popular theology, — that is, of the system of so-called "evangelical" belief which has grown up around the story of Jesus Christ, — Mr. Arnold is decidedly less scrupulous; and his illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity by the "fairy tale of the three Lord Shaftesburys," will be thought by many little short of blasphemy.

It is easy to see, even from the bold outline and the scant extracts given above, how clean a sweep Mr. Arnold makes of the principal *tenets* of orthodoxy. What we have far less adequately illustrated is the deep earnestness of the book, its quiet confidence and winning clearness, and the unswerving loyalty it shows to the Bible as the author reads it, and to its central figure. We think that many will read Literature and Dogma with a sense of profound if unspoken relief, that so much may be conceded to the aggressive and seemingly irresistible spirit of modern inquiry, and yet so much that is reverend and sacred remain inviolate. It would, of course, be presumptuous to attempt to assign the final place of a volume which, for all its finish and *repose*, must yet rank among the controversial literature of its day; but we are ourselves inclined to think that it embodies more fully than anything which has yet appeared the purest faith of the time immediately to come. Mr. Arnold's work allies itself with many contemporary efforts, but more closely than with any others, we think, with the work of our own earlier and more devout Unitarians and with that of the author of Ecce Homo. We place it clearly beyond both.

Literature and Dogma is also deeply interesting as completing and giving consistency to the whole series of Mr. Arnold's previous works. Whatever in these may have appeared idle, discursive, or simply tentative seems now properly regulated and subordinated, as part of a great plan and necessary to its general fulfilment. This is especially true of the ardent defence of Hellenism against Hebraism in Culture and Anarchy, the balance of which is fully restored (if not more than restored) by the devout tribute paid by Mr. Arnold in the present volume to the Hebraic spirit. It seems to us also not a little significant that this book should have been written by Dr. Arnold's son. If to any of those who have felt the personal magnetism of the great head-master of Rugby — and who that has read Stanley's Memoir or the writings of Thomas Hughes has not? — it has seemed strange and a little sad, that from the loins of that fiery, positive, and apostolic spirit there should have sprung precisely the pensive and fastidious amateur whom Matthew Arnold has at times appeared to be, we think they will find, in the crowning work of the latter's ripened life, the wisdom of the more heroic father justified of the serener son.

Of the literary wealth of this work and the intense intellectual vitality which renders every page luminous, we have said nothing, but cannot close without directing the reader's attention to the definitions of the Apostolic and Athanasian Creeds as embodying respectively only the "popular" and the "learned *science*" of Christianity; to the division between the Catholic and the Protestant churches of his old favorite characteristics of "sweetness" and "light"; to his summing up of the life and labors of Mr. Maurice, "that pure and devout spirit of whom, however, the truth must at last he said, that he passed his life in beating, with deep emotion, about the bush, but never starting the hare"; and to that remarkable passage in his chapter on The true Greatness of the Old Testament, in which Mr. Arnold offers for sacrifice, as it were, on the altar of the great truth he is defending, his own fondly cherished Greek and Gallic ideals. And just here, at last, we would venture, although diffidently, a little to demur.

When Mr. Arnold assigns all of *conduct* to the Hebrew, and gives us as the mission of Greece *only* that gospel of art which he himself says can apply to no more than one eighth of life, it seems as if he hardly made due allowance for the work of a man who is at least as pre-eminent in Greek history as Jesus Christ in that of the Jews. Something of conduct — and that a heroic and inspiring something — we have all learned, or might have learned, from Socrates. There are those, we fancy, who,

while easily surrendering to the demands of the "Zeitgeist" all the other miracles of Jesus, will yet cling with a passion only too natural to that final miracle of the physical resurrection which seems so apt to alleviate our sharpest sorrow and quiet our most harrowing fear. But if that also must go, there is, at least, something like recompense for the apparent deepening of the shadows into which we go away, in the spirit of those dying words which render so perfectly into a phraseology nobly Scriptural.

"Hearken unto my words yet again, O judges, for I bid you be of good cheer in the time of death. And be ye sure in your own minds, for unto the good man happeneth good and not evil. And if so be that he live it is good, and if he die it is good likewise. For the Lord his God doth not forget him. . . . . The hour is come and we must depart; I shall go forth to die and you to live. But whether of these twain is better, — of this knoweth no man save God alone."

— Outside of the normal and regular influence of our mental states upon our bodily functions there have been noticed in all ages a mass of exceptional and irregular occurrences, such as cures by sudden frights, or by the laying on of a gifted person's hands, or the wearing of relics or amulets, which have powerfully struck the attention of spectators. Referred by the people to witchcraft, celestial miracle, "animal magnetism," or spiritualism, according as the intellectual temper of the time was favorable to the supernatural or was semi-rationalistic, these cases have always been a subject of profound wonder and inquiry to thoroughly rationalistic observers. Such observers rightly see in exceptions the most pregnant instances for enlarging our comprehension of nature's laws; but they at the same time carry the desire for simplicity of explanation so far as to be satisfied with nothing which will not bring the abnormal phenomena in question into a relation of continuity with more familiar events, such as the effects of voluntary attention on sharpening our senses, of emotion on blushing, excitement on muscular strength, etc.

Author after author has paid his tribute to the importance of the subject, but always with much the same result of repeating the old string of cases and adding a few new ones: *Noch keiner der den alten Sauerteig verdaut!* Dr. Tuke bears such an honorable name, and has proved himself ere now to be such an unprejudiced inquirer, that we turned to his book with rather higher expectations than usual; but we have once more been disappointed. The work modestly professes to be little more than a collection of the facts for convenient reference; and as the author seems dubious what theory to hold concerning the facts of animal magnetism proper, spiritualism, etc., he leaves them out. It has evidently grown out of note-books begun with the hope of gradually bringing order into the subject, but published by the writer when they became sufficiently voluminous, before any important theoretical results had been reached; for the gentle thread of critical commentary that accompanies them can hardly bear the name of theory. They contain, we should think, a pretty complete culling of the English literature both of cases and of essays of interpretation; but many German and French authors who would have enriched the collection have not been consulted; and to find a modern writer resorting to Herodotus and other ancients for illustrations makes one feel as if the phenomena were more sparse than is really the case. The last chapter of the book, entitled Psycho-therapeutics, is perhaps its most valuable part. Dr. Tuke narrates many instances of cure by arousing strongly the patient's attention, hope, or expectation, while inert applications were employed. Every physician has seen such cases. He gives a short but interesting account of Braidism (practised by itinerant showmen in this country as "electro-biology"), and pleads that, since the efficacy of such influences is undoubted, they should be systematically employed and legalized in medicine. The plea has been repeatedly made, but as repeatedly unnoticed. Mr. Braid's simplification of mesmerism was a great discovery; but although an individual now and then takes it up with enthusiasm, — we may mention M. Liébault in France, — no general use has ever been made of it. We suppose the trouble always will be in these matters what the author calls "the unseemliness . . . . and the danger of sullying that strict honor which by no profession is more prized or maintained than by the professors of the medical art." Indeed, it would be difficult to use the word "quack" as conveniently as is now done by the "regular" school, if psycho-therapeutics had a recognized place in its pharmacopœia. The reader may be edified by our quoting one case out of a hundred as an example

of the book's contents. It illustrates the power of the *will* over threatened disease, and is taken from the life of Andrew Crosse, the electrician: "He was bitten by a cat which died the same day hydrophobic. . . . . Three months after he had received the wound, he felt great pain in his arm, accompanied by extreme thirst. He called for a glass of water. The sequel will be best told in his own words: 'At the instant that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat. Immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia. . . . . The agony I endured for one hour is indescribable, at the contemplation of such a horrible death; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain . . . . passed to the shoulder, threatening to extend. . . . . At length I began to reflect on my condition. I said to myself, "Either I shall die or I shall not. If I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind." Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I *walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease.* When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to the elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day it left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered that I had had an attack of hydrophobia which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind.'"

Those fond of similar anecdotes will find a plenteous harvest in the volume itself; and, on the whole, with all its shortcomings, we recommend it to students as the most convenient repertory of facts and opinions on the subject of which it treats that we are acquainted with.

— We do not look upon Mr. David Dudley Field's Draft Outlines as a book challenging criticism, but rather as an effort which all humane persons should welcome and applaud. At a meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at Manchester in 1866, the author proposed the appointment of a committee to prepare the basis of an international code such as the nations of the present time might be supposed capable of accepting. The committee was appointed, consisting of eminent jurists of Europe and America, Mr. Field being its chairman. "In the distribution of the labor," the author explains, "a portion was assigned to me. It was at first understood, that, after preparing their respective portions, the members should interchange them with each other, and then meet for the revision of the whole and the completion of the joint production. But the distance of the members from each other has made it difficult for them to take note of each other's progress, and to interchange their respective contributions with advantage, previous to a general meeting for consultation and revision. I have therefore thought it most convenient, for the other members of the committee as well as for myself, to present my own views of the whole work by essaying a draft of the whole, hoping that my colleagues may do the same." The author, with equal modesty and precision, requests his readers to note that his work is put forth, not as a completed code, nor even as the completed outlines of a code, but only as the Draft Outlines. The volume, indeed, is a free offering toward the realization of that dream of humanity, — the reign of law and reason in the intercourse of nations. Mr. Field has brought to the performance of this self-imposed task a vast experience in kindred labors, a truly prodigious learning, a power of sustained toil such as few men possess, and a zeal in the cause designed to be promoted that does him very great honor. Nothing will more surprise readers unversed in such studies, than the great number of topics which the contemplated code must embrace. Nations touch one another at so many points, that Mr. Field has been obliged to subdivide his work into one thousand and eight articles. The regulations with regard to ships' lights in fog and in darkness are twenty in number; but their due observance would render collision nearly impossible. Hundreds of the articles relate to the mitigation of the horrors of war, aiming to define with exactness who may, and who may not, be taken prisoner; who may, and who may not, be

slain; what are the rights of the various classes of combatants and non-combatants; what regulations should govern truces, armistices, paroles, and capitulations. Among the most labored and valuable parts of the volume are the articles relating to a uniform system of weights and measures, longitude, time, and money, in preparing which Mr. Field enjoyed the assistance of President Barnard of Columbia College. Some of the subjects treated appear for the first time in international literature. Oceanic telegraphy could find no fitter lawgiver than the brother of its most resolute promoter. The time is auspicious for the appearance of such a volume as this. The happy issue of the Geneva arbitration and the distinct revolt of the International Society against the crushing war system of Europe have revived the faith of sanguine philanthropists in the possibility of a speedy partial disarmament of the great powers. It is terrible to think what a very large portion of the revenues of every country — about four fifths is the usual average — is expended in maintaining armies and navies. Mr. Field's work contemplates and hastens the coming of a period when the differences that now arise between nations will be, for the most part, prevented by a general knowledge and acceptance of what justice requires of each in all the common instances of collision, and when the more serious and complicated questions will be referred to tribunals similar to that which recently closed its labors at Geneva. We are gratified that the United States is the first of the nations to be ready with an offering toward the international code which the jurists of Christendom have it in charge to construct.

— We are inclined to believe, with Mr. Whittier, in his note prefixed to Mrs. Woolson's book, that the volume will "find favor with a large class of readers." The writer's aim, as stated by herself, is "to depict, as truthfully as may be, the successive stages of woman's life, as she passes from girlhood to mature age." For six thousand years, she says, "woman has been man's constant companion on this little planet"; yet he seems to regard her as an unknown quantity in his present calculations; and has set himself to studying her, of late, with as fresh an interest as if she had just dropped from the skies." However recent the discussion of woman's affairs, it has been vigorous enough to stale its variety for many of us; but the papers which compose this little book are of a character to remind us that the subject *is* still fresh and full of suggestion. We begin with a spirited little sketch of the schoolgirl, and, after being told about ornamental young ladies, have rehearsed for us the prevailing fashions of getting married. In a chapter on The Better Way, the writer maintains that women should be allowed to make proposals of marriage, as well as men, — the proposal being left freely to come from whichever of the parties circumstances may impel to speak. Invalidism as a Pursuit is the happy title of one of the chapters. These brief essays were originally printed separately in a Boston newspaper; but they are quite above the average of newspaper writings, in their freshness, pliant grace of expression, and epigrammatic conciseness; and hardly anyone, whatever his or her views, can fail to find some profit in so calm yet ardent a treatment of the questions they discuss as is here supplied. No particular measure of reform is insisted upon with such force as to disturb the placid literary tone of the papers. A change is needed in woman's physical training; she must be enabled, through higher education, to lead a dignified life, valuable to the world whether blessed with conjugal love or not; the feminine feeling about marriage must be enlightened and dignified before we can have "queens of home" enough in this country to insure, in another generation purer morals, a more vital Christian humanity, than the present one possesses. Such is approximately the train of thought followed in this modest and agreeable little volume.

— The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country is the antic name of that strange last performance of Mr. Browning's, to which, for reasons of his own, he has given the outward form and typographical mask of poetry; but why he should have called it Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, sooner than The Man in the Moon, or Ding-Dong Bell, does not finally appear to the distracted reader of the work. The story is, if we do not misstate the parenthetical nightmare, founded on the case of a certain Monsieur Léonce Miranda, son of a rich jeweller of Paris, who lives out of wedlock with a Madame Clara Muhlhausen, a lady accustomed to a variety of protection, till his mother suddenly dies, when, being at heart ascetic as well as sensual, he is stricken with such terrible remorse that he renounces his

mistress, appoints a time to meet his relations and pass over his father's now-inherited business to them, and is discovered, through the key-hole, reading his love-letters, which he finally puts into a chest and holds in the fire till it is consumed and his guilty hands with it. He fights with the burning stumps the cousins who rush in to save him from himself; he lies weeks in a mad joy at his sacrifice, and with the first return of health drives straight to his mistress, and resumes his old relations with her. He sells out the jewelry business at an extremely good price to his kinsfolk, and retires with his leman to his country-place in Normandy, where they become the devoutest benefactors of a particular Madonna in a certain church; he gives jewels, and madame bestows laces; and at last one fine morning, after twenty years of adultery winked at by the Church, the devout Miranda leaps from the top of his château, in the persuasion that the Virgin of La Ravissante will bear him safely up and set him safely down in front of her shrine. This of course does not happen. M. Miranda is killed, his cousins come to break the will and turn out Madame Muhlhausen; but that notable woman had previously caused Miranda to leave his substance to the church of La Ravissante, and to give herself only a life-use of the estate. The church sustains her, and so does the court, deciding that as the cousins have done business with Miranda all these years, they can now allege no proof of his insanity; and there Madame Muhlhausen still lives till the church inherits her. Such is the story, not otherwise than horrible and revolting in itself; and it is so told as to bring out its worst with a far-reaching insinuation, and an occasional frantic rush at expression of its unseemliness for which the manure-heap affords the proper imagery of "dung," and "devil's dung." We suppose we shall be told of power in the story; and power there undeniably is, else no one could be dragged through the book by it. The obscurity of three fourths of it — of nearly all, one might say, except the merely narrative passages — becomes almost amusing. It seems as if Mr. Browning lay in wait, and, lest any small twinkling or glimmer of meaning should reach his reader, sprang out and popped a fresh parenthesis on the offending chink that let it through. Fifty-six mortal pages explain why the story is called Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, but without making the reader understand why, and he is left dancing upon nothing for many pages more, till his aching foot is glad to rest even on the uncleanly history of M. Miranda's intrigue and lunacy. The poem — if it is a poem — is as unhandsome as it is unwholesome; it is both bad art and bad taste, and is to be defended, it seems to us, neither as a lesson from a miserable fact, nor as a successful bit of literary realism.

— One of the most illustrious names in the later era of Danish literature is Wilhelm Bergsöe. He was born February 8, 1835, and devoted his early life to the study of zoölogy. At the age of twenty-nine he had already made several discoveries which gained him a wide local fame and the degree of *Doctor Philosophiæ*. Some ten years ago his eyesight began to fail him, and a long and severe illness still further disqualified him for the pursuit of his favorite study. But while the body languished the imagination was only the more active; his early love for literature, which had, indeed, never deserted him, revived; and in the year 1866 he surprised the world by the publication of *Fra Piazza del Popolo*, a masterly romance, embodying his reminiscences of Italy, whither his sickness had compelled him to resort. The ingenious complications of the plot, the delightfully fresh and original handling of old themes, and, above all, that deeply poetical tone which pervades every scene of the book immediately established the author's claim to universal attention; and since the publication of *Fra Piazza del Popolo* his fame has been rapidly advancing beyond the boundaries of his native land, until at present no work of his is issued from the press at Copenhagen without being at once translated into the languages of the neighboring nations.

In the Sabine Mountains is a series of letters purporting to have been written to a friend in Denmark during the author's residence in the village of Gennazzano in the Papal territory. They contain the writer's impressions of the scenery and people among whom his daily life is thrown, and gradually form themselves into a plot of absorbing interest. The characters are drawn with consummate skill, and with a calm decision which strongly reminds one of Turgénieff. Some of them are actual revelations, — persons whom you recognize as realities as soon as you meet them, although you may never have happened to see them before; but they continue to haunt your memory long after their connection with

the story has been forgotten. Such characters are the old, cruel, and superstitious *cancelliere*, who weeps at the memory of his "sainted wife," whose death he had hastened by his own brutal behavior; the curious old monk,—the "mail-box,"—with his passion for postage-stamps; and the revolutionary apothecary, whose ludicrous traits have almost the dignity of pathos, when coupled with his patriotic devotion to Garibaldi, his hatred of the Pope, and his sublime yearnings for "a united Italy." Nothing can be more charming than the little autobiographical sketch by means of which the author introduces this interesting household to our acquaintance. On a rainy spring morning he starts from Rome with the *vetturino*, and after various mishaps reaches Gennazzano. In the house of his hostess, Anna Maria, live Signor Carnevale, the revolutionary apothecary, and the old cancelliere with his beautiful daughter, Adele. Other members of the household are Marietta, a servant-maid, black-eyed, jealous, and fickle; and her lover, Tommaso, a square-built, honest lad, who has charge of the vineyards. The apothecary is strongly attracted by the charms of Marietta, who is haunted by the prospect of becoming a signora, although Carnevale's dyed whiskers and loose wig continually repel her. Padre Eusebio, a fierce, scowling monk and Adele's confessor, has offered the cancelliere a handsome reward for having her educated for the convent, and the cancelliere, with whom money is all-powerful, has concluded the bargain. But the author by accident becomes possessed of the secret that Adele has a lover; and other discoveries confirm him in the belief that she cannot be the cancelliere's daughter. Near Gennazzano he witnesses an engagement between a detachment of French troops and a band of Italian robbers; the robbers are defeated; and among them we meet for the first time a mysterious person, who, in various disguises, figures throughout the book. His real name is Leone Righetti, but he is usually spoken of as *Il condannato*. His brother, Paolo Righetti, has written a drama, *Il Triregno*, protesting against the temporal power of the Pope; and Leone, who is an actor, plays the hero's *rôle*, supplies from memory the passages which the censors have stricken out, and consequently before long finds himself in the dungeons of St. Angelo. Soon, however, he makes his escape and openly joins the friends of Italian liberty. Again he is captured, and again his ingenuity baffles the watchfulness of his keepers. His life is a never-ending tale of suffering and privation. The Papal spies hunt him from place to place; but his courage never fails him, and he never loses his faith in "the united Italy." He is the ideal hero of Italian liberty. Righetti, as might be expected, proves to be Adele's father. By the aid of Carlo, her lover, the secretary of the governor, he once more escapes from prison, but soon returns in a new disguise, and, after many difficulties, succeeds in carrying off his daughter to Ischia, where she marries Carlo. Padre Eusebio is killed, and the cancelliere drinks himself to death. In the mean time Carnevale, the apothecary, has not spent his time in idleness. His heart has been constantly wavering between his two mistresses, Italy and Marietta, whom he finds it difficult to reconcile; for Marietta is a good Catholic and firmly believes in the existing order of things. Finally, in consequence of Marietta's faithlessness, he deserts his other mistress, compromises with his enemies, and emigrates to Ischia. Here he attends mass regularly, venerates the priests, and rises to be a great man in the community. Five years later the author finds him so much changed as hardly to recognize him. His sallow cheeks have swelled to a pleasant rotundity, his waist has at least doubled its dimensions, and there is a certain venerable tranquillity in his bearing, very different from the mysterious restlessness of the revolutionist of Gennazzano. Highly characteristic is the way in which Carnevale appeases his conscience, whenever it accuses him of being a hypocrite and a coward.

"Yes," says he, "I have at last found a way. While the sheep of faith bleated and bellowed around me, while the priests prayed and the monks sniffled, I kept singing as my litany, *E pur si muove!—E pur si muove!* And I remembered that the thought, the free, unbounded thought, will continue to move, until it shall have broken every barrier which opposes its progress."

Mr. Bergsöe's work is a great improvement on the old romantic fiction in which monks, nuns, and peasants figure. Not a single scene is overdrawn, not a single character toned above nature. The material seems to be so abundant, the incidents so varied, and the dramatic power so inexhaustible, that one might justly apply

to it what has been said of Jean Paul's Hesperus,— it contains solid metal enough to fit out whole circulating libraries were it beaten into the usual filigree.

The Bride of Rörvig is a story of Danish peasant life. Marie, the heroine, is one of those tender, delicate natures which owe none of their charms to the artificial culture of society. Her father, Lars Hansen, is a plain alderman of the pilot guild, and lives in a little fishing-port on the coast of Jutland. In her childhood she has an invisible companion, Mitra, who forewarns her of coming events, and gives her a ring which plays an important part in the development of the story. In her lonely wanderings on the strand she sees strange visions, and her childish imagination personifies the cliffs, the fir-trees, and every object of the surrounding landscape. Her fancies estrange her from the neighbors, and even her parents find her odd. She grows to womanhood, and her rare beauty gains her many admirers, among whom a young sailor, Halvar Johnson, is the favored one. But her father has already promised her hand to Niels Ilde, a man who has returned from China with his purse filled with Spanish piasters, and with the suspicion of having murdered the captain of his vessel. On the heath, not far from Lars Hansen's house, is a dangerous swamp called the Cow-Kettle, where the bubbling water is in continual disturbance, and of which many dark legends are told. One night when Halvar comes from an interview with Marie, his rival attacks him, and precipitates him into the depths of the Cow-Kettle. Halvar escapes with the loss of his coat and his betrothal ring, which for security's sake he had fastened to the sleeve. Knowing the character of Niels Ilde, and having but little to hope from the leniency of Lars Hansen so long as he is only a poor sailor, he determines to go abroad to better his fortunes, ships on a Russian schooner, and sails before daybreak. He sends a message to Marie, which never reaches her. Niels Ilde presses his suit, but meets with no more favor than before. Marie spends the years wearily, brooding over her sorrow, until at last she becomes so strange and bewildered as to appear hopelessly insane. Night and day she sits at her distaff, spinning at her bridal linen; her physical health begins to fail; and her father too late regrets his hardness. During this state of things the author makes a naturalist's excursion along the coast of Jutland, and takes up his abode with Lars Hansen. Soon after his arrival he surprises Niels Ilde in the act of throwing a large boulder into the Cow-Kettle; his curiosity is excited, and, having searched the swamp, he draws out a coat with a gold ring attached to it. Three years pass, during which Marie's state has been changing from bad to worse. At the end of this period the author again visits Jutland, and finds Lars Hansen and his family at the tomb of St. Helena, to whom the legends attribute supernatural powers of healing. In the clear summer night, while the young girl sleeps upon the tomb, he places the ring upon her breast. She wakes, and accepts it as a blessed assurance from heaven that her lover is safe and will return to her. A year later Halvar is rescued from a burning vessel, and celebrates his wedding with Marie. Niels Ilde finds his death at sea on the very day of his rival's return. We are not prepared to say whether the author has done well in tracing the further course of their wedded life, which apparently runs smoothly, but still fails to satisfy our just expectations. Halvar, in the character of a ruthless reformer, is an altogether new and somewhat harsh element, which accords ill with that tranquil pensiveness which pervades the earlier part of the book. He loves his wife; but there is a radical difference in their dispositions; their love is totally devoid of any spiritual element; and the reader cannot but question whether, from the outset, at least on Marie's part, it has been anything more than that indefinite craving for affection which, at some time or other, will make itself felt in every youth's and maiden's heart. Halvar, after the death of his wife, continues to break down all the old landmarks so dear to her, fills up the Cow-Kettle, mines the cliffs, and at last leaves his old, heartbroken father-in-law to mourn the loss of all that he had loved and cherished.

As a whole, the story is wonderfully well told; the portrayal of passion is vivid and powerful; and every page gives evidence of the author's profound knowledge of the human heart. The descriptions of the dismal heaths and barren coast scenery of Jutland are strikingly picturesque; the style is luxuriant and yet graceful, rising at times into an impassioned strength and dignity. To anyone who desires to acquaint himself with the real nature and genius of Denmark we know of no work we could more heartily recommend.

ART.

IT is to the profound and patient investigations of German students that we owe the foundations of artistic archæology. Winckelmann, Lessing, Brunn, Overbeck, Michaelis, Hahn, and their compatriots have been for several generations recognized as the leaders of criticism on antique art; and in the volumes which we have before us in so presentable a shape, Dr. Lübke* has given a *résumé* of all that has been collated, up to this time, of the evidences, documentary or other, of the authorship and country of all the most celebrated antiques preserved to us.

If, however, we concede to Dr. Lübke's work this value, and that which belongs to an accurate chronology of art, we must make the grave objection that it has an inordinate disposition to hazard, on insufficient bases, opinions as to that which cannot be known except by evidence of unmistakable inscription, namely, the authorship of individual works, and in few cases even the schools to which they belong. It is not enough that one should have all the known facts at one's fingers' ends; it is necessary to have also that rare and inexplicable diagnostic perception which is almost unknown in German intellect and only in tolerable degree known to the French, while its best examples are found in the English mind. So far as facts can lead him, the German critic goes safely and surely; but when that faculty of discovery (theory), which is as purely an imaginative power as that involved in the conception of a statue or poem is needed, it is *almost* (remembering Kepler) hopeless to expect it of a Teutonic brain. That brief flight from the last-found fact to the sure footing in the unknown is more than it has imaginative power for; and the servile fidelity to the minute traces which lead it to so great results debars it from the field of *un*demonstrable truth, or of clear intuition.

It is by his comprehension of Greek art and its relations that a critic must be measured, because that art embodies, in the purest and subtlest forms, all the principles of art so far as the human mind to-day comprehends it, and because it is the basis of all art — *as art*. And in his opening chapter on the "Origin and Nature of Greek Plastic Art," Dr. Lübke expresses more demonstrable error than should be sufficient to upset the authority of any critic. The early civilization of Greece is, for instance, ascribed to the "Doric migration" having "driven the Ionians to the islands and coasts of Asia Minor"; which, in some most inexplicable way, "calls forth the sparks of a new and vigorous life by bringing together different characters, the old civilized relations were shattered and broken through, before they could pass into Oriental deadness." The only rational explanation of this is that the Dorians, "rude mountain tribes," broke in on Hellas and drove its people to Asia Minor, whence they brought back civilization; but Dr. Lübke tells us that "the old civilized relations" (what old ones?) were shattered before they "could pass into Oriental deadness," — whatever that may mean in connection with the idea that the arts were derived from the East by Greece, since he says, "If, therefore, the Greeks, undoubtedly in the earliest ages, received the elements of the art from the East, — this refers chiefly to the transmission of certain technical rules, namely, those of bronze sculpture, fashioning in clay, and weaving."

From this point, with a measure of rhetorical absurdity which cannot be ascribed in any considerable degree to the wretched but faithful translation, he goes on as follows: —

"But in other and no less essential points Greek art seems opposed to the Oriental, namely, in her relation to Nature. The Oriental does not take his stand freely and self-consciously in reference to Nature, but he is entangled in her fetters, whether he is overwhelmed with her tropical luxuriance or dependent in his whole existence on her overpowering requirements as Egypt is on the Nile. Hence, in the plastic works of the East, there is never a perfectly free and completely noble human form; on the contrary, ruler and slave alike are depicted in the same constrained, unlifelike mode which betrays an inward want of freedom; hence, the animal world only — in which

* History of Sculpture from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, Professor of Art-History at the Polytechnicum of Stuttgart. Translated by F. E. Bunnétt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

there can be no idea of mental freedom or the lack of it — is conceived with any truth to life. The Greek was the first, set free as he was from the ban of Nature, who was able to conceive the human form in all its depth, and to depict it in its natural beauty and intellectual freedom. Wholly ideal in her *purport*, Greek Sculpture reverts to Nature for her forms. But just because the purport powerfully reacts on the form, this adherence to Nature is combined with a grandeur and majesty of feeling which never allows it to degenerate into aught that is base or little": from all which preposterous nonsense one may gather that the author affects metaphysics, but has a moderate acquaintance only with common-sense.

But it is not only in opinion that Dr. Lübke is superfluous: as soon as he passes into the difficult but important region of conjectural history, he becomes as illogically speculative as in the later periods. "Migrating from the East in the dim ages of antiquity, the ancestors of the Hellenists had an Asiatic type of form, although, perhaps, not so much the Semitic character prevailing on Egyptian and Ninevite monuments as an Aryan character"; and again, in this equivocal looking into "the dim ages of antiquity," he returns to Egypt and the "Dorian migration." "On a closer examination we shall, then, see that, in the first place, no certain evidence is to be found of any Egyptian influence. With regard to the old Babylonish-Assyrian art, on the contrary, there is no doubt that the Greeks in the earliest ages experienced important influence from it. How far the civilization of the heroic age was dependent on that of Asia, we shall demonstrate in the historical survey. But we know moreover that with the Doric migration a new spirit pervaded the Greek people, calling forth a breach with the East and an independent assertion of the true Greek nature in forms of government, life, and art. All that had been learned and acquired from the East in the earlier epoch — not merely technical skill, especially in the working of metals, but also the outward character and even the artistic form of the representations — was firmly retained; but from the still strong Oriental form there struggled forth to light a new and genuine Hellenic spirit, which soon burst asunder the stale traditionary types as a burdensome fetter, and created for itself a peculiar and independent utterance."

It is impossible for even Lübke not to see that a derivation of Greek art from Egyptian is untenable; but as he has been educated in the notion that it came in some way from the East, he wanders along the coast of Asia Minor seeking its cradle. It must be "Babylonish-Assyrian"; and the "Asiatic type of form" must be — what? It is now rather ascribed to Phœnician ancestry; but in order to maintain this theory, it is necessary to make the Etruscans also Phœnicians, and to attribute the work of the Argive civilization also to Phœnicia; and so our author says of the Lions of Mycenæ, — a work which is, in fact, the key of the problem: —

"More important still is a monument belonging certainly to a pre-Homeric age, and recently made accessible to all by plaster casts, namely, the famous Lion Gate at Mycenæ. At the main entrance of the old royal castle of Mycenæ, in a pediment inserted above the upper beam of the portal, there is a slab of limestone with two lions in haut-relief standing erect on either side of a column. . . . . The constrained style and almost heraldic attitude of the animals resulting from their architectural position is combined with a tolerably lifelike adherence to nature, — a circumstance which might infer Ninevite influence; on the other hand, there is a striking diversity to all Assyrian works in the utter absence of the hair of the mane and body, which is characteristic of their productions. We may therefore assert, with regard to this earliest work of European sculpture, that in severity of style it perceptibly surpasses the works of Nimroud. But at the same time the design itself in its architectural framework calls to mind those figures of Assyrian art which are grouped in symmetrical parallelism round a decorative centre. There it was an ornamental creation of free art; here, in the column with its substructure and entablature, we find a miniature imitation of the earliest wooden building."

This "wooden building" of Dr. Lübke is nothing more nor less than an altar with the wood on it ready for the fire; and its Babylonish-Assyrian derivation may be judged of from the fact that its date is not later than B. C. 1300, and is probably much older; while the earliest Babylonish-Assyrian work is from B. C. 923 to 899, following the author's chronology based on the English and French investigations, and from the admitted fact that its character is strikingly diverse from that of Asia. In fact, the Lions of Mycenæ are the direct progenitors of Eginetan sculpture, and, quite

likely, of Assyrian as well. They form the culmination, so far as known, of a range of works extending from Fiesole to the coast of Asia Minor, and known as Pelasgic, which have no affinity of any kind with Egyptian work, either in spirit or method of execution.

Dr. Lübke is equally hazardous when he comes to treat of individual works of historical times; and in his characterization of the epochs of their production he follows a system by far too rigid. There is no law of analysis by which the work of an untrained individual in an advanced epoch can be distinguished from that of an individual in an untrained epoch. Nothing in criticism is more hazardous than assigning a work to a given author on the authority of a verbal tradition; and we must put Pliny and Pausanias where we put the critics of our daily press; they are good for facts when we know them to be truthful, and only to be accepted as judges when we can compare their judgments with the works. By this standard Pliny is only an old gossip not worth quoting, and Pausanias no more worth listening to than a correspondent of the Daily Aurora. But Lübke goes far beyond the warrant of these authors. He assumes that, as certain artists are known to have executed certain subjects, and similar works have been found, the former were the authors and the latter their works; but no assumption can be more perilous, few so unjustifiable, as those Lübke has been guilty of. As an example, he says of Cresilas, that he made a wounded Amazon and he assumes at once that several marble statues of wounded Amazons are copies of this, and assigns them categorically to this artist.

In fine, we must count Dr. Lübke, as an authority, the very lowest of all who have devoted themselves to the history of art. It would be difficult to find another so whimsical, unintuitive, pretentious, or weak in critical judgment; and while his book has an incontestible convenience for chronological reference, and a value for its illustrations, which are surprisingly good, we must decline to accept it as an acquisition to art research.

MUSIC.

London, May 1, 1873.

OF the few things which we have lately heard, two operas, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* at Drury Lane, and Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* at Covent Garden, are the most suggestive to us. We heard *Lucrezia Borgia* (avowedly Donizetti's best work) the other evening, given under as happy conditions as can well be asked for any opera: with Mademoiselle Tietjens as the heroine, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Orsini, and Signor Mongini as Gennaro, a more than competent orchestra under Sir Michael Costa, and with every attention to *mise-en-scène*. But in spite of some most brilliant flashes of genius in the music, and the excellent singing and acting of the performers, the work, as a whole, left a most dreary impression upon us. Even the finest passages were more tantalizing than satisfying; the suggestion they conveyed of what might have been was too painful to allow of any perfect enjoyment of what was. To take one exhaustive example, we will mention the famous *larghetto ensemble* piece, "*Maffeo Orsini, Signora, son io,*" in the prologue. What instrument in the whole orchestra could furnish a fitter accompaniment to the grand, proclaiming theme, and better add brilliancy and decision to its rich, Southern sensuousness than the trumpet? Of all the instruments which Berlioz calls *epic*, the trumpet is the most nobly heroic. But it can only speak effectively in its own language; in the movement in question, instead of a grand proclamation, a crushing denunciation, in which every note of the trumpet should draw blood, we have a pair of trumpets compelled to mere emasculated cooing in thirds and sixths, and all grandeur gives way to vulgar bathos. The theme is thoroughly beautiful, and in every way worthy of the dramatic situation, which is a strong one; it is the very beauty of the theme itself that imperatively forces the unworthiness of the accompaniment and this cheap degradation of the trumpet upon our notice, whereas, in a more commonplace composition, it might have been easily

overlooked. To us the most completely beautiful number in the opera is Lucrezia's air, "*M'odi, ah! m'odi,*" in the last act. Here, in spite of the total absence of all dramatic realism, there is a purity and truth of sentiment in the music that at once disarms all criticism. This air, as, indeed, all the music of the part, was superbly given by Mademoiselle Tietjens, whose voice, if it show some slight marks of wear, is still entirely under her control, both in respect to intonation and variety of *timbre*, and whose rare qualities as an artist are probably unsurpassed by those of any singer now living. Signor Mongini, although not in good voice, made a very good Gennaro, especially in the stronger passages; but his acting is too much of the stereotyped, Italian-Opera stamp to show to advantage beside Mademoiselle Tietjens and in his dying air, the augmented intervals of which must be given with perfect exactness to be tolerable, his attempts at a too realistic rendering of the music resulted in an uncertainty of intonation that greatly marred the performance. Madame Trebelli-Bettini's Orsini was characterized by great perfection of vocalization and the air of high-bred *insouciance* which is associated with that noble young rake; although to those who have been accustomed to the light, devil-may-care joviality of Miss Adelaide Phillips's impersonation, her acting might seem a thought wanting in piquancy. She was best in the pathetic portions of the *rôle*, and the famous cry "*Gennaro!*" from behind the scenes in the last act, was given with thrilling effect.

Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* seems to us to be marked by some of the composer's best as well as by some of his very worst traits. Excepting the consummate mastery over the modern orchestra that is shown in every page, some passages in the work, had they appeared in an Offenbach *opéra-bouffe*, might have been looked upon as a very clever musical satire upon Meyerbeer's style. The unison chorus, "*Dieu qui le monde révère,*" is almost ludicrous in its weak turgidity, especially in the phrase, "*Fais que ta grâce infini-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-e,*" where a cyclopean accent falls upon each separate *i*. The *allegretto* of Sélika's swan-song in the upas-tree scene, "*Un cygne au doux ramage,*" although full of a certain Parisian grace, seems to us thoroughly unworthy of the situation, which is a fine one, and one of great musical capabilities.

The scene can very well be compared to the closing scene in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde;* but Meyerbeer's conception is so lacking in dignity when compared with Wagner's, is so wholly theatrical, that one feels a touch of ill-will against the composer for taking up our time with such effete trivialities. As to the rest of the opera, with the exception of the very beautiful march theme at the entry of the Brahmins (Brahmins, with all their temples and sacred books, in Madagascar, in the time of Vasco de Gama!) in the fourth act, we can as yet arrive at no conclusion; but we very much fear that it is immensely tedious. The performance was, in the main, a fine one; the orchestra, under Signor Vianesi, doing full justice to Meyerbeer's elaborate orchestration, and the chorus singing in good time and tune. Signor Nicolini made a superb Vasco de Gama, in singing, acting, and personal appearance. His voice is a clear, strong tenor, of expressive quality, and his delivery is good. Signor Contogni as Nélusko was also extremely good, never overdoing the savage *brusquerie* of the part. Madame Sinico, thorough, conscientious artist as she is, was entirely satisfying as Inès. The new Sélika, Madame Albani, did not make any very marked impression one way or another.

Saturday afternoon, the 26th instant, Mr. Manns gave his benefit concert at the Crystal Palace, assisted by various excellent artists. The programme consisted, among other things, of the overture and opening chorus, "Now May again" from Mendelssohn's Walpurgis-Night, the two movements of Schubert's unfinished gem of a Symphony in B-minor, Beethoven's Fantasia for piano-forte, chorus, and orchestra, and the Tannhäuser Overture. Mr. Sims Reeves sang (mirabile dictu!) Handel's "Deeper and Deeper still," and "Waft her, Angels," from Jephthah, and songs by Mendelssohn and Mariani; Madame Otto-Alvsleben sang Mozart's "*Gli angui d'inferno*"; Madame Norman-Neruda played a violin Fantasia by Ernst; and some of the customary Italian opera airs made up the list. We wish that the acoustic properties of the Crystal Palace concert-room were such as to have given us a better opportunity for judging of the quality of Mr. Manns's orchestra. The room may be described as particularly favorable to an orchestra, inasmuch as everything heard in it sounds so vague and uncertain that all but the most glaring defects in performance are

inevitably covered up. If there were any technical defects in the playing of Mr. Manns's orchestra, they were unperceived by us, while we could catch glimpses of so many and great excellences, that we felt the performance could well bear being placed in a stronger and more searching light. One thing that particularly delighted us was Mr. Manns's most admirable reading of the Tannhäuser Overture. The Pilgrims' Chorus was for once taken slowly enough. The grandeur of this theme, taken at the *tempo* Wagner has plainly indicated in the score, can hardly be imagined even by its most ardent admirers, if they have only heard it at the tempo usual with us. It is a severe task for the trombones, to be sure, to sustain the long, *fortissimo* notes at so slow a tempo; but on the other hand, the too habitual forcing, with us, of the tone in brass instruments becomes here physically impossible, if the notes are to be sustained at all; and in Mr. Manns's rendering of the overture, instead of the vulgar, crackling blare of trombones, which has, unfortunately, in many minds, become inseparably associated with the "Music of the Future," we hear grandly sustained tones, comparable to those of the organ in decision and strength, and of inexpressible dignity. Then again the tempestuous accompanying figure of the violins gains greatly in volume of tone, and consequently in effect, when not forced to the damaging pace that we are accustomed to. In the final recurrence of the theme, the stirring effect of the slow, measured chant of the trombones, this time reinforced by three trumpets, heard through, but not overpowering, the whirlwind of the strings, almost surpasses belief.

The one point in the overture that was unsatisfactorily rendered was Venus's enticing theme (to the words "*Geliebter, komm', sieh' dort die Grotte,*" in the opera), which the clarinet holds against the tremolo of the violins and the spiral, ascending figure of the dancing nymphs. In this passage, if anywhere in the overture, absolute repose in the rendering is indispensable to the proper effect; and when we consider the almost insurmountable technical difficulties it presents to even the best trained orchestras, we cannot be surprised at the repeated failures we hear on all hands to realize the composer's ideal. The ever-lovely Schubert B-minor came as a welcome friend; but we are not sure that Mr. Manns's rather rapid tempo in the first movement did not rob the composition of much of its effect. The movement is marked *allegro moderato*, and the fascinating little second theme on the celli will not bear hurrying, or it loses much of its idyllic grace. But for this the symphony was superbly given. Beethoven's Choral Fantasia was given with great spirit and precision. Mr. Charles Halle played the piano-forte part with all his accustomed finish and well-thought-out perfection of style, though a certain coldness and want of inspiration cannot but make itself felt in all that he does. Madame Otto-Alvsleben led the double terzetto of soloists with all the decision and artistic self-reliance that we remember to have admired in her some four years ago in Dresden. Her voice is strong and agreeable in quality, although a certain flutiness of timbre, a want of the fine, mordant, reedy quality that we notice in most of the *great* soprani, makes her singing lose in absolute distinctness of outline what it gains in perhaps rather insipid sweetness. Nevertheless, her rendering of the taxing Mozart aria was thoroughly fine, and showed her intrinsic musicianship to be far above the average. Mr. Sims Reeves's singing of the great recitative and air from Jephthah was interesting, and that, too, from other causes than his great reputation alone. What remains of his voice, after so many years' use, is still exquisite in timbre, light, delicate, and elastic, and of most sympathetic quality. That singing has become somewhat of an exertion to him was very evident; and we would set down a certain tendency to sentimentalism — an exaggeration of soft and delicate effects that was noticeable in his style — to the necessity of husbanding his now limited vocal means to the utmost, rather than to a want of appreciation of the nobler and simpler qualities of the music. But in every note that he sang, in the exquisitely finished turning of every phrase, the consummate artist was plainly evident, and his singing was not made up of good intentions merely. Probably no singer was ever so careful of his voice as Mr. Sims Reeves has been throughout his whole professional career. He has always steadily refused to sing unless his voice was in perfect condition; and the number of disappointing medical certificates that hungry audiences have had to accept in his stead, has become a standing joke with the good-natured English public. But we of the younger generation are now reaping the fruits of our fathers'

disappointments in hearing the great singer's voice in hardly diminished beauty.

But after all, the thing that has most delighted us as yet in London has been Madame Norman-Neruda's violin-playing. We are almost afraid to write about her, lest from common-sense we fall into rhapsodizing. We have always held that the violin is essentially a woman's instrument. Since the days of Liszt and the modern piano-forte demigods, and the modern changes in the mechanical construction of the piano-forte itself, female pianists have had an insurmountable obstacle to fight against, namely, the want of physical, muscular strength. Mademoiselle Marie Krebs has, indeed, wonderful strength; but let us only look at her position at the instrument, and we see how she gets her enormous power. She sits almost half a foot higher over the key-board than any pianist we have ever seen. Her arms fall almost vertically from the shoulder, with a very slight bend at the elbow. The keyboard is almost in her lap. She thus gets an immense power of striking almost straight from the shoulder, but this power is got at the expense of that delicate command over the wrist and fingers through a horizontal forearm. What she gains in intensity of tone she loses in quality. The man who brought the finest quality of tone out of the instrument, of all who ever played, was probably L. M. Gottschalk. Now, he sat so low down that the key-board came opposite his chest, much lower than any other pianist we have ever heard. All the strength he applied came from the wrist and forearm; he struck the keys with that peculiar elastic movement that we notice in the paw of a kitten, when she pats a ball of yarn. His position at the instrument was peculiarly adapted to this mode of striking, but peculiarly ill-adapted to gaining great power of striking hard. But all who ever heard Gottschalk play must remember his enormous power in strong passages. Gottschalk had, in fact, unusually great muscular strength in his arms, unusually great even for a strong man; and it was this extraordinary strength alone that enabled him to sit so low as he did. To compare his playing with Mademoiselle Krebs's, he did not probably play much louder than she does; but in all his loudest passages he preserved that resonant, elastic quality of tone which was one of the greatest charms of his playing, whereas Mademoiselle Krebs has to *force her tone*, as it is called, by the direct application of all her strength, to the detriment of its *quality*. But in violin-playing this extreme degree of muscular strength is not required. The greatest female violinists have, to our ears, a pure, searching quality of tone, superior to that of any man we have ever heard; though we must confess to not yet having heard Joachim (or, indeed, Madame Schumann on the piano-forte). In this point Madame Neruda stands pre-eminent; in all purely technical respects, she is also fully equal to any female violinist. But it is in the higher artistic qualities, the breadth and perfection of phrasing, and, above all, the intense, unforced, feminine passion of her playing, and the finely cultivated musicianship she evinces, that she stands above all violinists we have yet heard.

At a very interesting chamber-concert given by Miss Agnes Zimmermann at the Hanover Square Rooms, we were especially delighted with an original suite for piano-forte, violin, and cello by the concert-giver herself. The suite consists of five movements, namely: 1. *Introduction and Allegro con Spirito;* 2. *Canon à la septième;* 3. *Gavotte;* 4. *Air;* 5. *Gique.* The composition shows throughout an easy mastery over musical form, and, what is more, a genuinely musical spirit that really surprised us. Many composers who have made no mean name in the world, might be glad to own Miss Zimmermann's suite. As a pianist, Miss Zimmermann, if she gives no distinct signs of genius, must take a respectable rank from her well-considered and intellectual readings of the works of the great masters. The glorious Neruda also took part in the concert, and showed that mastery and admirable *entrainant* leadership in the concerted piece that one might expect from her genius. Herr Strauss's performance of the violin part of Schubert's *Rondeau brillant* showed that there are some strong, reposeful, masculine qualities in violin-playing that can shine, even beside the passionate genius of a Neruda. We must here bring our somewhat rambling letter to a close. Of Dr. Hans von Bülow and the concert of the Wagner Society, next time.

W. F. A.

POLITICS.

THE report of the Erie Investigating Committee to the Legislature of New York has not attracted much public attention. The public mind is already so full of new scandals, that the old ones of two or three years back with difficulty find elbow-room.

In most of the States — and the Credit Mobilier inquiry of last winter shows that the practice is not improbably to be made part of the annual Congressional business also — it has now become the duty of each legislature to investigate the corruption of its predecessor, and of course such investigations soon lose their flavor. Once admitted that everybody is corrupt, and corruption becomes no more interesting than universal honesty. Nevertheless, the Erie report is of some interest, as it traces down to a very late date the remarkable history of a remarkable corporation, — one which, perhaps, to future generations will present as interesting a subject of study for the "sociologist" as the famous East India Company.

The real history of the "Erie Reform" movement, headed by General Sickles, and brought to a triumphant end by the *coup d'état* of last year, has been told a great many times, but never more thoroughly than by this committee.

The first fact of importance was the existence of two parties among the English stockholders, united at the beginning, but afterwards separated by their diversity of interest, one of them known, by two names of its brokers, as the Heath and Raphael party, and represented in this country by a firm of highly respectable counsel; the other known as the Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt party, so called from the names of another London firm of brokers. There was also a third interest, that of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, — a bankrupt concern connecting with and depending for its value upon the Erie Road, owned partly by Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, partly by a number of speculators in New York, of whom S. L. M. Barlow is perhaps the best known, and partly by James McHenry, one of the best types of the railroad-man of the day, — an adventurer of unbounded imagination and uncertain income, who had conceived the idea that the Atlantic and Great Western was to become part of the great national highway to the West, and had acted upon it with such confidence that the road is to-day saddled with a debt of some $ 109,000,000 (its exact amount is unknown), and has been for a long time utterly without the means of meeting its current liabilities. Some idea of the Atlantic and Great Western, as well as of the character of its principal promoter, may be gathered from facts made public by Mr. James Robb of New York, who was president of the road some nine years ago, for the brief period of three months. Mr. Robb, who was induced in August, 1864, to accept the office of president on representations made by Mr. James McHenry that the capital amounted in round numbers to $ 10,000,000, found, on being inducted into office, that the capital account, "inclusive of shares claimed as being due to James McHenry, contractor, would swell the capital to thirty-five millions of dollars." While he was revolving in his mind how he could reconcile himself to these unpleasant facts, he received in November of the same year the announcement that $ 2,800,000, of 8 per cent debentures were to be issued immediately, payable in November, 1867. Mr. Robb on this resigned his position, and some two years later printed an account of "the deception imposed upon him, which placed him temporarily in official relations with Messrs. McHenry and Kennard, who by skilful management, and aided by the influence and counsel of Sir Morton Peto, have involved people in England and on the continent in the possible loss and forfeiture of investments in the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, to the extent of six million pounds sterling."

This, however, was in 1864. In 1873, a road with a capital of thirty-five millions is a mere pygmy. To have any great power or influence at all, a railroad must have nowadays a much larger debt, and, as we have said, the Atlantic and Great Western now owes $ 109,000,000. Owing as much as this, it begins to be evident that the time has come for great enterprises, and a great one has been undertaken; it has been determined to capture Erie. In this undertaking it has been enabled to secure the as-

sistance of some of the most eminent and powerful men in the United States, including the President, the Minister of the United States to Spain, a number of *bona fide* reformers, defrauded stockholders, and philanthropists, who, through the agency of Heath and Raphael and their counsel, were making a vigorous and honest attempt to recover their property; and besides all these individuals they have succeeded also in securing the aid of the very corporation they proposed to plunder, — the Erie Railroad itself.

The principal difficulty of the true reformers was, that the old Gould-Fisk direction had so intrenched their position that they were beyond the reach of the stockholders, unless they could be removed by a legislative act suspending them from office, and at the same time prevented from getting a new foothold by a repeal of the "Classification Act," under which the board of directors had become a close corporation. To secure these objects they went to work; and, by the aid of the reform movement which was then (1871, 1872) beginning to alter the complexion of New York politics, were gradually succeeding by honest means, when affairs took a strange and unexpected turn.

Mr. F. A. Lane was then counsel to the Erie Railway, and it occurred to his fertile mind that, if he could betray his principal, and find some one who would buy out the old board of directors, bribing them to resign their seats for a round sum of money, the great work of reform would go on far more smoothly as well as more profitably than it would by the slow process of litigation and legislation. He knew also that the existing board had an interest in selling themselves, because Gould himself had begun to think of reforming Erie, by making a new board fit "to give the company standing before the financial public." The market being thus depressed, Lane arranged with certain directors the price that they should receive, and at once sent word by one O'Doherty, since deceased, a gentleman whose profession was "to make disclosures," not to the reformers in New York, nor to the advisers of Heath and Raphael, but, as a wise man would, to James McHenry in London, "offering him a majority of the Erie board" for $1,500,000. "Mr. McHenry's replies were for some time indefinite, but he ultimately agreed," the committee report, "to pay that amount." The funds were placed in the hands of Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, and the next reformer who is taken into the "confidence of the parties engaged" was Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, who, it seems, is Mr. McHenry's legal adviser in the United States.

Meantime General Sickles, who had obtained promises of profitable temporary employment from Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, or McHenry, or both, and at the same time leave of absence from the President, was also in New York, working tooth and nail for reform, and while engaged in the preliminary reconnoisances, was informed of Lane's plans, by the mysterious George Crouch, whose operations in the stock market attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and who was in reality McHenry's man of all work. The "pride and jealousy" of Sickles were naturally aroused, the committee say, by this clandestine attempt to rob him of whatever honor and profit there might be in the undertaking; and accordingly he set "Crouch secretly at work, negotiating with the same parties and to the same end. By skilful financiering, he found that the result could be accomplished for a less sum than had been named by Lane and O'Doherty, and so communicated with McHenry, who broke off the former engagement. Barlow also united with Sickles, and succeeded finally in harmonizing conflicting interests by a promise of positions on the new board, or of sums of money, to the disaffected parties. Matters being finally arranged, Bischoffsheim & Co. inclosed a credit to Barlow in favor of Sickles for $ 300,000. Suffice it to say that, attended by much confusion and risk of failure, the arrangement was carried out, the old directors resigning and receiving their price, and a new board was elected, the nominees of McHenry, which gave him absolute control of the Erie Road. Mr. Gould was evidently not unaware of the matters in progress, but chose to allow the conspiracy to proceed to a certain point, when he was to bring to his aid his old ally, an injunction, to be served at the opportune moment, and thus to thwart the scheme midway in execution; but the aggressive party was too reckless to heed this restraining power, and by disregarding the injunction, got actual possession of the board and offices of the company. General Dix was elected president, H. W. Sherman treasurer, and S. L. M. Barlow counsel. This action was made legal next day by Gould resigning the presidency, and causing a re-election of the new board, the reported consideration for which was the confirmation of certain re-

leases from claims by the Erie Road." It may be worth while, for the sake of historic truth and the information of future reformers, to give the price-list. Messrs. Lane and Thompson received $67,500 each; Simmons, $50,000; Archer, $40,000; Otis, White, and Hilton, $25,000 each; O'Doherty received $25,000, and Gardner $25,000; Crouch was paid $50,000; General Sickles, on his return to London, got $100,000; and $60,000 more were paid the General for "expenses," which came out of the Erie treasury directly. As to the other payments at the election which took place in July following the *coup d'état*, a resolution was passed instructing the board of directors to audit this account and pay it. As to McHenry's and Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt's part in this drama, the committee says "that there is no evidence to show that the latter permanently owned or controlled any considerable amount of stock previous to the election in July. It is in evidence that McHenry, who advanced more than one half the sum used to buy out the directors and for other purposes, was not a permanent holder of Erie stock, and had no direct interest in the welfare of the Erie Road. So much disinterestedness is not commonly found among managers of great corporations, and the secret springs of Mr. McHenry's actions must be sought in his ownership or interest in the Atlantic and Great Western Road, a corporation representing $109,000,000 of stock and bonded debt, and whose affairs are currently believed to be in an insolvent condition. This road has its principal connection with the Erie Railway, and is mainly dependent upon it for the through traffic passing over its track. It is fair to conclude, from the testimony, that McHenry's object in controlling the Erie board was for the purpose of forming intimate relations between the two roads, and thus benefiting the property owned by him, namely, Atlantic and Great Western. The present board was approved by him, McHenry himself being present at the election."

The present board, "approved by McHenry," is governed by the same men who control the Atlantic and Great Western; and so the reform movement ends in the capture of the Erie Railway by a bankrupt road. The operations of Erie since this practical consolidation have been very wonderful. In February last the board of directors declared a dividend of three and a half per cent on the preferred, and one and three fourths per cent on the common stock, from the earnings of the previous six months on the preferred and of the year on the latter stock. From this, one would naturally infer that the road, with its $120,000,000 capital, was in a flourishing condition. Strange to say, however, at this very time the company was giving its stockholders this substantial proof of its prosperity, it was borrowing $7,000,000 of the ever-benevolent Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, for a commission of two and three fourths per cent.

"Shortly before the time for the election of directors, in July last, a contract for the negotiation of $30,000,000 of consolidated bonds was entered into with Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt. This contract contains some unusual provisions. Between six and seven millions were to be sold, and $23,000,000 are reserved for the conversion of old bonds. But the contract extends to the year 1920, and the commission of two and three fourths per cent is to be paid on the whole amount whenever sold or converted. In regard to the $23,000,000, the only service to be performed is to exchange the new bonds for the old, and to stamp and countersign the same.

"As to whether this is an unusual commission on the $7,000,000, there seems to be some conflict of opinion by different witnesses. But your committee are of opinion that, under all the circumstances, the rate of commission at that time was not too large upon the amount of bonds actually negotiated. But upon the $23,000,000 which were to be exchanged for the same amount held by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company and by J. S. Morgan & Co., the rate of commission seems too high, and may have been influenced by past services rendered by Bischoffsheim & Co., in effecting the revolution of the Erie board."

As we write, it is openly announced that the interests of both roads demand a consolidation of some kind. Whether this shall be by leasing, or pooling, or guaranteeing, seems not yet to be determined; but, whatever the name of the operation, its results will be the same: the Atlantic and Great Western will be fastened as a parasite upon the body of the connecting line, and the rich earnings of the latter will go through the channel afforded by the former into the pockets of the gentlemen who control both. Some time since these same gentlemen, or some of them, descended upon a small Ohio road with such effect that, while actually controlling

only a minority of the stock, they did control the election for directors; elected themselves, and proceeded to lease the unfortunate corporation to themselves again. The other stockholders, knowing well enough what leasing meant, ran for aid to the Ohio Legislature, which blocked the wheels of the movement by passing a law prohibiting any such arrangement without the ratification of three fourths, or, in certain cases, all the stockholders. Something of the same sort the Erie committee advises to prevent the consolidation of the Atlantic and Great Western and Erie. The scheme may, for a time, be hindered; but, in the long run, as things are at present, railroads will do what they please.

We have not completed the recent history of Erie, however; the operations of the enterprizing gentlemen who control it not only comprise the control of a great Western highway: they have plans which take them in another direction. Reform has made its appearance also in Vermont. The Vermont Central has for a long time been in that State the ruling power; its career has been more extraordinary than even that of most railroads. It has not only issued first-mortgage bonds and second-mortgage bonds, and made leases, but it has reabsorbed all its own indebtedness, and, passing through the stage of virtual bankruptcy, has suddenly reappeared upon the scene as a fresh and active young body corporate, — the "Central Vermont," ready to begin the work of incurring liabilities with all the eagerness of the corporation of which it is the heir. On examining the list of names connected with this philanthropic enterprise, we find they are old friends, the reformers of Erie, who are going soon to control a line to Montreal and levy tribute upon the tax-ridden people of at least a dozen sovereign States.

— The various strikes which have recently taken place and are now going on in different parts of the country, seem to show, when we take into account the fact that they were predicted in advance, that we may rely on a certain amount of periodicity in labor-disturbances. The laborers have apparently abandoned the notion that it is necessary to keep their initiatory movements secret; and they now allow it to be announced beforehand that, at this time of year, we must "look out for" strikes. This plan evidently has advantages for them. It enables them to give the appearance of an "uprising of labor" to what is in reality merely a dispute about the division of profits, and to notify the laboring population that they are expected for a month or so to keep themselves in a revolutionary state. During the greater part of the year, if a number of gas-men were told by the trades-union officials that it was their duty to pursue any inoffensive German they might find in the streets, seeking employment, and prevent him by fair means or foul, they would probably decline. But once in a year, for the good of the cause, they can be got up even to the point of boarding a horse-car, as some of them did the other day in New York, and engaging in a hand-to-hand fight with the passengers.

The general question of strikes we do not now propose to discuss. Its merits are pretty well understood; and as the questions involved are mainly questions of self-interest, it is evident that they must be solved by those who are immediately affected by them. But such strikes as the recent gas-strike in this city differ from most others, in the fact that they affect a public interest for the safety of the entire community. When we reflect what a lawless city New York is, and remember the scenes which have been enacted in its streets, in times of riot, in broad daylight, it is impossible to think without a shudder of what might happen if the gas supply were suddenly cut off. With a police force notoriously inefficient, the total darkness of the city by night would mean a return to the times when a man's house well guarded by private retainers was his only place of real security; when, if he wished to go about at night, he must do it at the peril of his life; when robbers and murderers could easily afford to engage in hand-to-hand fights with the police for the booty they desired to carry off.

Last December, for several nights, all London was plunged in darkness by a strike of the gas-stokers. The strike was in some respects remarkably like that which lately took place in New York. The stokers were hired by a private company; most of them were members of a trades-union; and one of them was discharged by the company, apparently for a good cause. His fellow-members refused to work unless he was reinstated, but the company refused to comply with their demands. There was the usual violence, accompanied by threats, against members of the union who had not been notified of the intended strike, and who at first refused them assistance. The

company prosecuted five of the men for a conspiracy "to hinder or prevent the company from carrying on their business by means of the men simultaneously breaking the contract of service they had entered into with the company." (This contract required on the part of the men a certain definite notice of from one week to thirty days of an intention to cease work.) A conspiracy of this kind is, in England and in many of the United States, a criminal act. The jury found the men guilty, and recommended them to mercy. But the court disregarded this recommendation, and sentenced them to imprisonment for one year. In imposing this sentence, the judge said that while, on the question of guilt, the jury had no right to take into account the danger to the public in the conspiracy, — the question for them being simply one of fact, — still he, having to measure the sentence by the intent of the guilt, could not leave it out of consideration. He "could not throw aside what was one of the obvious results of the conspiracy into which they entered, and what must have been in their minds; and he could not doubt that the obvious result was great danger to the public of this metropolis; that that danger was present to their minds; and it was by the acting on that knowledge, and on the effect they thought it would have upon their masters' minds, and trading upon their knowledge of the danger, that they entered into this conspiracy."

We do not by any means wish to intimate by citing the decision as an important one, that it furnishes a solution of such a vexed question as that of gas strikers. Indeed, on the whole, the gas-stokers seem, so far as public opinion in England is concerned, to have got the better of the law. Sympathy has been rather on their side in the dispute than on that of the court. Nevertheless, the case is worth more than passing attention, as it turns upon a distinction which most people who discuss the labor question seem to overlook.

A criminal act, if there is any distinction between what is criminal and what is not, is an act which imperils in some way the public interest. It may be by knocking a man down in the street and robbing him; it may be by murdering a private enemy. These are ordinary instances of criminal acts, which everybody is willing to recognize as such. But in such an act as the malicious cutting-off of the gas supply of a city like New York or London, the danger is far more immediate and direct than in the other cases. If, as I walk along the street, my pocket-book is taken from my pocket, how can any one measure the damage to the public caused by the act? If a man's honor has been outraged, and he kills his enemy in revenge, how can we decide whether the public interest is affected? In both these cases, not many hundred years ago, the public had no remedy against the offender. The person injured was left to obtain his own satisfaction. It was only by the gradual accumulation of experience on these subjects, as well as the gradual growth of public sentiment, that it was found that every act of murder or theft did a damage to public security far greater than the private wrong.

But in such a case as a gas-strike anyone can see that the danger to the public is the principal danger; that any combination to deprive a large modern city of its light is as different in its character from a simple dispute about wages, as sacking a city would be from walking through it. The gas-men know perfectly well that this is so, and their knowledge is one of their most efficient weapons. In order that a few hundred men may get higher wages or a shorter day's work, they wilfully imperil the lives and property of two or three millions of people. Labor agitators ought to take this into account, — that strikes like these gas-strikes will always be regarded by sober-minded and law-abiding people as essentially different from other sorts of labor commotion. We have so much to say, from time to time, about the iniquities of railroads and other corporations managed in the interest of capital, that we must, in simple justice, say that it is worth while observing how much more careful of the public interest these selfish agents have recently shown themselves than the highly organized bodies, really resembling corporations in many essential respects, called trades-unions. If, when the "postal-car difficulty" with the government began, the railroad companies had declined to continue to carry the mails, they would have behaved precisely as strikers do when they stop the gas supply, and the confusion and trouble caused would have been immense; but, notwithstanding they are capitalists, railroads have some sense of responsibility, and they left this act of oppression uncommitted.

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THE ART OF BEING PRESIDENT, GATHERED FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ONE thing only is indisputable with regard to the administration of Thomas Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809: it satisfied the people of the United States. The proof of this is not merely that he was re-elected by a vastly increased majority; nor that the Federalists, once so powerful and so confident, were reduced in the House to twenty-seven, and in the Senate to one less than half a dozen; nor that the legislatures of Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Georgia, the Senate of New York, and the House of Delegates of Virginia requested him to stand for a third term; nor that, at last, fourteen States out of seventeen were ranged in the Republican line, and Jefferson himself thought the opposition was getting too weak for the country's good. These were remarkable facts, but they were only a part of his triumph. At the end of eight years, without an effort of his own, without so much as the expression of a preference, he handed over the government to the man of all others in the world whom he would have chosen for a successor; and that man, at the end of his eight years, passed it on to another of Jefferson's disciples and allies; under whom opposition died, only to live again when Federalism started into a semblance of life in the messages of John Quincy Adams. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were three men and one system. The era of good feeling in Monroe's time, which would have come in Madison's but for the War of 1812, was the completion of Jefferson's success. It is this twenty-four years of public content that renders an inquiry into the conduct of President Jefferson interesting.

For, as all readers know, there are two ways of explaining it. To Republicans, indeed, it requires no explanation. It is of the essence of their faith that there is nothing occult or mysterious in the art of government, but that it consists in doing right. Their simple conviction is, — and they desire the Coming Party to ponder well the truth, — that the old Democratic party ruled the United States for sixty years for no other reason than that, on every leading issue except one — the exten-

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sion of slavery, the Rock on which it struck and went to pieces—the old Democratic party was right. The other theory is, that Mr. Jefferson and his successors were wonderfully skilful and perfectly unscrupulous in flattering what the polite Federalists used to style the Mob. Readers remember, perhaps, Tom Moore's verses on this subject, written soon after his visit to Washington, in which, putting into rhyme the gossip and sniff of Federalist drawing-rooms, he spoke of President Jefferson as

> "That inglorious soul,
> Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
> Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
> And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god."

This was the Federalists' opinion better expressed; and they used to point to Aaron Burr's skill in political management as a proof of its correctness. Aaron Burr, however, was too knowing a politician ever to waste time upon the dozen loafers in each ward of New York who alone could then be justly called rabble; and his skill, such as it was, did not prevent his own downfall and hopeless ruin. America had no rabble. America has no rabble. Except in a few large cities, there is no considerable class that even bears any outward resemblance to a rabble; and never has that class been important in a general election. The voters that kept the Tweeds in power were, for the most part, well-meaning, industrious men, whom a Tweed could reach through their prejudices, their vanity, and their interest, but who could not be reached by honest men because education had opened no road to their minds accessible to disinterested intelligence. But let me recall the leading traits of Mr. Jefferson's administration, with a view to getting light upon the question, whether he satisfied the people of his time by doing right, or by adroitly pretending to do right.

He was faithful to the party that elected him.

As soon as his election was known, some of his friends urged him to conciliate the Federalists by appointing a few of their leaders to office. His answer was, No; the mass of the party, being Republican at heart, will be conciliated by a consistent adherence to Republican principles, and, as to the chiefs, they cannot be conciliated! Besides, every office in the country in the gift of the President was already filled by a Federalist; for that party, said he, had at an early period adopted the principle of "excluding from office every shade of opinion that was not theirs"; and he thought it only right that all vacancies should be given to Republicans, until there should be at least as many of them in office as Federalists. He meant, as he said early in his first term, to "sink Federalism into an abyss from which there should be no resurrection for it." He accomplished this purpose; and his clear adherence both to the men and principles of his own party was among the means which he employed.

But he would not appoint men to office merely because they were conspicuous partisans.

The notorious Callender was a case in point. He was a scurrilous, fertile, forcible writer of the day, who had been prosecuted under the Sedition Law, and so made a dirty martyr of. Republicans had been compelled to give him aid and comfort in his distress, because he was the victim of a law they abhorred. Upon the triumph of the Republican party, he came to Jefferson, asking as a reward for party services the Richmond post-office, worth fifteen hundred dollars a year. Jefferson relieved his necessities with money, but refused him the place, simply because he was unfit for it, and thus gained one of the most implacable and indecent vituperators a public servant ever had. George Rogers Clarke, too, a hero whom he revered, he often longed to employ, as the most skilful manager of all Indian affairs the country possessed. But he did not. The reason was, Whiskey. He gave General Clarke's brother a commission and an appointment: but not the man who had aided to give his country lib-

erty, only to become himself a slave. Nor did Thomas Paine realize his joke of shocking the bishops and old ladies of the English court by going as Secretary of Legation to London. Jefferson gave him a safe-passage home in a man-of-war, received him with honor at the White House, with cordiality at Monticello, and exchanged philosophic news with him; but did not send him to do what he could not do, — *represent* a clean, sober, orderly people in a foreign land. And when it became apparent that Chancellor Livingston's growing deafness rendered him an inefficient minister at the Court of Napoleon, Jefferson risked losing the support of the State of New York, first, by sending Monroe to help him, and afterwards by recalling him. But the most remarkable case was that of John Randolph, the sharp-tongued leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives. He was suggested by a friend for the English mission. Mr. Jefferson was silent. Mr. Madison, also, waived the subject. Then the friend pressed his claims, and other members of the House added solicitations. The President withheld the appointment. John Randolph went into opposition, in which his single small talent shone like a thin, keen rapier in the sun. The only objection to his appointment was, that he was ludicrously unfit for a post requiring patience, prudence, self-control, industry, and address.

Jefferson took great care to get the right man for the right place.

In fact, a ruler of men, whether he is a private or a public person, has but two duties to perform, — to select the right assistants, and to treat them so as to get out of them the best service they have in them. That is the whole art of governing, and Jefferson knew it. "There is nothing," he wrote to a friend in May, 1801, "I am so anxious about as making the best possible appointments." But how difficult the task in a country so extensive as the United States, where personal knowledge is impossible! His chief reliance seems to have been upon the unsolicited recommendation of men in whom he had confidence. Thus, he wrote to Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina very early in his first year: "In all cases when an office becomes vacant in your State, I shall be much obliged to you to recommend the best characters." Jefferson was curiously happy in his appointments, and the reason was that he never slighted this chief duty, and was, from the first, on his guard against the recommendations of thoughtless, unprincipled good-nature. He would have made more successes of this kind even than he did, but for the inadequate compensation attached to the most important posts; which limits a President's choice to a few individuals exceptionally circumstanced. Many of his letters offering appointments show how much he lamented his inability to offer "due remuneration."

He would not give an appointment to a relative.

At the first view, this seems unjust to the honorable and capable families who were related to the President. It has the air of courting cheap and easy popularity, and it is open to the objection of pitching the note too high for the limited range of human nature. But his convictions on the point were clear and strong; and Professor Tucker records that he acted on this principle throughout life in the administration of trusts. Thus, as Rector of the University of Virginia, he opposed the appointment of a nephew to a professorship, though he was well qualified for the place; dreading lest it should open a door to the system which has made universities and Church endowments in other lands mere appendages to the estates of governing families. He was nobly seconded in his resolution by his own kindred. Imagine his delight on receiving from one of them, George Jefferson, a few days after his inauguration, a letter spontaneously declining to be a candidate for a Federal office to which his neighbors and friends de-

sired to recommend him. "The public," wrote the President, "will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views; nor can they ever see with approbation offices, the disposal of which they intrust to their Presidents for public purposes, divided out as family property." He owned that the rule bore hardly upon a President's relations; but the public good, he thought, required the sacrifice; for which their share in the public esteem might be considered some compensation. "I could not be satisfied," said he, "until I assured you of the increased esteem with which this transaction fills me for you."

His two sons-in-law did not suffer from the rule, since their neighbors kept them both in the House of Representatives. Here, again, the President showed his nice regard for the mental integrity of others. In his intercourse with these gentlemen, it was a thing understood between them, that measures pending in their House were not to be a topic of conversation; and if, by chance, conversation took that turn, "I carefully avoid," says Jefferson, "expressing an opinion on them in their presence, that we may all be at our ease." The rule, happily, did not exclude friends, and he thus had the pleasure of appointing to the place of Commissioner of Loans at Richmond, the beloved comrade of his youth, John Page.

But he would not exempt friends from the operation of a good rule.

It was an old opinion of his, which now became a rule of his administration, that a foreign minister should not remain abroad more than seven or eight years. He drew this opinion from his own experience. "When I returned from France," he once explained, "after an absence of six or seven years, I was astonished at the change which I found had taken place in the United States in that time. No more like the same people; their notions, their habits and manners, the course of their commerce, so totally changed, that I, who stood in those of 1784, found myself not at all qualified to speak of their sentiments, or forward their views, in 1790." Hence the rule. But it excluded from the public service two of his oldest friends, David Humphreys and William Short, both of whom had served under him as Secretary of Legation before attaining the rank of plenipotentiary which they then held. Humphreys had been absent from home eleven years, and Short seventeen years. One of Jefferson's first acts was to recall Humphreys; which he soon followed by declining to transfer Short to Paris, where he felt the need of just such a tried and vigilant minister. "Your appointment," he wrote to Mr. Short, "was impossible after an absence of seventeen years. Under any other circumstances, I should never fail to give to yourself and the world proofs of my friendship for you, and of my confidence in you."

He turned no man out of office because he was opposed to him in politics.

And yet he did, during the first two years of his first term, remove twenty-six Federalists and appoint Republicans in their stead. After that, there were scarcely any removals; and Republicans were only appointed to vacancies created by death or resignation. And now with regard to those twenty-six. The result of the Presidential election of 1800 was known in Washington on the 12th of December, a little less than three months before the end of Mr. Adams's term. During that interval, some valuable life-offices fell vacant, twenty-four judgeships were created, and several places held during the President's pleasure were vacated. Mr. Adams hastened to fill these offices, from that of chief justice of the Supreme Court to postmaster, leaving not one of them to his successor. Such was the primitive condition of the political mind in 1801, that Republicans regarded this conduct as the last degree

of indecency, and Jefferson shared the feeling. Indeed, for so placid and placable a gentleman, he was highly indignant, and two or three years passed before he could "heartily forgive" his old friend Adams for yielding, in so unworthy a manner, to the "pressure" of his partisans. He resolved not to regard those appointments; which, he said, Mr. Adams knew he was not making for himself, but for a successor. "This outrage on decency," he wrote to his old colleague, General Knox, who had written to congratulate him on his election, "should not have its effect except in the life-appointments, which are irremovable; but, as to the others, I consider the nominations as nullities, and will not view the persons appointed as even candidates for their office, much less as possessing it by any title meriting respect." These offices were sixteen in number. Their incumbents were all removed during the first year, and Republicans appointed to fill them. The other ten removals, most of which occurred in the second year, were for three causes: 1. Official misconduct; 2. "Active and bitter opposition" (to use the President's own words) "to the order of things which the public will has established." There was a third reason for removal, which the President thus explained: "The courts being so decidedly Federal and irremovable, it is believed that Republican attorneys and marshals, being the doors of entrance into the courts, are indispensably necessary as a shield to the Republican part of our fellow-citizens, which, I believe, is the main body of the people." Accordingly, although the expiration of the Alien and Sedition Laws rendered the Federal courts less dangerous to freedom than they had been, four or five of these officials were removed.

The outcry caused by this moderate exercise of the President's power cannot be imagined by readers of the present day. Jefferson, indeed, stood between two fires, — the Federalists shrieking with most vigorous unanimity as each head dropped into the basket; and the Republican host muttering remonstrance that the decapitating instrument worked so slowly. The denunciation of the Federalists he could not avoid; but he showed much tact in reconciling his own partisans to this moderate course. To mere partisans, he would show how much better it was to have an able Federalist passive and acquiescent *in* office, and all his circle of friends quiet for his sake, than, by turning him out of office, to convert him and his family into vigilant, embittered opponents. To men who, like himself, desired to see the whole body of citizens restored to good-humor, his appeal was to their sense of the just and the becoming. The Tammany Society of Baltimore deputed a young member, who was going to Monticello, to make known to the President the discontent of the society at seeing so many Federalists still in office. The following conversation is reported by the deputy.

PRESIDENT. I should be very glad to gratify my friends in Baltimore by turning the Federalists out of office, and filling their places with men of my own party. But there is an obstacle in the way which I cannot remove, — a question which I have not been able to solve. Perhaps you can do this for me.

YOUNG TAMMANY. I despair of solving any problem that puzzles Mr. Jefferson, but I desire to hear what it is.

PRESIDENT. Well, sir, we are Republicans, and we are contending for the extension of the right of suffrage. Is it not so?

YOUNG TAMMANY. Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT (who had not read his Plato for nothing). We would not, therefore, put any restraint upon the right of suffrage as it already exists?

YOUNG TAMMANY (unwarned by the fate of those who sought wisdom from Socrates). By no means, sir.

PRESIDENT. Tell me, then, what is the difference between denying the right of suffrage, and punishing a man

for exercising it by turning him out of office?

The deputy could not answer this question. "I had to leave him where I found him," he used to say in telling the story. The President held firmly to his course, unmoved by the execrations of Federalists and the remonstrances of Republicans. At a moment in his second year when the opposition was vituperative beyond all previous experience, he wrote to a member of his Cabinet: "I still think our original idea as to office is best; that is, to depend for the obtaining a just participation on deaths, resignations, and delinquencies. This will least affect the tranquillity of the people, and prevent their giving in to the suggestion of our enemies, that ours has been a contest for office, not for principle." I wish he could have gone one step further, and admitted the right of every office-holder to pass his leisure hours exactly as he chose. I wish he had *not* added: "To these means of obtaining a just share in the transaction of the public business shall be added one other, to wit, removal for electioneering activity, or open and industrious opposition to the principles of the present government, legislative and executive. Every officer of the government may vote at elections according to his conscience; but we should betray the cause committed to our care were we to permit the influence of official patronage to be used to overthrow that cause." We must always beware of demanding too much of human nature. But I *wish* he could have said, "Rail on, Federalist postmasters and Hamiltonian collectors! Mount the stump! Berate the administration! You are not *my* servants, nor the administration's servants, but the servants of the people. It is only *my* concern to see that you do faithfully the duty of your places. After office hours, you differ in no respect from citizens engaged in the ordinary pursuits of private life." It is easy to be wise for other people; nor have we a victorious party at our back to make wisdom difficult; and who could have foreseen such an abuse of the precedent as infuriate Jackson made in 1829? No man.

Jefferson reduced the patronage of the government to the minimum.

The strongest organization on earth is, as we all know, the Roman Catholic Church. Viewed merely *as* an organization, it has but one defect, — there is no provision in itself for limiting its expansion, and preventing its becoming an insupportable burden. And this grievous fault belongs to all the ancient governments, whether ecclesiastical or secular. When Louis XIV. passed a few weeks at Versailles, accommodation had to be provided in the palace for three thousand persons; and I have myself possessed an octavo volume of four hundred pages which was filled with the mere catalogue of the servants of George III., stating only their titles, duties, and salaries. Burke's Reform Bill abolished six hundred court offices, without making a gap in the mighty host large enough to attract the notice of a disinterested public. Nobody appears to have missed any of them. This tendency of governments to become excessive is so strong, constant, and insidious, that no head of a government will ever resist it unless the ambition that controls him is something nobler than personal. Jefferson was one of those who gave this best proof of a disinterested love of right principles. Every office in his control that was not necessary was suppressed, and the whole apparatus of government — military, naval, judicial, executive — was reduced in quantity. We might sum up his policy in this particular in a sentence: The men you *do* employ, pay adequately; make it worth the ablest men's while to serve the government; but employ no two men to do one man's work.

Thus, while no branch of the public service was increased in cost or in importance, most departments were diminished. Mr. Gallatin co-operated heartily with the President in reducing the extensive corps of officials which

Colonel Hamilton had created. In 1802, the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and that of Superintendent of Stamps were suppressed; which only whetted the President's appetite for further reductions. "It remains," he wrote to Gallatin, "to amalgamate the comptroller and auditor into one, and reduce the register to a clerk of accounts; and then the organization will consist, as it should at first, of a keeper of money, a keeper of accounts, and the head of the department." Details do not concern us now; it is the spirit of the administration which I desire to exhibit. "Let us deserve well of our country," he concluded, "by making *her* interests the end of all our plans, and not our pomp, patronage, and irresponsibility." It is this disinterested spirit, which shines from all the documents, the correspondence, the hasty notes of the President and his Cabinet, that renders the administration of Jefferson so remarkable. Bitter John Randolph conceded *this* merit to Jefferson. "I have never seen," said he, in 1828, "but one administration which, seriously and in good faith, was disposed to give up its patronage, and was willing to go further than Congress, or even the people themselves, so far as Congress represents their feelings, desired; and that was the first administration of Thomas Jefferson. He, sir, was the only man I knew, or ever heard of, who really, truly, and honestly, not only said *Nolo episcopari*, but actually refused the mitre."

He endeavored to simplify the apparatus and the operations of government, so that the rural member of Congress and his constituents might understand them.

His heart was much set on this, particularly in the finances, which, he thought, Hamilton had purposely complicated. What we can now all see was merely a defect of Hamilton's mind (or the inevitable failure of a third-rate man in a first-rate place), Jefferson, stung by his calumnious vituperation, and alarmed at the pernicious tendency of his influence, regarded as intentional mystification. He thought that Hamilton began by puzzling the President and Congress, and ended by getting the finances into such a snarl that he could not "unravel" them himself. Thus he explained his meaning to Mr. Gallatin: "Hamilton gave to the debt, in the first instance, in funding it, the most artificial and mysterious form he could devise. He then moulded up his appropriations of a number of scraps and fragments, many of which were nothing at all, and applied them to different objects in reversion and remainder, until the whole system was involved in an impenetrable fog; and while he was giving himself the airs of providing for the payment of the debt, he left himself free to add to it continually, as he did, in fact, instead of paying it." Jefferson's idea was to let the money received into the treasury form one mass, from which all payments should be made, only giving precedence to such claims as involved the honor of the nation: that is, reserve, first, the interest of the public debt; next, any portion of the principal of the debt due within the year; then, pay the expenses of the year; and, finally, if there is any money left, discharge part of the debt payable at pleasure. This was his idea, which he desired the Secretary to "approach by every tack which previous arrangements force upon us"; until the finances should be "as clear and intelligible as a merchant's books; so that every member of Congress, and every man of any mind in the Union, should be able to comprehend them, to investigate abuses, and consequently to control them."

He abolished court etiquette, and every usage that resembled it.

Any one who passed an hour at the head-quarters of a commanding general during the late war had an opportunity of discovering that court etiquette originated in necessity. So many people desire access to the officer in command of a large force in active service, that unless he is hedged about by rules, usages, sentinels, aide-de-camps, he

would, not merely be useless as an officer, but he would soon be destroyed. Kingship began in generalship. The king was once the ablest man in defending his people, who were always menaced by other barbarians. The first time an ancient border chief told one of his tribe to answer questions for him while he devoured his dinner, or persuaded two or three to stand guard over him with their clubs while he caught an hour's sleep between two fights, court etiquette began. It was the invention of "Divine Right" that exaggerated the necessary regulations of a camp into a system of adulation and semi-worship. How absurd, how oppressive, how impious, how ridiculous, it had become in the last century, we can still partly see by the relics of it that remain. We know how it "riled" the generous mind of Thackeray (who was no democrat) to see Prince Albert attended in shooting by a gentleman-equerry to hand the Prince his gun, when it had been loaded by a servant, and give it back to the servant after it had been discharged. This trifle represents the system which was founded on the assumption that the king and the class whom the king honored were of an essence or blood superior to others, as the Brahmin is supposed to be innately and eternally superior to the pariah. It all grew out of the theory, that the king is the divinely designated Master. Jefferson regarded himself as the chosen servant of the people of his country, entitled, if he was faithful to his trust, to the honor due from all the worthy to all the worthy, and to no more. His person, his time, his house, could justly claim the protection which is the right and necessity of all men engaged in affairs numerous and important, and no more.

Accordingly, the weekly levee was at once abolished. On two days in the year, the Fourth of July and the 1st of January, when houses and hearts are usually open in the United States, he opened his to all who chose to visit him. On other days, he was accessible to visitors on the terms and conditions which his duties imposed; all were welcome who had claims upon his attention or regard, except so far as the superior claim of the whole people restricted him. Some of the Federalists in Washington, we are told, hit upon an expedient to balk the President's intention of abolishing the levee. On the usual day, at the usual hour, — two in the afternoon, — ladies and gentlemen began to arrive at the President's house, attired in the manner customary at the levees. The President was not at home. He was enjoying his regular two hours' ride on horseback, which nothing but absolute necessity could make him forego. When he returned at three o'clock, and learned that the great rooms were filled with company waiting to see him, he guessed their object, and frustrated it gracefully, and with perfect good-humor, by merely going among them, all accoutred as he was, booted, spurred, splashed with mud, riding-whip in hand, and greeting them as though the conjunction of so many guests were merely a joyous coincidence. They, in their turn, caught the spirit of the joke, and the affair ended happily. But it was the last of the levees.

In the great matter of dinners, he adopted, or rather he continued, the style of Old Virginia, which proved to be to him a grievous, if not a ruinous burden, as it had been to many a wealthier planter. The Virginia style was, simply: Come one, come all, come again, keep coming, and bring your friends. In President Washington's time, the business of entertaining members of Congress, officers of the government, and distinguished strangers had been assumed by the four members of the Cabinet; and it became so oppressive, Jefferson tells us, that "it was among the motives for their retirement." Their successors, he adds, profited by the experiment, and lived altogether as private individuals, leaving to the President the whole burden of that representative hospitality supposed then to be incumbent upon the head of a government. In Wash-

ington, too, the President was then the only man who had a house large enough for the entertainment of a dozen people at dinner, or fifty persons in the evening; and, hence, there could be little social life in the place unless the President kept open house. Shut out from all the world, ill-lodged and ill-attended, the circle of officials, the foreign legations, and members of Congress could only meet in an agreeable manner at the President's mansion. To the last year of Jefferson's second term, Washington was still only a spoiled wilderness. Francis Jackson, the English plenipotentiary, described it, in 1809, as more resembling Hampstead Heath than any place he had ever seen, consisting of scattered houses intersected with heath, forest, and gravel-pits. He declares that he started a covey of partridges "about three hundred yards from the House of Congress." In such circumstances, what could a hospitable Virginian do but convert his residence into a general rendezvous and free club?

All would have gone well but for the dinners, to which the salary was fatally inadequate. We get an insight into the way of life at the White House from the recollections of Edmund Bacon of Kentucky (Jefferson at Monticello, p. 113), who was, for twenty years, Mr. Jefferson's manager. He visited Washington several times, and always lived at the White House during his stay, dining daily at the President's table. There were eleven servants in the house from Monticello, he tells us, besides a French cook, a French steward, and an Irish coachman. "When I was there," Mr. Bacon reports, "the President's house was surrounded by a high rock wall, and there was an iron gate immediately in front of it, and from that gate to the Capitol the street was just as straight as a gun-barrel. Nearly all the houses were on that street." This is Mr. Bacon's recollection of the dinners: —

"Mr. Jefferson often told me that the office of Vice-President was far preferable to that of President. He was perfectly tired out with company. He had a very long dining-room, and his table was chock-full every one of the sixteen days I was there. There were Congressmen, foreigners, and all sorts of people to dine with him. He dined at four o'clock, and they generally sat and talked until night. It used to worry me to sit so long, and I finally quit when I got through eating, and went off and left them. The first thing in the morning, there was to go to market. Mr. Jefferson's steward was a very smart man, well educated, and as much of a gentleman in his appearance as any man. His carriage-driver would get out the wagon early in the morning, and Lamar would go with him to Georgetown to market. I have all my life been in the habit of getting up about four o'clock in the morning, and I went with them very often. Lamar told me that it often took fifty dollars to pay for what marketing they would use in a day."

At these dinners, which so wearied the soul of Mr. Bacon, there was no etiquette except that which would have been observed at the table of any private person of the time. Mr. Jefferson, however, as his friend, Professor Tucker, reports, was well aware of the sensitiveness of self-love, and was most careful never to wound it. At his more public dinners, if he found that he could not recall the name of a member of Congress who was present, he would give a sign to his secretary to go into the next room, where the President would join him to get the information desired.

The system of precedence was abolished.

This was settled at a Cabinet meeting early in the first term, when the whole barbarous code of precedence was swept away. These Rules were substituted: 1. Residents to pay the first visit to strangers; and, among strangers, whether native or foreign, first comers call first upon later comers. To this rule there was allowed one exception: "Foreign ministers, from the necessity of making themselves known, pay the

first visit to the Secretary of State, which is returned." 2. "When brought together in society, all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office." The President amplified these rules thus: "The families of foreign ministers, arriving at the seat of government, receive the first visit from those of the national ministers, as from all other residents. Members of the Legislature and of the judiciary, independent of their offices, have a right as strangers to receive the first visit. No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence. Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence. At public ceremonies, to which the government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families, a convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other strangers invited and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence. To maintain the principle of equality, or of *pêle mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the executive will practice at their own houses, and recommend an adherence to the ancient usage of the country, of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another."

All this, with the friendly, humane usages that grew out of it, or were akin to it, agreeable as it was to most persons, shocked some ladies, and offended all men who owed their importance solely to rank or office. Mr. Jackson, English Minister in 1809, being a gentleman of sense and good-humor, was amused and pleased, during his first conference with President Madison (which proved to be very long), when a "negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and a seed-cake," just as might have been done in a farm-house of the day; but his wife lamented that her husband, after having been accustomed "to treat with the civilized governments of Europe," should have to negotiate with the "savage democrats" of America. It so chanced that the British Minister from 1803 to 1809, with whom Jefferson had most to do, Merry by name but not by nature, was a fanatic of etiquette; and it appears that, previous to his presentation to the President, he had not heard of the business-like manner in which the affairs of the White House were conducted. He was stunned at the manner of his reception! It made an impression upon his mind which neither explanation nor the lapse of years could even soften, much less obliterate. And, really, when we consider that he had passed his life at courts where the nod, the smile, the frown, the glance, the tone, the silence, the presence, the absence, of the head of the government were matters of importance, to be noted, recorded, transmitted, and weighed, we ought not to laugh at this Mr. Merry as we do. Besides, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, "Poor Merry had learned nothing of diplomacy but its suspicions without head enough to distinguish when they were misplaced." Nevertheless, he comes down to us borne on a billow of laughter, and he remains to this day one of the stock jests of Washington. Thus he recounted his woes, three years after the event, to Mr. Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, the ablest Federalist in Congress, and one of the worthiest: —

"I called on Mr. Madison, who accompanied me officially to introduce me to the President. We went together to the mansion-house, I being in full official costume, as the etiquette of my place required on such a formal introduction of a minister from Great Britain to the President of the United States. On arriving at the hall of audience, we found it empty, at which Mr. Madison seemed surprised, and proceeded to an entry leading to the President's study. I followed him, supposing the introduction was to take place in the adjoining room. At this moment Mr. Jefferson entered the entry at the other end, and all three of us were packed in this narrow space, from

which, to make room, I was obliged to back out. In this awkward position my introduction to the President was made by Mr. Madison. Mr. Jefferson's appearance soon explained to me that the general circumstances of my reception had not been accidental, but studied. I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but ACTUALLY STANDING IN SLIPPERS DOWN AT THE HEELS, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied. I could not doubt that the whole scene was prepared and intended as an insult, not to me personally, but to the sovereign I represented."

It *is* just possible that Mr. Jefferson thought, that morning, of the time when Gouverneur Morris kicked his heels four months in London waiting for the promised answer of the British government to as reasonable and urgent a communication from President Washington as one government ever made to another, and then had to leave England without getting it. Possibly, also, it *did* happen to occur to his memory, that Mr. Adams had been kept vainly waiting three years in England for a reply to the same proposals. Perhaps, too, he remembered the period when he was himself presented to the king of England by Mr. Adams, and the king froze to them both; an example which was followed by the "king's friends," and society generally; so that it required courage for a courtier to show them anything more than cold civility at an evening party. And this, while they were only asking the king to stay the bloody ravages of the Indians by giving up the seven posts within the boundaries of their country. He *may*, too, have thought of the time when he, as Secretary of State, would send an important communication to the British Minister at Philadelphia, and wait many months for an answer; but if *he* failed to answer a letter within three or four days, he would be "goaded" by a second. Perhaps he thought the time had come to show the Federalists that he did not accept Great Britain at her own valuation, and did not believe she was fighting the battle of man and liberty against Bonaparte. It may be, too, that he, knowing the childish politics of Europe, and what ridiculous importance was attached there to trifles, may have paused before ringing for a pair of shoes not down at the heels, and wondered if his old slippers, duly reported to Bonaparte, might not drive another nail into the bargain for Louisiana, just concluded by Mr. Livingston and Mr. Monroe, to the great joy of President and people. All these thoughts *may* have flitted through the President's mind, and held back his hand from the bell rope; but, in all probability, he had no thoughts of the kind, and only wore the clothes he usually did while at work.

A few weeks after, arrived in Washington the young Irish poet, Thomas Moore, who had crossed the Atlantic in the same ship with Mr. and Mrs. Merry. To him, also, the affronted Briton related his sorrows, and even exhibited the President clad in the same style. Mr. Merry presented Mr. Moore to the President at the White House. "I found him," the poet records, "sitting with General Dearborn, and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him, much to that formal minister's horror, when waiting on him in full dress to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken to the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence was an event not to be forgotten." The poet did not approve of the President, and said so in several satirical stanzas and poems in his next publication, at which Mr. Jefferson was amused, and even surprised; for he had not before heard of this new

light in literature. Mr. Randall relates a pleasing incident to show how little he had come to regard the stings and arrows of outrageous politics. A few years after his retirement, a granddaughter placed in his hands Moore's Irish Melodies, as the book of the season, which was having a great run on both sides of the ocean. The young lady, curious and expectant, watched him as he opened the work and turned over the leaves. Said Jefferson, "This is the little man who satirized me so." Reading on, he was won by the flowing music and patriotic feeling of the verse, "Why," he said at length, "he *is* a poet, after all"; and, ever after, even to the end of his life, he was fond of reading certain favorites among the poems of Thomas Moore.

But poor Merry's troubles were not yet at an end. He and his wife dined one day at the White House; and, when dinner was announced, the President offered his arm to the lady nearest him at the moment, Mrs. Madison, — not to Mrs. Merry, who was on the other side of the room! Insult upon insult! "Poor Merry" made such an outcry at this in Washington, that Mr. Madison deemed it best to explain the circumstances to Monroe, the American Minister in London, that he might be prepared to meet Merry's version. Mr. Merry did relate his grievances to the English Minister for Foreign Affairs; who, however, forbore to mention the matter to Monroe. If he had, Monroe was ready for him; for, besides being fully alive to the humor of the affair, he had seen, a few weeks before, in an official London drawing-room, the wife of an under-secretary of state accorded precedence over his own. Mrs. Merry went no more to the White House, and her husband only went when official duty compelled. But nothing could tire the placable good-nature of Jefferson. Some time after, desirous to restore social intercourse, he caused Mr. Merry to be informally asked whether he and his wife would accept an invitation to a family dinner at the President's house; and receiving, as he understood, an affirmative intimation, Mr. Jefferson sent the invitation, written with his own hand. Merry rose to his opportunity. He wrote to the Secretary of State, asking whether the President of the United States had invited him as a private gentleman or as British plenipotentiary; for, if as a private gentleman, he must obtain the king's permission before he could accept; if in his official character, he must have an assurance that he would be treated with the respect due to it. Madison, with short civility, waived the solution of this problem, and the matter dropped. But it was not till 1809 that British interests in America were confided to abler hands.

Some other points of public etiquette were now settled on rational principles, once and forever. The fussy incompetents recently in power had been concerned to know the relation which the President sustained to the governors of States,— precisely how much more exalted a President was than a governor, the exact degree of deference a governor should show to a President, and the forms in which that deference should be expressed. In July, 1801, the governor of Virginia asked the President to indicate the etiquette which he thought should regulate the communications between the State governments and the general government. His reply in substance was: Let there be *no* special etiquette. Between President and governor, each being the supreme head of an independent government, no difference of rank can be admitted. They are equals. Let us continue, then, as in General Washington's time, to write freely, just as public business requires, and with no more ceremony than obvious propriety and convenience dictate. If it be possible," he said, "to be certainly conscious of anything, I am conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth."

The two miles of tenacious, yellow mud that lay "straight as a gun-barrel" between the White House and

the Capitol, assisted to reconcile all but the extreme Federalists to a change in the mode of intercourse between the President and Congress. Hitherto the President had opened Congress by a speech, framed on the model of a king of England's speech, and delivered it to both houses assembled in the Senate Chamber. He had been wont to ride to and from the Capitol in a coach and six, which was followed by coaches and four bearing members of the government and others, the whole forming a considerable procession. When the President had retired, the houses separated, and each appointed a committee to prepare an address in reply. Of late years, these addresses had furnished the pretext for long and impassioned debates on party politics, lasting one, two, and even three weeks, the minority always striving to reduce the eulogy of the address to the minimum. When, after this desperate struggle, an address had been agreed upon, the House voting it rode in such state as members could command to the abode of the President, and stood around him in a solemn semicircle, while one of their number read to him what he had already read fifty times for himself, besides fifty columns of debate upon it. Then, the President read a short, formal acknowledgment of the address; after which the members returned to their chamber and began the business of the session.

Federalist gentlemen discovered, on the morning of December 8, 1801, that this fine opportunity for oratorical display and partisan recrimination was not to be afforded them. Scene, the Senate Chamber; the chairman in his revolving chair; members in their seats. Enter a young gentleman, Meriwether Lewis, perhaps, private secretary to the President, bearing a mass of documents, and a note from the President to the Vice-President: —

"Sir, — The circumstances under which we find ourselves at this place rendering inconvenient the mode heretofore practised, of making, by personal address, the first communications between the legislative and executive branches, I have adopted that by message, as used on all subsequent occasions through the session. In doing this, I have had principal regard to the convenience of the legislature, to the economy of their time, to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers on subjects not yet fully before them, and to the benefits thence resulting to the public affairs. Trusting that a procedure founded on these motives will meet their approbation, I beg leave through you, sir, to communicate the inclosed copy with the documents accompanying it, to the honorable the Senate, and pray you to accept for yourself and them the homage of my high regard and consideration."

Thus the present usage was established, to the great content of all rational beings. He was himself well pleased with the first results of the experiment. "Our winter campaign," he wrote to Dr. Rush, "has opened with more good-humor than I expected. By sending a message, instead of making a speech, at the opening of the session, I have prevented the bloody conflict to which the making an answer would have committed them."

Other changes of this nature were these: He discontinued the practice of assigning a frigate for the conveyance of ministers across the ocean. He declined to write official letters of condolence to the widows or families of deceased officers. He would not have his birthday celebrated by the usual balls; and, to prevent this, refused to let the date of his birth be communicated. He would not deny himself any innocent pleasure, such as attending the races near Washington, from any false ideas of official dignity. He refused to appoint days of fasting or thanksgiving, on the ground that to do so would be indirectly to assume an authority over religious exercises, which the Constitution has expressly forbidden. A recommendation from the chief magistrate, he thought, would carry with it so much authority that any person or sect disregarding it would suffer some

degree of odium. "Fasting and prayer," said he, "are religious exercises; the enjoining them an act of discipline." "And does the change in the nature of the penalty make the recommendation less a *law* of conduct for those to whom it is directed?" He declined to make anything resembling an official tour or progress, or to receive while travelling attentions directed to his office. To secularize and to republicanize the government *completely*, remaining himself a plain American citizen,—these were among the objects which he steadily pursued and which he accomplished.

He was resolved not to be a personage. He *would be* Thomas Jefferson, and nothing else. Pleasing anecdotes are those which Mr. Randall relates in illustration of this point, particularly that one in which the President figures as the thoughtful and affectionate grandfather to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who stopped at Washington a few days on his way to attend the scientific lectures at Philadelphia. The President came into his room one day, had him unpack his trunk, took pencil and paper, and made a list of things he still lacked, saying, "You will need this and this at Philadelphia"; and then going about among the stores of Washington with the lad, and buying the articles required; finishing the performance by asking to see his pocket-book, and handing it back to him much better furnished than when he had taken it. That story, too, of the President carrying the rough Kentuckian over a river on his horse is interesting. This Kentuckian, sitting solitary on the bank of a swollen stream, let the gay young men of the President's party all pass on and flounder across the river, without making known his desire. Last of all rode the President. Him the rough wayfarer addressed, and Mr. Jefferson took him up behind, without ado. Being asked why he selected that particular individual of the party, the Kentuckian replied: "I reckon a man carries Yes or No in his face. The young chaps' faces said, No; the old man's said, Yes." And, one day, in his daily ride near Washington, the President fell into conversation with a stranger. Politics becoming a topic, he had the pleasure of hearing, not only his measures roundly denounced, but his character most indecently reviled. "Do you know Mr. Jefferson personally?" he asked. "No; nor do I want to." "But is it fair play to believe and repeat such stories, and then not dare to meet the subject of them face to face, and trust to your own senses!" "I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson if he comes in my way." "Will you go to his house to-morrow, and be introduced to him, if I will meet you there?" He consented, and Jefferson galloped on. Instantly it occurred to the traveller, that it was the President himself with whom he had been conversing. But he kept his appointment, appearing at the hour, attired in his best. "I have called, Mr. Jefferson," said he, "to apologize for having said to a stranger —" Here the President, laughing, broke in and finished the sentence — "hard things of an imaginary personage who is no relation of mine." The stranger tried to get in his apology, but the President laughed it down, insisted on his staying to dinner, and made a friend of him and all his family.

He declined to receive presents while in office.

But he made one exception. In 1806, he received a present of a bust of the new Emperor of Russia, Alexander, with whom he had much friendly intercourse during his second term. He thus acknowledged the receipt of this work: "I had laid down as a law for my conduct while in office, and hitherto scrupulously observed, to accept of no present beyond a book, a pamphlet, or other curiosity of minor value; as well to avoid imputation on my motives of action as to shut out a practice susceptible of such abuse. But my particular esteem for the character of the Emperor places his image, in my mind above the scope of law. I receive it, therefore, and shall cher-

ish it with affection. It nourishes the contemplation of all the good placed in his power, and of his disposition to do it."

An instance of his scrupulousness with regard to deriving personal advantage from his office has only lately come to light. A private letter of his to General Muhlenburg, collector at Philadelphia, concerning a purchase of wine, was found, a few years ago, by a descendant of that officer, and sent to Mr. Greeley for publication. If I were a collector, I would have it printed, framed, and hung up in my custom-house. It is dated February 6, 1803:—

"DEAR SIR: — Mons. d'Yrujo, the Spanish Minister here, has been so kind as to spare me two hundred bottles of Champagne, part of a larger parcel imported for his own use, and consequently privileged from duty; but it would be improper for me to take the benefit of that. I must therefore ask the favor of you to take the proper measures for paying the duty, for which purpose I inclose you a bank check for twenty-two and a half dollars, the amount of it. If it could be done without mentioning my name, it would avoid ill-intended observations, as in some such way as this, 'By duty paid on a part of such a parcel of wines not entitled to privilege,' or in any other way you please. The wine was imported into Philadelphia probably about midsummer last. Accept assurances of my great esteem and respect.

"TH. JEFFERSON.

"GENERAL MUHLENBERG."

It would be absurd to praise such an act as this, because it was simply right. Nor ought it to be within the choice of any public officer, of any grade whatever, to do otherwise. It will doubtless, before many years have passed, be an impeachable offence for any man holding a public office to accept so much as a free ride on a horse-car. This is a point that comes home to the suffering sons of Manhattan, who remember that a system of plunder which reached an average of ten millions a year began in aldermen pocketing bundles of cigars and quires of note-paper in the old corporation "tea-room."

He used the prestige and the opportunities of his office for the public advantage.

His introduction of better breeds of domestic animals into Virginia is a case in point. With the aid of Mr. Livingston, Minister at Paris, after a long course of manœuvring and trouble, he managed to get six merino sheep as far on their way to Albemarle as Fredericksburg, half for himself, half for Madison, and all for Virginia; and wrote to his manager to go with Mr. Madison's head man to get them home. The two managers, when they caught sight of these animals, so renowned at the time throughout the country, were wofully disappointed. "The sheep were little bits of things," reports Mr. Bacon, "and Graves said he would not give his riding-whip for the whole lot." Their instructions were to divide them by tossing up for the first choice. "So," says Mr. Bacon, "I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out a dollar, and said, 'Head or tail?' I got the best buck. He was a little fellow, but his wool was as fine almost as cotton. When I got home, I put a notice in the paper at Charlottesville, that persons who wished to improve their stock could send us two ewes, and we would keep them until the lambs were old enough to wean, and then give the owners the choice of the lambs, and they leave the other lamb and both of the ewes. We got the greatest lot of sheep, more than we wanted; two or three hundred, I think; and in a few years we had an immense flock. People came long distances to buy our full-blooded sheep. At first we sold them for fifty dollars, but they soon fell to thirty and twenty; and before I left Mr. Jefferson, merino sheep were so numerous that they sold about as cheap as common ones."

Next, he imported some of the broad-tailed sheep from Barbary, which made splendid mutton, but would not thrive

in Virginia. He introduced also a superior kind of Guinea pigs. Himself, Mr. Madison, and General Dearborn joined in importing six hogs of a kind which Mr. Bacon tells us were called Calcutta hogs; black and white, short-legged, long-bodied, easily kept, and not given to rooting, — a very great success in every respect. "Mr. Jefferson," remarks Mr. Bacon, "did n't care about making money from his imported stock. His great object was to get it widely scattered over the country, and he left all these arrangements to me. I told the people to bring three sows, and when they came for them, they might take two and leave one. In this way he soon got a large number of hogs, and the stock was scattered over that whole country."

His neighbors derived benefit even from his salary, which, to the imagination of primitive Virginia, seemed inexhaustible. A larger mill was among the urgent wants of the neighborhood, Mr. Bacon relates, and the people thought that, "as Mr. Jefferson had a large salary, he was better able to build it than anybody else." He undertook the work, since "he was always anxious to benefit the community as much as possible"; and Mr. Bacon, assisted by an engineer from the North, superintended the construction. In his homely, excellent way, the manager relates the hopeful rise of the structure, "built of rock," four stories high, with "four run of stone," and a dam and race that cost a thousand dollars; and he tells us what minute directions Mr. Jefferson kept sending from Washington about it, and how he preferred it to all the works in progress on his estate. The mill complete, grain came in in surprising quantities, until eleven thousand bushels were stored, awaiting their turn to be ground. Coopers, millers, and teamsters were all in full activity; when, alas! in the midst of a great freshet, Mr. Bacon saw the dam swept away by the torrent of waters. "I thought we were ruined," he says; "I never felt worse. I did not know what we should do." Mr. Jefferson being at home at the time, Bacon hurried off to the mountain-top to convey to him the dreadful news. There he met the lord of the mansion just from the breakfast-table, calm as a May morning. He asked, "Have you heard from the river?" "Yes, sir," replied the doleful manager, "I have just come from there with very bad news. The mill-dam is all swept away." "Well, sir," said Mr. Jefferson, with perfect serenity of manner, "we can't make a new dam this summer, but we will get Lewis's ferry-boat, with our own, and get the hands from all the quarters, and boat in rock enough in place of the dam to answer for the present; and, next summer, I will send to Baltimore and get ship-bolts, and make a dam that the freshet can't wash away." Which was done. "You never saw his countenance ruffled," Mr. Bacon observes. "No odds what happened, it always maintained the same expression."

How eagerly he availed himself of his opportunities for increasing the sum of knowledge, his letters exhibit, and the fact is part of the history of that age. It was his thought that sent Meriwether Lewis and William Clarke up the Missouri to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, across those mountains to the Columbia River, and down the Columbia until huge waves rolling in from the ocean and tossing high their light canoes notified them that they had reached the Pacific. Counting from the time when Captain John Smith sailed up the Chickahominy in search of the South Sea, the world had waited two hundred years for this exploration. Never was a piece of work of that kind better done or better chronicled; for it was Jefferson who selected the two heroes that conducted it. Captain Lewis was the son of one of his most valued Albemarle neighbors. Lieutenant Clarke was the brother of that General George Rogers Clarke who held back the Indians from joining in the war of the Revolution; and both of

them were such masters of all frontier arts, that the perilous expedition of two years, four months, and ten days was one joyous holiday excursion to them. Returning to St. Louis laden with spoils and trophies, Captain Lewis, besides his journals and other official results, sends off exultingly to the President "sixty-seven specimens of earths, salts, and minerals, and sixty specimens of plants." It was Jefferson, too, who set on foot the two exploring expeditions of Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, whose name lives in that of the peak which he discovered, and in those of ten counties of the United States. Pike was the first American who explored the Upper Mississippi beyond the Falls of St. Anthony; noting the sites of the cities now rising on its banks, and shaking hands on the way with "Monsieur Dubuque," who was working the lead-mines and lording it over a wide domain. Lieutenant Pike was the first American to explore the valley of the Arkansas. He said truly, in one of his letters, that the regions which he had traversed were little more known to the world than the wilds in the interior of Africa. In seventy years we behold them populous, and more familiar to our knowledge than the next county.

It was Jefferson who encouraged Astor to attempt his scheme of North-western trade, — a scheme which was as feasible as it was audacious, and which only the War of 1812 frustrated. It is interesting to observe, in view of the present importance of the Western silver-mines, that, in 1808, the secret of their existence, "seventeen hundred miles from St. Louis," was confided to the President, who, however, considering the menacing attitude of Spain, could only give verbal encouragement to the exploration sought. He jocularly writes to Gallatin: "I enclose for your information the account of a silver-mine to fill your treasury." As for the bones of the mammoth, he had enough of them at last, and kept the Philosophical Society, of which he was still the president, abundantly supplied with objects of curiosity and investigation. And was there ever such an indefatigable recorder? Among his papers is a leaf thus entitled: "Statement of the vegetable market of Washington during a period of eight years, wherein the earliest and latest appearance of each article within the whole eight years is noted." One small page suffices, but it is complete; the list embraces thirty-seven articles. He could tell at a glance that the earliest appearance of "sprouts" was on the 22d of February, and the latest, May 20th; and that the extremes of the strawberry season were May 8th and July 9th. He refutes Dickens's satire of red-tape. In a minute or two, he could put his hand upon any letter or document, any entry or memorandum, of the tens of thousands which he possessed; and of all this myriad mass of details he was the master, not the slave.

He preserved perfect harmony in his Cabinet during the whole of both terms.

One reason was this: there was not an egotist among them. The pugnacious traits, such as vanity, jealousy, personal ambition, and the other commonplace forms of self-love, were extinguished, or, at least, subordinated in them all. "Our administration," wrote Jefferson once, "now drawing to a close, I have a sublime pleasure in believing will be distinguished as much by having placed itself above all the passions which could disturb its harmony as by the great operations by which it will have advanced the well-being of the nation." All of them were modernized persons. The masters of the past were, of necessity, soldiers and men of the soldierly spirit. The masters of our modern world are educated men of business. These five gentlemen, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, Dearborn, and Robert Smith, were all of this description; for Dearborn was only a soldier while his country was invaded; just as the most peaceful citizen becomes warlike when attacked by a ruffian. The military type of man, valu-

able as it was and is, was not represented in the Cabinet at all. It is also true, that the Jeffersonian theory of government is precisely the one that tasks the intellect and stirs the passions least, because it excludes even from consideration seven tenths of the questions which usually most perplex governments, its chief object being to protect *rights*, not interests. Interests are complex; rights are simple. The tariff question is a puzzler if you view it as affecting existing interests; but if you put the case thus: Has an American citizen a *right* to buy a pair of Sunday trousers, London made, for four dollars, instead of paying twenty-two for the Broadway article? — the case is within finite comprehension. Ralph Waldo Emerson and John G. Whittier go to Washington demanding to be protected, at home and abroad, in their *right* to the product of their lifetime's arduous and noble toil. Pirate publisher meets them there with the thieves' natural plea: Stolen books are cheaper than books honestly paid for. Republican government waives all that complicated nonsense out of hearing, and considers but two points, both easy: 1. Does the Constitution give us jurisdiction? 2. Is the demand of these ornaments of their country just? How adapted to human capacity such questions! A wayfaring man, unless a book-pedler, need not err therein.

But there never was a time when the politics of the world were so difficult as then. "Every country but one," as Jefferson said, "demolished; a conqueror roaming over the earth with havoc and destruction, a pirate spreading misery and ruin over the face of the ocean. Indeed, my friend, ours is a bed of roses. And the system of government which shall keep us afloat amidst this wreck of the world will be immortalized in history." It was a bed of roses, because the simple aim of the Republican administration was to have nothing whatever to do with this prodigious and astounding broil, except to sell refreshing provisions to both combatants, and pick up anything in the way of a Louisiana or so that might get loose in the contest.

But, after all, it is the Arnold who makes the Rugby; it is the Fellenberg who renders possible the "self-governing college," so pleasingly revealed to us by Mr. Robert Dale Owen; and it was the large, benign, commanding intelligence of the chief which alone could have united and exalted a group of men to the height maintained by this peerless administration. Washington, Adams, and Madison, all had dissension in their Cabinets. Jefferson alone had none. He gave them his confidence without reserve. "If I had the universe to choose from," he said to them all, in 1801, "I could not change one of my associates to my better satisfaction"; and, in 1809, he said the same, with only a change of tense. Nor did anything like a serious difference of opinion ever arise among them. "All matters of importance or difficulty," he once wrote, "are submitted to all the heads of departments composing the Cabinet, sometimes by the President consulting them separately and successively, as they happen to call upon him; but, in the greatest cases, by calling them together, discussing the subject maturely, and finally taking the vote, in which the President counts himself but as one. So that, in all important cases, the executive is in fact a Directory, which certainly the President might control; but of this there never was an example, either in the first or the present administration."

In his use of the pardoning power, he was governed by principles that rendered that absurd relic of Divine Right comparatively harmless.

These principles were two in number. In a letter to Edmund Randolph, of 1808, he stated them both: 1. To entitle a criminal to the remission of a penalty, "extraordinary and singular considerations are necessary": otherwise, the pardon of the criminal would be "to repeal the law" that condemned him. 2. "The opinion of the judges who sat in the cause I have ever re-

quired as indispensable to ground a pardon.

He submitted to the outrages of the press.

We are now too familiar with this policy to appreciate either its novelty or its difficulty in the early years of the present century. Jefferson both believed and proved that a public man, fit for his place and doing his duty, cannot be injured by a hostile press. This truth we now all know, and have seen it tested many times; but in 1801 it was a discovery. Nor was there then in Christendom one government besides that of the United States strong and able enough to permit freedom of the press. Bonaparte's, of course, was not. Pitt's was not. Nor was there a government in all Europe where the idea of a free press could be entertained. And what made Jefferson's triumph the more remarkable was, that the Federalists were the "vocal class." It was they who filled most pulpits, wrote most books, edited most papers, presided in most courts, pleaded most causes, and taught in most colleges. They were denominated the educated class. Education, at that day, did not mean the acquisition of knowledge, but of scholarship; which, while it cultivates the communicating talents, may leave the prejudices intact, and is compatible with the last degree of mental servility and narrowness. A man may become a genuine scholar and remain a Jesuit. The Federalist leaders, too, were exasperated beyond mortal endurance. Their self-love was torn all to pieces. They had predicted their own speedy return to power: they saw their minority dwindling at every election. They foretold anarchy: they saw universal order and general content. They had prophesied financial chaos; they saw every obligation of the government met, its debt steadily diminished, its credit perfect, its only embarrassment a surplus. They had expected a suppression of the navy; they now saw, for the first time, the navy put to its legitimate use in terminating the piracies of the Algerines. They had dreaded an expulsion from office of all their adherents: they saw the right of opinion respected, and no man disturbed in his place, except for a reason that did not include his political creed. They had predicted a reign of loafers and scallawags: they saw the great offices filled with men who were both refined by scholarship and enlarged by knowledge. They had foretold a base subserviency to France: they saw the President win from France the most valuable acquisition that one country ever gained from another since the creation, and this without bloodshed. They had predicted insult and rash hostility to Great Britain: they saw the moment come when, with universal acclamation, Jefferson could have had a war with England, and yet he held back the conflict for another four years, every month of which made that conflict less unequal.

It is not in mortals to behold with equanimity such brilliant and triumphant wisdom in the career of a person against whom they are publicly committed. The leading Federalists seem to have been equally puzzled and indignant. C. C. Pinckney could only attribute the strengthening hold Jefferson had of the public confidence to "the infatuation of the people." John Quincy Adams thought that Jefferson's success was owing to an unaccountable run of good luck. "Fortune," said he, "has taken a pleasure in making Jefferson's greatest weaknesses and follies issue more successfully than if he had been inspired with the profoundest wisdom." (This in 1804. Before Mr. Jefferson went out of office Adams was a Republican.) Gouverneur Morris, the jovial and witty aristocrat, set it down, Froude-fashion, to the natural baseness of merchants and traders. It was a favorite fiction of the class of tories represented by Morris, that the counting-room is the centre and resort of all that is sordid and contemptible. But Morris did not despair of the Republic. "When the people," said he, "have been long enough drunk, they will get sober; but while the frolic lasts, to

reason with them is useless. Their present leaders take advantage of their besotted condition, and tie their hands and feet; but if this prevents them from running into the fire, why should we, who are their friends, complain?" Fisher Ames thought it was all a piece of impudent, reckless imposture, which just happened to succeed. "Never before," wrote he, "was it attempted to play the fool on so great a scale." Hamilton solved the enigma with the utmost ease, in his old manner; his central, immutable principle being this: Man is an ass. In his usual high-stepping style, he remarks: "Mankind are forever destined to be the dupes of bold and cunning imposture." Old John Adams, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," fulminated comparative history, but thought the people would open their eyes at last. "If," said he, "the talents, the policy, the address, the power, the bigotry and tyranny of Archbishop Laud and the court of Charles the First were not able to destroy or discredit sound principles in 1630 or 1635, there is little cause of apprehension for them from the feeble efforts of the frivolous libertines who are combinining, conspiring, and intriguing against them in 1802."

How instructive is all this! How eloquent it is against intrusting the rights of a nation to the custody of a class!

If the uppermost men of the opposition wrote thus in their confidential correspondence, we can imagine the tone and style of the party press. The falsehoods which had been accumulating for three Presidential elections, with the new atrocities of Callender and others, formed a mass of calumny from which the mildest and the fiercest county editor could draw every week the slanders most congenial to his disposition. They did so. The State courts gave members of the administration a fair means of redress, and some of them appear to have thought of bringing suits for libel. Jefferson avowed their right to do so; but said he, in various forms of expression, "Let us prove to the world that an administration which has nothing to conceal has nothing to fear from the press." It is the means which the press has of giving publicity to events which makes it one of the great powers of the modern world. When it utters falsehood, the party injured is itself. "I admit," he wrote to an old friend in 1808, "that restraining the press to *truth*, as the present laws do, is the only way of making it useful. But I have thought it necessary first to prove that it can never be dangerous." Again, in his second inaugural, he spoke of the importance to mankind of this experiment to ascertain whether a government that did no act which it would be unwilling the whole world should witness, could be written down. "The experiment has been tried," said he. "You have witnessed the scene; our fellow-citizens looked on, cool and collected; they saw the latent source from which these outrages proceeded; they gathered around their public functionaries, and when the Constitution called them to the decision by suffrage they pronounced their verdict, honorable to those who had served them, and consolatory to the friend of man, who believes he may be trusted with the control of his own affairs."

Such were some of the preliminary and minor excellences of this unique administration. Of themselves, they would not have carried it far. We are familiar with the theological student of tradition who advertised for a home in a family where a pious example would be considered an equivalent for his board. Of similar absurdity we might accuse the head of a nation who should expect to satisfy the people by being a virtuous, attentive, and rational man. That, indeed, is highly desirable; but it was for something else that the people assigned to Mr. Jefferson quarters in their White House at Washington.

James Parton.

WITHOUT REWARD.

THE maiden whom his fancy paints
Is all unlike the girl I am;
I vex the air with weary plaints:
She dwells within a saintly calm.

I see in him the good I seek;
He sees in me but faults to shun;
He thinks me wrong, he knows me weak;—
I hate myself, so lightly won.

I lift my heart unto his smile;
I follow him with faithful eyes;
I know myself as far the while
As is the sunflower from the skies.

He gives the hand he gives to all,—
A kindly touch, a friendly grasp;
My fingers tremble as they fall,
Thrilled into weakness, from his clasp.

I hang upon his lightest word;
I grow beneath his careless praise;
I stir, as the poor weed is stirred,
Drinking the sunshine summer days.

I know not when the charm will end;
I cannot dream my dream undone;
And even now it seems to blend
With life immortal, unbegun.

Is heaven before? I shrink away;
I have no confidence to reach;
I can but fall and blindly pray:
'T is God apportions life to each.

I know he gives and he withholds;
I have not, and this strong soul has:
The mystery the bud enfolds
May never bring its fruit to pass.

I wonder if God sees and cares;
I wonder am I right or wrong:
Pluck me the wheat from out the tares
And stop the murmur of my song!

D. H. R. Goodale.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART II.

III.

SUCH as we have described was John Vane's slender outfit for the labors and responsibilities of a Congressman at the time he became one.

Was it sufficient? Slowburgh, taken collectively, thought it was. He was too ignorant to be a professor in the State university, or even a teacher in one of the city schools; but it was presumed that he would answer well enough as a lawgiver for a complicated Republic containing forty millions of people. The great majority of his constituents did not suppose that their representative needed any more intelligence or moral stamina than would just enable him to find out what were the "party measures" and faithfully to vote for them. The few who believed that he ought to be acquainted either with finance, or political economy, or constitutional limitations, or international law, and that furthermore he should be a person of tried character and honor, — these few eccentrics had no political influence. Such were the happy-go-lucky credences at which universal suffrage had arrived in this exceptional district of Slowburgh.

But as this state of public opinion was not John Vane's work, we must neither blame him nor praise him for it. We ought even to take a respectful and compassionate interest in him, as a good-hearted man of fair repute who was about to be severely tried by temptation, and who, even in his hour of triumph, had his pathetic hopes and fears. It is creditable to his sentimental nature that, amid all the visions of greatness which naturally flocked about him, he did not forget his love for the daughter of the boarding-house keeper, but rather remembered her the more tenderly because he had a sort of throne to share with her. When he heard that he was elected, his first desire was to seek her presence and offer himself once more. In this mind he faithfully remained; but how should he transform it into deed? Having been refused by her, and having departed from her mother's house, really in humble sorrow, but seemingly in lofty dudgeon, he simply supposed that he must not call upon her.

Should he write? Well, it is very strange to tell, but nevertheless it is solemnly true, that this Congressman elect distrusted his ability to compose a suitable epistle for the occasion. Of course he could spell correctly, and, as for business letters, he wrote a dozen or so a day, and very good ones too. A speech also he could make, for nature had given him that commonplace fluency of utterance which does so much duty in our public affairs, and he had acquired confidence in delivery by practice in caucuses, debating-clubs, and, if I do not err, in prayer-meetings. But in English composition of the elegant and delicate sort, he was entirely inexperienced. He said to himself that, if he should write a declaratory note to Miss Smiles, something common, something lacking in high breeding, might creep into it, which would be sure to disgust this genteel and highly educated young lady, and cause her, as he stated it in his anxious mind, "to put another veto on him." So, for several days, our statesman elect walked the streets of the city which had delighted to honor him with a prevalently humble and troubled spirit.

Accident at last favored him; or, perhaps, it may have been a stroke of feminine providence; for women do sometimes condescend to order their own destinies. Once again Olympia Smiles met him on the street, and most graciously allowed herself to be

stopped by him, if, indeed, she did not herself do the stopping. Vane was for a moment dumb, for he remembered that he had nothing special to say to her except that he adored her, and it did not seem to him quite proper to interview her just there on that subject. Olympia came to his rescue with that quickness of mind which young ladies rarely lose and that mercy which they sometimes have.

"Mr. Vane, I am glad to meet you," she smiled. It was a very cordial speech surely, but it did not at all diminish her maidenly dignity, so well did she know how to rule her manner. "I have really longed to congratulate you on your victory," she continued. "It gives me a great deal of pleasure."

"I thank you exceedingly," stammered John, blushing with unspeakable joy and fright. "I heard you were good enough to take my side during the campaign. I was very much obliged to you for it, I am sure."

He showed no anger and he put on no dignity, though he seemed to hear even then her humiliating words, "It can never be." In the matter of loving he was surely a model soul, and, so far as that goes, well worth any woman's winning.

"Why don't you come and see us?" she resumed, after a moment of natural hesitation over the entangling query. "I had hoped that we should always remain good friends."

She looked uncommonly attractive as she uttered this, for there was an enchantment about her beyond that of mere beauty. Her agitation not only filled her cheeks with color and her eyes with tremulous light, but drew from her whole being a mysterious influence which we might, perhaps, call a halo of enticement. She longed so earnestly to bring her discarded lover back to her feet, that he could not but be vaguely aware of the longing.

"I shall be delighted to call," replied John Vane, so much moved that he could not devise a fine speech, but delivered himself with the simplicity of high breeding. "Will you allow me to see you this evening?"

"Yes," murmured Olympia, drawing her breath with some difficulty, "do come."

Then, unwilling to say more for fear of exposing her feelings too clearly, she gave him a bewildering smile and went her way. Her superb figure thrilled in every vein with excitement, and she could hardly set her little bootees upon the ground steadily. Citizen John Vane had had no attractions for her; but she could not help being drawn by the member of Congress. After the fashion of women, she instinctively admired a man who rules his fellow-men, and causes them to do him reverence. As he, like all masculine flesh, adored beauty and delicacy, so she, like all feminine flesh, worshipped strength and authority.

That evening John called, in his best suit, at his old boarding-house, and was received there with a warmth which melted the icy past out of his mind. Mrs Smiles, who had always liked him, and who had been sentimentally pained as well as financially injured by losing him from her table, called up all her social graces of bygone fashionable days to do him honor; Julia Maria, Olympia's younger sister, only nineteen years old at the time, saluted him in her pert but alluring way as "the delegation from Slowburgh." Olympia herself, that experienced, though not hardened veteran of the world, robed herself in just the right mixture of cordiality and dignity. Both in a moral and in a wardrobe sense she had taken great pains to get herself up for the occasion. She was arrayed in her best garnet silk; and we ought to add the statement that it was her only really good and fresh one, — a pathetic circumstance in view of the fact that she dearly loved gorgeous apparel, and that it suited her style of beauty. The rich and noble color of the garnet lent additional splendor to the flush on her brunette cheeks, and to the liquid sparkle of her dark eyes. There was an emerald cross (a

relic of her mother's former prosperity) on her breast; and several rings of like moving history sent out little glimmers of gentility from her fingers. The fine raiment and the authentic splendor of the jewels became her, and made her more queenly, more like a Cleopatra, than even her wont. John Vane had never before seen her so beautiful, and he was dazzled to that degree that he forgot his own political majesty, and sat before her on the edge of a chair a most humble Antony.

"I am truly rejoiced at your success, Mr. Vane," chanted the mother, who felt it her duty to open the way toward full cordiality. "We shall now have an honest man to represent us," she continued, repeating such political talk as she had fully caught the sense of while serving her boarders. "And a man of ability, too," she quickly added, vaguely conscious that an imputation of honesty alone is small praise. "Knowing what you have done in life hitherto, I feel sure that you will be very useful in your new sphere."

"Do manage, Mr. Vane, to have a gay season in Washington," put in Julia Maria; "and then do get me an invite to spend the winter there."

Olympia lost a little of her air of repose, and glanced uneasily at her sister. Was it within the range of possibility that this young chit should skip into the arena and carry off the prize by dint of mere girlish forwardness and flippancy? Mrs. Smiles also saw the peril, and, in obedience to the eye of her eldest, sweetly sent Julia Maria down stairs with a message to the cook.

"I don't know what sort of a figger I shall cut in Congress," observed John Vane, modestly. "But you may be sure, Mrs. Smiles, that I shall do my honest best. I hope sincerely that I shall merit the compliments you are so polite as to pay me."

"O, *indeed* you will!" broke in both mother and daughter, eagerly.

"And yet, I should think you would tremble at the thought of assuming *such* responsibilities," continued Mrs. Smiles, gazing with real veneration at her once favored boarder, now the choice of the people. "It must be such a terrible thing to decide on the President's salary, and such-like important questions."

"O, that 's very simple!" answered the Congressman elect, pardonably anxious to show a little bit of his political lore. "You see, the President's salary is fixed by law, and there 's no discussion over it."

"Yes, but you may have to vote on the law," pursued the good lady, eager to make up some work for her hero.

"O, as to that," stammered Vane, who had been drawn beyond his depth, "I dare say that may come up sometimes! Of course, when it does, Congress attends to it."

"Certainly," chimed in Mrs. Smiles, delighted that it should be so, because it enhanced her friend's glory. "I remember hearing Mr. Smiles, my poor husband, — this was when we were in better circumstances, Mr. Vane, — I remember hearing him say that Congress is only too powerful. He took a great interest in politics, Mr. Smiles did. It is the business of a statesman, he used to say. Often and often I 've heard him say it."

By this time Olympia was glancing sidelong at her mother, as she had previously glanced at her sister. Mrs. Smiles noted the look and divined from it that she was in the girl's way, and proceeded to remove herself.

"Dear me! I wonder if Julia gave my message," she exclaimed in a simulated tone of reminiscence. "Do excuse me for a few moments, Mr. Vane. You know a housekeeper has her affairs."

"Certainly, Mrs. Smiles," bowed John, who was rejoiced to have her depart, although he also felt nervous.

As soon as the two "young people" were left alone, Olympia rose from the chair where she had been sitting in isolated dignity, advanced to our Congressman with an air of cordial inter-

est, and placed herself by his side on a sofa.

"Now tell me *all* about it," she murmured with a bewildering smile. "I have so *longed* to question you! I wanted to give you some intelligent sympathy. Tell me *all* your plans of legislation, as far as it is proper to tell them to a woman."

Such a gush from such a source was intoxicating to the heart, and furthermore it was inspiring to the mind. Some thousands of psychologists have already remarked that a man can always talk easily, if you will let him talk about himself and provide him with an interested and interesting listener. John Vane at once lost his embarrassment and found that this was indeed a land of free speech. He had a fluent utterance, as we have already indicated, and on this occasion he beat his best time on the platform. He told all that he knew about national politics, and some things which neither he nor any other man ever knew.

"O, that will be noble work!" exclaimed Olympia, when he had fully exposed his plan for renovating and purifying the Republic by rescinding the franking privilege. "We shall all owe you a vast debt of gratitude," she continued, without in the least comprehending how the reform would benefit her or any other human creature. "But do you think it possible to eradicate such an established and wide-spread abuse?" she continued, calling it what he had called it, and thereby causing him to marvel at her discrimination. "Here are all these greedy people all over the country, crazy to get these big books and reports that you speak of. How do you think they will bear being deprived of them? Of course they will become your bitter enemies. Don't you think it would be safer, and better in the long run, to begin with some easier work, where there would not be millions to oppose you? Of course I am dreadfully ignorant of these political matters," she naïvely confessed, discovering by his face that she had made some blunder, which she certainly had as to the millions. "You must forgive me for venturing suggestions. I ought not to try to discuss matters so much above me. But I am so eager to have you succeed from the very start! *O*, so *eager!*" she added, rolling up her fine eyes enthusiastically.

"O Miss Smiles! I do heartily thank you for your interest," gasped John Vane, barely restraining himself from falling on his majestic knees.

At this moment the impertinent cheap parlor clock struck ten. Congressman Vane started and stared at its round face with astonishment. Since Mrs. Smiles had left the room "for a few moments," more than an hour had elapsed.

"I must be going," he observed, remembering an appointment, at ten precisely, with certain leading managers of politics.

"O, it is not late!" pleaded Olympia. "I have but just begun to get interested — I mean, to understand these matters."

But the Congressman felt that it would not do to let his potent allies wait long, and, humbly pleading his appointment, he persisted in rising.

"Do call again soon," urged the young lady. "I want to show you that I am still your friend, — one of your most sincere friends," she added fervently, giving him her hand.

John Vane could not resist the temptation; he impulsively pressed that hand to his lips. "You know how I feel!" he gasped in apology, and then in haste made his dizzy way to the door.

"O, how could you!" whispered Olympia in feigned remonstrance. But her cheek was red with pride and pleasure, and her parting glance was of a nature to fill him with hope.

A sense of justice compels us to state that this young lady was not merely a clever hypocrite, cold-heartedly planning for herself a prosperous marriage. During the two months in which John Vane had fought his election fight and won his really brilliant

victory, she had not only lost all her early disdain of him, but had gradually learned to admire him, to wish to win him, and to like him. People are often loved, not merely for what they are themselves, but also for their adventitious surroundings. I myself feel that I might have a passion for a tolerably plain queen, if her Majesty should distinctly and magnificently encourage me. Just in this natural, and therefore, I suppose, rational and proper manner, Olympia "fancied" and in a certain sense loved Mr. Vane because he was a Congressman and a celebrity.

A learned pig, or any other intellect of a second-rate order, might predict with accuracy the result of such a state of things. These two people, who so earnestly wanted each other, soon managed to have each other. But, although John Vane made an easy conquest, it was none the less an unexpected one to him, and a matter of great and keen joy. When he at last dared to say to Olympia, "Will you be my wife?" and when she leaned with downcast eyes toward him and whispered, "I will," he was as much astonished with gladness as if he had been received bodily into heaven. Just in that moment his feelings, and we may hopefully venture to add hers also, were as admirable and enviable as the emotions of the most select and highly educated natures would average under the same circumstances, and might easily be accepted as the sure harbingers of a happy married life.

We shall see in the sequel, when Mr. and Mrs. Vane come to be exposed to the temptations of Washington, whether these seraphic visitants prophesied correctly.

IV.

In due time John Vane took his lovely bride to the national capital, and entered upon his triple career as a social magnate, a lawgiver, and a reformer.

He was a bloomingly happy man at the period of that advent, and he could surely allege satisfactory reasons for his beatitude. He had attained eminence early in life; there were few younger Congressmen than himself. His fame as an incorruptible soul had preceded him; and because of it he had been received by his brother legislators with a deference which spoke well for them, as if they also were honest or admired probity theoretically, or at the very least bowed to popular prejudice on the subject. He had, as he supposed, a sure entry into the hitherto unvisited region which he called high society, and by his side walked a being who seemed to him perfectly fitted to guide him among those Delectable Mountains. Finally, his wife was the object of his robust, undivided affection, and, to the best of his knowledge and belief, returned it with interest.

But, however pure and abundant may be the sources of earthly joy, some turbid stream will ever and anon rile them, bubbling up no doubt from the infernal regions. Before long Vane discovered, or rather had it borne in upon him, that Olympia was not pleased with her architectural surroundings, nor with their upholstery attributes. His apartments, it must be conceded, were not fine; they were just that kind of tarnished, frowsy lodgings which Congressmen of moderate means grumble at, but perforce put up with; such lodgings as one is sure to find abundantly in any city which is crowded during one half of the year and deserted during the other half. Even Vane, whose self-made career had not left him a sybarite, was obliged to admit that the bedroom smelt unpleasantly of a neighboring stable, and that the parlor was dingy and scantily furnished.

"O, this shabby Washington!" Olympia soon began to sigh. "What mean, musty, vile rooms! I don't see how we came to take them. I 'm sure nobody but poorhouse people will visit us twice *here*."

"But, my dear petsy posy, what can be done?" gently replied John. "They are the best we could find at the figger,

and the figger is as high as my pocket-book measures. Just look at the whole thing now," he continued, patiently recommencing an argument which he had already been driven to state more than once. "I 'll show you exactly how I stand. As a source of income the refrigerator business don't count at present. I had to take in a partner to carry on the shop; and whether there 'll be any profits or not I can't yet say. It won't be safe, at least not for the first year, to estimate my receipts at anything more than my Congressional salary. What I have to live on, then, is just five thousand dollars, and no more."

"But that is a great deal," interrupted Olympia, who had never had anything whatever to do with the boarding-house responsibilities, and was consequently as ignorant of the cost of living as Queen Victoria, and probably a great deal more so.

"Well, that depends on the rate of outgo," smiled the husband, hoping vainly to render his logic palatable by sugaring it with meekness. "Now, what are our expenses? First, there are the two children. I wanted to make things easy for your mother, and so I put their board at twenty-four dollars per week, which, with other bills, such as clothing, schooling, doctoring, etc., will foot up to eighteen hundred a year. It 's awful, but I wanted to make it light on the old lady." He smiled again, not noting how this reference to maternal poverty jarred on Olympia. "Then our board and rooms here cost forty dollars a week, and won't fall greatly below that while we are in Slowburgh, besides which you want a trip to Saratoga. So there goes another payment of two thousand and eighty dollars. That makes three thousand eight hundred and eighty, you see. All we have left for everything else — wardrobe, washing, servants, street-cars, hack-hire, and sundries — is only eleven hundred and twenty dollars. Can we fetch the twelve months round on that? I don't know yet. But I 'm sure, we ought to wait and see, before we branch out any wider. Just look at it, my dear petsy posy, for yourself."

"I hate arithmetic," was the answer which dear petsy posy accorded to this painstaking exposition of weighty facts; "I always did hate it and always shall."

There are some persons so constituted that they will get furious with a thermometer for proving that a room is warm after they have pronounced it cold. Olympia, who already felt discontented with her husband for bringing her into these commonplace rooms, was little less than angry at him because his arguments in favor of retaining them were unanswerable. She did not care one straw for his reasons, except to hate them for controverting her wishes.

"I did think that I should be allowed to live in some style while I was in Washington," she continued to pout. "This kind of thing," with a disdainful glance at her furnishings, "I suppose I can bear it, if I must; but I do say that it is a very great disappointment to me."

Having been married before, John Vane was not much astonished at this persistence, but he could not help being grieved by it. It did seem to him rather hard that a wife whom he had taken out of the enforced frugality of a boarding-house should be just as eager for grandeur and as hostile to saving as if she had been reared in the lap of luxury and had brought him a fortune. Furthermore, a sad doubt, which has dolorously surprised many a husband beside him, now sprang upon him for the first time. "Is it possible," he asked himself, "that she is not going to be satisfied with succeeding through *my* success, but means to make her own glory the centre of our life?" The first Mrs. Vane, whatever her shortcomings in other respects, had been content with such an abode as he could pay for, and had taken a pride in his growing business. But here was a new style of helpmeet; a helpmeet who apparently did not propose to live for him; who, on the contrary, intended that he should

live for her, and that without regard to balancing his bank account. She had got a Congressman; but that almost continental fact did not satisfy her: she must have her own separate empire and glory. In short, Vane began dimly to suspect (although he did not at all know how to phrase the matter to himself) that he had married a girl of the period, that fairest and greediest of all vampyres. Being love-bewitched, however, he did not really believe in his calamity, and much less burst forth in wrath or lamentation.

"Well, my dear, we 'll see about it," he said, cheering. "We 'll keep our eyes open for some better shanty than this, and if the dollars seem plenty we 'll pop into it."

This conditional promise of finer surroundings Olympia tacitly accepted as a positive agreement to provide the same, and went out that very day in search of first-class apartments, returning much annoyed at finding none vacant. To soothe her disappointment she got fifty dollars from her husband, purchased such damask curtains as could be had therefor, and so embellished her parlor. Vane winced a little; as a business man he saw that this was a poor way to prepare for getting into better lodgings; as a business man also he hated to spend money in lending attractions to another person's property. But he tried to persuade himself that he had got off tolerably cheap, and that his wife would learn economy and self-control in the course of time. Then, like many another Congressman who cannot rule his own expenditures, he turned his attention to reforming those of the nation.

The first thing to be done was to get in his bill for the abolition of the franking privilege. He had written it out months ago, and touched it up ever so many times since. After pulling aside those damask curtains in order to give himself some light, he took his well-scratched manuscript out of his trunk, and read it to himself aloud. As is frequently the case with persons little accustomed to composition, the sound of his own periods was agreeable to him, and the sense impressive, not to say sublime. It seemed to him that it was a good bill; that it was, all over its face and down its back, an honest man's bill; that every respectable fellow in the House would *have* to vote for it. He decided to make a clean copy of it just as it was, without another syllable of useless alteration. He had just squared himself and spread out his legs and put his head on one side for this chore, and was in the very act of flourishing his right hand over the foolscap preparatory to executing a fine opening capital, when he was arrested by a ring at his door-bell. Presently in stamped his old acquaintance and most adroit wire-puller, Mr. Darius Dorman, followed by a stranger.

No miracle having of late been performed for the benefit of Dorman (who, indeed, may have been altogether beyond the pale of heavenly interferences), he was as ungraciously fashioned and as disagreeably discolored as ever. Earthly soap and water, it seemed, could not wash away that suspicious smear of charcoal and ashes which constituted his complexion, or which, perhaps, only hid its real tint. Blurred, blotched, smoke-dried, wilted, uneasy, and agile, he looked and acted, as he had always looked and acted, to mortal eyes, like either a singed monkey or a bleached goblin, who had some unquenched sparks on his hide that would not let him be quiet.

To this brownie in bad preservation the person who accompanied him offered a pleasing contrast. He was a man of near seventy, but still slender in build and of an upright carriage; his face was long, venerably wrinkled, firm in expression, and yet unctuous with mildness and benevolence; his hair was long, straight, thin, and of a gray which verged on the reverend gloss of pure whiteness; his whole air was marked by a curious staidness and circumspectness which seemed to promise ascetic virtue. One would have said that here was a soul which had dwelt long on the pillar of self-sacrifice. If

there was a certain sharpness amounting almost to cunning in the half-shut, faded, cold gray eyes, it might have been acquired, of course, by wary spying into the ambushes of this wicked world, and be only a proof of that serpent-like wisdom which goes properly with the harmlessness of the dove. If there was a show of grip about the close-shut mouth, as though it could hang on to an advantage like a mastiff to a bone, perhaps it might have resulted from a dogged struggle to hold fast to the right. On the whole, this gentleman's appearance was well calculated to inspire instant and entire confidence, providing the beholder were disposed by education to put faith in exteriors of the Puritanized cast.

"How are you, Vane?" exclaimed Dorman, cordially extending one of those hands which had such an air of having been rubbed in a fireplace. "Glad to see you at last where you belong, glad to see one right man in the right place. Let me make you acquainted with the Honorable Mr. Sharp, one of the leading members from the good old Whetstone State," he explained, referring to a well-known Commonwealth. "Of course you have heard of Mr. Simon Sharp, the great financier and practical statesman. Mr. Sharp, this is honest John Vane, the workingman's man, the plain people's man. By Beelzebub!" he added (for he had very odd fashions of swearing), "I 'm glad to bring you two gentlemen together. You both travel the honest track. You 'll make a team."

Mr. Vane and Mr. Sharp shook hands respectfully, and said what pleasant things they could think of. Our member noted with some surprise that his famous and puissant visitor had a singularly soft, ingratiating, obsequious, nay, even sycophantic utterance, and that his manner was not only deferential, but slightly anxious and nervous and embarrassed, as if he were a needy tradesman, eager to propitiate a difficult customer. Moreover, he was unctuously and little less than stickily profuse in compliments, pouring them forth with a liberality which reminded one of oil dripping from a castor-bean press. He repeated over and over such lubricating commonplaces as, "I thank you truly, Mr. Vane. You are really much too kind. You do me too high an honor. This from you, my dear sir, is more than I deserve. I am delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. I hope to learn statesmanship from you, sir. I trust that you will find me a zealous scholar. We have all been, as it were, waiting for you. O, thank you kindly!" when a seat was urged upon him. "You are really too urbane and thoughtful. I thank you heartily."

At last, emerging with difficulty from a wilderness of bowings and scrapings, they all three got settled creakily in such unstable chairs as the dingy parlor afforded. Mr. Dorman now opened his dry, blackened, baked lips, and took the lead in the conversation.

"Just in Washington, Vane. I came on about my little job, and I thought I 'd drop in to see how you found yourself; and as I was strolling along I met Friend Sharp."

Here he glanced at that worthy person, who was thereby driven to nod and smile in confirmation of the tale, although the fact was that Dorman had looked him up at his residence and besought him eagerly to call on Vane.

"And it 's a lucky circumstance, I think," continued Darius, with one of his unpleasing smiles, — a grimace which seemed to express suffering rather than joy, as though he had sat down upon an unhealed burn. "You see, Friend Sharp is one of the oldest sailors in this ship of state, and knows all the ropes, and the way to the caboose, and everything."

"O Mr. Dorman! you do me too much honor!" put in Mr. Sharp, with a meek, uneasy air. "I scarcely know a rope, and know nothing about the caboose. You are really too obliging. But you mean a compliment, and I thank you kindly."

"I must have my little joke," winked Darius. "Well, at any rate, Friend

Sharp is a man who knows how to keep out of traps and to show others how to steer clear of them. Now you, Vane, have got a great measure on your mind and conscience. It 's a great and good measure; there 's no use in disputing it. The only question is, whether it is best to push it now, or wait awhile. Will hurrying it up do good or do harm? Mr. Simon Sharp is just the person to tell you."

"Well, gentlemen," said Vane, with an elevating sense of making a revelation, while the truth was that Sharp already knew all about his proposed bill,—"well, gentlemen, I want to abolish the franking privilege."

The member from the old Whetstone State bowed, stretched out one of his smiles into an adulatory grin, and whispered in his greasiest voice, "Certainly, Mr. Vane, certainly!"

"You agree with me!" rejoiced Honest John. "Well, I 'm glad of securing one leading voice in the House."

"In principle,—in principle," Mr. Sharp continued to grin; "yes, in principle I entirely agree with you. You have suggested a measure which touches my conscience, and I need not say that I thank you kindly. You will find many sympathizers with your idea in Congress, sir. All honest, fair-minded, intelligent, and patriotic members long to do away with that expensive nuisance which so corrupts our national morality and overloads our mail-bags. The trouble is that the fellows who want a re-election—" And here the good soul shook his venerable head sadly over the character of the fellows who wanted a re-election.

"But ain't there enough popular men and sound patriots to carry it, in spite of those chaps?" asked Vane, anxiously.

"You see, there are *so many* who want a re-election!" explained Mr. Sharp, gently. "In fact, almost everybody gets around to that state of mind after two years."

"Do you mean to say that all Congressmen think of is how to get another term?" exclaimed Honest John, rather indignant at the insinuation.

"No, no, by no means!" implored the Whetstone State representative. "Pray, don't understand me as even suggesting such a calumny. They think of many other things," he added, remembering certain objects of general interest which he did not choose to mention; "but this particular measure you see—the stoppage of electioneering documents, etc.—touches every man's chances in the end."

"I see it does," grumbled our upright and brave member. "But what has that got to do with a fellow's duty?"

This allusion to duty may not have seemed germane or important to Mr. Sharp; at all events he did not give himself the trouble to oil it with any commentaries.

"Horace Greeley worked at this abuse for years," he pursued. "Horace was an honest politician and a very potent editor. He did his best, and he failed."

"And you mean to say that a man who is n't a shaving to Horace Greeley won't succeed any better than he did," inferred John Vane, with a lowliness which shows that he had some sense.

"I don't mean to say that you are only a shaving to Mr. Greeley," responded Mr. Sharp, politely. "By no means, sir. On the contary, you quite remind me of Mr. Greeley," he added, running his eyes over Vane's cherubic face and portly figure. "He was not so well-favored a man as you, sir; but still you remind me of him,—remind me very agreeably. Both self-made men, also; I say it with profound respect." He bowed here, and indeed he kept bowing all the while, like an earthenware mandarin. "And both honest, known to the world as such, eminent for it!" he emphasized, with a grin which could have bit a quarter out of a mince-pie. "Ah, well, sir! so much the worse!" he resumed. "An honest man can't do away with the franking privilege. A rogue might, for he would offer something in place of it, and so, perhaps, carry his point by a

sort of bargain. No, Mr. Vane; you must really excuse me for contradicting your honorable hopes, but a gentleman of your character can't repeal the franking privilege, — at least not for years to come. That is my sorrowful, but candid belief."

John Vane stared at Mr. Simon Sharp with wonder and dismay. The venerable man had begun all right on this matter, and then, in the most rational and natural manner, had ended all wrong. Was this the way that people learned to reason by dint of sitting for several terms in Congress?

"If you could only become useful, — generally useful, you understand, — you might try your bill with some chance of success," resumed Mr. Sharp, after some moments of meditation. "A man who is known to be *useful*," — and he laid a very strong emphasis on the word, — "such a man can propose almost anything, and carry — well, carry something."

"Well, how can I get to be useful?" inquired the zealous neophyte from Slowburgh.

"I 'll tell you," smiled the veteran, at the same time hitching his chair forward confidentially, as if being useful were a sort of patent-right or other precious secret, not to be communicated to the public.

V.

"SPECIAL legislation is the great field for what I call Congressional *usefulness*," pursued Mr. Sharp, again bringing down a violent emphasis on the word, as if he were trying to drive it into his listener's head.

"Ah! is it?" stared John Vane. "That 's news to me. I thought general legislation was the big thing, — reform, foreign relations, sectional questions, constitutional points, and so on; I thought those were the diggings to get a reputation out of."

"All exploded, my dear sir!" answered Mr. Sharp. "All gone out with Calhoun and Webster, or at the latest with Lincoln and Stanton. All dead issues, as dead as the war. Special legislation — or, as some people prefer to call it, finance — is the sum and substance of Congressional business in our day. It is the great field, and it pays for the working. It pays every way. Your vote helps people, and they are grateful and help *you*. Your vote brings something to pass, and the public sees that it does, and respects you. Work into finance, Mr. Vane," exhorted Mr. Sharp, gently moving his hand in a spiral, as if to signify the insinuation of a corkscrew, "work slow-ly into — finance — so to call it. Take up some great national enterprise, and engineer it through. Get your name associated with a navigation scheme, or a railroad scheme, to advance commerce, you understand, or to move the crops." And as he alluded to these noble purposes, his voice became little less than reverential. "The millions yet unborn — you understand," here he seemed to be suggesting hints for a speech in advocacy of said scheme, — "millions yet unborn will have reason to remember you. Capital will become your friend. And capital — ah, Mr. Vane, there 's a word! My very blood curdles when I think of the power and majesty of *capital*. This land, sir, this whole gigantic Republic, with its population of forty millions, its incomparably productive and energetic industry, and its vast network of continental communications, is the servant, and I had almost said the creature, of *capital*. Capital guides it by its wisdom and sustains it by its beneficence. Capital is to be, and already is, its ruler. Make capital your friend. Do something for it, and secure its gratitude. Link your fortunes and your name with some gigantic financial enterprise. Then, when you have won the reputation of advancing the industrial interests of the country, and gathered around you hosts of admirers and friends, you can return to your pet measure. Now, there is my advice, — the advice of an old hand. Does n't it strike you as worth considering? My

maxim, as you see, is slow and sure. I also have my little reform at heart, but I keep it waiting until I can get strong enough to push it, and meantime I strengthen myself by helping other people. Never mind now what that reform is," he added, noting a gleam of inquiry in Vane's eye; "you will hear of it some day. Let us come to the immediate and the practical. While I make my humble little project bide its time, I am busy with a scheme which combines capital and industry, a scheme of national importance and magnitude. I don't mind mentioning it to you. It is the great Subfluvial Tunnel Road, meant to run through our country from North to South, under the Mississippi River, uniting Lake Superior with the Gulf of Mexico. It is a gigantic idea: you must admit it. Of course the business minutiæ and prospects of it are beyond me," he conceded, with an air of innocence and simplicity which seemed to relieve him of all responsibility as to those points. "There I have to trust to the judgment of business men. But where my information fails, Mr. Dorman here can fill the gap. Dorman, suppose you let our friend into this if he wants to come in."

John Vane, being quite beyond his honest depth by this time, had nothing to say to the Great Subfluvial either in condemnation or praise, but merely stared in expectant silence.

"It is the job I gave you a hint about in Slowburgh," began Darius Dorman, turning upon his member a pair of sombre, lurid, smoky eyes, which were at once utterly unearthly and utterly worldly. "We have just got it well under way."

"What! stock taken?" exclaimed Vane, amazed that he had not heard of such a huge financial success.

Darius smiled, as a slave-trader might smile upon a stalwart, unsuspicious negro who should express a curiosity to see the interior of his schooner.

"The subscription is to be started by the government," he proceeded. "That is, the government will loan the capital necessary to build the tunnel, and then secure itself by a mortgage on the same. No particular risk, you see, to capitalists, especially as they will get the first issue of stock cheap, and won't be called on to pay in a heavy percentage. What they don't want to keep they can sell to the outside public, — the raft of small investors. Now, bankers and financiers won't neglect such a chance as that; they will pile in as fast and as plenty as need be. With a government loan to start on, the stock is sure to be floated and the thing finished; and after that is done, why, it will go on pretty much as railroads do, — gradually increase its business, and in the end pay well, like railroads."

Just here there was a malicious twinkle in his charcoal-pits of eyes, as though he were thinking of the numberless widows and orphans and other unprotected creatures whose little all had gone into railroads without ever bringing out a dividend. At the same time he glanced suddenly at his grimy hands and rubbed them uneasily against each other, as if he would have been glad to get them clean for once in his existence, or as if the maculations on them itched and scalded quite intolerably.

"O, there 's nothing unusual or extra smart about the enterprise!" he resumed, perhaps detecting in honest John Vane's countenance a gleam of suspicion. "It is about the way railroads in general are got up, except the one notion of a government loan to start the thing. That is new and patented. Don't mention that for the Devil's sake!" he implored, with an outburst of his characteristically eccentric profanity. "Keep as dark as hell about the whole thing. All we want of you is to bear the job in mind, and when the House comes to the question of the loan, give us your voice and vote."

"It will be a grand thing for the country," put in Mr. Sharp, seeing that Vane pondered.

"O, magnificent!" exclaimed Dor-

man. "Give us another New York at New Orleans. Double the value of land in the Mississippi Valley."

"Unite the North and South," continued Sharp. "Close up the bloody chasm. Bind together the national unity in chains of cast-iron."

"Pour the wild rice of Green Bay upon the dinner-tables of our workingmen," responded Dorman.

"Bring the Menomonic Indians within easy reach of Christian missionaries," was Sharp's next word in this litany.

"Providing the whole tribe has n't already got to the happy hunting-grounds," suggested Dorman.

The Whetstone statesman glanced at the business man, and the business man glanced at the Whetstone statesman. Apparently (only John Vane did not perceive it) the two came very near laughing in each other's faces.

"Besides, it will pay well, at least to first investors," resumed Dorman.

"Yes, I should think it might pay *them* well," answered John Vane, with just a suspicion of satire in his tone.

"If you should ever care to invest, by the way," suggested the business man, as though that were a thing which he had just thought of, and which would of course not influence his representative's decision, "if you should ever fancy putting something of your own in, we can promise you a sure return for it. You shall have your pick, — stock at the opening figure, — corner lots cheap around the stations, — something paying and safe, you know, something salable if you don't want it."

"Well, I 'll think of it," nodded Vane, who had already made up his honest mind to have nothing to do with the Great Subfluvial, judging it to be a scheme for swindling the government and the general public.

"Do so," begged Mr. Simon Sharp, his broad array of yellow teeth showing in a manner which vaguely reminded one of the phrase, "dead men's bones and all uncleanness." The member from the old Whetstone State seemed at the moment to be as full of teeth as ever a freshly opened tomb was of skeletons. It was an error in him to make exhibition of those ravening tushes and grinders; they neutralized abominably the expression of integrity and piety which gleamed from the Puritanic lacker of his venerable mug. "Do, Mr. Vane," he continued, "give the project your intelligent consideration, and see if it is not worthy of your highly reputable and valuable support. And now, sir, I am compelled, very much against my wishes, to bid you a good morning. Delighted to have made your acquaintance, and to welcome you as a brother Congressman. Don't go to the door with me, don't! You are altogether too urbane. I thank you kindly."

"Honest, able old fellow, that Sharp," observed Dorman, as soon as the Whetstone patriot had fairly bowed and smirked himself out of the house. "Glad he happened to drop in on you while I was here."

"See here, Darius!" broke out Vane, still Honest John Vane, proud of his noble *sobriquet* and resolved to hold fast to it. "I 'm not going to go for a bill merely because there 's money in it, and some of that money offers to come my way. That ain't my style."

"I know it is n't," conceded Dorman, bowing humbly to this tempest of integrity and honorable self-esteem, probably for the sake of weathering it sooner.

"Then what do you offer me cheap stock for, and corner lots at a nominal figger, and all that sort of thing, to get me to vote your loan? Don't you know and don't I know that you are trying to bribe me?"

"You take your risk, don't you?" argued the man of affairs. "I don't offer you money, but merely a business risk."

"What risk is there when the government is to construct the road, and to give it such a credit that the stock can't help selling? You might as well talk about the risk of taking United States bonds at half the market value. You can't fool me that way, old boy.

I 'm a business man myself. I see as plainly as you do that the Great Subfluvial is to be built at the expense of the Treasury for the benefit of directors and officers and boss stockholders, who will take the shares at fifty, say, and sell them out at par, and then leave the whole thing on the hands of the small investors and Uncle Sam. That 's what you fellows mean to do, and want me to help you do. I don't see it."

"John Vane, if you are really honest John Vane, you 'll allow that one good turn deserves another," insinuated Dorman.

"I know you think you put me here," replied Vane, who already began to feel the oats on which Congressmen feed, and to attribute to his own mettle his advancement from the position of "wheel-horse" to that of "leader." "You did say a word in season for me at the caucus: I own it. But proposing is one thing, and getting the nomination is another, and carrying the election is a third. Could you have shoved through any other man? Why did n't you try it? You saw what horse could win the race, and you bet on it. It was the name of Honest John Vane,— the man of the plain people,— the self-made man, — that 's what took the caucus and the ballot-boxes. And now you want me to throw all those claims to respect and power overboard; want me to stop being honest and to tax the plain people uselessly; want me to go back on myself and my best friends; want me to follow in Bummer's dirty trail. Suppose I should do it? Why, I should end like Bummer; I should be laid on the shelf. O, I 'm not ungrateful for what you did toward the nomination! I 'll do anything in reason for you, old boy,— get you a collectorship or postmastership, anything that 'll bear telling of. But I won't help plunder the Treasury of forty millions, and the stock-buying public of twice as much more, merely to give you a hundred thousand and myself five thousand. I tell you squarely, and you may as well understand it first as last, that I wont go into your lobbying."

"Why, this is the way everything works here," the lobbyist (for such he was) at last asserted in his desperation. "Bills of this sort slide through every year. Some are upset, but who upsets them? Fellows who have n't been retained, or who have rival bills to push. I tell you, John Vane, that more than half your brother patriots in the Capitol do something in this line. The main work of Congress is done out of sight, like that of a mole, or by Beelzebub! any other underground creature. Making such laws as are needed, and voting such appropriations as the departments demand, would n't worry through a ten days' session. The real business of you legislators is running party politics, clearing scores with your fuglemen, protecting vested interests which can pay for it, voting relief bills for a percentage on the relief, and subsidizing great schemes for a share of the subsidy. A good Congressman of the present day is the silent partner of ever job that he supports. That 's what I meant by financial legislation when I urged you to go into it. Don't be an old-fashioned dog-in-the-manger, John Vane. Go with the crowd and humor the crowd; let others have their fodder, and bite in yourself. Look at the rafts of patriot statesmen who drive their carriages and keep open house. Do you suppose they do it off their salaries? Then why can't you do it off your salary, instead of huddling into these two little rooms and travelling by horse-car? Is it because they know how to make money go further than you do? No, *sir!* They take their little stock in a good bill, and then put it through. It 's the common thing in Washington, and it 's got to be the correct thing. And *you* can't change it. There 's a boiler inside this boat which will make the wheels turn round, no matter who tries to hold 'em. As long as there is special legislation, there will be money to be made by it, and legislators will take their share. When a rich financier or monopolist

comes to a poor M. C., and whispers to him, I want a chance to pocket a million, is the M. C. to say, Pocket it, and be sure not to give me any? Will he, as your human nature averages, will he say it? No, *sir!* he says, Let me have a percentage; and I assert that he 's right. It 's the natural working of humanity, under the circumstances. The only thing I wonder at is, that Congressmen are content with so little. Most of 'em ain't bold and hearty at all. They are pusillanimously half honest. Come, Vane, I want you to do well in the world of politics, and I want you to begin by supporting the Great Subfluvial."

"Dorman, I have the greatest mind in the world to expose you," was the almost heroic response of honest John.

"I should contradict and disprove every word of your exposure," laughed the unabashed lobbyist. "Do you suppose Congress wants subsidy legislation ripped open and exhibited to the public? Congress would believe you and would appoint a committee of investigation, and then would hush the matter up. Wait till you have learned your business, and then call me a liar, if you can."

And so the interview ended, with virtue still unshaken, but vice undiscouraged. Darius Dorman was too familiar with his evil trade and with the society in which it had hitherto prospered, to despair of finally leading his representative up to the manger of corruption. He narrated the substance of the above dialogue to the Honorable Simon Sharp with spasmodic twinges of cheerless gayety which resembled the "cracked and thin laughter heard far down in Hell."

"It is ludicrous, I must confess, Mr. Dorman," sighed the representative of the old Whetstone State, with a sad shake of his venerable long head; "but painfully so. I 'm afraid that your friend won't come to much in Congress. He won't be a practical statesman. No head for finance."

"Don't give way to despondency about him, my benevolent creature," answered Darius, shaking all over with his dolorous mirth, his very raiment, indeed, quivering and undulating with it, so that it seemed as if there might be a twitching tail inside his trousers. "I have looked into the very bottom of John Vane's thimbleful of soul. I know every sort and fashion of man that he will make up into, under the scissoring of diverse circumstances. John has no character of his own. He has had neither the born twist nor the education to give him one. He is a chameleon. He takes the color of the people about him. If his constituents ever find him out, they won't call him Honest John Vane, but Weathercock John. He went straight in Slowburgh, because most folks in Slowburgh go straight. After he has been long enough in Congress he will be like the mass of Congressmen. The furnace of special legislation and the bellows of Washington opinion will melt him over. Don't be anxious about him; it is a mere matter of time. He is pious, I grant; but so are you, Friend Sharp; so are lots more who live by subsidy bills. It 's of no use to be inside religion when you are also inside politics, as politics now go. Yes, it *is* of use; it varnishes the politics over nicely; it makes the special legislation look decent. John will be a great help to us, his reputation is so good. We must keep going for him, and we shall finally fetch him. When he finds that the majority take stock in bills, when he fairly realizes that he must choose between failing as a watchdog of the the Treasury and succeeding as lapdog of the lobby, he will go for the spoils solid, or at least vote a split ticket. I 'll bet on bringing him over; I 'll bet my eternal happiness on it!" he laughed, as though the article in question were not much to risk.

"You are a very plain-spoken person, Mr. Dorman," observed the Honorable Sharp, pulling a decorously long face. "Just a little — well, let us say eccentric, in your expressions," he added with his obsequious smile. "However, to come to the substance

of what you tell me, I must admit that it is encouraging. You really cheer me, Mr. Dorman. I thank you kindly."

Well, we have described the first Washingtonian temptation which stole to the side and whispered in the ear of Honest John Vane. Of course it was not the last; the goblins of the Mammonite crew dropped in upon him from week to week and almost from day to day; he could hardly put out his hands without feeling the pocket of a ring or corporation gaping to receive them. If he accepted an invitation to a supper, he found that it was given by some subsidy or relief bill. If a gentleman offered him a cigar, he discovered that it was scented with appropriations. If he helped a pretty woman into a street-car, she asked him to vote for her statue or her father's claim.

The lobby proved to be every way more imposing and potent than he had imagined it. True, some of its representatives were men whom it was easy for him to snub,— men of unwholesome skins, greasy garments, brutish manners, filthy minds, and sickening conversation; men who so reeked and drizzled with henbane tobacco and cockatrice whiskey that a moderate drinker or smoker would recoil from them as from a cesspool; men whose stupid, shameless boastings of their briberies were enough to warn away from them all but the very elect of Satan. But there were other corruptionists whom he could not steel himself to treat rudely. There were former members of Congress whose names had been trumpeted to him by fame in his youthful days; decayed statesmen, who were now, indeed, nothing but unfragrant corpses, breeding all manner of moral vermin and miasma, but who still had the speech of patriotism on their lips and the power to argue speciously about the "needs of the country." There were dashing Brummels, who seemed to him much finer gentlemen than himself, asserting a high position in society, wearing fine raiment elegantly, brilliant in conversation, gracious in manner, and stately in port. There were soldiers of the late war, bearing titles which made his civilian history appear mean, and boasting of services which seemed to crown them with a halo of patriotism.

Hardest of all for a novice in public affairs to face, there were pundits in constitutional law and Congressional precedent, whose deluges of political lore overflowed him like a river, and stranded him promptly on lone islands of silence. Then there were highly salaried and quick-witted agents of great business houses, which he, as a business man, knew, respected, and perhaps feared. Now and then, too, there was a woman, audacious and clever and stylish and handsome,— an Aspasia who was willing to promise money, and able to redeem her promises in beauty. Indeed, it sometimes seemed to John Vane that the lobby was a cleverer and more formidable assemblage than either of those two chambers which nominally gave laws to the nation. More and more distinctly, as the session went on, he realized that his honesty would have a hard fight of it, and that if he succeeded in keeping it from being borne to the ground, he would grandly deserve to wear his cherished *sobriquet*.

James DeForest.

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

THE cunning hand that carved this face,
A little helmeted Minerva, —
The hand, I say, ere Phidias wrought,
Had lost its subtile skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust: we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him, — there 's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The thousand summers came and went,
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up, —
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brother! see how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded,
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART II.

V.

Early Experiences.

GUNNAR did not like spelling half as well as his grandmother's stories, and Gunhild had to use all her powers of persuasion, before she could convince him of the necessity of learning the alphabet. He soon, however, learned to know the letters and to draw them on the floor, with beards, tails, and other fanciful additions. He had an original way of attributing certain good or bad traits of character to each letter of the alphabet, and of showing a decided favor for some in preference to others. He could well understand why "Hulder" should commence with "H,"* he said, for the H was always, like the Hulder, trying to curl up its tail to keep it out of sight. But in spite of all difficulties, and in spite of all the ill-treatment of the Catechism, which had to serve both as spelling-book and for religious instruction, Gunhild did not give up; and after two years of persevering toil, she at last had the satisfaction of knowing that her pupil had read the book five times through, and could say the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed both forwards and backwards.

Thor did not think it well for the boy to stay at home any longer with his grandmother; he knew already too much about Hulders, trolds, and fairies, and he could hardly open his mouth about anything else. He was old enough now to be of some use, and as soon as he could find any one who wanted him he would send him away. Gunhild protested, but it was in vain: his mother might have known that; for Thor never changed his mind.

One night he came home and told her that he had made arrangements with the widow of Rimul, who wanted Gunnar to watch her cattle in the mountains through the summer; the boy would have to be ready to start for the saeter at daybreak the next morning. Gunnar's heart beat loud for joy when he heard this; he had nearly laughed right out, and would have done so, if he had not been afraid of offending his grandmother.

Next morning all rose with the sun. They ate their breakfast in silence. When the heart is full, it is hard to speak. When they were about to start, the grandmother gave Gunnar a small bundle, with a hymn-book, a coat, and a shirt for change.

"The coat you must only wear on Sundays," said she, the tears nearly choking her voice. "When you hear the church-bells chime from the valley, then you must read a hymn and the gospel for the day in the back part of the book; then nothing evil can befall thee. On week-days you must always go in your shirt-sleeves, except when it is very cold." The last advice Gunnar hardly heard, he was so anxious to be off.

Father and son walked rapidly down towards the boat-house. It was early in June. The sun shone brightly, and the morning fog was slowly rising from the fields and from the river. Gunnar could not help turning his head often to look from a distance at the old cottage which he had now quitted for the first time in his life; and as long as the turf-covered roof was in sight, he could see his grandmother standing in the door, wiping the tears from her eyes with her apron. Gunnar for a moment was quite touched; he felt the tears starting, and it suddenly occurred to him that he surely loved his grandmother very much.

When they reached Atle Henjum's boat-house, Thor untied a boat, and

* H in the German, not in the English, alphabet. The German alphabet is mostly used in Norway.

they crossed the river. Rimul lay on the hillside, smiling in the morning sun. The fjord looked as if it wanted to speak, but was too happy to find expression; therefore it remained silent, but gazed at the wanderers with those strange speaking though speechless eyes, which no one ever forgets who has ever penetrated to the heart of Norway.

There was a great noise and bustle at Rimul. Everybody, from the mistress to the house-cat, seemed to be too busy to take any notice of Thor and Gunnar, as they passed through the gate into the yard. The boys were loading the backs of the horses with buckets, kettles, blankets, and all kinds of household utensils; while the girls were marking the ears of the sheep and goats, and tying bells round the necks of the most distinguished members of the flock. On a sloping bridge, leading from the yard into the upper floor of the barn, stood a tall, fair woman, with a large white cloth tied in a peculiar fashion around her head. It was bound tightly round the forehead, but widened behind into the shape of a semicircle. The fair woman seemed so absorbed in the orders she was giving in a loud voice to the different parties working in the yard, that she did not observe Thor, before he was right at her side.

"Thanks for the last meeting," said Thor, taking off his cap and extending his hand.

"Thanks to yourself, Thor," said Ingeborg of Rimul; for it was she to whom Thor had addressed his words.

"It will be a warm day," observed Thor.

"Therefore we want to get the cattle off at once; if we tarry, they will scatter before noon, and we shall not know where to look for them. Glad you came so early, Thor. Is this your boy?"

Gunnar had sought refuge behind his father.

"This is my boy. Go and shake hands, Gunnar."

The boy obeyed, though rather reluctantly.

"Gunnar; a good old name. How old are you, Gunnar?"

"Don't know," said Gunnar.

"Eleven years last Christmas," replied his father.

"That little girl you see down there among the sheep," continued Ingeborg, still addressing the boy, "is Gudrun Henjum, my brother's daughter. Go and speak to her. I have something to say to your father."

There was something severe in the woman's way of talking, and he felt rather inclined to rebel. How could he go and speak to a little girl, — he who had hardly ever seen a little girl before? What should he speak to her about? Thus pondering, he had nearly reached the foot of the bridge, when a sudden powerful thrust from behind sent him headlong down into the yard. He was so surprised that he hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. As he was trying to get on his feet again, he discovered a large ram standing a few yards from him, evidently preparing for another attack. A merry ringing laugh caught his ear, and as he looked up he saw two little girls coming to his rescue. That was more than he could bear. In a moment, springing to his feet, he seized the ram by the horns, and shook him with all his might.

"Why, you naughty boy!" cried one of the girls, "you must not treat Hans so badly. Don't you understand, he only wants to play with you."

Gunnar felt rebuked. He released the ram, and for a while stood gazing at the little girl, and the girl stood gazing at him, each of them expecting the other to speak first. The little girl had a scarlet bodice and golden hair.

"Are you the Hulder?" said he at last, in order to say something.

"Mother, mother," cried she, running up to where Thor and Ingeborg were standing, "what do you think he is saying? He wants to know if I am the Hulder."

"Be quiet, child," said Ingeborg, sternly, "I have no time to speak to you."

Abashed at the rebuke, the little girl turned slowly, twisted the corner of her apron between her fingers with an expression of embarrassment, and after some hesitation again returned to Gunnar.

"Have you got a name?" asked she.

"Yes," answered he.

"My name is Ragnhild, and this is Gudrun, my cousin."

Here she pointed to another little girl, who seemed to be of about the same age as herself; in other respects there was but little resemblance. Gudrun was not so fair, and had a certain look of shyness about her.

"My name is Gunnar; and grandmother knows a great many stories about Necken and the Hulder, and the boy who killed the trold and married the beautiful princess."

The girls were astounded at such wisdom.

"Who is Necken?" asked Ragnhild.

"Why, don't you know about Necken? he who plays every midsummer-night in the water under the great waterfall yonder?"

"Plays in the water? Who told you?" And a shade of doubt passed over Ragnhild's expressive features.

"Well, if you don't believe it, you may ask grandmother; she knows."

"Who is grandmother?"

"Why, my grandmother of course."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the coming of Thor and Ingeborg.

The long, clear tones of the loor streamed through the valley and resounded between the mountains. It was the signal that the caravan was starting. Suddenly all was life and motion throughout the wide yard. The call of the loor seemed to impart joy and animation to everything it reached. The cattle bellowed, the calves and the goats danced, the milkmaids sung, and the forest far and near echoed with joyous song and clamor. From her elevated station on the bridge of the barn, Ingeborg still continued issuing her final orders with regard to the order of the march, until the back gate of the yard was opened and the lads led the loaded pack-horses up along a steep and stony road, which climbed over the wood-clothed mountain-side and gradually lost itself in the thicket; after the horses followed Thor and Gunnar with the goats and sheep; and last came the girls, driving before them the herd of larger cattle. All the girls and most of the men had long loors in their hands; and high above the noise of the lowing cattle and the merry chat and laughter of the girls flowed the loor-tones from mountain to mountain, like an eagle soaring over all the littleness of the world below. The cattle knew the loor, and followed it instinctively: it is the surest messenger of spring, and as such is as welcome as the lark and swallow.

The loor is the song of the dark Norwegian pine forest; it is the voice of Norway's cloud-hooded mountain; it has a traditional history as old and as romantic as that of the troubadour's guitar in the Middle Ages; and surely no Spanish donna or Italian signora ever listened more expectantly to the music of a nightly serenade than the simple saeter-maid when the echo of the loor tells her that her lover is on his way from the valley. This has always been his greeting; and she takes her own loor, puts it to her mouth, and the mountains far and near resound with her welcome.

Soon the last calf has left the yard. Ingeborg of Rimul is still standing on the same spot, viewing with apparent pleasure, and not without a certain pride, the long caravan, as it slowly winds along the steep sæter-road. And, in truth, it is a beautiful sight: the men in their light, close-fitting knee-breeches, scarlet vests, and little, red, pointed caps; the girls with their long blond hair flowing down over their shoulders, their white linen sleeves, and bright bodices; the varied colors of the cattle all standing in fine relief against the dark hue of the forest, which on both sides enclosed

the road. When the caravan was out of sight, Ingeborg rose, with a contented smile.

"I should like to see the man," said she to herself, "who has finer flocks on this side the mountains."

Thor and his son walked in silence up the steep mountain path, driving the goats before them. Gunnar was looking eagerly for the Hulder, whose scarlet bodice he expected to discover at every bend of the path. All his looking was vain; but although greatly disappointed, he felt by no means inclined to give up. At noon they had walked about eight miles without resting. Then the view, which had hitherto been shut in on all sides by the thick-growing pine-trunks, suddenly opened upon a wide, glittering lake, whose water was so clear that they could hardly decide where it touched the air; for the bottom was visible as far as the eye could reach. Gunnar gave a cry of delight at the sight of the lake: he had never seen a lake before. Here men and cattle halted to take their noon rest. He in the mean time climbed up on a rock projecting far into the water, and sat there watching the fishes chasing each other round, and playing hide-and-seek between the stones and rushes down on the bottom.

In about an hour the loor again sounded, and the party again broke up. The farther they went, the steeper became the road; and gradually, as they ascended, the forest grew thinner, and the whole landscape assumed a wilder and sterner character. Instead of the slender, stately pine, the crippled dwarf birch was seen creeping along the stony ground; everything was so barren, so lifeless; and the barrenness of the monotonous scenery seemed to impress both men and cattle. The song and the laughter ceased, and the bells of the cows were the only sound to break the silence.

It was already late in the afternoon. The landscape still wore the same unseemly garb of dust-brown heather, interwoven with the twisted and knotted stems of the dwarf birch, running lengthwise and crosswise in every possible direction, and with their coarse, mazy network binding the incoherent elements of the landscape together. Suddenly came a loud shout from the foremost man.

"The highland, the highland!" ran from mouth to mouth; and, joining in the joyful cry, girls and men, hurrying the cattle onward, bounded from stone to stone as fast as their feet could carry them. At the border of the wide highland plain they all halted: one powerful tone from thirty united loors rolled over the crowns of the mountains; it was their greeting to the highland. Numerous flocks of screaming birds flew up from the plain in answer to the greeting.

Gunnar was among the last comers. To him, who had no idea of what a highland meant, and who never had been used to see more than a few rods around him, the change was so sudden and so unexpected that for a moment he had a sensation as if he was losing his breath, or as if the earth had fallen from under his feet, and he had been left floating in the air. The next sensation was one of blindness; for the immense distance dazzled his unwonted eye almost as if he had been gazing at the sun. Speechless he stared before him. Gradually the objects which had at first appeared near together separated, and the vast tableland spread before him in all its unlimited grandeur. He drew a long, full breath: surely he had never known the delight of breathing before. A throng of childish plans crowded into his mind; half-hidden dreams, half-born hopes revived, and came forth into light: they had not had room while they were crowded together down in the dark, narrow valley.

Gunnar felt strong and free. He sat down on the soft verdure, and drank new delight from the glorious sight. The whole plain was overgrown with rich, fresh, green grass. A few miles away lay a large mountain lake; and a clear, broad river wound quietly through

the imposing plateau. On a slight elevation near the lake-shore lay three turf-thatched châlets, hedged in by a fence of low palisades; that was the saeter of Rimul. In the blue distance a Yokul lifted its airy head into the clouds. Suddenly his grandmother's old, forbidden story of the poor boy, the three-headed Trold, and the beautiful princess, stood vividly before Gunnar's mind. When the poor boy had walked a long way and had reached the top of the first mountain, he had met an old woman, of whom he had asked the way. "Can you see that high mountain, far away in the blue distance?" the old woman asked.

Yes, the boy could see that mountain.

"Well," continued the old woman, "ten thousand miles beyond it is another far higher mountain. There is the palace of the Trold; there sleeps the beautiful princess."

"This must surely be the right mountain," thought Gunnar. "O, could I but see beyond it!"

Before long the caravan was again moving, and he was no longer left to his own meditations. Indeed, the goats gave him enough to do for the remainder of the day, and he soon had a foretaste of the unpleasant part of the duties of a "cattle-boy." The goats did not seem at all disposed to keep company; and when that animal has formed a determination, it is not easily prevailed against either by force or by cunning. But in spite of the resolute resistance on the part of the goats, Gunnar at last had the triumph of seeing his rebellious subjects gathered with the rest of the party on the saeter-green. The saeter cottages were opened, and the horses unloaded. Before the door of the middle cottage, out in the open air, there was a large fireplace built of rough stones; here a fire was made, and the wooden cups and milk-pails were boiled with juniper branches, before they were taken into use; for unless thus prepared they would give a wooden taste to the milk.

It was indeed a welcome sight to Gunnar when at length a repast, consisting of oatmeal and dried beef, was spread on the grass; and he was certainly not the only one who looked forward with eagerness to the approaching feast. All preparations being finished, the merry company sat down round the fire, and attacked the solid food with an enviable appetite.

When the meal was at an end, it was already late in the afternoon. The cattle would find pasture within the corral that night, and the hour for milking was near. The maids then went to their work, and the men to theirs.

"Poor lads we have nowadays," said Brita, a tall, slender girl, with a mass of rich blond hair flowing down over her back, and deep dimples in her cheeks, "poor lads we have nowadays! Among so many, not one who knows how to tread the springing-dance decently." And she put down the filled milk-pails she was carrying, set her arms akimbo, and, with an air of roguish defiance, fixed her eyes upon a group of young men who lay lazily smoking around the fire.

"Did you ever hear of the chicken who wanted to teach the hen to lay eggs?" answered a young lad in the smoking group, to whom the challenge seemed to be especially addressed.

"The best buck is not always the one that has the biggest horns, Endre," laughed the girl. "Your strength has always been in the mouth, you know; your legs are certainly more than long enough, if you only knew how to use them."

"Knut, halloo! Out with the fiddle," cried Endre to an older man, who was sitting on the threshold of the cottage leisurely smoking his evening pipe, "out with the fiddle, I say! and Brita shall soon see whether I understand how to use my legs or not."

Knut soon got his eight-stringed Hardanger violin in order, struck a few strangely sounding chords by way of prelude, and began. Brita was only too glad to accept Endre's invitation.

The other young men follow Endre's example; and before long the whole crowd is moving in a ring around the fire in time with the alluring music. Only Thor does not dance; he takes a seat at the fiddler's side, and soon seems entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the smoke from his pipe, as it curls up, spreads, and slowly vanishes in the clear night air. Probably he is musing over the days when he ranked the foremost among the dancers of the valley. Gunnar looks in wonder at this unwonted sight; and the longer he listens to the exciting notes the stronger a desire he feels to join. Now the music comes softly rippling from the strings, now it rolls and rumbles, and now again flows smooth and clear, until it hushes itself into a gentle, whispering murmur. And the dancers understand, and they feel the power of that music. First forming a long line, they move slowly forward, leading the girls by the hands after them, and softly touching the ground alternately with their heels and toes, and adapting the gestures of their whole bodies to the rippling tones; but gradually as the strokes of the fiddler grow wilder, the tread of their heels becomes stronger, and the motions of their limbs more wildly expressive.

It was late, but still the sun was lingering; it looked red and tired, for it had waked many hours. One long, loving, parting look, and it sunk in a dreamy halo behind the western glaciers. A nightly chill crept over the highland.

The dance was ended. Knut, the fiddler, carefully wrapped his precious violin in his handkerchief to protect it from the damp night air. Gunnar, who had looked on and listened until he was fast asleep, was aroused by his father. "I am going home again now," said Thor, "but I shall come up here to see you now and then. Here, take this as a keepsake from your father." And Thor went. Gunnar had hardly time to realize whether he was awake or dreaming. It was a fine knife, with carved haft and silver sheath, he held in his hand. He had long wished for just such a knife. Surely he had never known his father before now. He saw that clearly.

VI.

Rhyme-Ola.

Gunnar sat on the lake-shore musing; he stared down into the deep, clear water. The sun stood right in the north. Round about lay the cattle in their noon rest. Although it was but three weeks to-day since he had come to the saeter, it was to him an infinitely long time; he appeared to himself so much older and wiser; and the little boy who a few weeks ago rode on Fox and talked to the dark was as far off as if he had but heard of him in some Neck or Hulder legend. And the poor boy who slew the Trold and married the princess! curious it would be to know if he had ever been in the highlands and watched cattle.

How strange it looked down there in the water! How wonderfully cool and clear! Now a big, shining drag-on-fly came dancing away over the invisible mirror, gently touched it, and small, quivering rings spread and spread, and vanished,—vanished somewhere and nowhere. How wonderfully still! The water rested, the air rested, everything rested. No sound, no motion. But the silence seemed to make everything look stronger, to color and intensify it. Down there on the bottom of the lake the gray stones lay between the tall, rustling bulrushes; and they grew and moved, drew nearer and nearer. Gunnar, half frightened, turned his eyes swiftly, flung himself on his back, and gazed up into the air. There was not a cloud to be seen; the air was a great nothing. And the longer he gazed the weaker he appeared to himself, as if he was losing himself in the clearness of the air; and the air grew stronger and stronger; it began to float and move before his eyes, until at last an infinite number of small colorless, disks came slowly swimming past him, and filled

the space far and near. Then by degrees they assumed a faint violet or blue color, faded, and again grew brighter. A flash of light from nowhere and everywhere leaped through the air, trembled, glittered, and vanished. And the air itself vanished too. Again it was as nothing. He shut his eyes. How strange!

Then it was as if something spoke, — spoke without a sound, yet distinctly and audibly; without word, yet full of hidden meaning. He listened; and the longer he listened the dimmer grew the boundary between silence and sound, until they strangely blended. The silence seemed the symphony of an infinite number of infinitely small voices too small to be called sounds; they gushed forth all round him and from within him; they whizzed in the air, they buzzed in the grass, the bulrushes rustled with them. Suddenly, as he became conscious that he was listening, the sound stopped, as in wonder at its own existence, and a vast emptiness filled the world far and near. He held his breath; and as his thought lost its hold on itself, the air, the grass, the rushes were again alive with numberless voices; but to him it seemed as if they had been forever, as if they had never suffered an interruption; for there was that in their nature which has no beginning, neither has it any end. And as he lay there listening in half-conscious unconsciousness, the thought shot through his mind that he must have seen and heard all this before, he knew not when or where. Then came the poor boy with his princess; certainly, from his grandmother's tales, it was there; he knew it all. He felt as if he stood at the entrance of that new world which, though unknown and unseen, he had been vaguely conscious of through so many long years of yearning, whose nearness he had felt many a dark winter night when, after the tale was ended, the drowsy embers from the hearth had stared at him with weird, beckoning eyes; when on Fox, the old saddle, he had ridden out in search of Trold, and wonders; when, up under the roof of the cottage, he had spent such happy hours gazing at the dark, and with the fantastic shapes of the dark gazing at him. As all these impressions now again stood vividly before him, he saw that they had all been tones in the same chord. This was the full chord; still there was no rest in it,— it was a chord of transition, a step to something higher. And the Hulder,— he felt her presence; she could not be far from him now.

A thundering noise struck his ear; he started to his feet, still dreaming, senseless, bewildered. He had half expected to see the golden hair and the scarlet bodice of the Hulder, and in the first moment he was not sure but it might be she. But before his second thought, he felt himself seized by the arm and flung up the hillside, and he thought he heard these words: "Whatever you do, boy, don't you rush right into the water!"

Gunnar rubbed his eyes and stared. He saw a queer-looking little man standing on the hillside, holding a long loor in his hand, and with a broad grin on his face.

"I do not think you are a very good cattle-boy," continued the man. "What do you think the widow of Rimul would say if she knew you went to sleep at this time of the day, and that right in the sunshine? If it had not been for me, you might have looked in the moon for your cows to-night. They were all straggling."

"I was not asleep," said Gunnar, now somewhat recovered.

He thought the little man was very queer-looking indeed. He was rather homely, some would, perhaps, say even ugly. His eyes were large and dark, and looked as if he had just been weeping; his mouth was broad, and drawn up to one side in a strange, half-sarcastic smile. There was an inexplicable conflict between the dreaming sadness of his eyes and the broad burlesque expression of the rest of his features. He seemed to be conscious of this himself; for he kept winking with one eye, as if trying to make this discordant feature conform

to the leading characteristic of his face.

The little man flung himself down on the greensward and fixed his eyes intently on Gunnar; and the boy followed his example, and stared at him in return. Thus they sat for a while. At last the stranger opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, then shut it again without saying anything, and so again and again.

"Have you got anything to eat?" cried he suddenly, as if it cost him a great effort to speak the words.

"No," said Gunnar.

"Then come here," continued the other, "and hold this cow by the horns, while I milk her. I am hungry as a wolf."

Gunnar obeyed. There was something very peculiar in the little man, some strange mixture of strength and weakness, which did not fail to make a strong impression on his mind. While he held the cow, his companion stooped down, milked with one hand, using the other for a cup, and now and then emptying it into his mouth. But after awhile, probably finding this process too troublesome, he knelt down, put his head up under the cow, and milked right into his mouth.

"Does the cow kick?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Very well." And he went on milking, while Gunnar stood gazing at him in mute astonishment. At last the cow began to show signs of impatience.

"Ah," said he, rising, and wiping the milk from his mouth with his ragged coat-sleeve, "what a delicious meal! I have not seen a thing to eat since yesterday noon; and since this morning my miserable bowels have been entertaining me with a wofuller Lenten-hymn than ever found its way into old Kingo's hymn-book. Strange enough, I never was partial to fasting."

And he laughed aloud; but finding no response in Gunnar, whose face was as grave as ever, he suddenly stayed his mirth, and with a look of disappointment turned on his heel and seated himself in the grass, with his back to his companion. Gunnar, however, unconscious of offence, walked up to him, and flung himself down at his side on the green. The man then, after having examined all his pockets, finally from the one on the inside of his vest drew out some ragged and greasy papers, which he carefully spread out on his knees, and for some time contemplated, with an expression of the keenest interest. Soon his mouth was again drawn up into its customary grin or smile, and his face grew brighter and happier the longer he looked. Gunnar was quite curious to know what these old papers could contain; for, judging from the expression of the man's face, they surely afforded him great delight. Now he shook his head and laughed heartily. The boy could no longer restrain his curiosity.

"What is your name?" asked he, rather abruptly.

The man was so absorbed in his papers that he heard nothing.

"What is your name?" repeated Gunnar, this time close to his ear.

The little man quickly raised his head, and looked round bewildered, as if he had been suddenly awaked from some delightful revery.

"My name?" said he; "my name? Sure enough; that is more easily asked than told. I have such a great number of names, that I hardly think I can remember them all."

"Then tell me only one of them."

"Well, if you are so very anxious to know, I will tell you as many as you can bear to hear. Some call me Fool-Ola, others Rag-Ola; but with the pastor and all the gentlefolk of the valley I generally go by the name of Rhyme-Ola."

"Why, indeed! Are you Rhyme-Ola?"

"They say so."

"I have heard grandmother speak of you. She knows a great many of your songs too." Rhyme-Ola's sad eyes brightened, but he said nothing. Gunnar was very anxious to know something about the papers, but he hardly knew how to approach the subject. At

last he made an attempt. "Is there anything written in those papers of yours?" asked he.

"Written!" cried Rhyme-Ola, in sudden excitement; "written, did you say? No, sir; there is nothing written on my papers, — nothing *written*," with an indignant emphasis on the last word.

"I beg your pardon. I did not know there was any harm in asking," said Gunnar, quite frightened by the irritation of his friend.

"No, sir; there is nothing *written*," repeated Rhyme-Ola, indignantly; "the pastor himself said that it was printed, — printed in the great city beyond the mountains, and read by all the judges and pastors all over the country. Then it cannot be written."

Upon Gunnar's further inquiry, Rhyme-Ola related with great minuteness a long story, of how he had once, a long time ago, sung one of his ditties to the old pastor, who was now dead and buried; how the old pastor had praised his song, and asked his permission to write it down, and send it to one of the city papers.

"That is a good song, Rhyme-Ola," the old pastor had said, "and worthy to live a long time after both you and I are dead and gone." So he had it sent to be printed in print, and these were the leaves on which the song had been printed. Never author found more happiness in his far-famed volume than this poor country songster in the long-forgotten newspaper in which his only song was printed. "It is to live after I am dead," muttered he, gazing at the half-worn-out leaves with eyes as tender as those of a mother looking on her first-born child.

Gunnar fully showed his delight, and looked upon the remnants of the song with reverence, as if they contained a world of wisdom.

"Could you not read the song for me?" asked he, eagerly.

"Read? I cannot read."

"Sing then!"

"Yes, gladly will I sing." And Rhyme-Ola once more took his papers, turned, and examined them closely, running down the page with his finger, as if reading; at about the middle of the page he pointed at a line and called Gunnar. "Read there," said he: "what does it say?"

The paper was so soiled that Gunnar had great difficulty in making out what it was.

"Now, what does it say?" repeated the author impatiently.

"The Bruised Wing: by Rhyme-Ola."

"By Rhyme-Ola; yes, that is right, by Rhyme-Ola." And he rose to his feet and sang: —

"Little sparrow he sits on his roof so low,
Chirping the summer-day long.
The swallow she bathes in the sunlight's glow,
And lifts to the heavens her song.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow he buildeth his lowly nest
Close decked by the shingles red.
The swallow she findeth a better rest,
With her wings to the storm-wind wed.
And high is the flight of the eagle.

"The swallow she cometh from far away,
O'er wild waves and mountains high;
She comes from the land of eternal day,
Where the summer shall never die.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow's world is his narrow lane,
He knoweth no sunshiny shore;
His nestlings he feedeth and gathers his grain,
And yearneth for nothing more.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Now spring was breathing its healing breath,
With life teemed the earth and the sky;
And fled were darkness and cold and death,
In the days now long gone by.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"And the swallows came from the lands of light;
In the belfry they built their nest, —
Their fledglings had there so wide a sight,
And there could so safely rest.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"For they saw the sun in its glory rise,
Saw the huge clouds chased by the gale;
And they long to bathe in those radiant skies,
As for the breeze longs the slackened sail.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"One morn then, as loud chimed the sabbath-bell,
All the world seemed to beckon and sing;
Then rose to the clouds one nestling, but fell
To the earth with a bruiséd wing.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Swift summer speeds, and the swallows flee
To the realms of summer and light.
Alas for him whose wing is not free
To follow them on their flight!
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Yea, tenfold pity on him in whose breast
Live longings for light and spring,
But still must tarry in sparrow-nest,
Tarry with bruiséd wing.
For high is the flight of the eagle."

There was something almost ethereal in Rhyme-Ola's voice; in the beginning of the song it was clear and firm, but as he approached the end it grew more and more tremulous, and at last the tears broke through; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Gunnar's sympathy was heartfelt and genuine; before he knew it, he felt the tears starting too. He hardly understood the whole depth of pathos in Rhyme-Ola's song; but for all that he felt it none the less. It inspired him, as it were, with a vague but irresistible longing to do something great, he knew not what; and as he sat there musing over the sad words, "tarry with bruiséd wing," the outer world again receded, he forgot Rhyme-Ola's presence, and his fancy again began its strange and capricious play. The words of the song, which were still ringing in his ears, began to assume shape and color, and to pass in a confused panorama before his eyes. Unconsciously, his thought returned to what he had seen and heard in the air and in the silence, and it was to him as if he had never awakened, as if he was still wrapped in the visions of his summer dream. He was startled by Rhyme-Ola's dark eyes staring at him. With an effort he fixed the scene in his mind; and, as again the lake, the rocks, and the distant Yokul lay before him, glittering in the noonday, the song appeared far, far away, like a dim recollection from some half-forgotten fireside tale. The fireside led his thought to his grandmother; and as one thought followed another, he at last wondered if Rhyme-Ola had any grandmother.

"Have you any grandmother, Rhyme-Ola?" said he.

"Grandmother? Never had any."

Gunnar could hardly credit such an assertion; and wishing for more satisfactory information, he continued to ask the songster about his father and mother and other family relations; but he received only evasive answers, and it was evident that the subject was not agreeable. Now and then he made a remark about the cattle or the weather, and finally succeeded in bringing up another theme of conversation. So they talked on for an hour or more. Then Rhyme-Ola started to go.

"It is St. John's Eve to-morrow night," said he, as he arose; "you will of course be at St. John's Hill."

"I did not know it was St. John's Eve, but I think I shall come."

And Rhyme-Ola walked off.

"Many thanks for your song," cried Gunnar after him.

"Thanks to yourself."

"You will come again very soon, won't you?"

"Very soon."

Here Rhyme-Ola was out of sight.

Gunnar again sat down on the rock, reviewing all the wonderful events of the day.

VII.

St. John's Eve.

St. John's Eve lies midway between spring and fall; it is summer in its strength and glory.

The day was far advanced, evening was drawing near. Gunnar had again taken his station on the rock projecting into the lake, on the very same spot where Rhyme-Ola had found him the day before. On his knees rested a wooden board made of two rough fir-planks, whereon was spread out a large, square piece of thin, white birch-bark. In his hand he had a pencil, with which he drew on the bark. The cattle showed evident signs of impatience, for it was already milking-hour; but Gunnar was too much absorbed in his work even to be conscious of their presence. Many new, strange thoughts had been playing in his mind since Rhyme-Ola's visit. Still the sad and yet bold and rousing strain of the song kept ringing in his ear, now wakening him to life and action, now turning his mind to blissful revery. When he had first left the cottage in the valley and first had drunk the freshness of the mountain air, there had

been a new life born in him. Fresh hopes and longings had thronged his mind; Necken, the Hulder, and all that was fair to his childish fancy had suddenly become living realities, and he could often feel their enchanting presence, when the day fell warm and wondering over the highlands, and the air held its breath in anxious silence. Often had he spent hour after hour searching through the dark and half-hidden copse in the hope of catching a glimpse of some airy sprite. Never a loor-tone came floating over the plain, but he started to see if the Hulder might not be near; for he was sure the loor must be hers. True, shadows of doubt had been coming and passing, — shadows such as summer-clouds throw on the forest when the sun is bright. Like these they had again vanished, leaving the light the clearer for their presence. Then Rhyme-Ola came with his wondrous song. Although he did not sing of the Hulder, still either his song or himself in some strange manner again brought her to view. He had brought what had been lacking to make the chord full, the harmony complete; he had given form to the shapeless longings, had given rest to the restless chord. Gunnar no longer had need of looking without for the Hulder: into his own mind her image descended, clear and beautiful as the day. When he came to the saeter that night, he felt an irresistible desire to give expression to the powerful thoughts that moved within him. In the cottage at home he had always taken great delight in drawing the strange beings which lived in his fancy. For canvas he had used the cottage floor; paper he had never known. Since he had left home, he had often busied himself with projects for new drawings, but had never found an opportunity to execute his designs. To-night, however, he could allow nothing to defeat his purpose. Having searched the saeter cottages from one end to another, he finally discovered in the crevice of a beam a large pencil, which probably had been left there by the carpenters. Under one of the beds lay a pile of birch-bark, which the maids used for kindling-wood. From this he selected the largest and smoothest pieces, cut them square, and found them even more suitable for his purpose than anything he had hitherto tried.

It was late before Gunnar sought rest that night; but the sun is late, too, at midsummer, so there was nothing to remind him that midnight was drawing near. The next morning he brought his half-finished drawing with him as he started with the cattle, and took his seat on his favorite rock, while the flocks were grazing around on the lake-shore. Now the day was already leaning toward night; it had stolen away like a dream, and he knew not how or where it had gone. Soon he should give the last touch to his drawing; he saw that it was not finished, but somehow or other he could not decide where the finishing touch was needed. It was the Hulder he had attempted to picture, fair as she stood before his soul's eye. But the sketch before him was but a fair mortal maiden: that unearthly longing which gave its character to the tone of her loor, and that unfathomable depth of her eyes — that which really made her the Hulder — he had failed to express. As he sat wondering what the fault might be, a strong loor-tone shook the air and came powerful upon him. He looked up, and saw Brita, the fair-haired saeter-maid, standing on a hillock a few hundred yards from him, blowing her loor to call the cattle home. Glancing at the sun, and seeing that it was far past milking-hour, he quickly rose, put the loor to his mouth, and gave such a blast that the highlands echoed far and near. Brita's loor answered; the cattle understood the welcome signal, and started for the saeter.

"Indeed, you are a nice cattle-boy!" cried Brita, all flushed and out of breath, both from her running and from indignation. "Did n't I tell you to drive the flocks home early to-night? and instead of that you keep them out more than an hour after time. Now we shall have to stay at home from the St. John's Hill,

all of us, only for your laziness, you hateful boy!"

Brita was justly indignant, and her words were huddled forth with all the passionate flurry of womanly wrath; but before she had finished she found herself nearly crying at the prospect of losing all the sport and merriment of the St. John's Eve. Gunnar, conscious of his guilt, attempted no apology. As soon as they reached the saeter, all the girls fell to milking as hard as they could, and, much against his will, he was obliged to assist them. When the cattle were disposed of, they all started for the St. John's Hill, which lay about midway between the saeter and the valley. As they approached the lake-shore, a pair of screaming loons flew up from their nest among the rushes. It was still bright day when they gained the pine region. A confused murmur rose from below; as they came nearer they could distinguish the strain of many violins, the song of women, and the loud shouts of the men.

"No, indeed! I cannot run at this rate," groaned one of the girls, as she let herself drop down on a large, moss-grown stone. "If you have a mind to kill yourself for one dance, more or less, you may gladly do so. I shall not move one step farther until I am rested. Will you wait for me, Gunnar? for Brita hardly will, as long as she knows that Endre is dancing with some other girl, down on the hill."

Gunnar promised to wait.

"A poor set of girls we have here in the valley," said Brita, laughing, "who can hear the fiddles calling, and the lads shouting, and then can talk of rest. So tired I never was, and hope never to be." So saying, she ran down the steep road, and soon was out of sight. One of the girls followed, the other remained.

On the long and even slope from the highlands to the fjord, there is not seldom found an abrupt and steep projection, as if the mountain all of a sudden had thrust out its back, and determined to check the luxuriant vegetation below, which threatens to grow straight up over its ears. From such a projection the eye has a wide range, both upward to the mountains and downward to the sea; for the pine is too clumsy to climb, and the dwarf birch is neither thick nor tall enough to hinder the sight. It was on a ridge like this that Gunnar and the saeter-maid were resting. From above they saw the sun flooding with fire the western horizon, and the purple-burning glaciers gleaming and flashing. Below rose the waving crowns of the pine forest, with its heavy green hue slightly tinged with the flush of the sunset. Here and there a tall, slender fir, forgetful of the winter storms, lifted its airy head high above its humbler fellows, and graciously nodded to some admiring birches at its foot. In a wide opening between the thick-growing pine-trunks lay the St. John's Hill, which was, however, no hill, but rather a large and sunlit glade. From the centre of this glade a huge bonfire, strangely wrestling with the sunset, threw its glaring light upon a dense mass of human life, whirling away over the plain in wild enchantment. A thin, transparent dusk seemed to rise from below, as the sun sunk deeper behind the glaciers. The forest drew its dark, steady outline on the horizon in effective contrast to the wild, flushing scene it embraced.

"Now I suppose you are rested," said Gunnar to the saeter-maid, who, like himself, seemed anxious to take an active part in the merriment below.

"Yes, thank you," said she, and they both arose.

After a short walk they arrived at the St. John's Hill, where he immediately lost sight of his companion; he hardly had time to realize where he was, before he felt himself hurried along into the midst of the crowd, where the stunning noise, the fire, and the strange people worked his senses up to such a pitch of excitement that at last he was not sure whether he was standing on his feet or his head. Another boy of about his own age, seeing how frightened he looked, went up to him,

and fired his gun close to his ear. That suddenly brought him back to his senses; the blood rushed to his face, he clinched his fist, and dealt the boy a blow right under his left eye, so that he tumbled backwards. His opponent, however, jumped to his feet, and returned the blow with good effect. In the next moment they held each other in close embrace, and a hot fight ensued. The people flocked densely around them, encouraging them with shouts of approval; and they both fought as if their lives were at stake. At first, Gunnar seemed likely to be the loser, as he received more blows than he gave; but this rather added to his strength. The boy tried repeatedly to trip his foot, but he was on his guard; then he made a last rush at him, and they both fell, the boy under and Gunnar upon him. He was just rising, proud in the consciousness of his victory, when he saw a tall, grave man elbowing his way through the throng. The man walked rapidly up to the combatants, gave each of them a box on the ear, seized Gunnar's adversary by the arm, and carried him off. The people roared with laughter. Then, instead of pride in his victory, a feeling of shame stole over him. He ran away as fast as his feet could carry him, — away from the fire, the din, and the people. Tired and confused, he sank down on the soft moss, buried his face in his hands, and felt unhappy as he had never felt before.

He did not know how long he had been lying in this position, when he heard a well-known voice hard by. It was the voice of Ragnhild, the widow of Rimul's daughter. "Who was the boy who struck Lars?" said she.

"It was Gunnar, your cattle-boy," answered another voice, which he concluded to be that of Gudrun, the timid little girl he had seen at Rimul.

"Gunnar, our cattle-boy!"

"Why, yes, of course. Lars came and fired his gun right in his ear, so it was no wonder he struck. I only wish he could be at hand when Lars strikes me; I never dare tell it to father, for when father strikes, he always strikes too hard, and then both mother and I cry."

Ragnhild was about to make some remark, when Gunnar, who lay half concealed in the tall heather, raised himself on his elbows, to make them aware of his presence. Gudrun was a little frightened at his unexpected appearance, but Ragnhild walked up to him, sat down in the heather, and tried to open a conversation.

"Why do you like so much to fight?" said she.

Gunnar did not know what to answer; he felt as if he had something in his throat which nearly choked him. She fixed her large blue eyes upon him with an earnest, half-reproachful look. Then suddenly the tears rushed to his eyes, he pressed his burning face down in the moss, and wept as only a child can weep. He felt her hand on his head, and her fingers gliding through his hair. And there he lay weeping, until at last, consoled by Ragnhild's tenderness, he forgot the cause of his grief, and before long was engaged in a lively dispute with the little girls. Ragnhild, who had wondered ever since they first met at his strange story about Necken, now eagerly sought further information; and knowing little of the world of wonder, which he loved with life and soul, she could not conceal her doubt at the startling things he told her. He, of course, grew the more zealous being opposed; and the girls, who were naturally no less superstitious than he, were only too willing to be persuaded. He was just deep in the wondrous tale of Saemund of Tagerlien and Margit of Elgerfold when he was interrupted by the same tall man who had interfered in his combat an hour ago. He came to take Ragnhild and Gudrun home. "It is near midnight, children," said he, in a deep voice, "and the way homeward is long." And as they went they cried their good-night to him from the distance. He followed slowly and returned to the glade, where the fire was still blazing high, and the dance wilder than ever. There he met

Rhyme-Ola, who told him that the boy he had fought with was Lars Henjum, and that the tall man who struck them was Atle, Lars's father.

After a time the music ceased, and the merry dancers, both lads and maidens, thronged round the fire, where they sat down in a close ring, and talked, jested, and laughed, little heeding the waning hours and the solemn silence of the forest. It was a gay scene, indeed, and one which would have filled an artist with rapture. How fair did those fresh, healthy faces appear, blushing, perhaps, with a little deeper tinge, as the glow of the fire fell over their features! Here sat one leaning forward, with his hands knit around his knees, watching the flames in pensive silence; there, next to him, a merry couple, too much occupied with each other to take notice of what was going on around them. The young man was Endre, the same who had opened the dance at the Rimul saeter on the evening of their arrival at the highlands; and who should the girl be but the bright-eyed Brita, with the deep dimples in her cheeks. Endre must have been very interesting; for whenever he spoke, Brita laughed, blushed, and now and then turned half away, as if to avoid his gaze, while he sat bending over towards her, intently watching her face.

As the night advanced, and the soft night-fog spread over the forest, their minds were imperceptibly attuned to the supernatural. Now was the time for wonder-tales and legends; and there was none who could tell like Rhyme-Ola: there were few who denied that. So Rhyme-Ola was called upon for a story; and there was no need of asking him twice, for there was nothing he liked better than story-telling. It was Rhyme-Ola's arrival which interrupted Brita's and Endre's conversation. He came from behind them, and politely asked to be admitted into the ring, for he hardly could tell his story otherwise.

"Jump over, Rhyme-Ola," proposed Endre; but before the singer could have time to follow the advice, he seized him round the waist, lifted him high above his head, and, amid a roar of laughter from the company, put him down within the ring right before the fire. Rhyme-Ola, being well used to sport of this kind, took it in good part, straightened his little figure, winked with his sad eyes, drew his mouth up to his customary smile, and began his story.

When it was ended the narrator let his eyes slowly glide from face to face along the listening circle, and saw, not without satisfaction, the frightened expressions and half-open mouths which sufficiently assured him that he had succeeded in securing attention. But in all that crowd there was hardly one who listened with so intense an interest as Gunnar. As soon as the tale had commenced he had joined the group and quietly taken his seat behind Brita's back, where he was still sitting when Rhyme-Ola found him.

"Gunnar," said Rhyme-Ola, "I have something I want to tell you." And he gently urged the boy on until they were out of hearing. Then, leaning against a large, white-stemmed birch-tree, he fixed his strange eyes on Gunnar and began again.

"I have been at Rimul to-day," said he, "and I have seen the widow." Here he hesitated, smiled his melancholy smile, and winked.

"I asked the widow of Rimul," he went on, "if she had not some cattle for me to watch too. She said she had. So, now I shall always be with you, Gunnar." And all his face laughed as he cried out the last words. Gunnar stood for a moment staring at his strange companion.

"What did you say?" asked he.

"From this time I shall always be with you," repeated Rhyme-Ola, laughing. "Now it is time to go home," added he; "it is very late, or, rather, very early."

Soon they were on their way, and reached the saeter at sunrise.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE PIMPERNEL.

SHE walks beside the silent shore,
The tide is high, the breeze is still;
No ripple breaks the ocean-floor,
The sunshine sleeps upon the hill.

The turf is warm beneath her feet,
Bordering the beach of stone and shell,
And thick about her path the sweet
Red blossoms of the pimpernel.

"O sleep not yet, my flower!" she cries,
"Nor prophesy of storm to come;
Tell me that under steadfast skies
Fair winds shall bring my lover home."

She stoops to gather flower and shell,
She sits, and, smiling, studies each;
She hears the full tide rise and swell
And whisper softly on the beach.

Waking she dreams a golden dream,
Remembering with what still delight,
To watch the sunset's fading gleam,
Here by the waves they stood last night.

She leans on that encircling arm,
Divinely strong with power to draw
Her nature, as the moon doth charm
The swaying sea with heavenly law.

All lost in bliss the moments glide,
She feels his whisper, his caress;
The murmur of the mustering tide
Brings her no presage of distress.

What breaks her dream? She lifts her eyes,
Reluctant to destroy the spell;
The color from her bright cheek dies,—
Close folded is the pimpernel!

With rapid glance she scans the sky:
Rises a sudden wind, and grows,
And charged with storm the cloud-heaps lie.
Well may the scarlet blossoms close!

A touch, and bliss is turned to bale!
Life only keeps the sense of pain;
The world holds naught save one white sail
Flying before the wind and rain.

Broken upon the wheel of fear
She wears the storm-vexed hour away;
And now in gold and fire draws near
The sunset of her troubled day.

But to her sky is yet denied
The sun that lights the world for her:
She sweeps the rose-flushed ocean wide
With eager eyes that quick tears blur.

And lonely, lonely all the space
Stretches, with never sign of sail,
And sadder grows her wistful face,
And all the sunset splendors fail.

And cold and pale, in still despair,
With heavier grief than tongue can tell,
She sinks, — upon her lips a prayer,
Her cheek against the pimpernel.

Wee blossoms wet with showery tears
On her shut eyes their droplets shed,
Only the wakened waves she hears
That singing drown his rapid tread.

"Sweet, I am here!" Joy's gates swing wide,
And heaven is theirs, and all is well,
And left beside the ebbing tide
Forgotten is the pimpernel.

Celia Thaxter.

THE SUMMER'S JOURNEY OF A NATURALIST.

II. FROM THE DELAWARE TO THE POTOMAC.

THE traveller in America almost always lays his course on the great East and West ways, thinking to get thereby the greatest contrasts that the land affords. He would do much better if he should take the less travelled roads that lead from North to South. On the East and West roads he gets only the contrasts which are given by the same people under the varied conditions of a Westward movement, while on the North and South line he passes in review the several colonies from which this country has been peopled, and can study the conditions of their populations before they effaced their character by Westward migration. Our Atlantic coast has four or five distinct centres of population, from which as many separate streams of humanity have spread over the great central valley, mingling their contributions, as in the founder's great work the metals of many furnaces are mingled. We hear a great deal about the way in which foreign material is absorbed into the structure of our American society: let him who would see how far the rigid materials of the Old World become thus plastic in the New, come with us across the country

which lies between the Delaware and the James. Our wagon journey had already led us in its course from the sea at Boston over the Berkshire Hills, by Albany and thence to the west of the Catskills and down to the Delaware. Our roadside views of Massachusetts and New York have served to bring conviction that in the former State we have an assemblage of social conditions which differ widely from those you find in New York. Skipping over the State of New York, we may find New England again in the West, its grandchild; but New York, though it derived no inconsiderable part of its blood from it, has copied little, except its educational system, to mark its neighborhood to the New England centre. Probably the most striking difference between New England and the eastern part of New York is found in the effects of alcohol on the people. It is very rare to find a parish in Massachusetts where the effect of whiskey is evident to the traveller's eye: in New York it will often happen, especially in the less civilized parts, that one in ten of the population will show the effects of drink.

As we left Port Jervis, we came into the valley of the Delaware, one of the noblest of our Eastern rivers, and a fitting portal to the mountain region of the true Alleghanies. The floods of the previous year had carried away the bridge; so we were taken over by a "flying bridge,"—an ancient and simple device, consisting of an ark-like boat, attached to a long rope anchored in the stream some hundred feet above the crossing, and moved by merely putting the steering-oar hard *starboard* or *port*. The current forces the vessel to and fro. The sturdy boatman was proud of his command over the seething stream, though he seemed to have no clear idea of the forces involved. A little blackberry girl, who crossed on the boat with us, was curious to know where we came from; on being told, she asked, naively, if we had come all the way to-day.

We entered Pennsylvania through one of the many unhappy-looking little towns which preserve the memories of the Mexican War. Surely there must have been a curse upon the host of Montereys, Buena Vistas, and Mexicos, that not one of them has got beyond the very first stage of civic development. Our road down the valley towards the water-gap was through a wonderfully fertile country, tilled with a care unapproached by any culture we had yet seen. We now came upon the pure German population. It shows itself in the heavier faces and more loutish build of the men; but it could be guessed by the bigger barns and smaller houses, by the thrifty labor which saves the weedy corners and the costly fences,—the twin curses of American husbandry. The sense of ownership in the land is keener than in the ordinary American. Of this we had an amusing instance: the narrow strip between the travelled way and the fences was grown over with blackberry-bushes, here hanging with rich, ripe fruit; from time to time we rested our horses and picked a few berries, as every wayfarer is used to do. Some of the natives caught us at it, and were as indignant as if we were robbing a hen-roost, and answered our jocose defiance by a promise of the sheriff at the next town. As they were afoot, and the county line not far away, we were unable to learn whether the law warranted the evidently sincere claim of the hospitable natives. The river takes its arrowy course through the middle of the league-wide valley. As is the custom here, the road is well up on the slope of the boundary hills, which slope shows that the river is coursing in a mountain valley, barred on the east from the sea by a high ridge. Its long search for a break in the wall is at length rewarded, and in the Delaware Water-gap it cuts through the great barrier, in a noble gorge which lays bare the roots of the mountain, and pours towards the sea.

Stroudsburg, where we leave the river, is a pretty town, old enough to have escaped "laying out,"—a funereal process, which very properly arrests the growth of most places to which it is applied. The many old houses with the

broad verandas, which begin to show the higher sun, are crowded along the old highway, to see and be seen by all the world. Something of the city has crept in here and there; pretentious, much-corniced stores, ambitiously called blocks and justifying the name with their clumsy forms, mar it a bit, but the town is one of the most pleasing we have seen. There is a little of the German homeliness to season the Yankee look, which still clings to the towns about here. The German population holds the land and the rural hamlets, but the towns have been filled with a trading class of English descent.

Out of the village and again into a lovely country, though no longer the broad savannas of our two days' journey down the Delaware. The hills, the work of the mountain-building forces, though not of mountain size, have been smoothed by water-action until they are beautifully rounded. These, from the moist valleys to the arid hill tops, are marked by the highest culture. The great barns, with their little steeples, quaint weathercocks, and gay colors, show that the farmer's heart is in his work; for men only decorate the things they love, unless it is to follow a new fashion. Very often we see that it has been the life-work of some simple mind to build the barn; and his pride in the result is shown by his name carved or painted thereon. In Massachusetts and New York, the farm buildings do not usually represent half the money that is put into the house; what goes there is spent grudgingly. But our good Pennsylvania Germans seem to build their barns first, lavish their money upon them, and then take what is left and build a rather humble home, so placed that they may gloat over their garner all their lives. Just now the barns were full to their ridge-poles with hay and grain; from them came the cloud of dust and whirring sound of the threshing-machine, or oftener the rythmical monotony of the beating flails. Clumsy wagons, rising at either end like the prow and poop of old Dutch ships, go lumbering down to the towns with their loads of grain. In this thickly peopled land, where every acre has a jealous owner, we had to journey a dozen miles in search of a camp-ground. At length we got into a wood, where we hoped to pass a quiet sabbath. We were far from the main road, but, though we slipped in after dark, seemingly unseen, every one within five miles seemed to know of our presence before morning. By dawn the woods were thick with people, and all day we lived as publicly as the champion in a prize-ring. They stared hungrily at us at meal-times, pried into our wagons, endeavored to get into our tents, became perfectly intolerable in every way. Few of them seemed able or willing to speak English, and, when addressed in German, answered slowly and shyly. Their heavy faces showed a staring curiosity, which the most energetic remonstrance could hardly change for another look. I finally asked the least unintelligent looking man if he was not ashamed of himself and his countrymen. He answered in effect, "that there rarely happened anything new in their district, so they must make the most of present opportunities," and stared on. They were sturdy-looking creatures, with nothing of the trim lankness which belongs to Americans generally; heavy, long faces, unintellectual but kindly, showing no trace of vice. The women were as robust as the men, and showed the strong tendency to look like them so common among the lower classes of Europe. They are, for all the world, like any throng of Rhineland Germans. Their language, although with a share of Americanisms, is apparently only the dialect which one hears, with innumerable slight variations, all along the Rhine, from Suabia to Holland. Their century and a half of American air and institutions has left them just where they would be, in all physical and mental traits, if they had passed the time on the soil of fatherland, with one grave loss, however: isolated from the intellect of their

race and language, they have gradually separated themselves from the legendary past, which has done so much to spiritualize the German peasantry; and they have failed to profit by the great mental awakening which came of the second reformation of Germany, when Goethe, Schiller, and their school did for the intellect of the people what Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingli had done before for their conscience. Among the Rhineland Germans, by no means the best of that great people, there is scarce any so poor in mind but you will find down in his soul seed planted by the great poets of his race. I do not believe that one in a thousand of these good Pennsylvania people have ever read and remembered a line of those authors who have given their race its most glorious expression, if, indeed, they have not given it its character. I could not find a trace of the clinging to the traditions of fatherland. They are completely sundered in spirit from the home of their ancestors. In this they contrast singularly with the Canadian French, who seem to retain a sense of the glory of France and their share in its history.

Any one who has studied the conditions of the German settlements in the West, who has seen the determined efforts they are making to preserve in this country, by systematic isolation of their colonies, the language and customs of the native country, must feel grave doubts as to the results of such a course, after he has studied this interesting people. No one can doubt that, in our society, the interests of social and intellectual culture and of good government are likely to be greatly profited by the people we receive from Germany. They bring frugality against our spirit of waste, and a decent conservatism to balance our sometimes reckless advance. Education and civic morality are native with them; and art, that which we need the most of all the Old World's goods, has made a fertilizing impress on their minds. But that this good seed should plant itself in our soil, it needs be sown broadcast over the land. It would profit us little to have half a dozen of the Chinese walled duchies, which have been the curse of Europe, transferred to this country, each with the non-intercourse act of a foreign and difficult tongue. Nor do these home-loving strangers — whose pathetic effort to keep all they can of their fatherland must rouse the sympathy of every one who has been among a foreign people — get that for which they aim. The great people they have left are going forward with a mighty impulse, the result of a true national spirit, the interaction of the varied parts of a great whole. But these little fragments can only retain the senseless existence of disjected members, if they refuse a real share in the life which surrounds them here. Let them lay aside their mother-tongue, — as fine an intellectual garment as was ever made, but not fit for their new work. As one of the factors of the great nation that is now building here, they and their descendants may well claim that their fatherland has shared in the greatest work of their race. As scattered fragments of German-speaking people, they will become the same thrifty, spiritless folk we have here raising grain and cattle, but counting for nothing in the life of the nation.

A merciful rain which tried our tents sorely finally gave us relief from our inquisitors. It was funny enough to see them crouching against the trees, or under the wagons, to give their eyes a little longer indulgence; but one by one they were drowned out, and the woods were again our own. Our next day's journey was all the way among the same people, until we came towards Lehighton, with the same good cultivation, and comfort for man and beast as before. Children were very numerous and very healthy, but there was not much evidence of schools. In one of the hamlets we found our foraging party halted, quite unable to open communications; in the dozen houses, one of them an inn, there was no one who could speak English enough to understand a demand for supplies. An

old man present told me that his grandfather was born in Pennsylvania, and that the ancestors to the same degree of all the villagers were also native born. The children, he said, learn some English at school, but often forget it when they leave. It is a hard matter to learn of this from the children themselves; for, as is common with young rustic humanity, they can only see anything with their mouths wide open, and are unwilling to interrupt their gazing while the curious show we present is going by.

We follow down a rivulet tributary to the Lehigh, and come upon it near where it, too, breaks, as its brother the Delaware had done, through the mountain ridge to the plain. Down the river came two railways and a canal; and our honest Germans are wedged apart by a more active people. We get here our first sign of the coal-fields: the iron and water ways are laden with coal; train after train and load after load pour down the valley with their homely freight. Everything catches the grime of the trade, and makes us regret the cleanly dulness of our last two camps. We found a fine camping-ground some miles beyond the valley on the side of a mountain, where two springs joined to make a little rivulet which ran through a great wood. As before, the woods, though seeming solitary, were provided with an owner, who found us out in a few hours; his anger was easily mollified with a few words of his native tongue. Every one here fears gypsies, as they call all the numerous predatory bands which seem to infest the States south of New England in a singular way. From all accounts, I judge that there must be many hundreds of these associations, all modelled on the gypsy basis, some with a real "Zingari" character, wandering over this region; they trade a little, for a pretence, tell fortunes, and steal. The American county line is an amazingly convenient boundary; no officer can well cross it in pursuit; so this style of life has advantages denied in Europe, where the *pièce de voyage* and the gendarme make an end of such business. We have seen several of these bands; none of them seemed real gypsies, though all of their members bore the stamp of foreign blood. Portuguese, Italians, one or two Spaniards, some Irish, and a sprinkling of Canadian French make up the motley crew. They have good outfits and at times a look of wealth; their horses are really *picked* animals, selected without regard to cost, and kept with a care which would please their rightful owners; their wagons are more comfortable than our own, some with the "New Haven wheel" and other evidences of taste and money. Just at present all these Arabs are working southward with the waning summer. They greet us as brothers in an "argot" which shows that they are no random gatherings of waifs, but floating communities of some permanence. They are going to Virginia and southward for the winter. They want to know what "family" we belong to, something of our history, and are a little disposed to patronize us as a feeble though somewhat promising "family," as they call their clans. To this complexion have we come at last.

From Lehighton to Tamaqua the country has a mixed people, Germans and English sharing the fertile and monotonous land together, getting a deal of worth out of it. At Tamaqua we suddenly enter the long coal basin which stretches all the way to Pottsville and beyond. A mile or two of distance here gives us a marvellous contrast. The wealth of soil disappears; in its place comes the underground richness of the ancient coal-period forsets. The endless fields of grain give place to scanty forests robbed of every tree which could be used in shoring up the galleries of the mines. The gnarled and worthless pines spread their ragged limbs against the sky line of the hills. The brooks are turbid with the waters pumped from the innumerable shafts, and wander deviously through and around the enormous piles of black waste which is dumped into

their valleys. Squalid little wooden hamlets are clustered below each of the files of grimy sheds which show the entrances of the rivers on the sides of the mountains. On every hand run the coal railways, down which pour unending trains of coal. The change in the people is even more painful than the change in the face of the land. The men seem mostly Cornish or other British miners, — shapeless, hulking fellows, shuffling over the ground with something of the uncertain tread of sailors on shore, their clothing sordid, their faces blear-eyed and dull with the monotonous toil in darkness to which their race has been subjected for generations. Whiskey has made its mark on nearly every face, — visible even through the soot which hides almost every other expression of their sinister countenances. The women are in far better condition. Many of them are pictures of rude health and vigor, well fed, not overworked, for there are no æsthetic cares here ; living in the open air,— for their dens are too small for tenements,— they have a better chance for growth than most lower-class women. The children, too, are sturdy little urchins until the black mine draws them in, when they seem at once to leave their youth for the old age of hopeless, sunless toil. It was late in the afternoon when we got well into this melancholy region, and though we drove fast, no camp-ground could be found between the villages. The woods seemed wild enough, but they were everywhere cut by paths which are traversed by the mine people on their way to and fro. We recoiled at the prospect of camping among these unpleasant-looking neighbors ; moreover, the springs were all dry. Poor at best in this region, they are here cut by the underground channels, and come up a putrid torrent from the pumps. So we journeyed on, hoping to get the unaccustomed shelter of a hotel at Pottsville. When we came to the fair-ground near the town, we found there a crowd of people, and were told that the place was quite overrun with visitors brought by a meeting of the "Red Men," which being interpreted, meant that a charitable secret society, like the Odd Fellows in plan, of extended membership in Pennsylvania and to the westward, held their annual convocation here.

So we passed through Pottsville, and after a day's journey of forty miles we found the unwonted cover of a little inn in the town of St. Clair. Our tavern was happily uncarpeted and reasonably clean. The landlord complained that everything had to be brought there by railway: no food for man or beast is raised within many miles. One does not see a worse-looking people in any English or European mining country than met us here in the morning. The sordid town, with bad drainage, ten thousand people crammed in a little space, foul streets, and dirtier people, made an ineffaceably painful impression. With the outward degradation comes, too, a sullen temper ; the ragged urchins, seeing strangers, set upon them like wolves, yelling from a distance in a vain effort to stampede our horses. Climbing over the mountain by a road whereon a large toll was charged, apparently to deter people from risking their necks upon it, we left this hideous country behind us. The next day we crossed the Ashland coal basin, but managed to traverse it during the day and camp beyond. No one can go through mining districts without grave fears for the future of human life in such regions, where, for centuries to come, that life is to have its shape given by underground work. We are accustomed to think that our land is blessed in its prodigious store of coal, probably exceeding in amount all that the other continents together contain. But unless this wealth can be appropriated with less injurious effect to those who develop it, there is a great curse as well as a blessing in it.

The Susquehanna is as beautiful as the Delaware, which is high praise indeed. Sunbury, when we came upon its banks, was a common town, with an excessively American look, wide streets,

and rather mean houses. The river is unnavigable, so the town turns its back upon its beauties and faces the noisy railroad. The cliffs across the river are great vertical walls of southward-dipping rock; the river between is broadened out and quieted by a dam below, so that it can mirror them in good fashion. There was a little steamer to pull the ark in which our teams were crowded across the stream, — a wheezy little antiquity, with a dreadfully home-made look, but officered with people as important-looking as if it had been a man-of-war. Evidently the steamer is a local celebrity of no small importance. For our camp near Sunbury we had a pleasant wood among those pleasantest of rustics, the German farmers, who, having scattered from the great herds of their race, have got rid of their language and taken up with the common ways. There is nothing to mark their descent but their squarish forms and an element of queerness in their English, differing widely from any other local peculiarity I have noticed. There is, after all, one peculiarity, — they are content with their lot in a most un-American way: they look to their lands for their future, without that longing for the city or the wilderness which seems to poison the life of every ordinary American farmer. For the first time on our journey we were invited to camp on a man's land and made very welcome. Our nearest neighbor was as proud of his temporal success as if he had been a Vanderbilt. He told us in a moment that, when he was married, forty years ago, the domestic outfit consisted of a plate, a pot, and a bushel of potatoes. A life of toil had given him one hundred acres of good land, a barn with stock and grain, a cabin with a broad porch, and a good well: what would one more? The good fellow did not count his swarm of children among his possessions, clearly because he felt that they were as much a matter of course as breathable air or timely rain. In a spirit of speculation he had been down to Virginia into the Shenandoah Valley, on the great journey of his life; he thought the land no better than here, and dearer.

Our road carried us again to the shores of the Susquehanna at Lewisburg; the views on our road up the Wyoming or East Branch were enchanting. The mountains are all low crowned, and repeat the same shape. Their forms may be likened to that of rounded, creeping things: sometimes they are long and serpent-like, again they remind one of huge caterpillars; they may be better likened to the waves of a sea, as they run after the calm has come, only they do not crowd so closely together. It is evident that when made they were far more regular than at present, and more than thrice as high. The higher ridges are now about three thousand feet, and are manifestly mere wrecks of their sometime forms. Despite the amount of wear which in other conditions would give the wildest landscapes, these mountains differ so little one from the other that the eye makes no selection among them. It is only when the rivers have carved a little individuality in them that this monotony gives way. Bordered by the ever varying rivers, their related forms give a singular symmetry and rhythm to the landscape.

The valley is beautifully fertile for a day's journey from its mouth, with a charming road from the low valley into the high table-land and mountain region to the west. Our camp was in a region rich in fossils, the heaps of stones in the fields being each a museum of ancient and extinct life. We came here upon a great rattlesnake ground. Two newly killed specimens of large size lay in the road over the "col" where we camped. A passing stage-driver said that during the month he had killed eighteen on his daily walk up the long hill.

Our road led us through Centre County, a region where the German descendants predominate, though less foreign in aspect than the region to the eastward. The people here have kept some distinctive peculiarities, among them a fondness for flowing

fountains. In the street in one hamlet of forty houses we counted a dozen on the roadside, the water being brought from far away. The spring-houses, sometimes built so as to be small fish-ponds, with a wealth of whitewashed walls and woodwork, make a pretty feature on the landscape. Turning in our "voyage en zig zag" again towards the northeast, we crossed the Seven Mountains towards the valley of the Juniata. A well-made road through twelve miles of mountain wilderness gave a tedious journey, occasionally relieved by far-reaching views across the country, with its monotonous processional mountains. Here we killed our first and last rattlesnake. The surly fellow was lying in the middle of the road and resented our coming. We all mistook his rattle for the whir of the cicada or locust, as it is called; his slow retreat being interrupted by our attack, he made a good fight and died hard. After being as dead as he could be made by severing the spinal cord, his body made all the motions of striking, and came near wounding one of the party with its fangs. At the foot of the Seven Mountains we pass the Keshgecoguillas Valley, the most instructive of the mid-mountain valleys of Pennsylvania. Here one gets the best specimen of the mountains illustrating the share which the building up and pulling down forces have had in their making. This part of the Alleghanies is wonderfully like the Jura. We get out of the valley by a pass where a slender thread of water has widened a cleft made when the mountain was formed. Into the rivulet, a few miles before it falls into the Juniata, pours the beautiful stream from Logan's Spring, where dwelt that great, sad chief, the Caractacus of the West. It pours a mill-stream from the solid rock. There could be no fitter monument for that noble savage than this beautiful stream, which will endure until the mountains that feed it are worn away.

The Juniata Valley, when we come into it, is one of the most beautiful in our land. Thirty miles above, after a struggle with the mountain, it breaks through their gorges into this great synclinal valley. It is here forced from the sea by the Blue Mountain,—a high and quite impassable ridge towering to the north. It flows through the five-mile-wide valley as placidly as if it had never worn the hills asunder. Unfortunately, the railway had caused the utter neglect of the common road, once one of the great East and West ways, so that our journey to Huntingdon was one long struggle with almost insuperable difficulties. Just beyond Huntingdon we came into a country as curious in its way as the Saxon Switzerland; for miles along its crest one of the low-topped mountains was capped with great towered and sculptured rocks. Some low and flat like tables for giants' feasts, others like pulpits,—big enough for the most ambitious reformer,—still others rising like the ruins of mediæval towers and parapets, and covered with climbing plants and ferns, or showing gray and bare among the grand forest trees,—these ruins were as impressive as the wreck of human work could be.

Our road led us through one of the wide mountain-valleys known as Morrison's Cove—a queer maritime term applied to all the broad mountain-valleys of this region. This cove is peopled by the Dunkers, a German Sabbatarian sect with a number of notions about religious matters than cannot well be described. Religious schism seems to be favorable to good farming; probably because all religionists are apt to be dead in earnest in all they do. We spent a long day driving through their broad, well-tilled farms. As we go up the valley the mountains become more broken than before and lose that appearance of being cast in one mould which belongs to the rest of Pennsylvania; at length, in Alpine fashion, they swing round and close the valley at its head with a formidable succession of ridges. At the foot of these we camped, by the waters of a cold sulphur-spring. Over a steep and rocky "col," which wrecked one of our wag-

ons, we passed into the Sulphur-Spring Valley. Looking up a wagon and horses to relieve our broken-down vehicle, I found my way into the cabin of a German, a young man who lived with his old mother. The little living-room and kitchen was admirably clean, with no other furniture than benches and tables of old oak, except a large rack whereon there was displayed some pottery of the last century make. The old woman was surly in broken English, but mellowed a little when spoken to in German. After many hesitations, made to bring up the price, the two thought they ought to have *two dollars* to take a load of near a ton a distance of ten miles, and were evidently surprised that no better terms were asked.

We found shelter in a wood three miles from Bedford, — a forest so profound that, though we stayed two days there, no spying mortal found us out. Our repairs being made, we struck through Bedford into the Cumberland Valley. Bedford has a reputation for its mineral waters. The rectangular little town was as hot as a gridiron, dusty and detestable. The springs, just beyond, seemed to have the usual barracks and brass-band attractions of American springs. One more camp made in a driving thunder-storm ended our twenty camps in Pennsylvania. As we went down the Cumberland Valley the mountains became more picturesque, but the farms waned. At length the noble Potomac Valley opened wide before us. Cut athwart the mountains in a broader way than any other of the Alleghany streams, it stands as a barrier between the two great sections of the Appalachian Chain. Beyond it, in sweeps of almost Alpine grandeur, rose the higher mountains of Virginia, which we had so long striven for.

N. S. Shaler.

QUESTION.

DEAR and blessed dead ones, can you look and listen
To the sighing and the moaning down here below?
Does it make a discord in the hymns of Heaven —
The discord that jangles in the life you used to know?

When we pray our prayers to the great God above you,
Does the echo of our praying ever glance aside your way?
Do you know the thing we ask for, and wish that you could give it,
You whose hearts ached with wishing, in your own little day?

Are your ears deaf with praises, you blessed dead of Heaven,
And your eyes blind with glory, that you cannot see our pain?
If you saw, if you heard, you would weep among the angels,
And the praises and the glory would be for you in vain.

Yet he listens to our praying, the great God of pity,
As he fills with pain the measure of our life's little day;
Could he bear to sit and shine there on his white throne in Heaven,
But that he sees the end while we only see the way?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ROMAN RIDES.

Rome, last of April.

I SHALL always remember the first I took: out of the Porta del Popolo, to where the Ponte Molle, whose single arch sustains a weight of historic tradition, compels the sallow Tiber to flow between its four great *mannered* ecclesiastical statues, over the crest of the hill, and along the old posting-road to Florence. It was mild midwinter, the season, peculiarly, of color on the Roman Campagna; and the light was full of that mellow purple glow, that tempered intensity, which haunts the after-visions of those who have known Rome like the memory of some supremely irresponsible pleasure. An hour away, I pulled up, and stood for some time at the edge of a meadow, gazing away into remoter distances. Then and there, it seemed to me, I measured the deep delight of knowing the Campagna. But I saw more things in it than it is easy to repeat. The country rolled away around me into slopes and dells of enchanting contour, checkered with purple and blue and blooming brown. The lights and shadows were at play on the Sabine Mountains, — an alternation of tones so exquisite that you can indicate them only by some fantastic comparison to sapphire and amber. In the foreground a *contadino*, in his cloak and peaked hat, was jogging solitary on his ass; and here and there in the distance, among blue undulations, some white village, some gray tower, helped deliciously to make the scene the typical "Italian landscape" of old-fashioned art. It was so bright and yet so sad, so still, and yet so charged, to the supersensuous ear, with the murmur of an extinguished life, that you could only say it was intensely and deliciously strange, and that the Roman Campagna is the most suggestive place in the world. To ride once, under these circumstances, is of course to ride again, and to allot to the Campagna a generous share of the time one spends in Rome.

It is a pleasure that doubles one's horizon, and one can scarcely say whether it enlarges or limits one's impression of the city proper. It certainly makes St. Peter's seem a trifle smaller, and blunts the edge of one's curiosity in the Forum. If you have ridden much, to think of Rome afterwards will be, I imagine, to think still respectfully and regretfully enough of the Vatican and the Pincio, the streets and the duskily picturesque street-life; but it will be even more to wonder, with an irrepressible contraction of the heart, when again you shall feel yourself bounding over the flower-smothered turf, or pass from one framed picture to another beside the open arches of the crumbling aqueducts. You look at Rome so often from some grassy hill-top — hugely compact within its walls, with St. Peter's overtopping all things and yet seeming small, and the vast girdle of marsh and meadow receding on all sides to the mountains and the sea — that you come to remember it at last as hardly more than a large detail in an impressive landscape. And within the walls you think of your intended ride as a sort of romantic possibility; of the Campagna generally as an illimitable experience. One's rides certainly make Rome a richer place to live in than most others. To dwell in a city which, much as you grumble at it, is, after all, very fairly a modern city; with crowds, and shops, and theatres, and *cafés*, and balls, and receptions, and dinner-parties, and all the modern confusion of social pleasures and pains; to have at your door the good and evil of it all; and yet to be able in half an hour to gallop away and leave it a hundred miles, a hundred years, behind, and to look at the tufted broom glowing on a lonely

tower-top in the still blue air, and the pale pink asphodels trembling none the less for the stillness, and the shaggy-legged shepherds leaning on their sticks in motionless brotherhood, with the heaps of ruin and the scrambling goats and staggering little kids treading out wild desert smells from the top of hollow-sounding mounds; and then to come back through one of the great gates, and, a couple of hours later, find yourself in the "world," dressed, introduced, entertained, inquisitive, talking about Middlemarch to a young English lady, or listening to Neapolitan songs from a gentleman in a very low-cut shirt, — all this is to lead a sort of double life, and to gather from the hurrying hours more impressions than a mind of modest capacity quite knows how to dispose of. I touched lately upon this theme with a friend who, I fancied, would understand me, and who immediately assured me that he had just spent a day which this mingled diversity of sensation made to the days one spends elsewhere what an uncommonly good novel is to a newspaper. "There was an air of idleness about it, if you will," he said, "and it was certainly pleasant enough to have been wrong. Perhaps, being, after all, unused to long stretches of dissipation, this was why I had a half-feeling that I was reading an odd chapter in the history of a person very much more of a *héros de roman* than myself." Then he proceeded to relate how he had taken a long ride with a lady whom he extremely admired. "We turned off from the Tor di Quinto Road to that castellated farm-house you know of,— once a Ghibelline fortress, — whither Claude Lorraine used to come to paint pictures of which the surrounding landscape is still artistically suggestive. We went into the inner court, a cloister almost, with the carven capitals of its *loggia* columns, and looked at a handsome child swinging shyly against the half-opened door of a room whose impenetrable shadow, behind her, made her, as it were, a sketch in bituminous water-colors. We talked with the farmer, a handsome, pale, fever-tainted fellow, with a well-to-do air, who did n't in the least prevent his affability taking a turn which resulted in his acceptance of small coin; and then we galloped away and away over the meadows which stretch with hardly a break to Veü. The day was strangely delicious, with a cool gray sky and just a touch of moisture in the air, stirred by our rapid motion. The Campagna, in the colorless, even light, was more solemn and romantic than ever; and a ragged shepherd, driving a meagre, straggling flock, whom we stopped to ask our way of, was a perfect type of pastoral, weather-beaten misery. He was precisely the shepherd for the foreground of a scratchy etching. There were faint odors of spring in the air, and the grass here and there was streaked with great patches of daisies; but it was spring with a foreknowledge of autumn, — a day to be enjoyed with a sober smile, — a day somehow to make one feel as if one had seen and felt a great deal, — quite, as I say, like a *héros de roman*. Apropos of such people, it was the illustrious Pelham, I think, who, on being asked if he rode, replied that he left those violent exercises to the ladies. But under such a sky, in such an air, over acres of daisied turf, a long, long gallop is certainly the gentlest, the most refined of pleasures. The elastic bound of your horse is the poetry of motion; and if you are so happy as to add to it — not the prose of companionship, riding comes to seem to you really an intellectual pursuit. "My gallop, at any rate," said my friend, "threw me into a mood which gave an extraordinary zest to the rest of the day." He was to go to a dinner-party at a villa on the edge of Rome, and Madame X——, who was also going, called for him in her carriage. "It was a long drive," he went on, "through the Forum, past the Coliseum. She told me a long story about a most interesting person. Toward the end I saw through the carriage window a slab of rugged sculptures. We were passing under the Arch of Con-

stantine. In the hall pavement of the villa is a rare antique mosaic, — one of the largest and most perfect; the ladies, on their way to the drawing-room, trail over it the flounces of Worth. We drove home late, and there 's my day."

On your exit from most of the gates of Rome you have generally half an hour's riding through winding lanes, many of which are hardly less charming than the open meadows. On foot, the walls and high hedges would vex you and make your walk dull; but in the saddle you generally overtop them and see treasures of picturesqueness. Yet a Roman wall in the springtime is, for that matter, as picturesque as anything it conceals. Crumbling grain by grain, colored and mottled to a hundred tones by sun and storm, with its rugged structure of brick extending through its coarse epidermis of peeling stucco, its creeping lace-work of wandering ivy starred with miniature violets, and its wild fringe of stouter flowers against the sky,— it is as little as possible a blank partition; it is almost a piece of landscape. At this moment in mid-April, all the ledges and cornices are wreathed with flaming poppies, nodding there as if they knew so well what faded grays and yellows were an offset to scarlet. But the best point in a dilapidated wall of vineyard or villa is of course the gateway, lifting its great arch of cheap rococo scroll-work, its balls and shields and mossy dish-covers (as they always seem to me), and flanked with its dusky cypresses. I never pass one without taking out my mental sketch-book and jotting it down as a *vignette* in the insubstantial record of my ride. They always look to me intensely sad and dreary, as if they led to the moated grange where Mariana waited in desperation for something to happen; and I fancy the usual inscription over the arch to be a recommendation to those who enter to renounce all hope of anything but a glass of more or less agreeably acrid *vino romano.* For what you chiefly see over the walls and at the end of the straight, short avenue of rusty cypresses are the appurtenances of a *vigna,*— a couple of acres of little upright sticks, blackening in the sun, and a vast, sallow-faced, scantily-windowed mansion, whose expression denotes little intellectual life beyond what goes to the driving of a hard bargain over the tasted hogsheads. If Mariana is there, she certainly has no pile of old magazines to beguile her leisure. Intellectual life, if the term is not too pompous, seems to the contemplative tourist as he wanders about Rome, to exist only as a kind of thin deposit of the past. Within the rococo gateway, which itself has a vague literary suggestiveness, at the end of the cypress walk, you 'll probably see a mythological group in rusty marble,— a Cupid and Psyche, a Venus and Paris, an Apollo and Daphne, — the relic of an age when a Roman proprietor thought it fine to patronize the arts. But I imagine you are safe in thinking that it constitutes the only literary allusion that has been made on the premises for three or four generations.

There is a franker cheerfulness — though certainly a proper amount of that forlornness which lurks about every object to which the Campagna forms a background — in the primitive little taverns where, on the homeward stretch, in the waning light, you are often glad to rein up and demand a bottle of their best. But their best and their worst are the same, though with a shifting price, and plain *vino bianco* or *vino rosso* (rarely both) is the sole article of refreshment in which they deal. There is a ragged bush over the door, and within, under a dusky vault, on crooked cobble-stones, sit half a dozen contadini in their indigo jackets and goatskin breeches, with their elbows on the table. There is generally a rabble of infantile beggars at the door, pretty enough in their dusty rags, with their fine eyes and intense Italian smile, to make you forget your private vow of doing your individual best to make these people, whom you like so much, unlearn their old vices. Was the Por-

ta Pia bombarded three years ago, that Peppino should still grow up to whine for a copper? But the Italian shells had no direct message for Peppino's stomach, — and you are going to a dinner-party at a villa. So Peppino "points" an instant for the copper in the dust and grows up a Roman beggar. The whole little place is the most primitive form of a hostelry; but along any of the roads leading out of the city you may find establishments of a higher type, with Garibaldi, superbly mounted and foreshortened, painted on the wall; or a lady in a low-necked dress opening a fictive lattice with irresistible hospitality, and a yard with the classic pine-wreathed arbor casting thin shadows upon benches and tables draped and cushioned with the white dust from which the highways from the gates borrow most of their local color. But, as a rider, I say, you avoid the high-roads, and, if you are a person of taste, don't grumble at the occasional need of following the walls of the city. City walls, to a properly constituted American, can never be an object of indifference; and there is certainly a fine solemnity in pacing in the shadow of this massive cincture of Rome. I have found myself, as I skirted its base, talking of trivial things, but never without a sudden reflection on the deplorable impermanence of first impressions. A twelvemonth ago the raw plank fences of a Boston suburb, inscribed with the virtues of healing drugs, bristled along my horizon: now I glance with idle eyes at this compacted antiquity, in which a more learned sense may read great dates and signs,— Servius, Aurelian, Honorius. But even to idle eyes the walls of Rome abound in picturesque episodes. In some places, where the huge brick-work is black with time, and certain strange square towers look down at you with still blue eyes, — the Roman sky peering through lidless loopholes, — and there is nothing but white dust in the road and solitude in the air, I feel like a wandering Tartar touching on the confines of the Celestial Empire. The wall of China must be very much such a churly piece of masonry. The color of the Roman ramparts is everywhere fine, and their rugged patchwork has been subdued by time and weather into the mellow harmony which painters love. On the northern side of the city, behind the Vatican, St. Peter's, and the Trastevere, I have seen them glowing in the late afternoon with the tones of ancient bronze and rusty gold. Here, at various points, they are embossed with the Papal insignia,— tiara with its flying bands and crossed keys, — for which the sentimental tourist has possibly a greater kindness than of yore. With the dome of St. Peter's resting on their cornice and the hugely clustered architecture of the Vatican rising from them as from a terrace, they seem indeed the valid bulwark of an ecclesiastical city. Vain bulwarks, alas! sighs the sentimental tourist, fresh from the meagre entertainment of this latter Holy Week. But he may find picturesque consolation in this neighborhood at a source where, as I pass, I never fail to apply for it. At half an hour's walk beyond the Porta San Pancrazio, beneath the wall of the Villa Doria, is a delightfully pompous ecclesiastical gateway of the seventeenth century, erected by Paul V. to commemorate his restoration of the aqueducts through which the stream bearing his name flows towards that fine, florid portico which covers its clear-sheeted outgush on the crest of the Janiculum. It arches across the road in the most ornamental manner of the period, and one can hardly pause before it without seeming to assist at a ten minutes' revival of old Italy,— without feeling as if one were in a cocked hat and sword, and were coming up to Rome in another mood than Luther's, with a letter of recommendation to the mistress of a Cardinal.

The Campagna differs greatly on the two sides of the Tiber; and it is hard to say which, for the rider, has the greater charm. The half-dozen rides you may take from the Porta San Giovanni possess the perfection of tradi-

tional Roman interest, and lead you through a far-strewn wilderness of ruins, — a scattered maze of tombs and towers and nameless fragments of antique masonry. The landscape here has two great features; close before you on one side is the long, gentle swell of the Alban Mountains, deeply, fantastically blue in most weathers, and marbled with the vague white masses of their scattered towns and villas. It is hard to fancy a softer curve than that with which the mountain sweeps down from Albano to the plain; it is a perfect example of the classic beauty of line in the Italian landscape, — that beauty which, when it fills the background of a picture, makes us look in the foreground for a broken column bedded in flowers, and a shepherd piping to dancing nymphs. At your side, constantly, you have the broken line of the Claudian Aqueduct carrying its broad arches far away into the plain. The meadows along which it lies are not the smoothest in the world for a gallop, but there is no pleasure greater than to wander over it. It stands knee-deep in the flower-strewn grass, and its rugged piers are hung with ivy, as the columns of a church are draped for a *festa*. Every archway is a picture, massively framed, of the distance beyond, — of the snow-tipped Sabines and lonely Soracte. As the spring advances, the whole Campagna smiles and waves with flowers; but I think they are nowhere more rank and lovely than in the shifting shadow of the aqueducts, where they muffle the feet of the columns and smother the half-dozen brooks which wander in and out like silver meshes between the legs of a file of giants. They make a niche for themselves, too, in every crevice and tremble on the vault of the empty conduits. The ivy hereabouts, in the springtime, is peculiarly brilliant and delicate; and though it cloaks and muffles these Roman fragments far less closely than the castles and abbeys of England, it hangs with the light elegance of all Italian vegetation. It is partly, doubtless, because their mighty outlines are still unsoftened that the aqueducts are so impressive. They seem the very source of the solitude in which they stand; they look like architectural spectres, and loom through the light mists of their grassy desert, as you recede along the line, with the same insubstantial vastness as if they rose out of Egyptian sands. It is a great neighborhood of ruins, many of which, it must be confessed, you have applauded in many an album. But station a peasant with sheepskin coat and bandaged legs in the shadow of the tomb or tower best known to drawing-room art, and scatter a dozen goats on the mound above him, and the picture has a charm which has not yet been sketched away.

The other side of the Campagna has wider fields and smoother turf and perhaps a greater number of delightful rides, the earth is sounder, and there are fewer pitfalls and ditches. The land for the most part lies higher and catches more breezes, and the grass, here and there, is for great stretches as smooth and level as a carpet. You have no Alban Mountains before you, but you have in the distance the waving ridge of the nearer Appenines, and west of them, along the course of the Tiber, the long seaward level of deep-colored fields, deepening as they recede to the blue and purple of the sea itself. Beyond them, of a very clear day, you may see the glitter of the Mediterranean. These are rides, perhaps, to remember most fondly, for here are enchanting places, and the landscape has details of supreme picturesqueness. Indeed, when I turn over the picturesque impressions, the vaguely lingering sensations, of these Roman rides, it seems a fool's errand to have attempted to express them, and a waste of words to do more than recommend the reader to ride citywards at twilight, at the end of March, toward the Porta Cavalleggieri, and note what he sees. At this hour the Campagna seems peculiarly its melancholy self, and I remember roadside "effects" of the most poignant suggestiveness. Certain mean, mouldering villas behind

grass-grown courts have an indefinably sinster look; there was one in especial, of which it was impossible not to fancy that a despairing creature had once committed suicide there, behind bolted door and barred window, and that no one had since had the pluck to go in and see why he never came out. But, to my sense, every slight wayside detail in the country about Rome has a penetrating eloquence, and I may possibly exaggerate the charms of very common things. This is the more likely, because the charms I touch on are so many notes in the scale of melancholy. To delight in the evidence of meagre lives might seem to be a heartless pastime, and the pleasure, I confess, is a pensive one. Melancholy is as common an influence from Southern things as gayety, I think; it rarely fails to strike a Northern observer when he misses what he calls comfort. Beauty is no compensation for the loss; it only makes it more depressing. Enough beauty of climate hangs over these Roman cottages and farm-houses, — beauty of light, of atmosphere, and of vegetation; but their charm for seekers of the picturesque is the way in which the lustrous air seems to illuminate their intimate desolation. Man lives more with Nature in Italy than in New England; she does more work for him and gives him more holidays than in our short-summered clime; and his home is therefore much more bare of devices for helping him to do without her, forget her and forgive her. These reflections are, perhaps, the source of the entertainment you find in a moss-coated stone stairway climbing outside of a wall; in a queer inner court, befouled with rubbish and drearily bare of convenience; in an ancient, quaintly-carven well, worked with infinite labor from an overhanging window; in an arbor of time-twisted vines, under which may sit with your feet in the dirt, and you remember as a dim fable that there are races for which the type of domestic allurement is the parlor hearth-rug. For reasons apparent or otherwise, these things amuse me beyond expression, and I am never weary of staring into gateways, of lingering by dreary, shabby, half-barbaric farm-yards, of feasting a foolish gaze on sun-cracked plaster and unctuous indoor shadows.

I must not forget, however, that it is not for wayside effects that one rides away behind Saint-Peter's, but for the enchanting sense of wandering over boundless space, of seeing great classic lines of landscape, of watching them dispose themselves into pictures so full of "style" that you can think of no painter who deserves to have you admit that they suggest him, — hardly knowing whether it is better pleasure to gallop far and drink deep of air and grassy distance and the whole delicious opportunity, or to walk and pause and linger, and try and grasp some ineffaceable memory of sky and color and outline. Your pace can hardly help falling into a contemplative measure at the time, everywhere so wonderful but in Rome so persuasively divine, when the winter begins palpably to soften and quicken into spring. Far out on the Campagna, early in February, you feel the first vague, earthy emanations, which in a few weeks come wandering into the heart of the city and throbbing through the close, dark streets. Springtime in Rome is an immensely poetic affair; but you must stand often in the meadows, between grass and sky, to measure its deep, full, steadily-accelerated rhythm. The winter has an incontestible beauty, and is pre-eminently the time of color, — the time when it 's no affectation, but homely verity, to talk about the "purple" tone of the atmosphere. As February comes and goes, your purple is streaked with green, and the rich, dark bloom of the distance begins to lose its intensity. But your loss is made up by other gains; none more precious than that inestimable gain to the ear, — the disembodied voice of the lark. It comes with the early flowers, the white narcissus and the cyclamen, the half-buried violets and the pale anemones, and makes the whole at-

mosphere ring, like a vault of tinkling glass. You never see the bird himself, and are utterly unable to localize his note, which seems to come from everywhere at once, to be some hundred-throated voice of the air. Sometimes you fancy you just distinguish him, a mere vague spot against the blue, an intenser throb in the universal pulsation of light. As the weeks go on, the flowers multiply and the deep blues and purples of the hills turn to azure and violet, and creep higher toward the narrowing snow-line of the Sabines. The first hour of your ride becomes rather warm for comfort, but you beguile it with brushing the hawthorn-blossoms as you pass along the hedges, and catching at the wild rose and honeysuckle; and when you get into the meadows, there is stir enough in the air to lighten the dead weight of the sun. The Roman air, however, is not a tonic medicine, and it seldom allows your rides to be absolutely exhilarating. It has always seemed to me, indeed, part of their picturesqueness that your keenest enjoyment is haunted with a vague languor. Occasionally, when the sirocco blows, this amounts to a sensation really worth having on moral and intellectual grounds. Then, under the gray sky, toward the veiled distances which the sirocco generally brings with it, you seem to ride forth into a world from which all hope has departed, and in which, in spite of the flowers that make your horse's footfalls soundless, nothing is left save a possibility of calamity which your imagination is unable to measure, but from which it hardly shrinks. An occasional sense of depression from this source may almost amount to exhilaration; but a season of sirocco would be an overdose of morbid pleasure. I almost think that you may best feel the peculiar beauty of the Campagna on those mild days of winter when the brilliant air alone suffices to make the whole landscape smile, and you may pause on the brown grass in the sunny stillness, and, by listening long enough, almost fancy you hear the shrill of the midsummer cricket. It is detail and ornament that vary from month to month, from week to week even, and make your rides over familiar fields a constant feast of unexpectedness; but the great essential lines and masses of the Campagna preserve throughout the year the same impressive serenity. Soracte, in January and April, rises from its blue horizon like an island from the sea, with an elegance of contour which no mood of the year can deepen or diminish. You know it well; you have seen it often in the mellow backgrounds of Claude; and it has such an irresistibly classical, academical air that, while you look at it, your saddle begins to feel like a faded old arm-chair in a palace gallery. A month's riding on the Campagna, indeed, will show you a dozen prime Claudes. After I had seen them all, I went piously to the Doria gallery to refresh my memory of its two famous specimens, and I vastly enjoyed their delightful air of reference to something which had become a part of my personal experience. Delightful it certainly is to feel the common element in one's own impressions and those of a genius whom it has helped to do great things. Claude must have wandered much on the Campagna, and interfused its divine undulations with his exquisite conception of the picturesque. He was familiar with a landscape in which there was not a single uncompromising line. I saw, a few days later, a small finished sketch from his hand, in the possession of an American artist, which was almost startling in its clear reflection of forms unaltered by the two centuries which have dimmed and cracked the paint and canvas.

This unbroken continuity of impressions which I have tried to indicate is an excellent example of the intellectual background of all enjoyment in Rome. It effectually prevents pleasure from becoming vulgar, for your sensation rarely begins and ends with itself; it never berates; it recalls, commemo-

rates, resuscitates something else. At least half the merit of everything you enjoy must be that it suits you absolutely; but the larger half, here, is generally that it has suited some one else, and that you can never flatter yourself you have discovered it. It is historic, literary, suggestive; it has played some other part than it is just then playing to your eyes. It was an admission of this truth that my discriminating friend who showed me the Claudes found it impossible to designate a certain delightful region which you enter at the end of an hour's riding from the Porta Cavalleggieri as anything but Arcadia. The exquisite correspondence of the term in this case altogether revived its faded bloom; here veritably the oaten pipe must have stirred the windless air, and the satyrs have laughed among the brook-side reeds. Three or four long grassy dells stretch away in a chain between low hills over which slender trees are so discreetly scattered that each one is a resting-place for a shepherd. The elements of the scene are simple enough, but the composition has extraordinary refinement. By one of those happy chances which keep observation, in Italy, always in her best humor, a shepherd had thrown himself down under one of the trees in the very attitude of Melibœus. He had been washing his feet, I suppose, in the neighboring brook, and had found it pleasant afterwards to roll his short breeches well up on his thighs. Lying thus in the shade, on his elbow, with his naked legs stretched out on the turf, and his soft peaked hat over his long hair crushed back like the veritable bonnet of Arcady, he was exactly the figure for the background of this happy valley. The poor fellow, lying there in rustic weariness and ignorance, little fancied that he was a symbol of Old World meanings to New World eyes. Such eyes may find as great a store of picturesque meanings in the cork-woods of Monte Mario, tenderly loved of all equestrians. These are less severely pastoral than our Arcadia, and you might more properly lodge there a damsel of Ariosto than a nymph of Theocritus. Among them is strewn a lovely wilderness of flowers and shrubs, and the whole place has such a charming woodland air, that, casting about me the other day for a compliment, I declared that it reminded me of New Hampshire. My compliment had a double edge, and I had no sooner uttered it than I smiled — or sighed — to perceive in all the undiscriminated botany about me the wealth of detail, the idle elegance and grace of Italy alone, — the natural stamp of the land which has the singular privilege of making one love her unsanctified beauty all but as well as those features of one's own country toward which nature's small allowance doubles that of one's own affection. In this matter of suggestiveness, no rides are more profitable than those you take in the Villa Doria or the Villa Borghese; or do not take, possibly, if you prefer to reserve these particular regions (the latter in especial) for your walking-hours. People do ride, however, in both villas, which deserve honorable mention in this regard. The Villa Doria, with its noble site, its lovely views, its great groups of stone-pines, so clustered and yet so individual, its lawns and flowers and fountains, its altogether princely disposition, is a place where one may pace, well mounted, of a brilliant day, with an agreeable sense of its being a rather more elegant pastime to balance in one's stirrups than to trudge on even the smoothest gravel. But at the Villa Borghese the walkers have the best of it; for they are free of those delicious, outlying corners and bosky byways which the rumble of barouches never reaches. Early in March it becomes a perfect epitome of the spring. You cease to care much for the melancholy greenness of the disfeatured statues which has been your chief winter's intimation of verdure; and before you are quite conscious of the tender streaks and patches in the great, quaint, grassy arena round which the Propaganda

students, in their long skirts, wander slowly, like dusky seraphs revolving the gossip of Paradise, you spy the brave little violets uncapping their azure brows beneath the high-stemmed. One's walks, here, would take us too far, and one's pauses detain us too long, when, in the quiet parts, under the wall, one comes across a group of certain charming little scholars in full-dress suits and white cravats, shouting over their play in clear Italian, while a grave young priest, under a tree, watches them over the top of his book. I have wished only to say a word for one's rides, — to suggest that they give one, not only exercise, but memories.

Henry James Jr.

POOR MARIE.

DOWN the long hill came poor Marie,
Her basket on her head.
The tears rolled slowly down her cheeks
And flecked her kerchief red,
And every tear bewept the day
When Wilhelm marched to France away.

The gurgle of the mountain spring,
As from the wooden spout
The water, like a joyous child,
Leaped laughing, prattling out,
Cried Wilhelm! Wilhelm! in her ears,
Till she could hardly see for tears.

She wiped them with her apron blue,
And sought her heart to cheer.
"Why should I weep since he is true,
Perchance may soon be here?"
But the light harebell shook its head
At every cheerful word she said.

In clefts and crannies of the rock
Which walls the narrow street,
The bluebell and the heatherbell
Cling fast with slender feet,
And, with slight vines and tufts of grass,
Beckon and nod to all who pass.

"O wayside darlings!" cried Marie,
"He praised my eyes of blue,
When will he come to say again
That they shine bright as you?
Here, let me kiss you where you stand,
I will not touch you with my hand."

The light wind sent a shiver down
Through all the garlands green,

And shook the dewdrops from the cups
Of flowers that grew between.
On Marie's face the drops were shed
Like mourners' tears upon the dead.

Down to the market-place she came
With weary step and slow.
The heaps of fruit and stands of flowers
Were blooming in a row,
And everywhere hung overhead
Wreaths of immortelles for the dead.

The people in an anxious crowd
Filled all the street and square;
You might have heard a passing cloud,
It was so silent there,
As from the church-steps some one read
The list of wounded men and dead.

For in the glorious battle fought
And won but yesterday
Were half the men of that small town,
The brown-haired and the gray.
Through the rapt throng poor Marie pressed,
To quake and listen with the rest.

She heard a whisper, as she passed,
That burned her like a flame.
"Poor, poor Marie!" it said; she turned
To see from whence it came.
Hope kissed her pallid lips, and fled.
"Tell me," she cried, "O, is he dead?"

They bear a woman down the street:
"His mother, give her air."
She knows the kerchief and the gown,
She knows the ashen hair.
"Mother, let me die, too," she moans,
And senseless falls upon the stones.

Up the long hill climbed poor Marie,
Her stony eyes were dry.
The heart beneath the kerchief gay
Breaking, could only sigh.
One thought spun ceaseless in her head,
"Why do I live when he is dead?"

Fainting she leaned against the rock,
The bluebells kissed her face.
"He called my eyes as blue as these
Here in this very place;—
Here in this very place," she said,
"And still they bloom while he is dead."

Mrs. Mary E. Anderson.

A GLIMPSE OF CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE.

I.

IT is the custom to speak of this as a prosaic, matter-of-fact age, entirely devoted to material pursuits, and with no perception of the value of æsthetic enjoyments. The fact, however, seems to be, that never in the history of the world have governments or individuals done so much to promote art as they are doing now. In no previous century have the people at large taken such an interest in this subject; and one of the most striking features of social progress at the present time is the popularization of art. Our every-day experience proves this in a remarkable manner. There might have been seen last summer, at the Bethnal Green Exhibition at London, — one of the choicest that was ever opened,— beggars and people in rags. Music and the drama can be enjoyed only by the payment of admission money; but the best paintings and statues, and the finest examples of art applied to manufactures, are freely shown in Europe to all comers without fee or reward. Photography, lithography, and wood-engraving enable us for small sums to have in our houses copies of the best works, which give us satisfactory notions of the originals in all respects but that of color, and even this we may understand to some extent from chromo-lithography. We have autotypes of the drawings of the old masters which, for all practical purposes, are as good as the identical chalk marks of Buonarotti or Andrea del Sarto. We have photographs which enable us to sit by our firesides and measure the details of the Milan Cathedral in a more satisfactory way than if we were in the piazza before it, and to study the majestic grace of the Venus de Milo almost as thoroughly as if we were in the gallery of the Louvre. No sooner is the Royal Academy Exhibition opened in London, or the Salon in Paris, than we find in the illustrated papers woodcuts of the prominent works, giving us a fair idea of their composition and general effect. The modern Raphael does not paint for Leo the Tenth and the virtuosi of his court alone. He paints for mankind in general, and is to be criticised on all the continents.

The extraordinary encouragement which is given by European governments of the present day to the arts of design is shown by the establishment of schools of drawing for children and working people. This has taken place chiefly in manufacturing countries where skill in art has become of importance in adding to commercial values. It is not probable that the increased æsthetic enjoyment or even the greater refinement of the people entered to any considerable extent into the views of the statesmen who proposed these measures; but such results will not the less follow from what has been done.

Some attention had for many years been paid by governments on the Continent to this subject, even in Spain and Italy where the disturbed condition of public affairs might well have excused the authorities for neglecting a department the cultivation of which had given them so much glory in the past; and even in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, where art is an element which does not enter to any important degree into manufacturing industry. In Germany, drawing was always taught in the common schools, and in Switzerland and Belgium it is made a part of the elementary instruction of the children. In France it was chiefly in Paris that art education for children and workmen was carried to a considerable degree of excellence; but as late as 1846 the city granted only thirty thousand francs for this purpose. The great modern movement for the popularization of art made an immense change.

In 1867 more than three hundred thousand francs were appropriated for instruction in drawing in the Parisian schools; and in the next year, 1868, the number of pupils had increased to ten thousand.

It is in England, however, that the most extraordinary advance has taken place in the art education of the people. This is almost entirely owing to the lessons taught by the International Exhibition at London in 1851. It was distinctly seen at that time that France and other continental countries exhibited a great superiority in all productions which required skill in the arrangement of forms and colors, and that England would lose her supremacy as a manufacturing nation unless she should also cultivate this element of productive value. In 1852 a department of the government was formed to meet this exigency. Many new schools were established entirely devoted to instruction in design, and a plan was also adopted by which the elements of drawing should be taught in the parochial schools. Evening classes were opened to adults, which were not only substantially free to all who were unable to pay for their tuition, but workmen were encouraged to attend by prizes of drawing instruments, books, and money.

These efforts were successful to an extraordinary degree. From a Parliamentary Report, dated in June, 1871, and containing an account of the operations of the previous year, it appears that the number of individuals instructed in art in all parts of the United Kingdom, under the supervision of this department, had increased to 187,916. In 1851 the number had been only 3,296. It is an interesting fact that in a country where it is commonly supposed that the people are addicted to sordid traffic and coarse pleasures, nearly two hundred thousand children and workmen are every year instructed in the elements of design, and more than one thousand of these in the higher and more difficult branches.

But it was found necessary, not only to educate pupils in the principles of art, but also to show them what had been the best results of genius and skill in that direction. Small appropriations were made at first for this purpose. These specimens were gradually increased in number, until they were removed, in 1857, to the Museum at South Kensington, which is now the most complete and interesting of any in the world in its illustrations of the history, the theory, and the practice, not only of decorative art, but also of art in some of its higher manifestations. It is unnecessary to describe to those who have been in London the wonderful attractions of this great collection, or the convenience and elegance of its installation; the superb hall of the cartoons of Raphael, with its appropriate sobriety of ornament; the long suite of galleries where so many of the most beautiful examples of the English school are hung; the rooms appropriated to the ceramic art, with ceilings and columns decorated with porcelain; or the immense glazed courts enriched with gilding and mosaics, and filled with the best specimens to illustrate the value which art can give to raw materials. Many of these objects are costly originals. Others are copies in electrotype or by some other process, and are quite as valuable as originals for purposes of study. A system is devised for the constant increase of the collection by contributions both from home and abroad. The British foreign consuls are required to facilitate the acquisition of interesting objects in their neighborhoods. There was on exhibition last year a set of drawings of full size copied from the wall paintings in the Catacombs of Rome; and in one of the new halls, not yet opened to the public, there was the plaster model of Trajan's column of the exact size of the original, the room being of such unusual dimensions that this cast required to be divided into two sections only. Besides works which are the property of the institution, a great number of other objects of inestimable value are constantly lent for exhibition.

Of these there will be occasion to speak hereafter. And these collections are not stationary in London. A certain selection from them is kept in circulation through the provincial towns. The report of 1871 states that, during the previous year, oil-paintings, drawings, and other art objects to the number of 9,125 were sent to thirty-two different localities as loans to exhibitions chiefly held in connection with schools of art. There is also a National Art library belonging to the South Kensington establishment, which contained in 1870 upwards of 33,000 volumes ; and courses of lectures are delivered there, the attendance at which amounted the same year to 27,761. Finally, to conclude these statistics, the number of visitors to the Museum during the year 1870 was 1,014,849, and the whole number from the beginning 10,071,667.

The result of this undertaking on the part of the British government has been a substantial success. The French themselves, the most powerful rivals of the English, have repeatedly admitted this in an unqualified way. In pottery and porcelain, in glass, in calicoes and carpets, in silver-ware and jewelry, and in many other branches where skill in art is an element of value, the English are nearly, if not quite, equal to their continental competitors, and this is almost entirely owing to the extraordinary efforts which the government and people have made since the year 1851 to encourage art instruction.

Another proof of the revival of a wide-spread public interest in the fine arts is the increased generosity of governments and individuals in the enlargement and improvement of museums, galleries, and academies. Without repeating statistics on this head which are familiar to all who have travelled abroad, it is sufficient to mention a fact, which is not generally known, that many of these establishments which we are accustomed to consider of great antiquity are comparatively modern. At the beginning of the present century, the only one that rivalled the Louvre was the gallery at Dresden. At that date neither the Museum of the Vatican nor the Studii at Naples, neither the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, the Royal Museum of Madrid, the Pinakothek at Munich, the Gemälde-Sammlung at Berlin, nor the National Gallery at London, existed. And the great collections of the Pitti Palace at Florence, of the Belvedere at Vienna, of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, of the Hague, and of Hampton Court, were only the private cabinets of sovereigns.

To all these public museums governments are constantly making the most valuable additions. It is unnecessary to enumerate them here, but it would be ungrateful to omit the contributions to the Louvre during the reign of the late Emperor, particularly that of the unrivalled Campana vases. There are constant appropriations also for certain departments which are less conspicuous, such as are not often seen by travellers, and about which the public have only very vague ideas. How few people know, for instance, that in the national collection of engravings in Paris there are 1,200,000 pieces arranged in 14,500 volumes and 4,000 portfolios! It is quite easy to turn over in an hour or two at the British Museum several volumes of the works of Albert Dürer, Marc Antonio, Rembrandt, and Lucas Van Leyden, which are worth collectively at least fifty or sixty thousand pounds sterling. One of these specimens, a copy of the celebrated Hundred Guilder print of Rembrandt, cost its former owner more than six thousand dollars in gold ; and it was stated by the superintendent that the collections in this department of the British Museum alone were worth from five to six hundred thousand pounds sterling, — from two to three millions of dollars !

The rapid growth of the British National Gallery from thirty-eight pictures in 1823 to more than eight hundred at the present time is a strong proof of the point already made, — that art is more substantially promoted now than it ever was before ; and its example is very encouraging to us who

are attempting to establish museums in this country. Its history from the beginning is a record of enlightened liberality on the part both of the government and individuals, and this has been shown with particular clearness during the last two years. When the collection of Sir Robert Peel was to be sold in 1871, and was first offered, according to the provisions of his will, to the British government, it was at once purchased for the National Gallery for three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in gold. It consisted of only about seventy-five pictures, but these would bring at the present market rates considerably more than the price above mentioned. The famous *Chapeau de Paille* of Rubens would alone bring a good part of the whole amount.

In one of the rooms of the National Gallery there is a painting measuring less than eighteen by twenty-three inches, — so small that one might easily put it under one's coat and carry it off without being detected. It is by the Dutch master, Terburg, and it represents the Congress of Munster, at which the Treaty of Westphalia was signed in 1648. It contains nearly ninety portraits of the deputies, some of them full lengths, but all the heads finished with the delicacy of miniatures, and, at the same time, with a strength of character and expression which remind one of Vandyck. The late Marquis of Hertford paid $ 36,400 in gold for this little picture at the first sale of Prince Demidoff's San Donato collection in 1868. It is stated that the British government was the rival bidder of the Marquis; and, on the death of the latter, his relative and legatee, Sir Richard Wallace, gracefully presented it to the nation, stating that he knew it to have been the Marquis's intention to do so, if he had lived.

The extraordinary generosity which has been displayed of late years by individuals all over Europe in gifts and legacies of valuable objects to public collections — in the free exhibition of their private galleries, and in the most liberal and unexampled prices paid for works of art — is in England again most enlightened and conspicuous. The immunity of that nation from foreign invasion, the long peace which has lasted with a few trifling interruptions for more than fifty years, and, above all, the enormous increase of wealth in private hands have enabled the amateurs of that country to amass greater treasures of this sort than exist anywhere else in the world. Not only of specimens in painting and sculpture, but of that multitude of small objects in which the value of a precious material is enhanced by the still more precious skill of the artist, there are vast accumulations in those stately country houses which are the charm and the pride of English life. And these exquisite things are not kept imprisoned in secluded chambers, like the beauties of a harem, to be seen by nobody but their owners. They are displayed for the free inspection of all lovers of art, and are frequently sent also to the South Kensington Museum, where they remain for many months to be viewed *gratis* by the poorest workman or apprentice. There might have been seen, for instance, in 1870, in those galleries, besides the Sheepshanks and Vernon collections and the sketches by Turner which had been bequeathed to the government, the fine old pictures of Lord Elcho, and the best works belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, including Gainsborough's famous Blue Boy and Reynolds's Siddons. It may be mentioned, also, as a proof of the extent and variety of the objects on view at South Kensington at that time, that they included an exhibition of more than five hundred fans, most of them lent for the purpose by the Queen, the Empress of France, and other distinguished ladies. These fans came from all nations, and some of them were hundreds of years old. Several of them had interesting historical associations. Three or four had belonged to Marie Antoinette, one to Queen Anne, one had been mentioned in Madame de Sévigné's letters, one had been presented by Prince Charles Edward to an ancestor of the

present owner. Many of them were exquisite works of art. One was designed by Agostino Caracci, another by LeBrun, another by Philippe de Champagne, another by Lancret, another by Fragonard, and others by French artists of distinction, such as Roqueplan, Lami, Hedouin, and Gavarni. It would be tedious to enumerate the extraordinary private collections which have been lent within a few years to swell the artistic wealth accumulated at South Kensington, — unique specimens of Majolica, Capo di Monte, Palissy ware, Dresden, Sêvres, and other varieties dear to collectors; jewelry remarkable for historical associations, for the intrinsic worth of the gems, like Lady Dudley's diamonds, or for its quaintness and rarity, like the peasant ornaments contributed by Mrs. Morrison; singular carvings in ivory and the precious metals; strange assemblages of ancient miniatures, snuff-boxes, and *bonbonnières*; costly displays of laces and church embroideries; curious specimens of silver plate, of glass, of saddlery, of arms and armor, of musical instruments; in short, of all that apparatus of public and social life which is shaped or decorated by the hands of art.

Perhaps the most striking example that can be offered of the profuse liberality with which Englishmen buy works of art, as well as the generosity with which they display them to the public, is the collection of the late Lord Hertford, which consists of paintings, porcelain, bronzes, decorative furniture, and other objects, and which was lately shown by his legatee, Sir Richard Wallace, at the Bethnal Green branch of the South Kensington Museum free on three days of the week, and for the payment of sixpence on the other three days. Bethnal Green is an outlying district in the eastern part of London, inhabited generally by very poor people. A gentleman who is employed by the government as an expert in such matters stated to the writer that the market value of the Hertford collection was not less than two millions of pounds sterling, — ten millions of dollars in gold.

The prices which have been paid for pictures of late years in Europe are surprising beyond all calculation, and it is well to enumerate some of them, as they have an important bearing upon any discussion relating to the condition and prospects of contemporary art. The enormous sum paid for the Terburg at the first San Donato sale has already been mentioned. Twenty-three pictures were disposed of at that auction in 1868. Of these the next in price to the Terburg was a little Cuyp which went for $ 28,000, and then a Van Ostade for $ 22,400. The whole twenty-three brought a total of $ 271,990, averaging nearly $ 12,000 each. In February, 1870, there was a much larger sale of works from San Donato, at which some of the prices were equally extraordinary. The highest priced picture on this occasion was the Broken Eggs by Greuze, which sold for $ 25,200; then Delaroche's Lady Jane Grey and Ary Scheffer's Francesca di Rimini for $ 22,000 and $ 20,000 respectively. At the Paturle sale in Paris in February of last year, a picture by Leopold Robert was knocked down at $ 16,000; and at the Pereire sale in March, 1872, a landscape by Hobbema at about the same price. But the most extravagant rates of modern times, considering the large number of works sold, were paid at the auction of the collection of Mr. Joseph Gillott of Birmingham, in April and May of last year. A landscape by Turner, called Walton Bridge, painted in 1857, and measuring three feet one inch by four feet one inch, brought $ 26,250 in gold; and a water-color by the same artist, called Bamborough Castle, and measuring only twenty inches by twenty-eight, — a small bit of paper which might be utterly destroyed in five minutes by a single spark of fire or a few drops of water, — brought $ 16,535; that is to say, nearly thirty dollars for every square inch of its surface, — a larger increase of value, perhaps, than was ever given by art to any cheap

material. The total proceeds of this sale amounted to $822,505 in gold!

These prices were all paid for the works of artists who are no longer living. Equally enormous sums are paid every day for the productions of painters upon whose reputations Death has not yet set his seal. A small Spanish subject by Madrazo was sold in London, in May, 1872, for $6,000; and the works of Villegas, another Spanish artist living in Rome, command nearly the same prices. A single figure of a Girl Feeding Geese, by Knaus, on a canvas thirty inches high, brought about seven thousand dollars. Many artists who are not known in this country, such as Baudry, Cabat, Cogniet, Bonnat, and Gleyre now sell their works at excessively high rates; and Millet, who will be mentioned presently, parted with a little picture of his, called *L'Angelus du Soir*, for $8,000. The works of Pettenkofen, a Hungarian living at Vienna, bring as much by the square inch as Meissonier's. Gambart paid Holman Hunt for the picture and copyright of Christ in the Temple more than twenty-five thousand dollars. A Gerome was sold about a year since to Mr. Fox of Manchester for $16,000, and now it would bring $20,000. This artist's last work, An Arab Embracing his Dying Horse in the Desert, is held at $8,000. Fortuny's Spanish Marriage brought, in 1869, $14,000; an American gentleman had previously offered $13,000 for it. Two other works by the same artist lately brought, one of them $6,000 and the other $8,000, and both were purchased by Americans. Finally, Meissonier got from Sir Richard Wallace $40,000 for the Cavalry Charge; and news has lately been received here of the sale by him of a picture representing An Artist Decorating a Sign, for $20,000!

II.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the attitude of the outside European world towards contemporary art. It seems that, during no former period, have governments or individuals given to it such hearty encouragement by establishing art schools, by enlarging and improving museums, and by paying the most liberal, if not extravagant, prices for art productions.

It remains now to explain, so far as such a vast subject can be treated within the limits of this paper, how art itself has thriven under this unusual stimulus, and whether artists generally are justifying the extraordinary encouragement they are either directly or indirectly receiving.

It will be convenient, in criticising their productions, to divide them into two classes: first, such as belong to the interior life of the people, and form a part of the apparatus of ordinary enjoyments and pursuits; and, secondly, such as relate to public life and to men's actions as Christians and citizens. The first may be called, for want of a better name, domestic art, and the other monumental art.

In the department of "domestic art," contemporary works appear to possess certain marked characteristics. They exhibit, in the first place, great general excellence in mere technical qualities. They also show a want of elevation and moral tone in the subjects selected. They indicate, furthermore, conspicuous success in *genre*, landscape, and marine painting, and, finally, decided failure in portraiture.

The great International Exposition of 1867 at Paris was the last occasion when there was a fair exhibition of the "domestic art" of the whole world, and it seems to have illustrated the truth of the statement which has just been made. The first impression that a visitor received, in making the tour of that brilliant circle of pictures, the crowning grace of those concentric rings of glittering and resplendent objects which formed the Exposition of 1867, was the ability displayed everywhere in correctness of drawing, in well-balanced composition, in dexterity of handling, and in pleasing although not striking arrangements of

color. This conspicuous skill in mere brush-work is chiefly owing to the complete training which European artists of the present day receive, the patient labor by which a pupil prepares himself to undertake important pictures. He studies his alphabet and his grammar before he attempts to compose an epic poem.

But this technical excellence which is so general, and in some instances almost startling, is very different from the excellence which proceeds from great genius. This may be illustrated by the pictures of Gerome. Here is a painter of extraordinary ability. Nothing can be finer than the way in which he paints the outsides of the things he sees. And he paints them, not only as they appear to the naked eye at the ordinary distance at which we view such objects, but with all the minute detail brought out by an opera-glass. There were fourteen of his pictures at the Exposition, planted side by side on the line, "in battery," as it were, and their effect was irresistible. But, after all, was it anything more than the outsides of his subjects that he painted? There is a wonderful painter of surface appearances in Paris, M. Blaise Desgoffe, and a private gallery in New York possesses a copy by him in paint of an ivory statuette, with agate cups and all kinds of rich, shining objects about it, which, to all intents and purposes, are as good as the real things. Mechanical art can go no further than this exact imitation. Now, some French critic has compared Gerome's work to Desgoffe's, and said that it was perfect in its representation of outside shows, but nothing more; that his Phryne, for instance, standing nude before the judges whom she is to overcome by her beauty, is a *simulacrum* only, an image with all the lights and the shadows, all the lines and the contours, in perfection, but without the warm life glowing below, without the consciousness of triumph swelling up from her heart and illuminating her countenance.

A comparison between Rembrandt's way of painting a man or a woman, and Gerome's, shows the difference between extraordinary genius and extraordinary talent. And it is fair to make this comparison, although the great Dutchman generally treated such subjects "in large," while the Frenchman treats them "in small." But the same principles of art apply in both cases. Rembrandt appears to work from within outwards, while Gerome paints the clothing and then tries to put the man inside of it. Rembrandt seems to take the soul — the living principle — first and fasten it on the canvas, and then paint over it the integuments palpitating and glowing with the vitality within. Perhaps this is transcendental and extravagant, but it is difficult in any other way to express the idea. Take the portrait of The Burgomaster Six at Amsterdam, — that magnificent figure in the artist's latest manner. The red coat with its gold-lace seems to have gotten its folds and creases from the strain and pressure of the stalwart body beneath it. The hands are mere daubs and smears of paint, but, at a proper distance, you recognize the indications of the bony framework below, and then over that the ruddy, elastic muscles and the delicate blue of the veins faintly gleaming through the translucent skin, and, outside of all, the hairy epidermis shining where it is touched by the light. Here are hands which grasp and which have the warmth and moisture of life.

It was said just now, in speaking of the general effect of the pictures in the Exposition, that in point of color they were pleasing, but not striking. Power of color is indeed an exceptional thing. It seems to be a natural gift, and to be possessed by very few. It was undervalued by the old French school. Ingres, who inherited the traditions of that school, said, "Le dessin, c'est tout: c'est l'art tout entier"; in other words, that the line should be the dominant element in the production of a picture. There were three great colorists who might have been represented at the Exposition, but who

were not. Delacroix and Decamps were indeed dead, the one in 1863 and the other in 1860; but their works might have been shown as well as those of Hippolyte Flandrin, and Troyon, and Bellangé, who also were no longer living; and Diaz, the third of the trio, was still alive and producing beautiful pictures. Delacroix shows how far splendor of color may atone for grave faults. Is it presumptuous treason to say that his drawing is sometimes weak and incorrect? However, when we look at that lovely, vapory color which characterizes his work in the *plafond* of the Gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, we are ready to forget all his imperfections, and to pronounce it the finest decoration of the sort since Paolo Veronese painted the ceilings of the Ducal Palace.

In the Bethnal Green collection there were more than thirty of Decamps's works, some in water-color, in which he has fixed the light and glow of Oriental life with a power of form and an exuberant vitality which give him a rank among the best of modern artists. And Diaz's ideal subjects, — peeps into the fairy world,— with their contrasts so pronounced and yet so exquisitely beautiful, and a certain magic of color peculiar to himself, would have given a sparkling animation to the walls of the Exposition, which were somewhat monotonous, so far as the quality which we are discussing is concerned.

It has been mentioned as another characteristic of many contemporary pictures, that their subjects are tame and commonplace, if not frivolous and indecent. This also was apparent in the galleries of the Exposition. There were some exceptions to this remark which will be stated presently; but it was generally true, particularly of the French artists. One would not have art always preaching sermons, but it should sometimes remind us of the grand aspirations and the grave realities of life. While contemporary literature was doing so much to stir the heart and enliven the fancy, while George Sand was investing French peasant-life with romantic interest, and Hugo and About and Augier and Sardou were attacking social follies and political abuses with extraordinary *verve* and point in novels and essays and plays, the best of the French artists were giving us mere studies of color and effect, or microscopic imitations of unimportant details, or, what was worse, lascivious images and suggestions.

It was a curious experience to go from the Champ de Mars to the exhibition of the works of the famous Ingres, who had died at the beginning of the year, and whose pictures were shown in a separate gallery, at the *École* des Beaux-Arts. What grave and noble thoughts, what elevated sentiments, were there! Even *La Source*, one of the most exquisite representations of the nude which modern art has produced, seemed clad in divine chastity.

The presiding goddess of the French section of the Exposition was the reclining Venus of Cabanel, barely touching the waves from which she had just emerged, with the moisture of the sea shining on her pearly shoulders, and the tender, silvery light of the old mythology enveloping her like an atmosphere, while above her, floating airily in the deep blue sky, was a garland of Loves as exquisite in rosy color and infantile grace as Fragonard ever painted. Here was the divinity of the Exposition, and the divinity, it would seem, of all Paris. In the glitter of the Bois it was the flaunting landau of an English courtesan which attracted more attention than the superb equipage of the Emperor. At the Théâtre of the Palais Royal they were playing Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*, with its witty indecency; at the Châtelet they were exhibiting the gorgeous nudities of *Cendrillon;* while at the more grave and decorous Gymnase, *Les Idées de Madame Aubray* of the younger Dumas was teaching the lesson that, no matter how serious the fault a woman may have committed, and no matter whether she had repented of it or not, she had only to fall honestly in love to be re-

stored to the forgiveness and the privileges of society!

But there was a curious contrast to all this. While Cabanel was painting his Venus and the portrait of the Emperor, and was receiving all the honors and decorations of court life, there was living in Paris an impracticable old artist with republican tendencies, Thomas Couture, who could not be seduced by Imperial favors. He had sent nothing to the Exposition, but many years before he had painted the last great French work in the grand style, *Les Romains de la Décadence*, which any one might see at the Luxembourg. It represents a philosopher and a poet of the better times watching with sad and thoughtful eyes an orgie where Vitellius and the golden youth of Rome are rioting in the arms of harlots. There was a prophetic touch in this picture, although it had been painted twenty years before; and it seemed as if the veteran artist was speaking through it, to the great Emperor who was then holding this carnival at Paris, the Horatian words,

"Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."

There were but few religious pictures at the Exposition, and most of those could only be called religious because their subjects were taken from the Bible. The largest of all was Dubufe's Prodigal Son, the grouping in which reminded one of a ballet. The figurantes had never been nearer to the Holy Land than the Rue de Breda. Its motive seemed to have been to show the pleasures of riotous living, rather than the sovereign grace of forgiveness. Cabanel's Adam and Eve was painted because it afforded a fine study for flesh. The Devil was introduced, but he was only a bad Frenchman. It was curious to think how differently old Orcagna, who really believed in a Devil, would have treated him. In Jalabert's Christ walking on the Waves, which is familiar to us here from the engraving, it was the striking effect of the distant figure enveloped in a supernatural atmosphere which was the reason for painting it. Since the Exposition, two works upon religious subjects, by Gerome and Doré, have attracted some attention. The first was the Calvary, in which the scene of the Crucifixion is indicated only by the shadows of the crosses thrown over the foreground, the masses of people hurrying away from the spot, and the lurid light of the sky. This again is melodrama, and not true art. Doré's picture, Christ at the Prætorium, was exhibited in London last summer. It was impressive, as are all this master's works; but the interest was in the general effect, and not in the main figure. It represented a vast hall crowded with Roman soldiers, priests, Jews, and proselytes, all hushed into solemn silence, and crowding back on each side to leave a broad aisle through their midst, along which Christ in white clothing, alone and unattended, having been condemned to death, was slowly passing. Doré is a great master of the grotesque, of the supernatural, and of what has been called in literature "the night-side of nature"; but neither in this work nor in the Bible illustrations does he give a satisfactory rendering of the head of the Saviour. There are few things in modern art which in this respect are superior to Holman Hunt's pictures.

Ifthe Exposition was meagre in religious art, it was not much richer in historical works. There were plenty of military pictures by Yvon, Pils, and Bellangé; but what can be more dreary than those terrific combats where the plucky little fellows in the red trousers always get the advantage of the clumsy big ones in blue? A large work by Ussi of Italy seemed to have earned for its author one of the eight grand medals. but this was probably bestowed rather for reasons of state. Two great canvases by Rosales, a Spaniard, and Flavitsky, a Russian, had decided merit, but these scarcely come within the category of domestic art, which we are now considering. The Death of Cæsar, by Piloty, who is at the head of the Academy of Munich, attracted consid-

erable attention. It seemed to be well drawn and commonplace; while the same subject, treated by Gerome, in spite of a certain affectation and of the faults in his style which have already been mentioned, was more original, and gave us a livelier idea of the horror of the scene.

The best of all the historical works at the Exposition were the contributions of Baron Leys of Belgium. It is a great misfortune that this master is no longer living. With him art was a matter of conscience, not a trade. He knew that an artist had higher work to do than to tickle the fancy or stimulate the sensuality of his spectators. He thought not so much of picture-making as of placing, by means of pictures, the real scenes before our eyes. His figures were somewhat "inlaid," and there was, perhaps, a want of the gradations of distance in his out-of-door subjects; but there was something so honest and strong in his expression of character, and so simple and clear in his way of telling a story, that he captivated us much more than if he had sought for "telling" effects. Most of his subjects were drawn from the history of Flanders in the sixteenth century. A very impressive one represented the interior of Luther's home at Wittenberg. The great reformer was seated at a table with a few friends, while a woman, his wife, perhaps, was sewing quietly in the large bay-window at the side, through which the daylight was streaming upon this reverend assembly. These figures had not been tormented into taking their places to suit the artist's composition. He seemed to have found them there already,— seated quietly in that peaceful interior, full of God's clear daylight and of the grand thoughts that were to go out from thence and change the whole moral world.

We reserve for another paper what we have to say in relation to the contemporary European schools of *genre*, of landscape, of portraiture, and of monumental art.

W. J. Hoppin.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HARVARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25, 1873.

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain
Through all the land of flowers
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain
Our classic grove embowers;
Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,
Here dwells eternal spring,
And warm from Hope's elysian isles
The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,
Each singing throat in tune,
And bright o'er evening's silver flood
Shines the young crescent moon.
What wonder Age forgets his staff
And lays his glasses down,

And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh
As when their locks were brown!

With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim
They greet the joyous day
That calls them to the fountain's brim
To wash their years away.
What change has clothed the ancient sire
In sudden youth? For, lo!
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire
Are Jack and Bill and Joe!

And be his titles what they will,
In spite of manhood's claim
The graybeard is a school-boy still
And loves his school-boy name;
It calms the ruler's stormy breast
Whom hurrying care pursues,
And brings a sense of peace and rest,
Like slippers after shoes.

And what are all the prizes won
To youth's enchanted view?
And what is all the man has done
To what the boy may do?
O blessed fount, whose waters flow
Alike for sire and son,
That melts our winter's frost and snow,
And makes all ages one!

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,
That flings its golden shower
With age to fill and youth to guide,
Still fresh in morning flower!
Flow on with ever-widening stream,
In ever brightening morn,—
Our story's pride, our future's dream,
The hope of times unborn!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MISS HELEN.

LIKE the parted fingers of a hand, the long headlands of Cherry Neck stretch seaward towards the far-off Narragansett coast. In their rugged wilderness of rocks, gray, brown, and lichen-stained, are many quiet places of shelter, where, secure from any wind that may blow, as well as from watchful man or maid, he who would be alone may lie at ease.

Here, as had often chanced before, I found myself upon a clear, brisk September morning, full of such early autumnal freshness as makes the bright days of a Newport autumn the best of any weather. A great storm had scourged the weary waters from the far southeast these three long days, under darkened skies, until of a sudden the wind came bounding out of the northwest and swept down upon the broad black ranks of hurrying billows. Then all the air brightened, the leaden sky was rent asunder, and the blue came out in rich patches of color, which so quickly grew that, before long, only a few torn bits of gray cloud were left flying in ragged haste across the heavens. Below, upon the ocean, there was a sight to see which is only to be seen in the sudden changes which sometimes at Newport end a southeaster. As the waves charged sturdily in the face of the crisp northwesterly gale, it tore the gray foam from their crests and cast it back in long white ribbons across the shining black hollows which parted each from each. Grand to see in the keen, clear, yellow sunlight, they bowed and stumbled and fell in many-toned thunder among the rocks, and then rang their lessening strength away in the soft crush and breaking of a million foam-bells, — as it were Samson's riddle anew, sweetness coming forth out of strength. The air was cool and fresh, and blew as though there were plenty of it at home among the free New England hills whence it came. There was in it a rude vigor of freedom, and a keenness that made very grateful the generous bounty of the morning sun.

By slow degrees I began to feel, as I lay thinking on a broad shelf of rock, how rarely pure and healthy was the mood of nature which reigned in cold wind and swaying water, in blue sky, gray rock, and yellow sunshine; and, musing, I made search for a word that should fitly sum it up in briefest speech. Lazily groping about, as it were, for what I wanted, my vain search was checked of a sudden by a voice I knew full well, and which seemed to me of no distant kinship with the cool, frank north-wind.

"What an honest morning!"

"Thank you," said I, rising to my feet; "you have found what I wanted, Miss Helen. I was trying to find in my dull brain something to say of this wholesome day which should be the right word and no more."

"And I have said it," replied the lady. "I felt as if I had raised a ghost when you jumped up so suddenly at my feet. However, no one need expect to be quite secure of loneliness anywhere about Newport."

"Thank you."

"I hardly feel as though I ought to apologize, unless," she added, "I have spoken to a man who himself never cares to be alone."

"He does not now."

"That is scarcely an answer."

"No; but it is a reply."

At this there was a little silence, when again she said, "We seem to have come to an end of our talk."

"One may have too little to say, or too much, Miss Helen. Why must people talk always?"

"I was about to say that I did not know you well enough not to talk to you. Perhaps if I did I should ask you to sit down over yonder, like a

good boy, and leave me alone a little to enjoy what I came in quest of,—a bit of thinking to be between myself and this safe old father confessor, the sea."

"To hear is to obey," I said, laughing, and retreating to a rock some ten feet off, where I calmly made myself comfortable, giving my eyes by turns to my book and to the fair figure on the rock I had left.

Again a little while and she said, smiling, "You are very good: now I think I really like you a little. You begin to show some character."

"That was always my strong point."

"Hush, you are not to speak until spoken to." Upon which, much amused, I held my peace for a time.

"Miss Helen."

"Well?"

"A man in this book says, 'There is no time when truth is out of season.'"

"He must be a fool. If he lived at Newport he would know better. I don't understand what he meant by its being in season; but I do know if you want to be uncomfortable yourself and disagreeable to everybody else, you may do it by merely speaking the honest truth for one day."

"I am not quite sure I agree with you. If everybody had to speak the truth, it would lead to some delightful results, which, for a shy fellow like myself, would be ever so nice."

"But such as —"

"Well, you see, about women. Some one, some time or other, would just say, 'Did you never notice how much I love you?'"

"What! without being asked?"

"Of course; that is just the point of it. Don't you see how much bother this would save fellows like me, who can ride, and shoot, and fish, and dance, and can't talk? It's an awful business, is life. There's such lots of talking to it. That old war was a good time for fellows like me."

"I trust your good times are over, then. As to downright truths and so on, they may do for men."

"That is, you think if a man loves a woman he should say so and take his fate."

"It were better very often that he held his tongue."

"But having done so these many years, and —"

"There is nothing men are such fools about. I don't conceive that there is anything on earth so stupid and brutal as to make a woman just say no, point-blank, so that she will have to soothe and comfort the wretch afterwards by making believe to be his friend and so on. Why, it is — I mean, it must be — dreadful."

"Should think so. Gives a fellow a chill to think of it."

"I was thinking of the woman."

"And I — well, you see, Miss Helen, it may be unpleasant taking the fish off the hook, but it's harder on the fish."

"Why could n't he let it alone, till he was sure he was the fish that was wanted?"

"Please, how can he tell?"

"Tell! How do I know? But suppose that, with women of sense, a man could easily enough ask without saying, 'Won't you marry me?' or some such downright horrible thing as that. They say queens have a nice plan; because if a queen gives a young man a rose, that means, of course, he may make love to her and saves embarrassment."

"Think I would like that; but I should want to choose my queen."

"Absurd; but, of course, I meant that the man should give the rose, and then, if she took it, well, it would be all right; and if she did not take it, then they would stay friends, and there would be no harm done."

"But do you not think the queen who, perhaps, would not be willing to take the rose, would —"

"Well?"

"Perhaps I had better retreat. I am getting into trouble."

"But I insist."

"Well, I was only going to say that women are not all alike, and that, if my queen were only just to hesitate

the least little bit over my rose, it would be wise to take for granted she was about to say yes, and — "

"But you might be mistaken."

"Ah! that I dare say, but faint heart, you know; and on your plan a fellow would have to write a little note and say, Please, Miss Susan, I am coming a courting this P. M. Be good enough to let me know beforehand how you like the subject approached."

"Well, there are ways and ways, and sometimes none are best."

"Or wise?"

"Yes, or wise."

"You think sometimes none are wise. That was what you said."

"Yes."

After this there was silence awhile, and I heard with new distinctness the roar and crush of tumbling waters and the wind's blithe song among the rocks. After this little while of quiet, Miss Helen gathered up her long skirts in a lazy way, and said, "Let us see it closer." That was the sea she meant, I believe, because, quickly stepping by me, and not taking great note of the hand which seems to be very much needed on these rough ways by most young women, she gained the top of the outer range of rock. I stayed my own steps a moment to note the ease and grace with which she stood facing the sea, the long folds of her riding-habit cast over one arm, and the right hand deftly busy in the half-fallen folds of her loosened hair. There is something pretty, I think, in the way the quick white fingers go in and out and play at hide-and-seek among the tangled thickets, bringing back order again, and netting men's souls the while."

"Miss Helen?"

"What is it?"

"I 've been thinking of what you said a little while ago. Suppose *you* were a man, Miss Helen, and suppose you were in love, and the woman you loved was, — well, charming: how would *you* ask her to marry you?"

"O, but I could n't. I should just simply go away."

"And — and — leave her? You would n't; you would want to be near her all the time; to hear her, to see her, to — Why, Miss Helen, it might be, you know, that she was just ever so little in love with you, and then, you see, to leave her would be cruel: I don't think you could be cruel."

"How do you know that?"

"I am not quite sure of it."

"No; well then, it is a good belief to have about me."

"You are jesting."

"No; you must not think it. I was not."

Here a silence full of thought fell upon us. Gayly as if at a play of acted charades we had tossed to and fro the slight words on which hung the fate and happiness of a lifetime. I had taken her hint and ventured my love on a few foolish phrases. I had been lightly but clearly answered.

For a few moments — they seemed to me hours — I stared at the sea-margin where the long, coarse sea-weed hung dismal for a moment, and then swayed in changeful curves on the rising wave, and was thick with fading pearls a little while, and then once more lay dreary, dark, and uncomely on the slimy black rock. All this I saw, and wondered that I should see it then at all. Suddenly I turned and knew that Miss Helen was aware of my grim face, which I can fancy must have looked cloudy enough. It was only a glance; but I chanced to catch its flitting look of detected pity, passing on a sudden into one half shame and half anger that her thoughts should so parade themselves.

"If you have had enough of the sea, I shall go."

This she said rising, — having been seated before, — I lying the while half reclined on a rock which fell away from the place where she sat.

"You have said nothing about the sea before."

"Say? what could I say? Stupid to praise it. What could I say that has not been said?"

"But must Boston women never

speak unless they have some new thing to say?"

"Yes, of the sea; for what good is it to one's self? Will it make this great wave, that is just tottering over into white foam, any more glorious to call it what every one feels it is?"

"But, Miss Helen, it is n't very original to laugh; yet somehow laughing does one good, and I think I have heard you laugh."

"That, sir, was a shrewd little sentence of yours. You shall call the sea as many names as you please, and I will listen. Go on."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!"

"O, but that 's Byron."

"Well, and what objection is there to my getting another fellow to call the ocean names for me? That is what is meant by being fond of poetry. You get another fellow to call names for you."

"Please don't."

She had risen and was facing the sea. The fierce northwest wind had torn away again her knotted hair, and half of it was hanging on her left shoulder, or streaming seaward to be restlessly and absently pushed back at times; what with the old storm and the new wind there was battle and wild confusion in the waters, — cross-currents and still always the steady roll and stagger and crush of unending billows. She seemed to me to be beating time to the wild music of this gigantic orchestra; marking the rhyme of the wave in an absent fashion with her rising and falling riding-whip. Also her face was in strange possession of the passing moods of nature, — having a look of elation as a wave rose greater and greater, and a certain pathetic grief in it as the dark monster reared itself out of being and was gone forever.

"O, did you see that? In the last wave you were looking. You must have seen it. It was a face!"

"A — what — a face?"

"Yes, a face. I saw in the last wave a face as clearly as I see yours. I could not be mistaken."

"Most likely some drift-wood, or what not."

"No; it was a live, a living face."

"O Miss Helen!"

"Yes, it was."

"The sea-serpent."

"I saw a face in the water."

"A mermaid?"

"I don't know; why not? It was a living face I saw. I am sure of that much. I know two men who look like fish. Why should not some fish look like men? I mean to say I saw a mermaid."

"Do you know how they fished for mermaids in old days?"

"How was it?"

"First, you found a woman who was not in love."

"Easy to find, I should think."

"Then you got her to give you four of her hairs. These you tied together, and on the last you were to hang a gold ring, so as that when it was let down into the sea the mermaid would see the ring and would put it on her finger."

"Well."

"If, then, the woman did really not love any one, the hair would hold and the mermaid be landed as safe as a bass; but if she knew not her own mind, or had fibbed a little, the ring would come up no more from under seas, but would go to gladden the hearts of the mer-folk."

"Your fishery is one that would thrive but slightly here at Newport, I think. I, for one — But excuse me, may I ask you what time it is. Twelve? not really! I am afraid I shall have to trouble you to walk across the Neck towards the lily-pond and ask Thomas to bring the horses up nearer to the rocks. I left him, thinking I would walk out on the rocks; and, despite this clumsy dress, I wandered, as you see, so far away that I have not the courage to try the same walk again, without the sea in front to lure me on."

"Shall you wait here, Miss Helen?"

"Yes."

"You will let me see you safely mounted?"

"Thanks, you are very kind." And so saying she turned away toward the sea, while I went leisurely on my errand. By and by I came back. A quarter of an hour having gone. At first I missed her, but by and by, coming nearer, saw that she was lying on a black rock only just beyond the reach of the sea. I stopped a moment to watch her, with that pleasant little sense of mystery which comes of standing unnoted by one who thinks herself alone. She was too intent on her task, whatever it was, to note my coming; so that before she did so I was standing above and behind her, and wondering with all my power of wonder at what I saw. One hand was hanging over the sea, and — surely — yes — there was a long, almost invisible thread of hair, and swinging at the end a gay gold ring, which now and again she cast lightly out on the darkness of the coming wave. This was all full of strange surprises to me. What did it mean, and of what odd birth was this childlike whim? I stumbled at last over the thought that she was acting out the scene I had put in words, and was playing it, so to speak, to help herself to realize it, and, perchance, the woman's feelings.

A shrewd instinct bade me fall quietly back a few steps before I spoke. Then, standing with my face away from the ocean, I said, "Yonder come the horses, Miss Helen."

As I turned she had started to her feet.

"O, I am so sorry! I have lost my ring. It — it — fell into the sea. I had it on my finger five minutes ago, and I was just playing with it — and — I lost it. Is it any use looking for it?"

"Not much, I should say. Was it of any value?"

"Was it of any value? It is of value: I want it. Why don't some one get it for me?"

"Shall I take a header in search of it, Miss Helen?"

"Don't laugh at me; I don't like to be laughed at. If this were a few hundred years ago, I could really have found men who would have cast themselves into these wicked waves when I bade them."

"Do you bid me?"

"No; what use would it be? Besides, we are nineteenth-century folk, and the world is beggared in the way of honor, and there is no woman so fair that one of you would die for her, and no man that is brave enough to — But I am in my fool's mood to-day, and I believe in nothing. I wish I had my ring! How awkward you are! Give me the other arm."

"How can I, Miss Helen?" And indeed I could not very well, having left the needed member on the bridge at Antietam.

"Do not go on,— wait a moment. I want to speak to you. I beg your pardon for what I said a little while ago. Remembering this," — and she touched my vacant sleeve, — "I ought not to have been able to say such things to you."

"Quite a needless amount of remorse."

"I *am* sorry — I am glad I said so; I am glad I said I was sorry."

It seemed to me, looking at those far-seeking eyes, that she somehow wanted to be softly spoken. Something there was like a look of yearning; but to comprehend it was like reading the weather in a strange land.

"I ought to be glad, if it has brought that new look into your face. You keep it for rare times and people, and perhaps for me it may never come again. It is going now. Have I said too much? Ah, Miss Helen! No? Well, do not hurry away then. I was only going to say how hard it is to know people thoroughly. I did not think there could come a look on your face that would be strange to me, and yet —"

"A poor study, I should say."

"Not so, because it taught, if I am not wrong, that in some far-away time —"

"Pardon me, you are on my skirt. No; indeed, I thought you were. Please ask Thomas to tighten the

girths a little. You, of course, are afoot. Thanks, that was nicely done. Good morning."

I stayed a minute, half vexed, half amused, until the dust from her groom's horse hid the form I had learned to love so well. Then I turned back for a long walk, around the Neck and past Bateman's. Near this last place I met a friend, who carried me off to his home near by, where a pleasant little bachelor dinner and an afternoon sail whiled away the day.

It was close on to sunset as I started to walk home by the avenue. When I came near to the lily-pond the fancy took me to wander out on the rocks again where I had been in the morning; very gray and weird they are as the twilight falls, full peopled with uncouth shadows which at times get them strange faces, and seem to slide from rock to rock as, moving by, you see them grow or lessen.

The spirit of the scene was soon upon me. I sat where I had sat in the morning: before me the moving hills of water, vast in the dimness, — black walled and rolling loose in their glossy cradles, the white moon's scattered silver; behind me were uncertain deeps of shadow, through which the gray rocks climbed into the moonshine; and then landward deeper darkness, dim outlines, a dark plume of trees here and there against the sky, and, distant far, the lights of the town.

I sat a long while trying to go over the chat of the morning and to make it seem other than it was; but the task was a vain task, and it was easier to make the talk what it ought to have been. So I busied myself, as many a man has done before, and as some will do again, building a day-dream. Very pleasant things she said to me now that I had it all in my own hands, nor could any woman be more charming or more gracious. Then my mood would change, and the vision fade, and the bitterness of the day come back to me once more. It became best at last to laugh, which I remember I did right heartily, until I was stopped by the loneliness of my mirth. "So," said I, "there is still one mistress worth the wooing"; and thereupon lit my pipe, and across its social little fireside watched the lights on the ships and in the distant lighthouse, or tried to make out the signal at Block Island.

The night was very warm, and by and by, lulled by the waters, I fell into a doze; and from this into another, awaking out of which a little chilled, I struck my repeater and found I had spent most of the night on the rocks. The early daylight was already climbing the skies to my right, and, half vexed, half amused, I began to gather myself up to go, when, hearing a little noise, I turned, and saw that there was on the rocks a lady. Her presence at this hour of the morning quite startled me; for not only was the time strange, but also the woman was quite alone. At any other hour I should have felt no wonder at her being here, and should only have turned and walked away. But at this time of day, I might say of night, our being there together was like people meeting in strange lands, who must needs speak, even if under other skies they might pass by and make no sign. As I turned to look at her more nearly, I saw that she was seated on a rock at the very water's edge, and that the waves now breaking, but low, came up almost to her knees. "Pardon me," said I, in some haste, and with a real feeling of alarm, "madam, do you know you are in danger where you are sitting? Let me help you. Pray, take my arm."

As I spoke she turned her head, and I saw that she had very long red hair, which hung down over her shoulders and even lay on the rock like some strange sea-weed. In the dim light I could see only that her eyes were so large as to be almost unnatural. In fact, they were immense. She answered me in a voice which was so soft and lazy and so drawling that the effect was to add oddness to the curious reply with which she met my offer. "Don't come near me: I have been watching

you while you were asleep, and I like you."

"But —" said I.

"Don't do it. I might be tempted, you see. If you had only both your fins, I think I surely should do it; but what would my family say if I brought home a young man with his near flapper gone?"

"Goodness!" said I, "why, you must — you must be a mermaid."

"And why not? If the young woman who fished for me had only been heart-whole, I should have been by this time, I suppose, in some horrid museum."

"And the ring," I cried, "you have it?"

"Of course I have it: it's a poor kind of affair. I've got lots better at home, but then it was awful jolly, — don't mind my language. I got it listening to the girls on the rocks, — it was tremendously jolly to feel that funny little line go crack, and to know the goosey was in love and did n't guess it, maybe. I tell you, she was cut up about that ring."

"Where is it?" said I.

"Want to see it? Just come here. I'm a little damp; you won't mind that, and — Well, I'm just as good-looking as she is, except she 's got toes and I have n't; but they 're very much in the way in the water. They would n't last no time going through a school of herring. You want the ring, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I 'll put it on the rock; but don't come any closer. Either it 's that horrid fin of yours that 's gone, — was it bit off? — or else I 'm a little land-sick. Good by. How nasty it must be to be dry all over!"

Here I heard a plunge, and the woman was lost in the water at my feet. "Good gracious!" said I, as I rubbed my eyes, "what a ridiculous dream!" In fact, I had not passed the night, but had simply fallen asleep, for who can tell how many seconds? My watch, however, showed me at once that at least an hour had past. The tide was well out, the uncovered rocks ugly and repulsive with their shabby, dank weeds, and the night about to fall. I found that in my droll dreaming I had very well kept in mind the main features of the rocks, and, as I walked out on the ledge where my mermaid had sat, saw that she could very well have been there. As I stepped back again I noticed a little gleam on the rock, and bending down, to my surprise found in a little hollow in the stone a ring which at once I knew to be Miss Helen's. The ledge in question was a few feet from that on which she had sat in the morning; and through the black wave which tore away the ring it had dropped into this secure cup in the lower rock. The ring was one of those old-time jewelries which were given in betrothals or as pledges of friendship. It was two rings which came together so as to make one, and was, as I could see, a relic of some past day, — of some elder love since in its grave, of some friendship no more of this earth.

The trover so strangely come by made me not a little thoughtful. Absently I slipped it on my finger, and, lighting my pipe, took counsel with myself. At last the night fell, and I wandered homeward along the dusty roadway, past the lily-pond, across the little bathing-beach, and then along the avenue among the gleaming lights of the houses and into the quaint old town.

"Shall we walk a little through the grounds?" This I said to Miss Helen as we stepped out of the hot ball-room of that most charming house on the cliffs we all of us know so well.

"Yes, I would like it, but I must not go beyond this walk by the veranda, because I promised Mr. Jones the next waltz; and you know he does waltz so delightfully."

The walk was pleasant, and the moonlight white and cheery; the sound of the music oppressive under the windows, but delicious as we wandered away from the house and found ourselves — who shall say how? — on the rocks which here and there jut out

from the smooth lawns of the cliff-walk.

"Sit down and I will tell you a story."

"O, I think that would be so very nice. But please to hurry. Mr. Jones—"

"Mr. Jones will be the better for being this much saved from temptation; and my story is not very short. What! you must go! you will go! I think you said this morning that you wanted a certain ring which you lost."

"Have you it? Is that possible?"

"I don't think I said so. My story—"

"No, my ring, I want to hear about my ring. If you have it, give it to me."

"One would think it had some strange value to you."

"And if it has, what are you concerned in it?"

"Once upon a time—"

"You are really odious to-night. I do not see why you should find it agreeable to plague me so."

"Once upon a time—"

"Am I really to listen?"

"Once upon a time—"

"Go on. I am your foe for life."

"Once upon a time, in the far-away days of fable, a woman went a fishing with a little gold ring and strands of her hair; she went a fishing for mermaids. This is very nice fishing, if only you are heart-whole, but not otherwise; and alas! this woman must have had one little corner of her heart in quiet or unquiet keeping of somebody, because snap goes the line and off goes the ring on a mermaid's finger."

"What nonsense!"

"Well, it chanced, as the years went away, that a man, who had loved once and always and but one woman, was lying on the rocks where the mermaids were fished for, when one of these dames, seeing that his heart was pure, gave him her love; and when he would none of it, she, being kindlier tempered than the dames of earth, said, "Here is a ring which came to me from an unlucky fisherwoman whose heart was not love-clear quite, and—"

"What a nice story! I do so want to hear it all; but there goes the band again, and I shall miss my dance."

"Just one moment."

"O, it is that lovely Danube Waltz of Strauss!" Here she hummed it gayly.

"Will you have your ring? Here, I have it."

"Yes, give it me. How did you get it? Quick, please, I am in such a hurry."

"On one condition."

"I never heard of anything so dishonest. What is it?"

"I want you to tell me what you were thinking of when you were guilty of that absurd fishery."

"I decline to answer. O, yes; I was thinking of Mr. Jones."

"Will you never be serious?"

"Do you think your absurd stories are of a kind to make one so? Please to give me my ring. I don't believe you have it."

"Perhaps not. Helen, you must hear me this time. I am weary of this endless waiting. There, take your ring. I found it on the rocks. May I put it on your finger?"

"O, here is Mr. Jones come for me. How nice! Now I shall have my waltz."

"And I, one word."

"It is our waltz, Miss Helen, I believe."

"Do not leave me so. One word. I love you, Helen! A word, a sign,—something."

"Was it a red rose I promised you? Please to bring me my opera-cloak, Mr. Jones. It is on the rock yonder."

"A rose for me, and you?"

"Yes; but, indeed, I am not half good enough for you."

"How can I thank you?"

"And now for that waltz, Mr. Jones."

W. M.

"MODERN DIABOLISM."

ONE would like to know something of the author of this grim book * before he became a "medium"; for generally the medium, so far as I have been able to observe, appears to fall below the intellectual and moral average of his species, and Mr. Williamson, morally, at least, makes an excellent show. The man who is beleaguered night and day for long and dreary years by a herd of famished vampires, burrowing in his physical organization and fattening upon his nervous substance, scourging him often with direful pangs and occasionally choking him by way of emphasizing the urgency of their appetite,— and who yet neither goes mad nor seeks a vain refuge in suicide, may surely claim a measure of moral force very unusual among men.

Mr. Williamson's book is made up of a detailed narrative of the infestations he endured (and indeed had previously invited) from "the other world"; of an attempt to explain them by means of a science also imported thence; and of certain theories of light, heat, etc., having the same origin. Of these theories, all that one feels called upon to say is, that they do not on their face invite your assent, while they exhibit the author in a more ambitious *rôle* than he is intellectually qualified to sustain. He is a good hand at a ghost; but Professor Tyndall is too solid a body to resent the shock of his contact. Mr. Williamson schooled himself into mediumship by patiently sitting at his table, pen in hand, and solicitously wooing any chance inspiration which might have power to move it; his purpose being to ascertain whether the facts of spiritualism, so called, were "caused by beings of another world," and also, "whether we continue to exist after the death of the present body." And he soon succeeded apparently in attracting the attention of several super- or rather *sub*-mundane persons, one especially who called herself Ellen Macauley, and whose communications were "excessively vulgar." Ellen "admitted that she had lived a depraved life in our world, that she was the same kind of woman now, and had no intention nor desire to reform." This ingenuous lady interfered, however, with communications coming from other persons, and the medium was induced by them to discourage her advances; soon after which he felt two or three painful "electric shocks," said to have been caused by Ellen on account of his refusing to let her write. Naturally, the author felt apprehensive and uneasy, but the shocks were not repeated.

About this time he had attained to open speech with his new friends, and had, moreover, fallen ill. And now he proceeds: "I was awakened one night by feeling a hand grasping my throat and trying to choke me. As soon as I awoke, Ellen said she was the one performing this, and that she intended to choke me to death. I soon perceived, however, that she could not affect my breathing, and *aside from the annoyance, cared little about it.* The attempt was renewed during the two or three succeeding nights, *and was an annoyance, as it prevented me from sleeping soundly.*" The italics are not the author's "A short time after I awoke in the middle of the night with a violent palpitation of the heart, and feeling that my limbs were partially paralyzed. Ellen said, as soon as I awoke, that she had been operating upon the action of my heart while I was asleep, and that if she had had one hour more — that is, before I awoke — she would have stopped its beating forever. This I confess frightened me." The frank, unscrupu-

* Modern Diabolism, commonly called Modern Spiritualism, with new Theories of Light, Heat, Electricity, and Sound. By M. J. Williamson. New York: James Miller. 1873.

lous wretch herself, however, was not at all dismayed. "On the two succeeding nights when I went to bed, Ellen said she should renew her operations as soon as I fell asleep. On the fourth morning Mrs. Arnold" (another communicator) "said that if I would sit up awhile, she would bring my father and other male friends, and that if Ellen did not then leave they would *kill* her. In a short time I was told she had brought my father and a former male acquaintance, and I was directed to fix my mind intently upon the former. It was the warmest night of an unusually warm summer, and I should not have slept much if I had gone to bed. I did not intend, however, to sit up very late, but I dozed in the chair, and it was daylight when I went to bed. I was then told that Ellen had been killed. *Although too sleepy to think much about it*, I noticed that her talking had ceased, and I never afterwards heard anything purporting to be spoken by her."

And so forth; for all this indicates with sufficient amplitude the style of fact Mr. Williamson's narrative indulges in, and so leaves us free to consider what he says in explanation of the facts. He explains them by saying that this "other world" of his is a material world like ours, only of a more attenuate quality of matter, everything here being duplicated by something there precisely corresponding with it, but yet of so much subtler a nature as to be able to "permeate" the former. Every mountain, every river, every ocean of this world is "permeated" by a mountain, a river, an ocean of that. Curiously enough too, the law holds good, not only of natural, but also of artificial existence. Thus when we build a house, "we build double; for the walls, and floors, and all parts of the building are permeated by matter of the other world: this fact being due to the attraction which the matter of our world exerts upon the matter of the other." But the attraction is not reciprocal, our world exerting a much grosser magnetism upon the other than it exerts upon ours. And the reason of this is obvious, since the "other world," compared with this, is nearly though not entirely "devoid of gravity." And this may be the reason, also, though the author does not hint it, why the pretensions of that world are so apt to be treated with levity by the denizens of this. But that is not all. It would seem from the author's report, that the people of the "other world" compare as poorly in moral substance with us as they do in physical. We almost all of us, when we go into the "other world," become enormously vitiated. The author gnds it hard to do justice to his conception of the measure of the change, especially in the direction of wanton and senseless lying, the great bulk of our emigration, not only reprobate but respectable, "becoming lying fools in passing into the other world." The author, however, discovers one "comforting fact" connected with this condition of things: transmundane persons, as compared with mundane, "have but little power to injure others."

Such being the normal tie between our own sane world and our author's insane one, he proceeds to show that the so-called spiritualistic phenomena are due to a certain "affinity" of an electrical character between the medium and the party of the other part. Table-tipping, hand-seeing, and all the rest of it, are shown from his point of view to be a mere magical product of these relations of electrical affinity between medium and principal; and the *modus operandi*, in order to produce the effect, is detailed with earnest good faith. I have not space to follow the author any further, but I am sure it can harm no one interested in spiritualism attentively to consider what he has to say. Incontestably his book is not a pleasant one to read; but I see no reason why it should not be a profitable one to every person who conceives the current facts of "spiritualism" to be credibly avouched, and is yet uncertain as to their philosophic worth. It seems to me wanton preju-

dice to deny all reality to many of these alleged facts of experience; and there is nothing in the circumstance that the communications are generally of so purely personal and sentimental a cast to discredit their foreign origin. This circumstance is no doubt fatal to the *veracity* of the communications as coming from any spiritually wise or good man now departed. For we cannot conceive of spiritual existence as contradistinguished from material save in having absolutely nothing whatever to do with time, space, or person. And clearly no one can have become a denizen of the spiritual world, properly so called, — a world fashioned upon this strictly immaterial and impersonal spirit, — who could even for a moment consent to associate himself with the odious drizzle of personality, the abject treacle of sentimentality, with which our spiritualist *circles* are dripping.

It cannot but seem intensely absurd to every one familiar with Swedenborg, that any one cognizant of his fame should ever venture seriously to discuss the facts and problems of spiritual physiology without an honest effort at least to master his intellectual principles. So it is nevertheless. The author of this book, for example, boastfully disclaims all understanding of Swedenborg, and yet permits himself to pronounce him "a learned lunatic." It is as if a starving beggar should despise the opulent hand which is outstretched to enrich him. For that modest philosopher has not only by anticipation accounted for Mr. Williamson's own muddled and senseless experience under the ghostly visitation he so freely provoked, — in showing it to hinge upon the profanation he was guilty of, or violation of his own self-respect, in attempting to build up an inward or spiritual edifice of faith upon an outward or sensible basis of authority, — but he has also supplied him and all similarly bewildered persons, if they care for help, with a thoroughly competent doctrine of the spiritual world itself, and of its relation to the natural world, — a doctrine so entirely philosophic — in perfectly co-ordinating as it does the hardest, most mineral, and remorseless instincts of the religious conscience with the ever-shifting and expanding horizons of scientific thought — as to make immortality a present or conscious possession of the mind, and so reduce spirit and angel from a final to a purely provisional significance in the evolution of human destiny.

Swedenborg's general doctrine of the relation betwen spirit and nature, in so far as it is applicable to the unhandsome phenomena now in question, may be thus stated. That doctrine imports that even as the atmospheric world, the world of unrest, the home of the cloud and the mist and the tempest, separates between sun and earth, tempering the light and heat of the former to the necessities of the latter, so an analogous moral atmosphere surrounds humanity, tempering the rays of the creative love and wisdom in their approximation to it, and housing for a period that vast mass of crude, unannealed existence — too good for banning, too bad for blessing — which honest nature perpetually sloughs off, and which yet is far too gross for spirit to assimilate. Swedenborg call this purgatorial or transitional realm of existence, in which the good man gradually works off his hereditary or acquired naughtiness, and the evil man his hereditary or affected goodness, the "world of spirits," to discriminate it from the "spiritual world" proper, which is the realm of heaven and hell; that is, of perfectly separated or sifted human wheat and chaff. He represents this "world of spirits" as answering in spiritual physiology to the stomach in natural, and reducing the most inveterate moral material after a while to the softest, most fluid chyle, here fit to be taken up into the spiritual circulation, and assimilated to the body of humanity; there ready to be cast out into its spiritual waste places, its still unredeemed Saharas and Siberias.

Now, it is to an altogether morbid or preternatural condition of this "world of spirits" that we are to look for the

philosophy of the current infestations. For, if the world of spirits occupy the position and discharge the function in spiritual physiology which the stomach does in animal physiology, namely, that of mediating between the merely outward or supposititious life of man, and his inward or real life, then obviously the "world of spirits," or cosmical stomach, is equally liable with the natural stomach to become overloaded at times, to grow dyspeptic, and to reject its food undigested. And all signs show that we have just now one of these crises upon us. By all men's confession, Christendom is at this time undergoing a rational and moral purgation, more deep-rooted and wide-spread in its origin, and more revolutionary in its issues than has ever before menaced our existing civilization. Old dogmas have utterly lost, as a general thing, their vital hold upon the reason of the race; and institutions once most venerable have become so onerous and costly in proportion to any really human uses they promote, that they, too, have providentially forfeited their traditional hold upon men's imagination; so that our intellectual skies have suddenly grown so dark above our heads, and our once solid moral earth is quaking and gaping to such an extent under our feet, that we are all of us more or less filled with forebodings of impending doom. Only conceive, then, what augmented hordes of human beings are daily pouring into the "world of spirits," in this state of things, not only vastated of their hereditary Christian faith and hope, but indifferent to all religious faith and hope whatever: men of orderly lives, no doubt, for the most part, but unaffectedly dubious, if not utterly scornful, of spiritual substance; wholly sceptical of the Divine existence at least, if they do not frankly deny his being; devotees to sheer naturalism, in a word, who ask you with triumphant derision to *show* them a soul; and who perpetually revert to nature accordingly as manure reverts to the soil out of which it originally came. What a plethora, consequently, of absolutely raw, uncooked, unprepared food — food utterly incapable, in fact, of digestion — the world's great stomach must now be undergoing! And how impossible, therefore, to wonder at any of these current manifestations of helpless *malaise* and eructation, whereby it seeks to relieve itself!

Such is my *diagnosis* of the prevalent malady, based upon Swedenborg's intellectual data. Do those data enable us to form any equally reliable *prognosis* of it? I think so. They supply, indeed, the most satisfactory and inspiring solution conceivable to all the threatening problems of our decaying civilization. But I have not the space to go into that inquiry here, and must defer it, therefore, with the reader's permission, to some future occasion. I should like, besides, to occupy what brief space remains with a word or two in memory of a friend who endured the same sort of infestation, though not so stupidly trivial in import, as that described by Mr. Williamson, and at last succumbed to it.

My friend was the most highly gifted man I have ever known; beautiful in person, sociable in disposition, graceful in manners, skilled in mechanical invention, a proficient in music, a subtile metaphysician, deeply versed in the history of philosophy, familiar with science, an enthusiast in medicine, which was his profession. Such were his gifts and his acquisitions; but I doubt not the enumeration will seem scant and lifeless to many of his friends, especially to those who had a familiar professional acquaintance with him, and felt his exquisite personal magnetism. He may be said, indeed, to have been little less than life-giving to his patients; and when he entered the sick-room, modest and graceful and sensitive, yet serene with power, radiant with knowledge, sagacious with observation, the demons of disease and despair, which possessed the imagination a moment before, incontinently folded their murky banners, and let in the sunlight of peace and hope. How

pleasant it is to remember him, even in his overborne and tragical latter days, now that he is at rest in the eternal arms, and his unquenchable thirst of knowledge is slaked at its source !

Unlike Mr. Williamson, my friend did not invite the cadaverous crew that chased him to a premature grave. They came upon him by stealth, muffled at first in the familiar voices of nature and the cheerful sounds of industry, while he was prostrate under a long and painful affection of the optical nerve, which robbed him of his physical strength, but left his intellect and will unimpaired. Gradually they separated their voices from the sounds of art and nature, and addressed him directly, soliciting him to become the medium or instrument of a great society of illuminati in the other world, composed of the noblest and best of mankind, who really though invisibly guided the course of human history, and furnished the backbone of its various priesthoods and governments. My friend's intellectual curiosity was piqued by this extraordinary visitation, no doubt, and he gave himself up to its active scrutiny ; but that for a long time was all, and I shall never forget the grim pleasantry with which he used to wrestle down any too urgent assault, and laugh the faulty logic of his tormentors to scorn. But there they were all the same, forever prating of this sublime brotherhood beyond the grave, which, they declared, had even disciplined and nourished Christ himself to the dimensions of his majestic manhood, and proffering my friend, if he would become their unreserved and confiding subject, a career upon earth and a righteous fame among men second only to Christ's. Nor will I conceal that my friend, sitting there deprived of the light and air of heaven, and exposed month in and month out to these degrading solicitations, did at length so far forget the reverence he owed to the divine name as to lend a charmed attention to them.

In fact, my friend, with all his uncommon gifts, had one great defect both of nature and of culture, which, when the crisis came, vitiated them all, and that was that he had neither inherited nor been bred to any *habit* of reverence, so that when this infestation befell him, his natural pride of personality had undergone no abatement, and he was accordingly left without those ordinary resources of humility which less exceptional natures are apt to cherish, wherewith to combat it. It became thus a contest for strictly personal supremacy between him and his envenomed foes, the one party backed by the total force of falsehood known to the human will, the other inspirited by no adequate light of truth divine, harvested by the human understanding. Unequal however as the combat was on these terms, it proves what an enormous force of personal sanity my friend enjoyed, that he succumbed to his great temptation but for a moment. He gave his enemies an hour of grace, so to speak, in which, if they could, to justify their insane pretensions ; and when he discovered, as he could not fail almost instantly to do, that these pretensions were purely magical, depending for their prosperity upon a debased self-respect or superstitious regard to sense in the votary, he at once rejected them with a picturesque energy of good-will which gave an added lustre even to his own always lustrous personality. But at the same time, whenever his acute disease again prevailed, and he found himself condemned anew to solitude and darkness, his busy demons were at hand to poison his mental peace ; and fatigued at last beyond measure with the sordid conflict, he put a voluntary end to his life. He had told me more than once, in his poignant way, how loathsome existence was made to him at such times by this infernal practice, and how he longed to leap the gulf of death in order to chase the obscene vermin who haunted him to their source, and stifle them in their holes. I had of course no dogmatic considerations to offer of a nature to assuage an anguish so unrelenting, or to combat a resolve so

powerfully constrained; but I at least never failed to tell him that I should have much more faith in the power of his little finger *here*, armed with the strength of divine truth, than in that of his entire personality *there*, unarmed by that strength. But he was insensible to the force of such dissuasives, even if they had been more acutely pressed; and so erelong, in a flush of passionate resentment, he plunged headlong into his grave.

And now, after all, my space is exhausted before I have half done justice to my theme. My treatment of it could hardly help at best being brief and perfunctory; but it is particularly unsatisfying in this respect, that I should have attempted to account for the phenomena popularly clubbed under the name of Spiritualism, by a morbid condition of the "world of spirits," or its refusal any longer to function, without having previously accounted to my reader's apprehension for the existence of this "world of spirits" itself, as a necessary middle term between nature and spirit. But it is too late to think of supplementing that deficiency now, as it could not be done short of a general statement of Swedenborg's intellectual system, which differs from every other system of thought chiefly in the superb emphasis it puts upon the truth of creation. If I should ever be able to regain my reader's ear upon this subject, I doubt not that I should also be quite able to obviate his present reasonable complaint.

Henry James.

THE SOCIAL EXPERIMENT AT NEW HARMONY.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN the summer of 1824 there came to Braxfield a gentleman whose visit to us there determined, in great measure, the course of my future life.

Richard Flower, an experienced English agriculturist, possessed of considerable means, had emigrated, some years before, to the United States; and had settled at Albion, in the south-eastern part of Illinois, and about twenty-five miles distant from a German village founded by emigrants from the Kingdom of Würtemberg, schismatics of the Lutheran Church, led by their pastor, George Rapp. These people came to America in 1804, settling first on the waters of Conequenessing, Pennsylvania; afterwards, namely in 1813, on the Lower Wabash River and about fifteen miles from the town of Mount Vernon on the Ohio. There they purchased thirty thousand acres, chiefly government land, and erected a village containing about a hundred and sixty buildings, one half brick or frame, the other half of logs. They held it to be a religious duty to imitate the primitive Christians, who "had all things in common"; * to conform to St. Paul's opinion that celibacy is better than marriage; † and desiring also to be, like the early disciples, "of one heart and of one soul," ‡ they called their little town *Harmonie*.

Their experiment was a marvellous success in a pecuniary point of view; for at the time of their immigration their property did not exceed twenty-five dollars a head, while in twenty-one years (to wit, in 1825) a fair estimate gave them *two thousand dollars* for each person, — man, woman, and child; probably *ten times* the average wealth

* Acts iv. 32. The land was entered in the names of the entire community; and was conveyed by Rapp, under a power of attorney from them, to my father.

† 1 Corinthians, vii. 8. They lived together as the Shakers do.

‡ Acts iv. 8.

throughout the United States; for at that time each person in Indiana averaged but a hundred and fifty dollars of property, and even in Massachusetts the average fell short of three hundred dollars for each adult and child. Intellectually and socially, however, it was doubtless a failure; as an ecclesiastical autocracy, especially when it contravenes an important law of nature, must eventually be. Rapp was absolute ruler, assuming to be such in virtue of a divine call; and it was said, probably with truth, that he desired to sell out at Harmonie because life there was getting to be easy and quiet, with leisure for thought; and because he found it difficult to keep his people in order, except during the bustle and hard work which attend a new settlement. At all events, he commissioned Mr. Flower to offer the entire Harmony property for sale.

The offer tempted my father. Here was a village ready built, a territory capable of supporting tens of thousands in a country where the expression of thought was free, and where the people were unsophisticated. I listened with delight to Mr. Flower's account of a frontier life; and when, one morning, my father asked me, "Well, Robert, what say you, — New Lanark or Harmony?" I answered, without hesitation, "Harmony." Aside from the romance and the novelty, I think one prompting motive was, that, if our family settled in Western America, it would facilitate my marriage with Jessie.

Mr. Flower could not conceal from us his amazement, saying to me, I remember, "Does your father *really* think of giving up a position like his, with every comfort and luxury, and taking his family to the wild life of the far West?" He did not know that my father's one ruling desire was for a vast theatre on which to try his plans of social reform. Robert Owen thought he had found one; crossed the Atlantic (taking my brother William with him, and leaving me manager of the mills) in the autumn of 1824; completed, in April, 1825, the purchase, for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of the Rapp village and twenty thousand acres of land; and in the course of the summer some eight hundred people had flocked in, in accordance with a public invitation given by him to "the industrious and well disposed" of all nations and creeds. Every dwelling-house was filled.

This purchase, though not judicious merely as a pecuniary investment, seeing that the estate lay in an interior nook of country off any main line of travel, actual or projected, and on a river navigable for steamers during a few months of the year only, was eligible enough for my father's special purpose. The land around the village, of which three thousand acres were under cultivation, was of the richest quality of alluvial soil, level but above the highest water-mark, and in good farming order. This valley-land was surrounded by a semicircular range of undulating hills, rising sixty or seventy feet above the plain below, and sweeping round about half a mile from the village on its southern side. On a portion of these hills where the descent was steep were vineyards in full bearing, covering eighteen acres, and partly terraced. On the west, where this range of hills increased in height, it terminated abruptly on a *cut-off* of the Wabash River, which afforded water-power used to drive a large flour-mill; and near by, on the precipitous hillside, was a quarry of freestone. Across the cut-off was an island containing three thousand acres, affording excellent woods pasture.

The village had been built on the bottom land, quarter of a mile from the river. Seen from the brow of the hill-range as one approached it from Mount Vernon, it was picturesque enough; literally embowered in trees, rows of black locusts marking the street lines. Several large buildings stood out above the foliage; of which a spacious cruciform brick hall, the transept a hundred and thirty feet across, was the chief. There was also a church, a

steam-mill, a woollen-factory, and several large boarding-houses. The private dwellings were small, each in a separate garden-spot. Adjoining the village on the south were extensive apple and peach orchards.

When my father first reached the place, he found among the Germans — its sole inhabitants — indications of plenty and material comfort, but with scarcely a touch of fancy or ornament; the only exceptions being a few flowers in the gardens, and what was called "The Labyrinth," a pleasure-ground laid out near the village with some taste, and intended — so my father was told — as an emblematic representation of the life these colonists had chosen. It contained small groves and gardens, with numerous circuitous walks enclosed by high beech hedges and bordered with flowering shrubbery, but arranged with such intricacy that, without some Dædalus to furnish a clew, one might wander for hours and fail to reach a building erected in the centre. This was a temple of rude material, but covered with vines of the grape and convolvulus, and its interior neatly fitted up and prettily furnished. Thus George Rapp had sought to shadow forth to his followers the difficulties of attaining a state of peace and social harmony. The perplexing approach, the rough exterior of the shrine, and the elegance displayed within were to serve as types of toil and suffering, succeeded by happy repose.

The toil and suffering had left their mark, however, on the grave, stolid, often sad German faces. They looked well fed, warmly clothed (my father told me), and seemed free from anxiety. The animal had been sufficiently cared for; and that is a good deal in a world where millions can hardly keep the wolf from the door, drudge as they will, and where hundreds of millions, manage as they may, live in daily uncertainty whether, in the next week or month (chance of work or means of living failing), absolute penury may not fall to their lot. A shelter from life-wearing cares is something; but a temple typifies higher things, — more than what we shall eat and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Rapp's disciples had bought these too dearly, — at expense of heart and soul. They purchased them by unquestioning submission to an autocrat who had been commissioned — perhaps as he really believed, certainly as he alleged — by God himself. He bade them do this and that, and they did it; required them to say, as the disciples in Jerusalem said, that none of the things they possessed were their own, and they said it; commanded them to forego wedded life and all its incidents, and to this also they assented.

Their experiment afforded conclusive proof that, if a community of persons are willing to pay so high a price for abundant food, clothing, shelter, and absolute freedom from pecuniary cares, they can readily obtain all this, working leisurely under a system of common labor, provided the dictator to whom they submit is a good business manager. The success of the Rappites, such as it was, wonderfully encouraged my father. He felt sure that he could be far more successful than they, without the aid either of bodily and mental despotism or of celibacy. Aside from rational education, which he deemed indispensable, he trusted implicitly, as cure for all social and industrial ills, to the principle of co-operation.

There was much in the economical condition of England to lead a mind like my father's, accustomed to generalizations and imbued with sanguine confidence in whatever he desired, to such a conclusion; and, unless I here devote a page or two to a succinct statement — in mere outline it must be — of the main statistical facts which go to make up that strange and unprecedented condition, I shall leave my readers without a clew to the motives which caused a successful business man like my father to relinquish wealth, domestic ease, affluent comforts, and an influential position, and to adventure, with a faith which ad-

mitted not even the possibility of failure, an untried experiment on an unknown field, then little better than a wilderness.

As a large manufacturer, much cogent evidence bearing on that condition had been brought home to him. Ten years before, Colquhoun had published his work on the Resources of the British Empire, and that had supplied important additional data.

My father felt that there was then — as there is now — one of the great problems of the age still to be solved: I can here but briefly state, not seek to solve it. It connects itself with the unexampled increase of productive power which human beings in civilized life have acquired in little more than a single century, and with the momentous question whether this vast gift of labor-saving inventions is to result in mitigation of the toil and melioration of the condition of the millions who have acquired it. Few persons realize the extent of this modern agency, the changed state of things it has brought about, or the effect of its introduction, so far, upon the masses, especially in European countries.

From certain Parliamentary reports made in 1816, in connection with Sir Robert Peel's Factory Bill (already alluded to), my father derived data in proof that the machinery employed in Great Britain in cotton-spinning alone — in *one* branch, therefore, of *one* manufacture — superseded at that time the labor of eighty million adults; and he succeeded in proving, to the satisfaction of England's ablest statistician, * that if all the branches of the cotton, woollen, flax, and silk manufactures were included, the machine-saved labor in producing English textile fabrics exceeded, in those days, the work which two hundred millions of operatives could have turned out previous to the year 1760.

This statement of my father's attracted the attention of the British political economists of that day, was virtually adopted by them soon after, and became, as these vast inanimate powers increased, the foundation of successive calculations touching their aggregate amount in all branches of industry carried on in Great Britain and Ireland. In 1835 my father put down that aggregate as equal to the labor of four hundred million adults; and estimates by recent English statisticians, brought up to the present time, vary from five hundred to seven hundred millions. We may safely assume the mean of these estimates — *six hundred millions* — as closely approximating the truth to-day.

But the population of the world is, in round numbers, twelve hundred millions; and the usual estimate of the productive manual labor of a country is, that it does not exceed that of a number of adult workmen equal to one fourth of its population. Thus, the daily labor of three hundred million adults represents the productive *manual* power of the world.

It follows that Great Britain and Ireland's labor-saving machinery *equals*, in productive action, *the manual labor-power of two worlds as populous as this.*

It follows, further, inasmuch as the present population of the British Isles is less than thirty millions, that seven millions and a half of adults represent the number of living operatives who control and manipulate that prodigious amount of inanimate force.

Thus, in aid of the manual labor of seven and a half millions of human workmen, Great Britain may be said to have imported, from the vast regions of invention, six hundred millions of powerful and passive slaves; slaves that consume neither food nor clothing; slaves that sleep not, weary not, sicken not; gigantic slaves that drain subterranean lakes in their master's service, or set in motion, at a touch from his hand, machinery under which the huge and solid buildings that contain it groan and shake; ingenious slaves that outrival, in the delicacy of

* Colquhoun, whose celebrated work on a cognate subject is above referred to. See, for Robert Owen's conversation with Colquhoun on this subject, his (Owen's) Autobiography, p. 127.

their operations, the touch of man, and put to shame the best exertions of his steadiness and accuracy; yet slaves patient, submissive, obedient, from whom no rebellion need be feared, who cannot suffer cruelty nor experience pain.

These unwearying and inanimate slaves outnumber the human laborers who direct their operations as *eighty to one.* What is the result of this importation?

If we shut our closet doors and refuse to take the answer from the state of things as it actually exists, we shall probably say that inestimable aid, thus sent down from Heaven as it were, to stand by and assist man in his severest toils, *must* have rendered him easy in his circumstances, rich in all the necessaries and comforts of life, a master instead of a slave, a being with leisure for enjoyment and improvement, a freeman delivered from the original curse which declared that in the sweat of his brow should man eat bread all the days of his life. But if, rejecting mere inference, we step out among the realities around us, with eyes open and sympathies awake, we shall see, throughout the Old World, the new servants competing with those they might be made to serve. We shall see a contest going on in the market of labor, between wood and iron on the one hand, and human thews and sinews on the other; a dreadful contest, at which humanity shudders, and reason turns, astonished, away. We shall see masters engaging, as the cheapest, most docile, and least troublesome help,* the machine instead of the man. And we shall see the man, thus denied even the privilege to toil, shrink home, with sickening heart, to the cellar where his wife and children herd, and sink down on its damp floor to ask of his despair where these things shall end, — whether the soulless slaves, bred year by year from the teeming womb of science, shall gradually thrust aside, into idleness and starvation, their human competitors, until the laborer, like other extinct races of animals, shall perish from the earth.

I have made a special study of the statistical facts which go to justify more than all I here assert. But the limits of this narrative allow me to give only a condensed abstract of the results.

For two centuries after the Conquest, feudal oppressions and intestine wars grievously oppressed British labor. At any moment the serf might be taken from the plough to arm in his liege lord's quarrel; and if, spite of all such interruptions, the seed was sown and the harvest ripened, the chance remained that it might be cut down by the sword of the forager or trampled under the hoof of the war-horse. Nothing is more characteristic than the Borderer's account of an ancient raid, in Scott's Lay: —

> "They crossed the Liddell at curfew hour,
> And burnt my little lonely tower.
> The fiend receive their souls therefor;
> It had n't been burnt this year or more!"

The peasantry, or rather *villeinry*, of those days — many of them thralls — had the scantiest wages, often mere food and clothing, living miserably. But during Edward the Third's wars with France, he was compelled to manumit many bondsmen, in order to recruit his armies; and the forced services of villeinage were gradually exchanged for free labor, often fixed by statute. In the middle of the fourteenth century, common labor on a farm was set at *three pence halfpenny a day;* in harvest, four pence. But at that time wheat did not exceed *six pence* a bushel, and other staple articles of food were in proportion. So in the fifteenth century, harvest wages were *five pence*, and wheat was *seven pence halfpenny* a bushel. With all this accords what Sir John Cullum, the English antiquarian (quoted as reliable authority by Hallam), tells us, namely, that in the fourteenth century a week's wages in harvest enabled the laborer to buy four bushels of wheat. The weekly wages of

* "The self-acting *mule* has the important advantage of rendering the mill-owners independent of the combinations and strikes of the working-spinners."—Baines's Cotton Manufacture, p. 207.

common farm labor, however, throughout the year, were the equivalent of *three bushels of wheat* only. This last may be safely assumed as the purchasing power of ordinary farm labor in England four hundred and five hundred years ago.

After many fluctuations, weekly wages of ordinary labor settled down, in the middle of the eighteenth century, to about a bushel and a half of wheat.* By the middle of the present century a common farm laborer could purchase, with his eight shillings for a week's work, but ONE BUSHEL of wheat. Since then wages have slowly risen; and to-day a farm laborer, with nine and sixpence to ten shillings a week, can earn a bushel and a quarter of wheat.

Though, for brevity's sake, I have here confined the comparison to staple bread-stuff alone, I have verified the fact that it applies equally to other articles of common use or necessity. In the fifteenth century a week's labor bought *sixty-four* pounds of butchers' meat; now it will hardly purchase *nineteen*. So, instead of *ten* geese, *three* would now absorb a week's labor; instead of *a sheep a week*, a laborer must toil *four weeks for a single sheep*. Again, a day's wages will now buy, not *eight* dozen of eggs as then it did, but *three* dozen; not *eight* pounds of cheese, but *three;* not *five* pounds of butter, but *two*. Even in some staple articles of clothing, the balance is against the peasant of to-day. Three days' labor will now hardly procure him the stout pair of shoes which a single day formerly paid for; and nine days' labor, instead of six, are needed to obtain the material for a winter coat, that is, if a farm laborer should be extravagant enough to buy coarse broadcloth for such a purpose.

Labor in factories is somewhat better paid than farm labor; adult operatives receiving from nine to eleven shillings a week when fully employed. But there are thousands, weavers and others, in every manufacturing district, who have only occasional work at home and live in squalid wretchedness, — wretchedness that has often but five cents a day to keep each human body and soul together,* — wretchedness that terribly shortens life.

Another most significant fact is, that whereas, three hundred years ago, the poor-law system of England scarcely existed, my father found one in ten of all the inhabitants of Great Britain a pauper, receiving parish relief.† Without the English poor-laws, there would long since have been wholesale starvation among those willing and able to work, and, probably, a rebellion instigated by despair.

With all the foregoing data tallies an estimate made by Hallam, in his History of the Middle Ages, of the relative value of money; which is, that any given sum in the fourteenth century must be multiplied by twenty, and in the fifteenth century by sixteen, to bring it to the standard of our day. If so, then a common laborer's wages in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were equivalent to five shillings

* See tables of wages and prices from 1813 back to 1495, by Barton, in his Enquiry into the Depreciation of Labor.

* In Minutes of Evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1833, Mr. William Stocks, secretary of a committee of factory owners, deposed to certain facts obtained and verified by that committee during visits to the cottages of laborers in and around Huddersfield, thus summing up the results: "We found 13,226 individuals that averaged two pence halfpenny (five cents) per day to live on. That sum included all parish relief; and it was not wholly applicable to meat and drink, for they had rent and everything to pay out of it, including wear and tear of looms."—Minutes of Evidence, July 28 and August 3, 1833.

The Report of the Liverpool Branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League for 1833 shows a similar state of wholesale misery. It states that "in Vauxhall Ward, Liverpool, containing in all 6,000 families or 24,000 souls, the number of 3,462 families had but two pence halfpenny (five cents) per individual to live on."

† "In our manufacturing districts every *eleventh* inhabitant, and in our agricultural counties every *eighth* inhabitant, receives parish relief. But this by no means represents the whole mass of suffering. The horror of being branded as a pauper is so prevalent among the industrial population, that *thousands prefer death by gradual starvation, to placing themselves on the parish funds.*"— Report of Liverpool Branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League, 1833.

These calculations are, however, for the middle of the present century. Wages having since risen twenty or twenty-five per cent, the proportion of paupers is very considerably less to-day.

of the modern English currency per day, or to thirty shillings per week; at least *three times as much* as such a laborer receives at present.

But to guard against possible exaggeration, let us deduct one third from this result; and the startling fact still forces itself on our attention, that the working-classes employed in tilling the garden soil of Great Britain, or in tending her magnificent machinery, *receive now*, as the price of their toil, *but one half as much as their rude ancestors did five centuries ago.*

As cure for such evil and suffering, my father found the political economists urging a reduction of taxes. But his experience taught him to regard that as a mere temporary palliative. The very reduction of government burdens might be taken as an all-sufficient plea for the further reduction of wages. Labor could be *afforded* for less. And down to the very point at which it can be afforded, — which means at that point on the road to famine at which men are not starved suddenly, but die slowly of toil inadequately sustained by scanty and unwholesome food, — down to that point of bare subsistence my father saw the laborer of Britain thrust. How? Wherefore? By what legerdemain of cruelty and injustice?

Thus the problem loomed upon him. We may imagine his reflections. Why, as the world advances in knowledge and power, do the prospects and the comforts of the mass of mankind darken and decline? How happens it that four or five centuries have passed over Britain, bringing peace where raged feuds and forays, affording protection to person and property, setting free the shackled press, spreading intelligence and liberality, reforming religion and fostering civilization, — how happens it that these centuries of improvement have left the British laborer twofold more the slave of toil than they found him? Why must mechanical inventions — inevitable even if they were mischievous, and in themselves a rich blessing as surely as they are inevitable — stand in array *against* the laborer, instead of toiling by his side?

Momentous questions these! My father pondered them, day and night. If he had tersely stated the gist of his reflections, — which he was not always able to do, — they might have assumed some such form as this: Will any man, who stands on his reputation for sanity, affirm that the *necessary* result of over-production is famine? that because labor produces more than even luxury can waste, labor shall not have bread to eat? If we can imagine a point in the progress of improvement at which all the necessaries and comforts of life shall be produced without human labor, are we to suppose that the human laborer, when that point is reached, is to be dismissed by his masters from their employment, to be told that he is now a useless incumbrance which they cannot afford to hire?

If such a result be flagrantly absurd in the extreme, it was then, and is now, in Great Britain, a terrible reality in the degree. Men *were* told that machines had filled their places and that their services were no longer required. Certain English economists scrupled not to avow the doctrine, that a man born into a world already occupied and overstocked with labor has no RIGHT to claim food; that such a one is a being superfluous on the earth, and for whom, at the great banquet of nature, there is no place to be found.*

My father's conclusions from the data which I have here furnished were: —

1. That the enormously increased productive powers which man in modern times has acquired, involve, and in a measure necessitate, great changes in the social and industrial structure of society.

2. That the world has reached a point of progress at which co-operative industry should replace competitive labor.

* See Malthus, in his Essay on the Principle of Population. But my father believed in the axiom put forth by a French historian: "Avant toutes les lois sociales, l'homme avoit le droit de subsister."— Raynal, Histoire des Indes, Vol. X. p. 322.

3. That society, discarding large cities and solitary homes, should resolve itself into associations, each of fifteen hundred or two thousand persons, who should own land and houses in common and labor for the benefit of the community. In this way (he believed) labor-saving power would directly aid, not tend to oppress, the workman.

The first proposition is doubtless true, especially as to old countries largely engaged in manufactures; the question remaining, however, of what character and to what extent the changes should be.

The second proposition is now on trial in England on a large scale. Through the kindness of an English friend, I have before me a report of the Fifth Annual Co-operative Congress held at Newcastle on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of last April, and which was attended by two hundred delegates from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland.* The two most prominent speakers were members of Parliament; namely, the well-known Thomas Hughes, author of Tom Brown at Oxford, and Walter Morrison.

Mr. Hughes introduced the resolution, "That this meeting recognizes in co-operation the most effective means of permanently raising the condition of the people." And Mr. Morrison moved the following: "That it is of the essence of co-operation to recognize the right of labor to a substantial share in the profits it creates." Both resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Cowen, chairman of the Congress, said, in opening one of its meetings: "I am not an old man, yet I recollect a meeting which was held in this room thirty years ago. It was addressed by the father of co-operative principles in this country, Mr. Robert Owen. (Cheers.) To the discredit of some of the inhabitants of Newcastle they brought the meeting to a close by breaking the windows and dispersing the audience. They refused to listen to the patient and, I may say, affectionate appeals which Mr. Owen made to his hearers. We have considerably advanced since then."

The experiments then commenced, in the way of co-operative stores, failed at that time, probably because the current of public opinion set in strongly against them. How great the contrast is to-day appears from the statistics, founded on Parliamentary documents, which were laid before this Congress. One wholesale co-operative store in Manchester has two hundred and seventy-seven shareholding societies, and has five hundred societies doing business with it; it has a capital of nearly three quarters of a million dollars, and its present annual business falls but little short of six millions. During eight years past it has done business to the amount of twenty millions, and has incurred in that period but a single thousand dollars of bad debts. Another, the North of England wholesale store, does a business varying from a hundred thousand to a hundred and forty thousand dollars a week.

There are in all, throughout England, about a thousand co-operative stores, and full returns have been made to Parliament by three fourths of these. These three fourths had, in 1871, two hundred and sixty thousand members; a capital of more than *twelve and a half millions;* were doing a business of more than *forty-seven millions* a year, with an annual profit of *four millions*, that is, eight and a half per cent on the capital invested.

Besides these stores, English co-operators have engine-works employing five hundred hands; a mining company, with twelve hundred workers; an industrial bank at Newcastle; linen, cotton, and other factories; corn-mills; a printing society; an agricultural and horticultural association, with Thomas Hughes on its council; and a Central Agency Society, with two members of Parliament on its committee of management.

Profiting by the experience of the

* Published in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle of April 19, 1873, and covering *twenty-nine* closely printed columns. This paper is larger than the New York Tribune, and was established in 1764.

past, many errors in organization and in management have been avoided. At this time, with some twenty millions of capital employed, these co-operative enterprises are, with scarcely an exception, a pecuniary success.

As to the third proposition,— the resolving of society into small communities of common property, — my father resolved to test it at New Harmony. I think it was a mistake to change the scene of the experiment from England to the United States. The average wages of farm labor here amount to a dollar and a quarter a day, or seven dollars and a half a week ; and even if we put wheat at a dollar and eighty-five cents a bushel, which is its price only in our seaboard cities and when it is ready for shipment, a week's labor in husbandry will purchase *four* bushels of wheat, instead of *a bushel and a quarter*, as in England. The need of co-operation or some other protection for labor may be said to be threefold greater there than here.

My father made another and a still greater mistake. A believer in the force of circumstances and of the instinct of self-interest to reform all men, however ignorant or vicious, he admitted into his village all comers, without recommendatory introduction or any examination whatever. This error was the more fatal, because it is in the nature of any novel experiment, or any putting forth of new views which may tend to revolutionize the opinions or habits of society, to attract to itself (as the Reformation did, three hundred years ago, and as Spiritualism does to-day) waifs and strays from surrounding society ; men and women of crude, ill-considered, extravagant notions ; nay, worse, vagrants who regard the latest heresy but as a stalking-horse for pecuniary gain, or a convenient cloak for immoral demeanor.

He did, indeed, take the precaution of establishing at New Harmony, in the first instance, a Preliminary Society only ; and he did refrain from any conveyance of real estate to its members. But he allowed this motley assemblage to elect its own Committee of Management, though the constitution of the society vested in him the appointing power.* That constitution was laid before the inhabitants, April 27, 1825 ; Robert Owen then, for the first time, addressing the inhabitants. It was adopted May 1.† But my father was able to remain, to watch its progress, little more than a month. He departed, early in June, for England ; leaving a school of a hundred and thirty children, who were boarded, educated, and clothed at the public expense. As to the other inhabitants, they received a weekly credit on the public store to the amount which their services were, by the committee, deemed worth. There was a good band of music ; and the inhabitants, on my father's recommendation, resolved to meet together three evenings each week : one to discuss all subjects connected with the welfare of the society ; another for a concert of vocal and instrumental music; while the third was given up to a public ball.

My father's reception in America had been kind and hospitable ; and he gave us, on his return to Braxfield, a glowing account of the favor with which his plans of social reform were regarded in the New World, and of the condition of things, and bright promise for the future at New Harmony. I was captivated with the picture he drew, and embarked with him toward the end of September from Liverpool in the packet-ship New York, exulting as an Israelite may have exulted when Moses spoke to him of the Land of Promise.

We had a jovial set of passengers, including the operatic troupe of the elder Garcia, together with his son Manuel, twenty years old, and his two daughters,— Maria, then aged seventeen ; and Pauline, then only four years old, but who afterwards became a cele-

* See New Harmony Gazette, Vol. I. page 135. My father *recommended* four of the seven persons who composed the committee ; and these four, together with three others, were elected by the citizens.

† A copy of this constitution will be found in New Harmony Gazette, Vol. I. pp. 2, 3.

brated singer and actress, and married a Paris journalist of some reputation, Monsieur Viardot. She was the pet of passengers and crew; and I have heard the child reply, in four languages, with almost equal facility, to remarks in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, addressed to her, in rapid succession, by the members of her father's company.

Her elder sister, Mademoiselle Garcia, afterwards world-renowned,— her brief career sad indeed in private, but brilliant in public to a degree hardly paralleled in the annals of the stage,— had the previous spring made a successful *début* in London. She was a most interesting girl, simple, frank, bright as could be, charming in conversation, a general favorite; and I think that during our somewhat protracted voyage she captivated the heart of Captain McDonald, a young and handsome English officer, a great friend and admirer of my father, who had accompanied us on our Transatlantic trip. It came to nothing, perhaps because McDonald, though a noble, generous fellow, had then little besides his commission to depend on; but I doubt not she would have been far happier as his wife than she afterwards was — poor girl! — with the reputed rich but bankrupt Malibran.

Her health seemed feeble, and this may have been due in part to the extreme severity with which that terrible Spaniard, her father, treated his children. The troupe had frequent rehearsals on deck when the weather was fine, greatly to the delight of the passengers. The only drawback to our pleasure in listening to some of the finest voices in the world was the brutal manner in which Garcia sometimes berated the singers, but especially his son and daughter, when their performance did not please him.

One evening, after a rehearsal at which he had been so violent that his daughter seemed in mortal fear of him, she and I sat down, on a sofa on deck, to a game of chess. At first she appeared almost as lively and bright as usual; but, ere the game ended, she turned deadly pale, her head sunk on my shoulder, and had I not caught her in my arms she must have fallen to the floor. I carried her down to the cabin, quite insensible; and it was some time before she recovered.

Another day, at the close of a rehearsal, the old man spoke in insulting terms to his son, I and other passengers being present. Manuel rereplied in a respectful, almost submissive tone; yet he earnestly vindicated himself against the charge — of wilful negligence, I think it was — which his father brought against him. This incensed Garcia to such a degree, that he suddenly struck his son a blow of his fist so violent that the youth dropped on the deck as if shot. We instantly went in search of the captain, telling him what had happened, and he came on deck at once, confronting the still enraged father.

"What is this, sir?" he said, the tone low, but with a dangerous ring in it. "Is it true that you dared to knock your son down?"

The great singer was silent and looked sullen.

"It *is* true, then?" The tone rose a little and the eyes flashed; we saw there was mischief in them. "Do you know, sir," he went on, "that I am master here, — ruler in my own ship, — with the right to do whatever I please, if it is necessary to protect my passengers either from insult or injury? Do you know that, sir?"

Still no answer.

"Do you see these men?" pointing to some sailors who were looking on at a distance with eyes of curiosity. "A single word from me and they 'll seize you on the spot! But I don't want a fuss on board my ship. This time I 'll pass it by. But now attend to what I say; you had better, for your own sake. If you lay a finger again on a single passenger here, — on your son, on your daughter, or on any other soul on board, — I 'll have you down below in irons, sir, — *in irons!* Do you understand that?"

He did understand, and he was fair-

ly cowed at last. He muttered an unintelligible excuse; and the captain, turning away, issued some commonplace order to the mate, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

From that day forth, though Garcia still scolded and grumbled, he used, in our hearing, no insulting language, nor committed any other violent act. To us, when nothing crossed his will or went wrong, he was polite and even obliging. We amused ourselves throughout the somewhat tedious voyage by getting out a weekly newspaper, — quite a creditable production it was, — and in its last number appeared a song, the words by one of our party, Mr. Stedman Whitwell, a London architect, and a convert to my father's views; the music, graceful and spirited, by Garcia. It was afterwards published in New York under the title Ebor Nova, and had quite a run; for the Garcias won for themselves an enthusiastic reception.

Our pleasant voyage came to an end November 7, 1825, — the day on which I was twenty-four years old. New York's magnificent bay, its surface just stirred by a gentle breeze and dotted all over with white sails, — signs of a busy and enterprising nation, — while beyond, the city's hundred spires shot up white in the sunshine of a fresh autumn morning, — all this, as I came upon it after the even tenor of a long ocean voyage, outwent whatever I had imagined of New World scenery. I had reached the Canaan of my hopes, and its first glimpse was beautiful even beyond my dreams. I landed, as in vision of the night one enters fairyland.

Our letters of introduction first brought us into contact with a people genial and magnetic, who seemed to me, as to temperament, to occupy middle ground between the distant conventionality of my own countrymen and the light vivacity of the French. I liked them from the first, and, with a youthful precipitancy, which, however, I have never repented, I went at once to a prothonotary's office and declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States.

That was nearly forty-eight years ago. Kindly, indulgently, has my adopted country treated me since; and well do I love her for it.

She has her peculiarities, of course, like other nations; and it was not long ere we came in contact with some of these. Martin Luther is said to have had his latter years embittered, perhaps his life shortened, by certain crotchety and ill-conditioned fanatics, as the Anabaptists, Libertines, and others, who "played such fantastic tricks before high heaven" as brought the name of Protestant, which they had assumed, into no little discredit for the time. A radical reformer, if he be of any note, commonly attracts around him erratics of this class; and my father did not escape the common fate.

One morning he had gone out on a visit, leaving Captain McDonald and myself in a parlor of the Howard House in Broadway (where we had put up), busy writing letters home, when a waiter, entering, handed me a strange-looking visiting-card, with the message, "A gentleman to see your father, sir. I told him he was out, but he would have me bring up his card." It was of green pasteboard, and bore the single word, "Page." I bade him invite Mr. Page to walk up.

"A singular fancy," said I to McDonald, "to color visiting-cards green. But, of course, in new countries we must expect new fashions."

Thereupon the door opened, and there stalked in, in a solemn way, a middle-aged personage, quite as queer-looking as his card. He was dressed, from head to foot, in light-green broadcloth; his overcoat, cut with a plain Quaker collar, reached his ankles; his cap and boots were of green cloth, and his gloves of green kid, all matching the rest of his costume. His long hair was divided in the centre and dropped, slightly curling, on his shoulders.

McDonald and I were so taken aback by this sudden apparition that we even forgot to offer our visitor a

chair. He seemed to prefer standing, as about to declaim. His manner was dignified, and his gestures had a certain grace, as he proceeded to say: "Gentlemen, I have come, in my public capacity, to welcome a brother philanthropist. But you do not know who I am."

To this we assented, and he went on. "My name is Page. I am the page of Nature. She has enlisted me in her service. I wear her livery, as you see" (pointing to his dress), "as a reminder of the official duty I owe her. She talks to me, instructs me in the way I should go, and tells me how I can best benefit my fellow-creatures. In the olden time I was King David's page; and I was a great comfort to him, as he had been to his master, Saul, when the evil spirit from the Lord was upon him, and when David's playing on the harp refreshed Saul and caused the evil spirit to depart. David had his dark hours also, when his sins weighed upon his spirit; and at those times I was able to console and encourage him. But Nature's service is better than that of any king."

We were mute with amazement. He paused, then drew from a capacious pocket a thick roll of manuscript. It was written on long sheets of green paper.

"Some of the words of wisdom," he pursued, "that my gracious mistress has vouchsafed to communicate to her votary. They ought to have been written in green ink; but to human eyes the words might not have been very intelligible. And black cannot be said to be inappropriate. In summer holiday, indeed, Nature's vestment is green; but she has her seasons when all is black, — the starless midnight hour, the wintry storm's murky darkness. That may justify the black ink."

He unrolled and smoothed out the manuscript; but reading in our faces, perhaps, the alarm which we certainly felt at the threatened infliction, he seemed to change his purpose; and with the air of a father making allowance for his thoughtless children, he said: "Young people have not always leisure or inclination to hear divine truth. Hand these leaves from the Great Book to Robert Owen; for he is a disciple of Nature, like me, and he will appreciate them."

With that, having bowed ceremoniously to us both, he swept slowly and majestically from the room.

McDonald sat looking intently at the fire for a minute or two after the door closed, then suddenly turned to me: "Are we *all* crazy, do you think, Robert? Have we been poking into great subjects and thinking of a world's reform, until our brains are addled and we are fit inmates of a lunatic asylum?"

"Well," said I, "we knew already that there are harmless bedlamites who are suffered to go at large. *We* still dress like other people. We have n't come to the conclusion yet, that the Goddess of Nature keeps a lot of pages to whom she dictates homilies, to be written out on green foolscap; and we are not Pythagoreans, believing that our souls were once in the service of ancient kings."

"For all that," replied McDonald, "it's uncomfortable; it gives one a shock."

The manuscript, like a hundred others which it has been my hard fortune since to glance over, was a dull tissue of sentimental commonplaces, with mad streaks through it, but with a certain method in the madness. The author had sense enough to give his address at the close, and we carefully returned it to him.

In the course of two or three weeks several pleasant and intelligent people had joined us, bound for New Harmony; among them Thomas Say, one of the founders of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, who six years before had accompanied Major Long on his expedition to the Rocky Mountains as its naturalist; Charles Lesueur, a French naturalist and designer, who had explored, with Péron, the coasts of Australia; Gerard Troost,

a native of Holland and a distinguished chemist and geologist, who was afterwards professor of chemistry in the Nashville University; also several cultivated ladies, including Miss Sistare (afterwards the wife of Thomas Say) and two of her sisters. Whether William Maclure, president of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and one of the most munificent patrons of that institution, accompanied us, or came on a few weeks later, I am not quite certain. He afterwards purchased from my father several thousand acres of the Harmony estate.

At Pittsburg, which we reached early in December, finding that steamboats had ceased to ply on the Ohio, we purchased a keel-boat and had it comfortably fitted up for the accommodation of our party, then amounting to some thirty or forty persons. About eight miles from Beaver, Pennsylvania, the ice, closing in upon us, arrested our voyage for a full month.

During that month, immensely to my satisfaction, I took my first lessons in Western country wood-craft. A dense, almost unbroken forest adjoined the spot where we had tied up our boat. I had bought in Pittsburg an excellent rifle and appurtenances, together with a good supply of ammunition. The second or third day I came upon the cabin of an old hunter of the Leather-stocking school, named Rice, whose good-will I gained by the timely gift of a pound or two of excellent rifle powder. He taught me the names and qualities of the forest trees, the habits and haunts of the game then plentiful enough in that district; but, above all, he trained me to rifle-shooting with a patience which I yet gratefully remember. Before leaving home I had read, with enthusiasm, Cooper's Pioneers, and now some of the primitive scenes I had pictured to myself were enacted before my eyes. The eagerness with which I sought instruction, and the manner in which I profited by it, made me quite a favorite with the old man; and, after a week or two, I was domesticated in his cabin. With his wife, also, I found favor by telling her stories of the "old country." From her, I remember, came my first reminder that I had reached a land of practical equality, in which all (white?) adult males, rich or poor, were *men*. I had a handsome silver-mounted powder-horn which attracted the attention of one of the half-clad urchins who were running about the cabin, and I had ceded it for his amusement. He was making off with the coveted plaything out of doors when his mother recalled him, "Here, you, George Washington, give the man back his powder-horn." Later, I learned the meaning which attaches in the West (fairly enough, too) to the word *gentleman*. I was bargaining with a young fellow who had agreed to make a few thousand rails to repair a fence on one of our farms; and, profiting by Rice's instruction, I warned him that they must be of such and such timber; I would accept none of inferior quality; whereupon he said, "Mister, I 'm a gentleman, and I would n't put any man off with bad rails."

Toward the close of our ice-bound sojourn I accompanied Rice to a shooting-match. He obtained the first prize, and I, to his great delight, carried off the fourth or fifth,—a wild turkey worth twenty-five cents. I carried it home in triumph to our keel-boat.

Soon after the middle of January, 1826, we reached Harmony; but I must delay, until next month, the recital of what I found there.

Robert Dale Owen.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE Scintillations from Heine's prose works which Mr. Stern gives us are passages from essays and letters not before translated, and that weird, romantic monologue called Florentine Nights, in which a man tells in part the story of his life to a dying girl, and beguiles her last moments with the wildest inventions and caprices. It is incoherent, changeful, lawless, natural, and enchanting as a dream, full of the tenderness and insult of Heine's passion, with enough of his fine and coarse suggestion; the slight thread of narrative is dropped whenever the author likes, and his fancy ranges satirically to anything else in the world, — art, politics, religion, and the odiousness of England and the English people, the delightfulness of Paris and the Parisians, the violin playing of Paganini, and the apparition of Paganini's agent, "the dramatist and anecdotist Harris of Hanover," whose form Satan has borrowed, while "along with other trash the poor soul of that poor creature remains locked up in a chest in Hanover, until the Devil returns its carnal envelope; when, in the nobler disguise of a black poodle, he will accompany his master Paganini through the world."

Heine can never be read aright save in the pale moonshine of the German tongue; dragged into the daylight of our speech, he loses that softness of outline, that play of light and shadow, which characterize him; he becomes harsh, sharp, sometimes shabby, and you see how, occasionally, he forces his fantastic attitudes. Perhaps also he is best read by very young men not past the age of liking even the faults of genius; he wearies middle life a little, though he remains wonderful. However, there are passages of the Florentine Nights which do not suffer mortally from translation and the years of discretion, and one of these is that very Heinesque bit where Max tells of his passion for the beautiful statue which he found when a boy in the neglected garden of his mother's château: —

"The wrath of time and of man had spared but one statue, and even that had been thrown from its pedestal and was lying in the high grass. It lay there, uninjured, — a marble goddess, with pure, lovely features, and noble, finely chiselled bosom, shining forth from the high grass like a Grecian revelation. I was almost frightened when I first beheld it; the sight filled me with a strange feeling of oppression and fear, while awkward bashfulness prevented me from spending much time in looking at the beautiful object. . . . . What with the strange couch and the excitement, I could not sleep. The moonlight streamed in through the broken panes, as if to entice me out into the clear summer evening. I tossed from right to left, closed my eyes and opened them again without being able to banish the thought of the beautiful statue out in the grass. I could not account for the bashfulness that overpowered me when I beheld it, and felt vexed because of my childishness. 'To-morrow,' I muttered, 'I will kiss thee, thou beauteous face of marble! on the corner of thy beautiful mouth, where the lips, joining, lose themselves in the lovely dimple.' Wondrous impatience consumed me, and at last, losing all control over the strange desire, I sprang from my couch, exclaiming, 'What odds, lovely creature! I shall kiss thee this very night!' . . . . All lay quiet and solemn, bathed in the gentle moonlight. The shadows of the trees looked as if they were nailed to the ground. When I approached the lovely goddess lying motionless in the grass, I almost feared that by the slightest sound I might awaken her. Her beautiful limbs seemed locked in deep slumber, rather than chained by some marble deity. I bent over her in order to admire her perfect features; shuddering fear held me back, while boyish desire impelled me towards

* *Scintillations from the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine.* Translated from the German by SIMON ADLER STERN. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

Monographs, Personal and Social. By LORD HOUGHTON. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

On the Eve. A Tale. By IVAN TURGÉNIEFF. Translated from the Russian by C. E. Turner. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

Betsy Lee, A Fo'c's'le Yarn. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

Enigmas of Life. By W. R. GREG. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Historical Essays. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M. A., D. C. L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Second Series. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

her; my heart beat as if I were about to commit a murder; and at last I kissed the lovely goddess! Since that time I have never kissed with such ardor, such tenderness, or such wild despair. Nor have I ever forgotten the sweet, shuddering sensation that flowed through my soul while my lips pressed the cold lips of marble. And let me tell you, Maria: while I stood there looking at you, I was reminded of the white statue in the green grass. . . . . We left on the following day. I never saw the beautiful statue again, but it filled my heart for nearly four years, and awakened a strange passion for statuary, that has clung to me ever since. It was only this morning that I again felt its strength. After leaving the Laurentian library, I found myself, scarce knowing how I got there, in the chapel where Italy's noblest race peacefully rests on the bed of jewels it prepared for its couch. For full an hour I remained lost in contemplation of a female statue, whose powerful physique revealed the force and boldness of Michael Angelo, while the whole figure seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of ethereal sweetness, rarely looked for in the works of that master. It seemed as if the spirit of dreamland, with all its serene blissfulness, lay buried in that marble form; as if graceful repose dwelt in its beautifully proportioned limbs, and gentle moonlight flowed through its veins. It was NIGHT — By Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Ah! how gladly would I sleep the sleep eternal in the arms of such a night!"

All expressions of Heine's mind were tinged or interspersed with the same sort of passionate sentimentalism, —his criticism, satire, politics, religion, even his contempt. There was always something creative, too, in his writing; the poet in him constantly strove to give objective shape to what he felt or thought, and the process was the same, whether he was allegorizing his youthful love of beauty or recording his youthful detestation of England. No extract, however, can give a general idea of Florentine Nights; in fact, the tale is a wandering and wilful expression of Heine's mind upon anything that comes into it; and there is no unity in it save that of charm. We need not say, we suppose, that something of it is not for reading aloud to young ladies.

The other scintillations are as satisfactory as such selections can very well be; but probably each lover of Heine will find fault with them, as not the best, and, in his turn, would doubtless choose passages which Mr. Stern might condemn for the same good reason. The book is prefaced by a very sensibly written sketch of Heine's life, with some study of his genius; and this also will not meet with much favor from his habitual readers. Indeed, he lends himself as little as any author that ever lived to the purposes of the biographer or critic, perhaps because he has himself so thoroughly done the work of autobiography and self-criticism that nothing really remains for others. He eludes even so subtile and delicate a touch as that of Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose essay on Heine is so inadequate; and even for the *reminiscencer* there was very little of him.

— This unmanageablenesss of Heine's character is also felt in the paper devoted to him among Lord Houghton's Monographs. The old ground is gone over again: Heine was born a Jew, with strong sympathies for romantic art, and an equally strong regret for the beauty of Greek paganism, and so he held a very perplexing relation to modern Lutheran, Philistine Germany, which was not simplified by his turning Christian, after a fashion; he was so much a democrat in principle as to be obliged to exile himself from Prussia, and he loathed the commonness of his fellow-revolutionists with such contemptuous frankness that they hated him; he adored the grandeur of the religions, Christian and Hebrew, which he scoffingly denied; he endured a martyrdom such as few men suffer with a patience which was not resignation, and a courage which was founded on no faith, or a faith that he laughed at and clung to by turns. These facts have been stated many times, but they always fail to explain Heine. He was a poetic humorist, and there is an end of the chapter; comment can only add obscurity. His character, perhaps because it is so hard to fathom or explain, remains perpetually fascinating; and the lover of his work is always so eager to learn more of his life that he will be thankful for some memories of Heine's last days, which Lord Houghton gives from the letter of an English lady. He had petted her and played with her when she was a child, and in Paris she went to see him when he lay stretched upon his ten years' bed of death, "his body so wasted that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet which covered him; the eyes closed; and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted 'Ecce Homo'

ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked. Evidently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin white fingers. . . . . When I kissed him, his beard felt like swandown or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. . . . . On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs." This lady's reminiscences are given with a feeling that quite imparts the fantastic pathos of Heine's humorous personality in its most tragical attitude; but after all, the sketch is a very slight one, and for something fuller the reader must go to Alfred Meissner's *Erinnerungen*, which form in some sort a history of Heine's last years.

The most notable characteristic of Lord Houghton's book is the universality of the sympathy it expresses, — an amiable trait which Disraeli scarcely exaggerated in sketching him under the name of Mr. Vavasour in Tancred: "With catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and everything. . . . . Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket. He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving-bell and up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, Jacobin and Carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc." The notices of Heinrich Heine end a book of reminiscences which begins with Lord Houghton's recollections of the old Bonapartist soldier, Colonel Selves, who died a Mohammedan in the service of the Egyptian Viceroy and is known as Suleiman Pasha. Such very diverse characters as Humboldt and Cardinal Wiseman and Walter Savage Landor and Sidney Smith, Lady Ashburton and the Miss Berrys, are remembered with the same generous and delicate perception, and yet with a conscientiousness which saves the record from being a mere eulogy. Each paper is in fact a very just if very gentle study of character; and the reader, whose conception of the vast London world is enlarged by the book, is also made to feel its limitations. We are not sure whether the portrait of so strong and wilful a humorist as Lady Ashburton is more delightful, or the pictures of the two Miss Berrys, with the pensive light of their love-disappointments thrown upon them, and the charm of their eighteenth-century old-fashion so pleasantly kept. We imagine them to be of the people totally impossible now, while Lady Ashburton is essentially of our outspeaking, somewhat rude time. Many of her sayings which Lord Houghton gives are delicious, though they hardly bear repetition without his previous account of her. Still it is possible to feel without this the wit of her declaration that "A bore cannot be a good man, for the better a man is the greater bore he will be, and the more hateful he will make goodness." "The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them," and "I like men to be men; you cannot get round them without," are each charming expressions of wit and humor.

It is not saying that the reminiscences of the other persons named are not delightful, to say that they are not so delightful as this. Landor, Sidney Smith, Humboldt, and Wiseman are hackneyed associations of all readers, but Lady Ashburton is in every way new. We cannot leave the volume without expressing our regret that so good a house as that of Messrs. Holt and Williams should have kept the archaic spelling of the English printers in such words as "humour," "honour," etc. In American reprints such orthography is a feeble affectation.

— "On the Eve," by Ivan Turgénieff, is a story in which, as usual with this author, the sweet phases of human existence are but slightly, if at all, brought into notice, the bitter everywhere made insistent and apparent. Ellen Nicholaevna, the heroine, is pass-

ing a summer in the country, near Moscow, with her mother; the father, Nicholas Artemvitch Stachoff, being generally absent, neglecting his sick wife for the society of a dubious kind of German widow in Moscow. The time is the year 1853. Ellen, "tall in stature, of a pale olive complexion, and slightly freckled, with a regularly formed nose and forehead, a mouth somewhat drawn in, and a pointed chin," indicates in her manner a certain abruptness and precipitancy "which could not please everybody, and which must have been repellent to many." Her characteristic singularity is, that she has a great tenderness for all injured and oppressed creatures, even insects and worms. Two young men are passing the summer near Ellen,— Shoubine, a handsome, pleasure-loving, careless youth, a sculptor; and Bersieneff, whose ambition it is to become a professor of law, or a philosopher. Bersieneff, in his timid, ungainly way, is in love with Ellen; and Shoubine suddenly declares to him that he also loves her, but that Ellen returns only Bersieneff's regard. The latter introduces to her a friend of his, Insaroff, a Bulgarian, who lives with the single aim of liberating his country from the rule of the Turks. Ellen, who has really only verged upon attachment to Bersieneff, falls in love with this friend, though not without strange dreads and dark forebodings which she cannot define. He, finding that *he* loves *her*, resolves to fly, that he may not turn aside from his patriotic purpose. Ellen cannot let him go: he attempts to return to Moscow, without saying good by. She wanders vaguely forth from her mother's house, in irresponsible despair, and encounters him. Again he tries to escape by an assumed coldness, but fails; and they become engaged. This episode is wrought out with such delicate art that we are troubled by no suspicion of boldness in her conduct; we see that she has been urged beyond reserve by the overpowering sympathy she has learned to feel in Insaroff's life-work. He returns to his studies in Moscow; and meantime Ellen's father brings into the field an approved suitor for her hand. There follows an interval of suspense for Ellen,— of doubt and reaction, and renewed loyalty to Insaroff. On her return to Moscow, Insaroff learns that he must at once repair to Bulgaria. She is ready to go with him, to die with him. But Insaroff falls sick: his life is even despaired of; and the winter passes off. Meantime, Bersieneff, disappointed in his love, and even before their engagement cognizant of Ellen's love for Insaroff, devotes himself faithfully to his happier rival. On his recovery, Ellen is secretly married to him. That she has maintained an intimacy with Insaroff, and even been to his room during his illness, is discovered by her father, whose virtuous indignation, however, proves a failure. Ellen and her husband leave Moscow for Venice, but there Insaroff dies. Ellen embarks for Dalmatia with his body, and is overtaken by a storm. Nothing more is ever heard of her; but, as she had previously written to her parents, bidding them a final farewell, in any case, it remains uncertain whether she lives or has perished.

The book is full of Turgénieff's peculiar power, that by which he gives us again the fresh, abruptly fractured surfaces of ordinary life, together with the immeasurable depth of their suggestions. It abounds in touches of high power and pathos; very tender is that last relenting of the flimsy father, where, arriving in hot haste, before his daughter's departure, he drinks champagne with her and with Insaroff, while the tears roll down his cheeks; and the style is marked by that studied independence of mere literary graces which appears in the author's other novels. We observe, also, his clear painter's eye for nature; and his fine, artistic impartiality, which enables his characters to stand apart from him, and be themselves: only, there is the all-pervading, grim sarcasm of the Russians. It may be doubted whether Turgénieff's determined realism does not sometimes carry him too far, in the description of passages which will hardly bear such treatment, however pure the artist's motive, without becoming a little more acceptable to the vicious than the virtuous. But, for the rest, too much cannot be said, in urging a faithful study and careful record, by all readers, of his keen poetic sensibility and his finished and forcible method.

— Betsy Lee, a Fo'c's'le Yarn, is the latest outcome of a kind of writing that is popular just now, but the best examples of which date as far back as the first series of The Biglow Papers, and the Ballads of Policeman X. It is hardly fair, however, to class the pithy lyrics of the bard of Jaalam, or even the witty rhymes of the London policeman, with the mongrel dialect poems of the day. Mr. Thackeray's verses are at least consistent in their orthography, and the Glossary which the Rev. Homer

Wilbur has added to the later editions of The Biglow Papers shows with what painful care that editor has studied the peculiarities of rural New England language. A little dialect is a dangerous thing. The poetic feet which have attempted to walk in the footprints of Hosea Biglow's delicious muse have done so, it must be confessed, in a singularly lame and piteous fashion. It is only the utmost amiability that will accept a *pot-pourri* of London street slang and stage Yankee, with a sprinkling of Southern and Western phrases, as a dialect. A wise Providence, for reasons not always visible to the naked human eye, has permitted many strange things on earth; but, surely, it never allowed a class of people, or even a solitary individual, to talk as Artemas Ward and the disciples of his school have written.

Betsy Lee is a story supposed to be told by a Manx sailor to a knot of messmates assembled in a forecastle. We are far from being familiar with the Manx dialect; but if this is in any sense a reproduction of it, it is a very uninteresting dialect indeed. It appears that a Manx sailor, in his ordinary conversation, pronounces the same word in two or three different ways; that he has read Herbert Spencer, and Carlyle, and Prof. Huxley; that he can be in the same breath nearly sublime and wholly ridiculous; and that he possesses at once the coarseness of an Elizabethan dramatist and the delicacy of a Tennyson. The story is not without a certain flow of its own, and is not lacking in sharp characterization; but the reader is repelled at every turn by some vulgarity that seems almost incredible, until he rereads the offending line. From an artistic point, the really lovely passages in the poem are nearly as offensive as the coarse; the latter are, likely enough, dramatically correct, but the former are simply impossible on the lips of the speaker. It is only when they are removed from the hopelessly gross context that one discovers and appreciates the homely beauty which lurks in verses like these: —

"For it 's no use the whole world talking to me,
If I 'd never seen nothin of Betsy Lee
Except her foot, I was bound to know
That she was as pure as the driven snow.
For there 's feet that houlds on like a cat on a roof,
And there 's feet that thumps like an elephant's hoof;
There 's feet that goes trundlin on like a barra,
And some that 's crooky, some as straight as an arra;
There 's feet that 's thick, and feet that 's thin,
And some turnin out and some turnin in;
And there 's feet that can run, and feet that can walk,
Ay, feet that can laugh, and feet that can talk;
But an innocent fut — *it 's got the spring*
That you feel when you tread on the mountain ling;
And it 's tied to the heart, and not to the hip,
And it moves with the eye, and it moves with the lip.
I suppose it 's God that makes, when He wills,
Them beautiful things — *with the lift of his hills,*
And the waft of his winds, and his calms and his storms,
And his work and his rest; and that 's how He forms
A simple wench to be true and free,
And to move like a piece of poethry."

The plot of the poem is scarcely worth analysis; it is neither very fresh nor very ingenious, but it might have been made effective by a skilful hand. In brief, Betsy Lee, in spite of incongruous bursts of genuine pathos, and occasional evidence of descriptive power, is a tiresome performance. You feel that the story-teller is masquerading in the thinnest of disguises; it is evidently a young London literary swell, who has hired a sailor's costume from the wardrobe of the Adelphi Theatre. There is only one thing that can be said in praise of his poetry, and poetry of this kind generally,— the less you read it the better you like it.

—Along with the wide-spreading scientific work of the present time, which goes far toward determining the character of the age, there are also indications of a very profound and almost equally new form of intellectual investigation, which has borrowed from science that judicial quality which consists in looking things straight in the face, and of drawing conclusions without any undue dread of shocking conventional prejudice or our tender feelings. The problems of life are as old as life itself; but nowadays we are more inclined to be lenient to a man who confesses his inability to solve them than was the case when all were taught a solution, and any doubter was as likely to be vainglorious with his doubts as were those who were attacked to be arrogant with their answers. It is certainly an interesting time to live, when one sees all the most important questions which the mind of man can ask brought forward for discussion without irreverence, and without impatient eagerness for an answer. We may be as far from their solution as ever, but the existence of a spirit of toleration on both sides is something to be glad

of. Mr. Greg's Enigmas of Life is neither a collection of puzzles nor a guide-book to Utopia, but a series of chapters with the following titles: Realizable Ideals, Malthus Notwithstanding, Non-survival of the Fittest, Limits and Directions of Human Development, The Significance of Life, De Profundis, Elsewhere, — vague-sounding names for his discussion of some of the questions which are continually calling for the attention of every thoughtful man. He is far from coming to their consideration from what is the common and somewhat conventional starting-point for the treatment of such questions, namely, one of theological partisanship; nor, on the other hand, does he stand aloof, regarding them unsympathetically, from the outside. He everywhere, as he is careful to tell us in his Preface, assumes the existence of a Creator, and of a continued life beyond the grave. With regard to this life and the difficulties which beset it, he writes with a temperate optimism, a subdued hope in the future, with a fair statement of what might be done, and we can all hope may yet be done, when men will do what they know to be best. He looks forward with hope to the time when science will be more systematically directed to the improvement of the condition of men, when its laws will have more weight in controlling human conduct, when the human race will give to itself the attention which it gives to everything else in the world. Not, it is hardly necessary to say, that he expects human beings to be transformed into faultless machines; but he does expect a slow improvement in the world, with regard to sanitary laws, control of the passions, treatment of others, lawmaking, etc. Nowhere does he give a series of practical directions which shall set the world running in a smooth groove, and teach its inhabitants calmly to sit by and rejoice over their own perfection and happiness: he merely indicates what may be done, but with no expectation that life will ever be too easy.

His mode of treating other questions — the eternal whence and why — may perhaps be best seen by an extract:

"Of the dark riddles and incomprehensive anomalies and strange perplexities of which life is full, some, very few, we *can* unravel; of others we can discern just enough to guess at the solution. The deepest and the saddest must ever remain to try our faith, and to grieve our hearts. We see enough to make us believe there is a solution, and that that solution is such as will accord with the serene perfections of the Godhead. . . . . The infinite slowness with which man marches to his final goal; the feebleness and vacillation with which he works out his allotted destiny; his frequent apparent retrogressions into barbarism and iniquity; the ebbs and flows of the tide of civilization, — to all these we may be reconciled by the supposition that perhaps the imperfect conditions of our Being render this progress at once the surest and fastest possible. But there are stranger and gloomier perplexities than these. There are chastisements that do not chasten; there are trials that do not purify, and sorrows that do not elevate; there are pains and privations that harden the tender heart, without softening the stubborn will; there is 'light that leads astray'; there are virtues that dig their own grave." In this extract he does no more than state the difficulties which are forever presenting themselves to all who are not engrossed with material cares. Perhaps as curious a thing to observe in this book is the way in which everything is treated by the light of the intellect alone, or, rather, more nearly alone than is generally the truth. All that the intellect can do is to state the case; it can hardly do anything further, any more than the emotions can be of use in science, say, in the study of chemistry. Still, even to state fairly these baffling problems, to look at them dispassionately, is more than most do. It is healthful to the mind, it is a preservative against morbidness, as well as against overweening self-confidence. In conclusion, we would warmly commend the book as a valuable contribution to one of the most interesting questions always agitating the human mind, and now and notably by this author discussed with great fairness. He nowhere lifts the veil of mystery that overhangs the universe; but he does a good deal towards removing the obscurity that enshrouds much of what lies between what man can consciously amend, and what he must leave to time to set right and, possibly, explain.

— Every student of history, and especially of ancient history, will gladly welcome a volume of Mr. Freeman's Essays, in which he collects much of his work that has been contributed to various English reviews and journals during the last fifteen years. Before presenting them anew to the reader, he has given them a careful revision, scrupulously correcting former statements by

frequent foot-notes, and omitting much that time has made too familiar, or less useful at the present day. As we have said, this volume contains his writings on ancient history, and of, perhaps, the widest interest will be found the essays on Curtius's History of Greece and Mommsen's History of Rome. Mr. Freeman never loses himself in blind admiration of what he is writing about, and we cannot help feeling grateful to him for his good words for Grote, whom he is by no means disposed to lay on the shelf in his devotion to his later German rival. Nor, we take it, is he carping in what he says about Curtius. He says: "It is really wonderful how many histories of Greece may be written, each of them thoroughly good in its own way, and yet none of which allows us to dispense with the others. We believe that the impetuous generation which now presides over education at Oxford has long ago thrown Bishop Thirlwall behind the fire. Yet no rational English student of Grecian history would think that he had mastered his subject, unless he had compared both Thirlwall and Grote with one another, and with the original writers. So now, though we should recommend every such student to read Curtius without fail, we in nowise hold that his reading of Curtius at all lets him off from the duty of reading both Grote and Thirlwall also." And furthermore: "In a subject like Grecian or Roman history, it is specially mischievous to rely on any one modern guide. Each writer, if he is fit for his work, will suggest valuable matter for thought; but none of them can be entitled to implicit submission. Each will look at things differently, according to his natural turn of mind, according to his place of birth, his political party, and the many other influences which affect a man's point of view. One writer will succeed best in one part of his subject, another in another. Thirlwall, Grote, Curtius, others besides, all have their use; each teaches something which the others do not teach; each is the strongest in some particular part of their common subject. A careful student will read and weigh them all, but he will decline to pledge himself as the bond-slave of any one among them." With these words we think our readers will agree, even if their practice should be different. Not all, we must remember, can call themselves students of Grecian and Roman history; for it is the historian, after all, it might not be unfair to say, who leaves the impression on the reader's mind. A few pages, consisting of an article reprinted from the Saturday Review, contain his charges against Mommsen, the reading of whose work is nowadays held to be the crowning piece of a thorough education. He gives him credit for all his good qualities, which do, indeed, deserve praise, but he blames him for his abuse of certain men, such as Pompey, Cato, and, specially, of Cicero. He objects also to his inaccuracy in defining the position of Sulla and Cæsar by the terms *Regent* and *King*, respectively. The most serious charge is that of his indifference to the notions of right and wrong. "He cannot understand," Mr. Freeman says, "that a small state can have any rights against a great one, or that a patriot in such a state can be anything but a fool." In other words, Mommsen is a human being with prejudices like all the rest of us. But that fact does not establish his innocence. With all Mr. Freeman's praise of Mr. Grote, there are long discussions of his treatment of the Athenian democracy, and of Alexander the Great, in which he tempers his approbation with blame. The essay on Mr. Gladstone's Homer and the Homeric Age was an excellent one at the time, but, from the point of view from which it was written, it reads now like slaughtering the dead, at least as far as the influence of the book in this country is concerned. The essays on The Historians of Athens, Lucius Cornelius Sulla, and the Flavian Cæsars, will all be found interesting reading. In the first named, specially, the author is at his best, in the discrimination between the three great historians of Greece. The last two are important chapters to any student of Roman history. Everywhere in this volume, we must say in conclusion, we find traces of great care, of thoroughness, and an earnest seeking of exactness. There is a certain pugnacity in the manner; but the writer is very careful to fix himself on facts, to make sure of his ground before hazarding rash statements. It will be found to be a very suggestive book.

ART.

THE second annual exhibition of drawings from the free industrial-drawing classes and the Boston public schools has amply justified all who have encouraged or believed in the movement from which it results. The public-school drawings indicate the character of work which every pupil in every Boston school is at present engaged with. Six specimens were selected from the every-day work of each class in every municipal school, making a total of some twenty thousand elementary drawings. These, it must be remembered, are the result of the obligatory study of drawing in the common schools, and quite independent of the free industrial classes. They show, however, the sort of education which should precede that now carried on in those classes, in order to give this its full force. For the purpose of exhibition, they were arranged under the general heads of primary, and the six grades of grammar schools, and finally high and normal schools, and the Latin School. A second subdivission into five classes explains the character of study involved in each drawing. The five exercises adopted by the State director of art education are: drawing (1) from blackboard, (2) from flat copy, (3) from dictation, (4) from memory, and (5) original designs. It had been intended to introduce a sixth exercise, namely, geometrical drawing; but the expense of providing instruments has made a postponement necessary. It will be seen, however, that the system at present practised is sufficient to call into play a considerable variety of perceptions, the development of which is vitally essential to success in the subsequent study of the art. In drawing from the blackboard, the pupils are required to diminish, and in drawing from the flat copy, on the other hand, to enlarge proportionally, upon the model. The dictation, of course, serves to impress upon the minds of the very young students, who form so large a proportion in these schools, the definitions of various lines, and to cultivate the sense of their relation one to another. In the drawing from memory, some particular example previously studied is referred to, by number, by the teacher, and the pupil is then obliged to recall or recreate it on paper. This is an admirable provision. Nothing can be more important, in the plastic arts, than to cultivate the ability for remembering form. It is well, therefore, that the educator's hand should be set to this particular part of the wheel, at an early period in the cultivation of the individual artistic faculty. The mode of calling out original design should be noticed. The teacher draws for the pupil the several factors of the proposed design; giving him, for example, the conventional outline of the ivy-leaf, with a cluster of berries, or, perhaps, two clusters, varying in the numbers of berries. With these materials, the pupil is required to work up his design, in pure outline, filling with it a given space of a fixed shape. The variety and predominant good taste and frequent grace which characterize these designs is extraordinary. We find among them sketches by children from ten to fifteen years old which might well be recommended to some of the professed designers who prepare for us their gaudy discomfort of decoration, not only in railroad cars, but also in much more venerable and permanent structures. A good many specimens of map-drawing were displayed, — a less creditable exercise, and only existing, we believe, on sufferance; though, to be sure, it offers an opportunity for applying the acquired skill of the eye to the gaining of useful knowledge. At bottom, it is not very discordant with the whole principle of the public-school art instruction, which is empathically this: that drawing should not be recognized as a specialty, but only regarded as a means, until the high school is reached. Up to that point it is merely the gradual development of a faculty hitherto generally neglected, — a quickening of the sight. Shading is not permitted in the primary or grammar schools, the entire effort being concentrated upon outline, and the subjects are all very simple. The high and normal schools displayed some excellent drawings from objects, with all the repose of rounding shade and liquid light which could be expected. Many of the students of this grade, however, have been obliged to confine themselves to subjects on a level with those of the lower schools, for want of proper previous training; and there are only two instances of an effort to reproduce natural objects, — one a study

from a sprig of budding willow, and another from apple-blossoms, — a scarcity we must regret. But when it is considered that the teachers in the public schools have themselves been obliged to learn, within a short time, what they have imparted to their pupils, it is impossible not to feel a delightful surprise at the already fine fruits of their labors. We next come to the industrial classes' drawings. Some fifteen cities were represented this year, several that contributed last year having, for unknown or insufficient reasons, dropped out, and others not having yet made up their minds to enter the ranks of progress. There were also independent contributions from the architectural class of the Institute of Technology, and the Lowell free School of Practical Design (also connected with the Institute) ; and, while the former offered an illustration of what might be hoped for in future, in the way of instrumental drawing, from the advancing industrial classes, the latter — the School of Practical Design — only illustrated the abortive nature of all instruction expended upon people who have not been developed by some such sufficient system as that which is now in its second year and may be expected soon to supply the Lowell school with better material. The number of instrumental drawings in this collection from the industrial schools was about six hundred, and of free-hand about five hundred. The difference in the quality of work from different quarters illustrated very clearly the importance of good apparatus for the schools at the start. The Taunton display was very strong, owing to the good provision made in that city ; while Newburyport, with doubtless good intentions, was able to do almost nothing, owing to a corresponding lack of provision. From the Boston Evening High School, and the Haverhill Industrial Art-School came an imposing array of mechanical drawings. Particularly noticeable was a set of working designs for a dwelling-house, by a boy of fourteen, indicating an easy mastery of his subject. The contributions of the South Boston Art-School, too, deserve special notice. Organized only in December, 1872, it has, within less than five months, reached such a point of practical efficiency as to present to the public, at this exhibition, nearly a hundred drawings, shaded and in outline, free-hand and instrumental. Most of the drawings of mouldings, etc., and from the human form, such as would be better if done from plaster, have, we see, been drawn from the copy. The same thing occurs in the beginners' section of the Appleton Street free-hand schools. But this is probably only owing to the lack of a sufficient supply of casts. The most interesting among the beginners' work, in the latter school, was a Theseus of the Pantheon, by a stucco-worker of twenty. A wonderful progress was visible in the work of the advanced section. The greater number of its drawings are finished in the English style ; but several examples of the French method were also offered, which, with its greater boldness, — the principle being to learn through an energetic commission and correction of error, — will furnish an excellent complement to the Kensington method. A particularly praiseworthy work of the latter kind was a crayon-drawing by W. B. Closson from a cast of Donatello's St. Cecilia, the very low and delicately varied relief of which make it a difficult subject. The stump, we see, is still freely used, even in this finest work ; and we could wish to see some instances of finish with the unaided crayon or pencil point. Taken all in all, however, the demonstrations of the system of art education in Massachusetts have been thus far highly satisfactory in their results, and warrant the hope of a robust maturity for a scheme still in its infancy. The most pressing immediate want appears to be that of competent teachers ; and before that can be met, a normal school for them is absolutely necessary. Moreover, there is still a good deal of apathy to be combated, in quarters where it should not exist, as, for instance, in Lowell, a city which should have seen to it that its industrial drawings had been better in the recent exhibition.

— When Charles Knight went to his honored rest, a few weeks ago, the world was poorer by the loss of a man who had spent his whole life, and earnestly used all his powers, in the service of popular education. It is for others to relate the various ways in which he worked at his high task ; one of them only concerns us here, — the efforts he made to reproduce, for the instruction of the common people of England, those works of art in engraving and painting the costliness and rarity of which confine them to the custody of public museums or shut them up in the cabinets and portfolios of private collectors. This useful and elevating work was always done in connection with the cheap books he was forever planning and executing. Accurate and interest-

ing information made his illustrations of famous work doubly valuable; and if the fashion of much that he accomplished in these illustrations is a little strange to our time, and falls far behind in artistic excellence the work done by the London Illustrated News, the London Graphic, or the French publications so little known among us, yet so well deserving to be known, —*Le Magazin Pittoresque*, *Le Tour du Monde*,— we must blame Mr. Knight's time for this, and not him. He did the best he could; employed the best artists he could get to work for him; and few were the artists of note who would condescend to work for cheap publications in those days. Stothard, Westall, Smirke, and the rest designed profusely; but almost all their work was engraved on steel, and for the most part was for books that, by reason either of their price or their subjects, had no circulation among the masses.

In the time of Mr. Knight's greatest activity, wood-engraving was the cheapest process of art-reproduction known, for lithography was then in its infancy. And lithography was really no substitute, for it cannot be used in connection with type-printing, and it is as dependent on the artist as wood-engraving itself. A process was wanted by which copies of drawings and engravings could be made cheaply and quickly, without the intervention of a person to reproduce the originals upon metal, wood, or stone being first necessary. Even the invention of the photograph — still for us in its infancy — came too late for the founders of the Penny Magazine and the Library of Entertaining Knowledge; and it must be confessed that it is only very lately we have been any better off than they were.

The invention of the photograph has, of course, been of immense popular service; no discovery so great, in its relation to the great problem of desseminating instruction among the people, since the invention of printing. Photolithography, too, was an invention that promised much, more, perhaps, than it has been able to perform; but it is a troublesome, expensive, and uncertain process, and has not yet done more than prove to us the possibility of doing something. Yet one can fancy the interest with which a quick-witted, ingenious man like Knight, eager to use his wit and his ingenuity for the benevolent purposes that filled his mind, would have watched the development of Daguerre's great discovery, as, kindling from contact with minds akin to that of the ingenious Frenchman, it pushed rapidly on from the daguerreotype to the Talbot-type, the photograph, the photolithograph, the zinc-type, and other variations, until at length it culminated in the popular invention of the heliotype. What, would these great educators have said could they have held in their hands these reproductions of works — many of them so rare as to be known only to amateurs and collectors — now put before the public at prices merely nominal? For the heliotype, is, in reality, the first practical solution of this important problem. The well-to-do amateur, if not rich enough to collect the original etchings and engravings of the masters, — and it takes money in these days to indulge the taste even to a moderate extent, — can, at least, come very near to the originals by purchasing the copies furnished by the French processes, Photogravure and Heliogravure,—processes by which have been secured the most perfect fac-similes that have ever been obtained; so perfect, in fact, as to leave nothing to be desired. The first named of these two processes* has thus far been principally applied to the reproduction of modern work; though if we rightly understand that the copy of Antonello da Messina's magnificent portrait of a Condottiere in the Louvre is taken direct from the original painting, there is opened a new and unexpected door of discovery, and the photograph is already superseded as a means of copying pictures. The second-named process, that of Heliogravure, is only known to us by its results in the important publication, Etchings and Engravings of the Old Masters chosen from the most celebrated Collections;† but in this

* The process Photogravure has not been employed thus far in any serial publication, but a half-dozen plates have been issued in Paris by Goupil & Co. The following are the subjects: E. Detaille, *Grenadier de la garde Impériale — Tenue de Campagne*. This is, we believe, from a water-color drawing, and the copy has all the appearance of a fine drawing in India ink. Ingres, Portrait of a Lady, 1813. This is from a pencil-drawing, and the effect is well given. Jules Bréton, *Le Récolte des Pommes-de-terre*. This is probably from the original sketch in crayons of the famous picture. Antonello da Messina, *Condottiere* (Louvre). Meissonier, *Homme d'armes*, 1857. Vernet-de-Conte, *Une Almée*. The last three are from paintings, and, as we are informed, the process prints the picture directly upon the paper. It is a remarkable invention. Of these prints, the Antonello da Messina and the Bréton are incomparably fine.

† Heliogravure Amand-Durand. Eaux-fortes et gravures des Maitres Anciens tirées des collections

its first public essay it has surpassed all that has hitherto been accomplished.

But these publications, splendid and satisfying as they are, are not for the use of the large number of people who wish to be instructed in regard to the master works of etching and engraving, but whose means are small. The portfolios of M. Amand-Durand and of Goupil & Co. are not intended to meet the wants of the same class that were taught by the Penny Magazine, and the little books on Pompeii, the Elgin marbles and the Townley gallery of the Useful Knowledge Society, the class that to-day depend on the Illustrated News and the *Magazin Pittoresque*. They will welcome, rather, the coming of the heliotype, which gives them a cheap, sufficient guide into the pleasant domain of the engraver, where if the student shall find anything attractive he can push the study of it as he has leisure and opportunity.

The mechanical processes by which the heliotype prints are produced have been so often explained, and are so simple, that we do not need to repeat them here. The pictures made by heliotypy differ from those made by either of the French processes, "Heliogravure" or "Photogravure," in that there is nothing like what is implied in the word *gravure*, no process of *engraving* used. They are simply photographs printed in printers' ink at an ordinary printing-press. They are produced with great rapidity, and independently of light; they are as permanent as engravings; they require no mounting, but come from the press with clean margins, finished and ready for binding or framing.

We are not concerned here either with the mechanical processes of the heliotype or with its application to the industrial arts, with the cheapness and facility with which it can multiply copies of plans, documents, architects' and engineers' designs, etc., etc. We are only to say a word about its work as an educator in the arts of etching and engraving. This seems to us a work of quite inestimable value; there must be many people to whom it will come as a real helper and benefactor. And yet, after all, it makes but a modest offer. It does not profess to be able to show us what Rembrandt, Dürer, Lucas von Leyden, Marc Antonio *are*, but only what they are like, and rather what they have to say about the subjects they take than precisely how they say it. Of these great artists it can give us all of certain qualities that go to make their greatness, and it can give us much of the rest; and even of what we are as yet obliged to resign ourselves to doing without, — there is no knowing how soon the process may be so far improved as to give us that too. The defects of many of the most important prints thus far published are owing, not to the process, but to the fact that the originals from which the copies were made were — though the best that could then be procured — far from satisfactory impressions. Of course, the better the impressions, the better the results; and if the publishers' offer — not only to take the best possible care of prints intrusted to them for copying, but to insure them to their full value — could be met, as it has been in at least one case, by a generous response, the public would be greatly benefited. For we may say that the wonderful results obtained by the publishers of the French Heliogravure process are largely due to the fact that in every case, or nearly every case, the print copied has been loaned for the purpose by some one of the famous collectors, either M. Firmin Didot or M. Dutuit, or M. Gallichon, or M. Rothschild; and for brilliancy, condition, and all the qualities and accidents that make the hearts of connoisseurs leap up, these examples may be said to be unique.

Now, we have very fine Rembrandts, Dürers, Lucas van Leydens, Marc Antonios in this country, in private hands, and if American collectors know how to be as generous as collectors in Europe, we may easily carry the production of the heliotype press to a much higher point than we have yet reached, though that is no despicable point either. As it is, we venture to ask for them a wider circulation, and a circulation in all places where the young can see them, and be taught by them. In the children's playroom, on the school-room wall, these prints will be at home, and they are so cheap that they may easily be given out as prizes or rewards in schools and classes. This, to our thinking, is their chief value,— the ease with which they enable the young and the people of small means to get a beginning of practical knowledge about famous artists of whom a world of writing has been written, but here in America scarcely anything ever seen.

les plus célèbres, et publiées avec le concours de M. Edouard Lièvre; notes de M. Georges Duplessis, bibliothécaire du département des Estampes à la Bibliothèque nationale. Prix de la libraison de dix planches 40 francs.

MUSIC.

FOR music-lovers in America the great event of the season has been the performance of Mr. Paine's oratorio, St. Peter, at Portland, June 3. This event is important, not only as the first appearance of an American oratorio, but also as the first direct proof we have had of the existence of creative musical genius in this country. For Mr. Paine's Mass in D — a work which was brought out with great success several years ago in Berlin — has, for some reason or other, not particularly to the credit, one would think, of our best known choral associations, never been performed here. And, with the exception of Mr. Paine, we know of no American hitherto who has shown either the genius or the culture requisite for writing music in the grand style, although there is some of the Kapellmeister music, written by our leading organists and choristers, which deserves very honorable mention. But while such works as Mr. Dudley Buck's Forty-sixth Psalm or Mr. Whiting's Mass in C minor — admirably performed at Mount Pleasant, Boston Highlands, some two or three years ago — may bear a comparison with the best modern English music by Costa or Bennett, a higher place must be claimed for Mr. Paine. Concerning the rank likely to be assigned by posterity to St. Peter it would be foolish now to speculate; and it would be unwise to bring it into direct comparison with masterpieces like the Messiah, Elijah, and St. Paul, the greatness of which has been so long acknowledged. Longer familiarity with the work is needed before such comparisons, always of somewhat doubtful value, can be profitably undertaken. But it must at least be said, as the net result of our impressions derived from the performance at Portland, that Mr. Paine's oratorio has fairly earned for itself the right to be judged by the same high standard which we apply to these noble works of Mendelssohn and Handel.

In our limited space we can give only the briefest description of the general structure of the work. The founding of Christianity, as illustrated in four principal scenes of the life of St. Peter, supplies the material for the dramatic development of the subject. The overture, beginning with an adagio movement in B-flat minor, gives expression to the vague yearnings of that time of doubt and hesitancy when the "oracles were dumb," and the dawning of a new era of stronger and diviner faith was matter of presentiment rather than of definite hope or expectation. Though the tonality is at first firmly established, yet as the movement becomes more agitated, the final tendency of the modulations also becomes uncertain, and for a few bars it would seem as if the key of F-sharp minor might be the point of destination. But after a short melody by the wind instruments, accompanied by a rapid upward movement of strings, the dominant chord of C major asserts itself, being repeated, with sundry inversions, through a dozen bars, and leading directly into the triumphant and majestic chorus, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The second subject, introduced by the word "repent," descending through the interval of a diminished seventh and contrasted with the florid counterpoint of the phrase, "and believe the glad tidings of God," is a masterpiece of contrapuntal writing, and, if performed by a choir of three hundred or four hundred voices, would produce an overpowering effect. The divine call of Simon Peter and his brethren is next described in a tenor recitative; and the acceptance of the glad tidings is expressed in an aria, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," which, by an original but appropriate conception, is given to the soprano voice. In the next number, the disciples are dramatically represented by twelve basses and tenors, singing in four-part harmony, and alternating or combining with the full chorus in description of the aims of the new religion. The proem ends with the choral, "How lovely shines the Morning Star!" Then follows the sublime scene from Matthew xvi. 14–18, where Peter declares his master to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God," — one of the most impressive scenes, we have always thought, in the gospel history, and here not inadequately treated. The feeling of mysterious and awful grandeur awakened by Peter's bold exclamation, "Thou art the Christ," is powerfully rendered by the entrance of the trombones.

upon the inverted subdominant triad of C-sharp minor, and their pause upon the dominant of the same key. Throughout this scene the characteristic contrast between the ardent vigor of Peter and the sweet serenity of Jesus is well delineated in the music. After Peter's stirring aria, "My heart is glad," the dramatic climax is reached in the C-major chorus, "The Church is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets."

The second scene is carried out to somewhat greater length, corresponding nearly to the last half of the first part of Elijah, from the point where the challenge is given to the prophets of Baal. In the opening passages of mingled recitative and arioso, Peter is forewarned that he shall deny his Master, and his half-indignant remonstrance is sustained, with added emphasis, by the voices of the twelve disciples, pitched a fourth higher. Then Judas comes, with a great multitude, and Jesus is carried before the high-priest. The beautiful F-minor chorus, "We hid our faces from him," furnishes the musical comment upon the statement that "the disciples all forsook him and fled." We hardly dare to give full expression to our feelings about this chorus (which during the past month has been continually singing itself over and over again in our recollection), lest it should be supposed that our enthusiasm has got the better of our sober judgment. The second theme, "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth," is quite Handel-like in the simplicity and massiveness of its magnificent harmonic progressions. With the scene of the denial, for which we are thus prepared, the dramatic movement becomes exceedingly rapid, and the rendering of the events in the high-priest's hall — Peter's bass recitative alternating its craven protestations with the clamorous agitato chorus of the servants — is stirring in the extreme. The contralto aria describing the Lord's turning and looking upon Peter is followed by the orchestra with a lament in B-flat minor, introducing the bass aria of the repentant and remorse-stricken disciple, "O God, my God, forsake me not." As the last strains of the lamentation die away, a choir of angels is heard, of sopranos and contraltos divided, singing, "Remember from whence thou art fallen," to an accompaniment of harps. The second theme, "He that overcometh shall receive a crown of life," is introduced in full chorus, in a cheering allegro movement, preparing the way for a climax higher than any yet reached in the course of the work. This climax — delayed for a few moments by an andante aria for a contralto voice, "The Lord is faithful and righteous" — at last bursts upon us with a superb crescendo of strings, and the words, "Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This chorus, which for reasons presently to be given was heard at considerable disadvantage at Portland, contains some of the best fugue-writing in the work, and is especially rich and powerful in its instrumentation.

The second part of the oratorio begins with the crucifixion and ascension of Jesus. Here we must note especially the deeply pathetic opening chorus, "The Son of Man was delivered into the hands of sinful men," the joyous allegro, "And on the third day he rose again," the choral, "Jesus, my Redeemer, lives," and the quartet, "Feed the flock of God," commenting upon the command of Jesus, "Feed my lambs." This quartet has all the heavenly sweetness of Handel's "He shall feed his flock," which it suggests by similarity of subject, though not by similarity of treatment; but in a certain quality of inwardness, or religious meditativeness, it reminds one more of Mr. Paine's favorite master, Bach. The choral, like the one in the first part and the one which follows the scene of Pentecost, is taken from the Lutheran Choral Book, and arranged with original harmony and instrumentation, in accordance with the custom of Bach, Mendelssohn, and other composers, "of introducing into their sacred compositions the old popular choral melodies which are the peculiar offspring of a religious age." Thus the noblest choral ever written, the "Sleepers, wake," in St. Paul, was composed in 1604 by Prætorius, the harmonization and accompaniment only being the work of Mendelssohn.

In St. Peter, as in Elijah, the second part, while forming the true musical climax of the oratorio, admits of a briefer description than the first part. The wave of emotion answering to the sensuously dramatic element having partly spent itself, the wave of lyric emotion gathers fresh strength, and one feels that one has reached the height of spiritual exaltation, while, nevertheless, there is not so much which one can describe to others who may not

happen to have gone through with the same experience. Something of the same feeling one gets in studying Dante's *Paradiso*, after finishing the preceding divisions of his poem: there is less which can be pictured to the eye of sense, or left to be supplied by the concrete imagination. Nevertheless, in the scene of Pentecost, which follows that of the Ascension, there is no lack of dramatic vividness. Indeed, there is nothing in the work more striking than the orchestration of the introductory tenor recitative, the mysterious chorus, "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire," or the amazed query which follows, "Behold, are not all these who speak Galileans? and how is it that we every one hear them in our own tongue wherein we were born?" We have heard the opinion expressed that Mr. Paine's oratorio must be lacking in originality, since it suggests such strong reminiscences of St. Paul. Now, this suggestion, it seems to us, is due partly to the similarity of the subjects, independently of any likeness in the modes of treatment, and partly, perhaps, to the fact that Mr. Paine, as well as Mendelssohn, has been a devoted student of Bach, whose characteristics are so strong that they may well have left their mark upon the works of both composers. But especially it would seem that there is some real, though very general, resemblance between this colloquial chorus, "Behold," etc., and some choruses in St. Paul, as, for example, Nos. 29 and 36–38. In the same way the scene in the high-priest's hall might distantly suggest either of these passages, or others in Elijah. These resemblances, however, are very superficial, pertaining not to the musical but to the dramatic treatment of situations which are generically similar in so far, and only in so far, as they represent conversational passages between an apostle or prophet and an ignorant multitude, whether amazed or hostile, under the sway of violent excitement. As regards the musical elaboration of these terse and striking alternations of chorus and recitative, its originality can be questioned only after we have decided to refer all originality on such matters to Bach, or, indeed, even behind him, into the Middle Ages.

After the preaching of Peter, and the sweet contralto aria, "As for man, his days are as grass," the culmination of this scene comes in the D-major chorus, "This is the witness of God." What follows, beginning with the choral, "Praise to the Father," is to be regarded as an epilogue or peroration to the whole work. It is in accordance with a sound tradition that the grand sacred drama of an oratorio should conclude with a lyric outburst of thanksgiving, a psalm of praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Thus, after Peter's labors are ended in the aria, "Now as ye were redeemed," in which the twelve disciples and the full chorus join, a duet for tenor and soprano, "Sing unto God," brings us to the grand final chorus in C major, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

The cadence of this concluding chorus reminds us that one of the noteworthy points in the oratorio is the character of its cadences. The cadence prepared by the $\frac{6}{4}$ chord, now become so hackneyed from its perpetual and wearisome repetition in popular church music, seems to be especially disliked by Mr. Paine, as it occurs but once or twice in the course of the work. In the great choruses the cadence is usually reached either by a pedal on the tonic, as in the chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest," or by a pedal on the dominant culminating in a chord of the major ninth, as in the final chorus; or there is a plagal cadence, as in the first chorus of the second part; or, if the $\frac{6}{4}$ chord is introduced, as it is in the chorus, "He that overcometh," its ordinary effect is covered and obscured by the movement of the divided sopranos. We do not remember noticing anywhere such a decided use of the $\frac{6}{4}$ chord as is made, for example, by Mendelssohn, in "Thanks be to God," or in the final chorus of St. Paul. Perhaps if we were to confess our lingering fondness for the cadence prepared by the $\frac{6}{4}$ chord, when not too frequently introduced, it might only show that we retain a liking for New England "psalm-tunes"; but it does seem to us that a sense of final repose, of entire cessation of movement, is more effectually secured by this cadence than by any other. Yet while the $\frac{6}{4}$ cadence most completely expresses finality and rest, it would seem that the plagal and other cadences above enumerated as preferred by Mr. Paine have a certain sort of superiority by reason of the very incompleteness with which they express finality. There is no sense of finality whatever about the Phrygian cadence; it leaves the mind occupied with the feeling of a boundless region beyond, into which one would fain penetrate; and for this reason it has, in sacred music, a great value. Something

of the same feeling, too, attaches to those cadences in which an unexpected major third usurps the place of the minor which the ear was expecting, as in the "Incarnatus" of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. In a less degree, an analogous effect was produced upon us by the cadence with a pedal on the tonic, in the choruses, "The Church is built," and "Awake, thou that sleepest." On these considerations it may become intelligible that, to some hearers, Mr. Paine's cadences have seemed unsatisfactory, their ears have missed the positive categorical assertion of finality which the $\frac{6}{4}$ cadence alone can give. To go further into this subject would take us far beyond our limits. We must conclude with a few words as to the manner in which this great composition was first brought before the public.

The pleasant little town of Portland has reason to congratulate itself, *first*, on being the birthplace of such a composer as Mr. Paine; *secondly*, on having been the place where the first great work of America in the domain of music was brought out; and *thirdly*, on possessing what is probably the most thoroughly disciplined choral society in this country. More artistic chorus-singing it has never been our lot to hear. Our New York friends, after their recent experiences, will perhaps be slow to believe us when we say that the Portland choir sang this new work even better than the Handel and Hayden society sing the old and familiar Elijah; but it is true. In their command of the pianissimo and the gradual crescendo, and in the precision of their attack, the Portland singers can easily teach the Handel and Haydn a quarter's lessons. And, besides all this, they know how to preserve their equanimity under the gravest persecutions of the orchestra; keeping the even tenor of their way where a less disciplined choir, incited by the excessive blare of the trombones and the undue scraping of the second violins, would inevitably lose its presence of mind and break out into an untimely fortissimo.

No doubt it is easier to achieve perfect chorus-singing with a choir of one hundred and twenty-five voices than with a choir of six hundred. But this diminutive size, which was an advantage so far as concerned the performance of the Portland choir, was decidedly a disadvantage so far as concerned the proper rendering of the more massive choruses in St. Peter. All the greatest choruses — such as Nos. 1, 8, 19, 20, 28, 35, and 39 — were seriously impaired in the rendering by the lack of massiveness in the voices. For example, the grand chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest," begins with a rapid crescendo of strings, introducing the full chorus on the word "Awake," upon the dominant triad of D major; and after a couple of beats the voices are reinforced by the trombones, producing the most tremendous effect possible in such a crescendo. To us this effect was very disagreeable; and it was obviously contrary to the effect intended by the composer. But with a weight of four or five hundred voices, the effect would be entirely different. Instead of entering upon the scene as intruders, the mighty trombones would only serve to swell and enrich the ponderous chord which opens this noble chorus. Given greater weight only, and the performance of the admirable Portland choir would have left nothing to be desired.

We cannot speak with so much satisfaction of the performance of the orchestra. The instrumentation of St. Peter is wonderfully excellent. But this instrumentation was rather clumsily rendered by the orchestra, whose doings constituted the least enjoyable part of the performance. There was too much blare of brass, whine of hautboy, and scraping of strings. But in condonation of this serious defect, one must admit that the requisite amount of rehearsal is out of the question when one's choir is in Portland and one's orchestra in Boston; besides which the parts had been inaccurately copied. For a moment, at the beginning of the orchestral lament, there was risk of disaster, the wind instruments failing to come in at the right time, when Mr. Paine, with fortunate presence of mind, stopped the players, and the movement was begun over again,— the whole occurring so quickly and quietly as hardly to attract attention.

The solo parts were, in the main, admirably done. Of Miss Phillips and Messrs. Osgood and Rudolphsen, it is unnecessary to speak. The soprano, Mrs. Weatherbee, of Portland, showed thorough culture and true artistic feeling; but, urged by too generous an enthusiasm, and trusting in a very powerful and flexible voice, she too frequently took part in the chorus, so that, toward the last, she showed signs of overexertion.

POLITICS.

THE announcement made by General Butler that he is to be candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts has already turned public attention upon the approaching canvass in this State. To judge from the newspapers, General Butler's chances in the East, and the Farmers' movement in the West, are the two most important political matters now before the people. On the face of it, this seems singular. That a movement enlisting hundreds of thousands of voters, which has already swept out of existence, so far as one State is concerned, both the parties which have governed the country for the last generation, and bids fair to destroy them altogether, — that such an uprising as this should, in public interest, be almost outweighed by the vulgar struggles for power of a local demagogue, seems at the first blush to argue a universal want of what might be called a sense of political perspective. But the public are, nevertheless, quite right. The approaching campaign in Massachusetts is as important a campaign as any which has taken place in the country for many a year. It is of consequence, not with reference to the governorship of Massachusetts,— an office which is in itself of small value,— but as an indication of the direction in which the political current is moving.

Writing at this distance in time from the Republican Convention, it is impossible to tell what startling changes in public sentiment may be produced by the agitation already begun. But, speaking of affairs as they exhibit themselves at the opening of the canvass, one of the most striking things to notice is the evident tendency of people in Massachusetts to look on at the contest as if it were one in which they themselves had no immediate right or opportunity to influence. They have, indeed, some reason for doing so. When the professional politician's study of politics has arrived at such a pitch of perfection that he is enabled to predict future events with an almost astronomical certainty, it is not surprising the mass of the public should listen to his words with a profound conviction that what he says is likely to happen, though they may know, as a matter of legal theory, that it lies entirely with themselves whether the predictions shall come true or not. That Butler was to be governor of the State was foretold nearly a year ago, as part of a series of political changes "to arrive"; all of them, except this last of the list, have already actually happened. If any one will look back at the files of the newspapers shortly after Grant's re-election, he will find that it was announced by all sorts of correspondents entitled to credit for various sorts of inspiration, that certain things would sooner or later take place. Mr. Boutwell would resign his office as Secretary of the Treasury, and the Massachusetts Legislature would proceed shortly thereafter to ballot for a United States senator in place of Mr. Wilson, and their balloting would result in the election of Mr. Boutwell. At the same time, Mr. William. A. Richardson, Mr. Boutwell's assistant and double, would be appointed Secretary, *vice* Mr. Boutwell, resigned. In the third place General Butler would enter the field for the governorship of Massachusetts. In the fourth place the regular Republican Convention would nominate him, and the people would elect him. It was also simultaneously announced that these predictions were each and all utterly unwarranted; that no one had any authority to say what would be done by Mr. Boutwell, General Butler, Mr. Richardson, or General Grant; who would be appointed, or elected, or who would resign. Whether these denials were made for the purpose of giving the predictions more weight, it is, of course, impossible to say; but that was certainly their effect. The public, instead of troubling itself with doubts as to its duty in the matter, began to take a sort of spectacular interest in the verification of the prophecy. They looked on at the conjuring, on which the curtain soon rose, with amusement; and as the magical transformations began to take place, wonder at the strange skill possessed by the conductors of the entertainment gradually took the place of all other emotions. All the feats have now been performed, except the one last on the bill; and as the short intermission between the jousts has given the performers an opportunity for a careful examination and preparation of their flies, traps, and wires, the spectators feel that they are

pretty sure to see the whole bill successfully performed.

To those in whose eyes politics is not a game, but a matter of deep social importance, there seems to be reason for a darker and more fatalistic view of politics than this. They know the reason why it is possible to make predictions in politics, and what are the hidden forces the knowledge of which enables a few men to gain the apparent control of the very will and mind of the public. Having succeeded, though with great difficulty, in defeating General Butler in his attempt to get possession of the governorship of Massachusetts two years ago, they are better able to appreciate the character of the influences which have since then been gradually affecting an improvement in his fortunes, and sometimes now seem too strong to be successfully resisted. When, two years ago, General Butler announced that he was going to offer himself as candidate, he had not secured the active support of the administration, and of the reformed civil service; he had not, as he has since, become an organic part of the administration machinery itself. How powerful that machinery is we know. The administration, or the Republican party, or the party in possession of the offices, is to-day the strongest of the many corporations, private and public, which in reality divide among them the power supposed in the eye of the law to belong to the people of the United States. In whatever way we look at the political body which for the past twelve years has been governing the country, we cannot doubt that the machinery is admirably adapted to its object. Like the force which moves the wheels of a huge factory, it makes itself felt in the remotest corner of the structure. The force which seems to be isolated and local comes in reality from the centre of the whole, and is as irresistible at one point as at another. The internal-revenue offices, the custom-houses, the district-attorneyships,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

The administration is the figure-head. It is this machinery which, in Massachusetts, General Butler directs; and it is the irresistible force keeping this machinery in motion that renders many people hopeless of successfully opposing him. They begin to look upon him as their fate.

General Butler's triumph would certainly be evidence that this fatalistic feeling was right. It would show that, no matter how grave objections there are to a man, he can with ease get whatever power he wishes, not surreptitiously but openly, heralding his intentions months beforehand, if he only has behind him the influence of the party in power.

Looking at it from another point of view, the prevalence of the disposition to regard the events of politics as governed by forces over which we have no control, would indicate that the time was approaching, and, indeed, was not far distant, in which the relations existing between this people and their government were to be fundamentally altered. The government being theoretically in the people's hands, it is obvious that as soon as people in large numbers cease to believe practically that it is in their hands, and to act upon their want of faith, the theory will be violated by the facts; the government will no longer be what it purports to be; in fact, it will be a sham. This is the first step. But the first step is soon taken. This stage does not last long. Sham governments have no great vitality in them. They are inevitably succeeded by real governments, but not the same real government which preceded them. In France, government by universal suffrage became a sham long ago, and has been succeeded by what is practically a government of force. In New York, also, self-government was a sham long ago, it was succeeded by a real government forcibly maintained for several years by fraud; that again was succeeded by a sort of revolution, the issue of which we have still to see. The election of General Butler would go far to show that the people of Massachusetts have come to the conclusion that they have lost the art of self-government, and that their government must be done for them from outside. Of course, there are a number of people who would be glad to undertake the task.

The result of the election will thus throw a valuable light upon the relation which the theory of government in America bears to the actual facts of its social condition. *Ex uno disce omnes* is a maxim peculiarly applicable to the social condition of a confederacy of political bodies so like one another as are the United States. We may infer from Massachusetts a great many useful lessons with regard to the current politics and morality in a dozen other States. It has been common for those who, in Massachusetts and elsewhere, have criticised the career of General Butler to demonstrate the impossibility

of his success — it is difficult to say whether *à priori* or *à posteriori* — by proofs drawn from the historic character of the population. It is impossible, the common argument has been, for a corrupt demagogue to rise into power by the votes of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, by a race of men trained in a rigid and even austere system of morality from their cradles. This argument was very much in vogue at the time of General Butler's campaign against Mr. Dana in the Fifth Congressional District. "The Fifth Congressional District" (how well we remember the profound dinner-table harangues on the subject!) "is no other than Essex County, old Essex, — the place of all in the world where the most pure-blooded Americans were to be found; the county which contained Salem, Marblehead, and Ipswich, a county rich with memories of devotion to duty, to country, and to religion." The fact is, however, that neither Essex County nor Massachusetts is any longer what, according to history and tradition, they should be. The population of the whole State has, within the past fifty years, completely changed its character, and no more resembles the population of a generation since than the people who now live in New York resemble in character, traditions, or aspiration the primitive Dutchmen who founded the town two centuries since. Fifty years ago Massachusetts was an agricultural and commercial community, governed by a pure democracy, through the machinery of town-meetings, — this machinery, however, being directed and regulated by powerful external forces lodged in the hands of persons traditionally entitled to respect. The bar, the Church, and a number of old families, which had long enjoyed prescriptive political rights, directed the energies of Massachusetts through the agency of an intelligent, conscientious, and, if not God-fearing, at least deacon-fearing people. To-day almost all trace of this society has passed away. Massachusetts has become a completely modern community. Through a protective tariff, enormous manufacturing industry has been built up, which has completely swamped her agriculture. These manufactories, carried on at first by natives, are now maintained by the labor of large gangs of ignorant foreigners, superintended by a few skilled agents, employed in their turns by capitalists at a distance. This system has of course drawn vast masses of the population from the country into the towns and cities, while at the same time the introduction of railroads, and the substitution of steam for all other kinds of transportation, has given to this movement an increased impetus. The railroad system of the State, too, resembles the factory system so far as it necessitates the concentration of large quantities of wealth in the hands of private individuals, who perform the function of transportation by leaving the management of the roads in the hands of a few experts, and their operation in the hands of many thousand hired laborers, contenting themselves for the most part with drawing, in the form of dividends, the "transportation tax." Meanwhile the bar has lost its influence, and almost ceased to be a political school; the Church has been supplanted by a multitude of rival churches, the competition among which is so fierce that it almost forbids the exercise of the old duty of a supervision of the lives and morals of the people; the town-meeting has become a meeting of factory hands, readily guided in any direction by scheming politicians; the old families have, in the multiplication of modern interests, found a thousand pursuits quite as attractive to their ambition and pleasing to their tastes as politics. In short, the Massachusetts of to-day (including even Essex County) has become the home of a genuine prolitariat, working for wages for a few rich men, these latter not endowed with any great sense of responsibility either for the welfare of their "hands," or for that of the general public. A great deal of surprise was expressed some months ago at the enthusiastic demonstrations of feeling by the citizens of North Easton on the return to the town of Oakes Ames, just censured by Congress for corruption. It seemed to most people unintelligible that any body of men, however ignorant, could have the audacity to flout decency and morality in this way. The explanation, however, was extremely simple. The so-called town of North Easton was nothing but a collection of mills, established by the capital of the Ames family, and worked by men dependent on this family for subsistence.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there are considerations which would render the election of General Butler a little less significant of a general moral degradation throughout the State than the Ames reception was significant of the abject condition of North Easton. If General Butler receives the Republican nomination, he will

gain the advantage which that nomination always gives in Massachusetts, of seeming to confer upon the nominee a certificate of moral worth. The Massachusetts Republican voter has been for so many years taught to consider the Republican cause identical with the cause of morality, — the Democratic party representing in his mind incarnate sin, — and the morality again has for so many years meant in his mind the adoption of certain legislative or constitutional or military measures which have actually been adopted by the Republican party and throughout opposed by the Democrats, — that he may be unable to discriminate between what is expedient on party grounds and what is expedient on moral grounds. He may be unable to remember that all parties are merely the complex results of the intelligence and characters of the men who compose and lead them. He may not be able to perceive that the adoption of General Butler at this day by the Republican party makes it really his representative. There has been a sad want of candor on these subjects till very lately. How very small has been the number of persons who have dared to denounce openly the character of General Butler's career! Even in the contest between himself and Mr. Dana in the Fifth District, where every one knew that the real issue between the parties — the thing which had made a split in the Republican ranks — was the shameful scheme of repudiation advocated by him, how few there were who treated the question as one of popular honesty! Appeals to voters to preserve the harmony of the party, — not to allow insubordination, but "to march on shoulder to shoulder, one, undivided, triumphant to the end," — these appeals were common enough. The objection to them was that they did not bring forward the real objection to the candidate, and that, as General Butler had already secured the regular nomination, they would be used with quite as great success on one side as on the other. Indeed, they almost always can.

Will it be possible to defeat General Butler, — to defeat him, that is, if he secures the Republican nomination? There is only one way in which it can be done, and that is by a union against him of the conservative forces throughout the State. We do not mean the Democrats, though, under ordinary circumstances, they would be ready enough to oppose him; but a union of the capital, the intelligence, the morality, and what is left of the religion of the State. No wire-pulling or intrigue will be of the slightest avail. The usual political measures have been tried already in the contest for the district attorneyship, and signally failed. At wire-pulling and intrigue General Butler will always beat his enemies. But he can no more successfully struggle against a union of the conservative forces to which we have just referred, than Tweed could in New York. The moment it became evident in New York that Tweed and his confederates were no mere harmless demagogues, but real highwaymen making use of the machinery of the law as a "stand and deliver" to the public, their fate was sealed. They had, to be sure, the good sense to run away with such of their plunder as they could carry off; but had they remained, and made, as they threatened, a struggle for the retention of power, no one who recollects the excited state of public feeling at the time can doubt that some of them would have met a violent end.

We have endeavored here to make it plain that there are sufficient reasons for believing in General Butler's star; but it must be confessed that, when we reflect on his past career, his pretensions now reach a height of audacity which, if we were not already familiar with it, would be fairly incredible. Beginning as a lawyer of low reputation, he worked his way up to the position of a strenuous partisan; and then converting his reputation for party fidelity into capital, he placed it at the disposal of the party to which he was the sworn foe. Then enlisting in the war, and distinguishing himself for his administration of a captured city, he made use of this reputation to gain for himself the command of other military expeditions, in which he succeeded in burlesquing every operation of war. At the return of peace, he got himself elected a member of Congress, and has since then advocated every scheme of plunder which his or any one's ingenuity has been able to devise; his latest performance has been the passage of an act securing for these services the increase of his own salary. He is neither a fine orator nor a skilful legistator. None of his political schemes have as yet come to anything of importance; but with each new failure his power has increased, while his wealth already places him beyond all reach of disaster. He has always displayed the utmost contempt even for the appearance

of decency, and has avowed himself almost in one breath a reformer and a cynical sceptic as to any attempts at reform. During all this he has steadily gained in influence, not only with the politicians, but with the people of his district, and now, on the strength of this curious career, offers himself as candidate for the governorship of one of the wealthiest States in the Union.

At present the Massachusetts public look on at General Butler's attempt with divided feelings. There are a good many people, who ought by this time to have been made more sensible by events which they have witnessed, who are unable to believe that so bad a man as Butler can ever become governor of so good a State as Massachusetts. There are others who regard the candidate as a smart man, and wish him well. There is the class to which we have already referred, who look upon his election as a fate impending over them which they cannot avert, if they would. There are people who habitually take little interest in politics, and who regard the candidate with curiosity rather than any stronger feeling. There are a number of deluded persons, chiefly prohibitionists, labor-reformers, suffrage-reformers, who think that if General Butler would pledge himself to a furtherance of their designs, his fitness for the governorship in other respects would be a matter of little consequence. There is a number of elderly politicians who thoroughly understand General Butler, and will do their utmost to defeat him; there are a number of young politicians, hangers-on either of General Butler or of the administration, who will go through thick and thin to secure him any office he may wish. In this confusion there is as yet no line drawn between what may be called the conservative party and the party of disorder. There must be such a line, if General Butler is to be defeated. Sooner or later it must come to this: that those who are opposed to the introduction of the confusion and anarchy that inevitably come of licensed corruption must range themselves under some leader and let the people of the State know that, if they any longer desire to see the rights of property respected, or a semblance of decency maintained in the government of a State once so confident of the strength of its title to esteem as Massachusetts, they must declare themselves against General Butler; and that if they do not, they lay themselves open to the suspicion of being enemies of everything held by mankind as sacred, and citizens of a State in which no man can consider his person or his possessions safe. It is ridiculous to talk of Massachusetts as if she was exempt from the ordinary evils which afflict States. She has hitherto been more fortunate than many of her rivals in having kept her judiciary pure at a time when theirs was attacked by that terrible dry-rot the final effect of which we have witnessed in New York; but even an appointed judiciary may lose its virtue in time. We have seen how much it may be degraded (even without any actual corruption) in the history of the Supreme Court of the United States, — a court which was once the most powerful tribunal in the world, and has now become timid and time-serving simply through a series of appointments dictated by political rather that judicial considerations. There has not been wanting "politics" either in some of the later judicial appointments in Massachusetts. What Butler's judicial appointments would be it is not difficult to imagine. With a constantly deteriorating and easily managed legislature, a threatened judiciary, the support of the administration, and a large and ignorant wages-earning population as the ultimate repository of political power, it certainly would be easy for the executive to make himself master of the situation, and make absolutely sure of his next move, whatever it might be.

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A GLIMPSE OF CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE leading department of the Paris Art Exposition of 1867 was *genre* painting, as it is still of all contemporary art. In this the men of the present day have attained their most conspicuous success. The conditions of life in Central and Northern Europe must always make such pictures and landscapes more popular than any others. This style has never flourished in Italy or in countries where people pass much of their time in the open air, and where the office of art is to decorate churches and the large spaces of palace walls. It was invented in the Low Countries, where it was necessary to make the small interiors cheerful, to compensate for the inclemency out of doors. It has always been loved in England for the same reason. There, the first thing sought by the poor as well as the rich is the comfort of home; and nothing makes domestic life so delightful as some little bit of color hanging on the walls, or some glimpse of brighter skies and lovelier scenes shining forth from the easel in the flickering firelight, while the curtains are let down to shut out the bare and wintry landscape.

At the head of all the artists in this department stood the Prussian Knaus. There were eight grand prizes to be awarded at the Exposition. Of these the Frenchmen took four for themselves,—for Cabanel, Gerome, Meissonier, and Rousseau. Of the four which were left the foreigners on the jury had no difficulty in assigning one to Knaus, who had a majority on the first ballot. He is not so microscopic in his detail as either Gerome or Meissonier, but his art seems to lie closer to the great heart of humanity. His leading picture was the Mountebank showing his tricks before a crowd of peasants, of which there is an engraving well known in this country. This was not only superb in drawing and strong in expression and composition, but it had a sort of vapory beauty of color, of which of course the print can give but a slight idea.

It is unnecessary to say much in this paper of Meissonier, that court painter of Queen Titania, who has accomplished the miracle of the Arabian Nights, and made a hand's breadth of canvas cover an army. There are several of

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his pictures in the United States, and photographs from others which are not here, and everybody understands him and admits his extraordinary ability. It so happens that he conciliates all parties, not only the uneducated bumpkin who values a work for the fineness of its detail and the number of pencil-strokes he can count to the square inch,— as if he were judging of a bit of linen cambric,— but the enlightened connoisseur who regards chiefly the strength of form and expression and the power of color and *chiaro scuro*. It is difficult to say why this artist is not equal to Gerard Dow, except perhaps in those magical effects of light which one sees in the Evening School at Amsterdam. He is not so successful in his later works, especially his military ones, like the Battle of Solferino, notwithstanding he was present on the field riding in the staff of the Emperor. But his personal study of the scene has not enabled him to avoid a sort of dryness of tone in treating it. Indeed, none of his open-air pictures are so pleasing in color and general effect as his interiors,— the *Lecture chez Diderot*, for instance, where he seems to have transported himself backward in point of time, and to have actually lived — like the famous Count de St. Germain, who was thought to have discovered the elixir of life — among the savans of the eighteenth century. One grows a little tired, perhaps, of the same pearl-gray coat which is so often repeated in these charming interiors ; but the *mise-en-scène* is so exact in detail, and the characters so evidently breathe and think, that the picture, which began by appearing a tableau-vivant, with all the old properties utilized over again, ends by becoming a reality. No artist has excelled Meissonier in delicacy of handling ; but, as it has been well said by a French critic, this very quality prevents him from treating so successfully subjects where strong emotion or virile power is to be portrayed. The same exquisite pencil which laboriously produces the minute play of light on a woman's satin gown cannot so easily depict a soldier dying on the battlefield ; and while he seizes the details with extraordinary perspicacity, he does not always master the totality of a scene. He sometimes exaggerates the objects in the foreground, like the camera of a photographer ; and his local color is often just, while there is a want of general harmony.

Since we are in the way of comparing the modern *genre* painters with the older ones, it is fair to say that the two Belgians, Stevens and Willems, are not inferior to Terburg or Metzu. Their elegant interiors, in which women of distinguished presence and superb costumes are occupied in the ordinary actions of polite life, are as good as the cavaliers playing upon the guitar or the ladies arrayed in the famous white satin dresses of those Dutch painters. The women of Stevens remind us a little of the "fashion-plates" in the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, but perhaps those of Terburg, in their time, suggested also the work of the *modiste*.

One peculiarity of the *genre* pictures of the present day, and particularly the French, is the far wider range of countries and climates which their subjects embrace. They reflect in this the love of travel which distinguishes this age beyond all others. The Dutch or Flemish painter was content to pass his life in his native town between his dwelling and the tavern, and confined his subjects to what his eyes saw within those narrow limits. But now Gerome paints Turkish butchers and Egyptian Almehs ; Fromentin, an Arab bivouac ; Bonheur, ponies in the Isle of Sky ; Biard, a slave-ship on the coast of Africa ; Landelle, the snake-charmers of Tangier ; Belly, pilgrims to Mecca ; and Bonnat, Neapolitan peasants. At another point also do the modern *genre* painters reflect the changes in the world about them. They have kept pace with the advance of archæological learning, and sometimes carry their science so far that it obscures and overlays their art. In estimating the merits of a picture, we must, of course,

consider the intelligence of the spectators for whom it was painted, as well as the skill of the artist. There is in Holland a scene of the Flagellation of Christ, in which the executioners wear the multiplied breeches of Dutch peasants, with tobacco-pipes twisted in their hat-bands. Without doubt this picture was more edifying to the honest, ignorant people of that day, than if the Roman soldiers had been represented in the particular uniform of the cohort to which they belonged. The world has grown much more learned since then, and even Rembrandt, if he were now alive, could not make up a satisfactory Oriental scene with nothing but a turban and an old dressing-gown. But this exactness may be carried too far. It is possible to make a picture too archæological, and this is the fault of Alma Tadema, a Dutch artist living in London, who has extraordinary ability and is thought by some to unite in just proportions the detail of the Pre-Raphaelites with the breadth and general effect of the old school. He gives us scenes in the time of the Pharaohs in which the petty nothings of Egyptian life are represented as minutely as those of a modern fine lady's boudoir by Toulmouche. But he neglects the flesh and blood for the hieroglyphics, and at some distance one cannot always say which is the mummy and which is Pharaoh's daughter. Mr. Poynter, an English painter, without being so clever in technical execution as Alma Tadema, exhibited a work at the Royal Academy in 1867 which, while it was sufficiently learned, gave us a stronger feeling of kinship with the human nature of those old days. It showed the Children of Israel in vast numbers, roped and harnessed, and dragging through the sand a colossal sphynx under the blows of their task-masters.

We have spoken of the frivolous and commonplace character of many of the subjects of contemporary *genre* painting. A striking exception to this is found in the works of Millet and Jules Breton. It has been reserved for modern art to give the serious, pathetic side of peasant life. The Dutch and Flemish painters often represented it as a drunken carouse, and with a perception of little else than mere sensual enjoyment. It was curious to see at the great Exposition how far removed Jules Breton seemed to be from Parisian wickedness, and how completely interpenetrated by the pure and wholesome atmosphere of rural life. His works gleamed out softly and beautifully in their honest tenderness, amongst all those opera-dancers of Dubufe and Cabanel. Nobody but a true genius could have painted those poor Gleaners stooping to their work in that level harvest-field, beyond which the sun was slowly sinking and with its red disk half behind the stubble announcing that the weary day was nearly over. What was lovelier than the Return of the Reapers? There was a sort of pathetic melancholy in their faces, as if it were their sad lot to toil, and they accepted the duty honestly and reverently. There was something of the same spirit in the works of Edouard Frère, which are better known in this country, although much inferior to those of either Breton or Millet, and also in the little pictures of Peroff, a Russian painter, and in the more pretentious ones of Israels of Amsterdam. In a different style were the coarse scenes of common life rendered by the Englishman, Erskine Nicol, with no mincing touches or delicate glazings, but with an unctuous impasto which reminded you of paint-skins and palette-knives. They were full of vigorous character, however, although the subjects were so unwashed and dirty that it seemed, as it was said of the works of another man, that they actually smelt and had the odor of St. Giles and the Minories.

Since the Exposition of 1867 there has arisen a new school of *genre* which shows remarkable power of color and vigor of drawing, and is a sort of reaction against the metallic enamelled style of our modern Mieris, Gerome. Its best pupils are Spaniards such as

Fortuny, Villegas, Zamacois, and the younger Madrazo, or others, (like poor Regnault who was killed at the siege of Paris), who seem to have been influenced by studies in Spain. These men are now in fashion, and their works bring the highest prices in Rome and Paris.

We ought not to conclude these rapid touches here and there, upon some of the salient features of contemporary *genre* painting, without speaking of a style which has been popular in England ever since the days of Hogarth, — we mean pictures which preach many small sermons in one frame. The English prefer numerous episodes to a single striking fact to which the others are all subordinate. They like the accumulation of incidents in the Marriage à la Mode, for instance, where in every square inch there is something which "points the moral and adorns the tale." Mr. Frith's works are of this sort. His Railway Station was exhibited in Paris in 1867. Like the Derby Day, it was unpleasant in color, particularly in the flesh, but it was interesting in character and expression, and will be valuable to some future historian of the manners and dresses of the time. The print is quite as instructive as the original work, and its great popularity explains why a London publisher was willing to pay more than forty-five thousand dollars for the picture and the copyright.

It is in landscape that modern art may be said to have effected the greatest changes. To be sure, the Dutch and Flemish masters went directly to Nature for their inspiration, and Constable and Gainsborough made their canvases faithful reflections of the English scenery. But some of us can remember when artists evolved landscapes in their studios from the depths of their own consciousness, as the German philosopher drew the proverbial camel. Within a few years there was in France a school which still affected the classic landscape, and conscientiously placed a ruined temple in the foreground in the style of Gaspar Poussin, and introduced shepherds playing upon pipes, as if they ever really made such music. There must always be a dispute as to the precise point where strict imitation of some particular scene in nature should end, and invention, or at any rate selection, should come in. It requires a great deal of ability, of course, to make a perfect copy of nature, — to compress the infinite lights and darks, the infinite tints and harmonies, of the visible prospect within the scale of the painter's palette. But difficult as this is, must not the great landscape artist do more than this? The faculty of the imagination is a higher and nobler thing in God's creation than all the forms and colors of earth or sky; and may not the incorporation of that with natural appearances produce something finer than the most masterly copying? There never was a woman of such majestic contour as the Venus de Milo, or of such divine expression as the Sistine Madonna. Should not the landscape artist also seek to vivify and exalt his imitation of real scenes by such transcendent idea of light and color and form as God may have implanted in his soul? Foreign critics think that the Frenchmen, Rousseau and Decamps and Diaz and Corot and Dupré and others, and the Belgian Lamorinière, and the German Achenbach, and the Russian Ayvasovsky, have done this to a greater or less extent. In England, and here in America, we do not generally venture so far into the regions of the ideal. Our pictures are more like reflections of nature through a lens upon the tablet of a camera. A listener accidentally overheard a remark last summer in London at the Gallery of the Old Painters in Water-Colors that may to a certain extent be true. "Modern landscapes," said the speaker, "are merely pieces cut out of nature: whether you add to them or shorten them five inches or so will make no difference in the world." When one of the most distinguished French art-

ists was led up to a clever landscape which we had sent from this side to the Exposition of 1867, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "C'est un bon portrait."

Is it too much to say that the best French landscapes show, not only what Nature usually displays, but something still higher and finer; not Nature as she appears through an opera-glass, but with all the outlines softened, and a "light which never was on sea or land," and which still seems to be true and appropriate, flooding the scene? The charm of these pictures is too evanescent and subtile to be expressed in words. A great many people seem to prefer a sort of inventory of nature, with every leaf put down and recorded, and its value expressed in line and color; but far better than this is the vague, shimmering beauty of those pictures of Rousseau and Dupré, where the genius of the artist, which is creative and far more potent than any optical machine or photographic process, seems to have gone out from him and suffused the scene with his own glorious conceptions, transmuting his picture from a mere topographical illustration into a work of art. This chemistry of genius may be misapplied, as it perhaps is in Corot's case, who delights in pale greens and morning mists, and whose landscapes are as unsubstantial as those we see in dreams; as it certainly is in Turner's later works, who seems to have tried to produce impossibilities, — to give the effects of light by mere smears of pigment, without the opposition of darks. Some of his pictures in the National Gallery are noble illustrations of what genuine power in selection or invention can do when united with extraordinary science; but others are mere caprices and extravaganzas. The two rooms between which these masterpieces and these eccentricities are divided show the most curious psychological contrast that can be found in the world of art.

But the English water-color artists, with all their admiration for Turner, have not been much influenced by his vagaries. Their exhibitions in London afford the most charming experiences which a stranger can enjoy, although, if a layman may venture to say so, the increased use of body-color is not improving the effect of their works. But how true they are in the representations of their own scenery! How faithfully they transfer to the rough surface of their drawing-paper those vast, castellated masses of clouds with great interspaces of pure blue; those broad, changing shadows chasing each other over the fields, which, even at mid-day, give the most wonderful variety of effects, while the sunshine glints here and there upon some gray church-tower or reddish Elizabethan mansion, or on the silvery sheen of a brook half hidden by the willows, and the thin mists, rising from the moist meadows and dark-green hedge-rows, tone down all the harsh contrasts, and produce a breadth and harmony which is inexpressibly charming to the eye!

We come now to portraiture, one of the most noble and attractive of all departments of art. And here, whatever may be the opinion as to the success of contemporary painters in landscape and *genre*, everybody must admit that none of them are equal, we will not say to the old masters, Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, or Vandyck, but to the comparatively modern ones, Largillière, Reynolds, or Gainsborough. One of the best portraits in the Exposition of 1867 was that of the Emperor by Hippolyte Flandrin, but there was not much vitality in it; and as for the fine ladies by Cabanel, Winterhalter, Dubufe, Jalabert, and the rest, while the silks and laces and jewels were irreproachable, and the modelling and drawing were often admirable, they did not suggest the "real presence" of the originals. The flesh had not the warm elasticity of life. Without going so far as one of the critics, who said it was done with a mixture of cold cream and strawberry juice, it may be said that in some cases it seemed a sort of skin

which had no pores and did not permit perspiration. But Cabanel and Jalabert are men of great ability, and have failed where only a very few artists of genius have ever succeeded; that is, in taking nature by surprise, and giving us unstudied grace and elegance which were not put on for the occasion. Their works, however, please the noble ladies for whom they are painted, since these are willing to pay from two thousand to six thousand dollars each for this kind of apotheosis.

There were no portraits in the Exhibition so good as one that was shown outside of it, that of M. Bertin, by Ingres, which had been painted thirty-five years before. The old man's hands in that picture were worthy of Vandyck. This portrait of Bertin had been a work of immense labor. With some artists this seems to produce a gradual extinction of all life and spirit. With Ingres it was a nearer and nearer approach to his grand ideal. An American artist, who was one of his pupils, told the writer that the number of sittings Ingres had from M. Bertin for this portrait was almost unprecedented, and that the late Duke of Orleans, knowing this, said to him when he proposed to paint the Duchess: "Madame is easily fatigued: you must not require too many sittings." "I shall be satisfied with *sixty*," was the reply.

The modern English portrait-painters are even less successful than their brethren on the other side of the Channel. Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, exhibits every year some noble master of fox hounds in scarlet coat and immaculate boots, surrounded with a group of dogs as hard as if made of tin and properly colored. Mr. Watts and Mr. Millais are, however, the most successful English portrait-painters at present. Mr. Watts holds his subject in a strong grasp, and never loosens his clutch until he has transferred it, so far as lines and modelling can go, to the canvas. But he is muddy and unnatural in the flesh tints. It is always in this that the contemporary portrait-artists fail. Mr. Millais paints children very charmingly, and at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1867 all the mothers went into raptures over two pictures called Sleeping and Waking, and showing two little children in their cribs. At the Academy last year he had a portrait which made a great stir. It was called Hearts are Trumps, and represented three young ladies, sisters, playing cards at a table, and all dressed in light violet-colored silks, which, according to the gossip, had been designed by the artist himself expressly for this picture. The numerous folds made by the voluminous commingled skirts and all the furbelows and accessaries gave a sort of spotty, streaky, chintzy effect, while the skin, as usual, was mottled and unnatural. How far inferior to that exquisite picture of the three Ladies Waldegrave, the beautiful grand-nieces of Horace Walpole, by Sir Joshua, which was in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867, — Lady Laura winding silk on a card from a skein held by Lady Horatia, while Lady Maria on the right bends over her tambour-frame! The hands in this group are slightly sketched, but, as Mr. Leslie says of them, they enhance the impression both of grace in the subject and power in the master. Walpole paid Reynolds three hundred and fifteen pounds for this picture; while the father of the three Misses Armstrong paid Mr. Millais ten thousand dollars in gold for the Card-Players. The prices of portraits in England have increased enormously since Vandyck's day. King Charles the First paid him only one hundred pounds for that superb full-length which is one of the great ornaments of the Louvre. The value of a pound sterling is much less now, of course, than it was in 1638; but making the most liberal allowance for the change, and comparing the Vandyck with the Millais, it is evident that the great Flemish painter was greatly underpaid.

It would be pleasant to pause here and describe the extraordinary value of

that Loan Collection of National Portraits to which allusion has just been made. It was opened in London in 1867, and was the second of three exhibitions of the sort which should be mentioned as another proof of the liberality of the English wealthy classes in the encouragement of art. When it is remembered that, in this second exhibition alone, there were eight hundred and sixty-six pieces, including one hundred and fifty-four by Reynolds, fifty-one by Gainsborough, seventy by Kneller, thirty-one by Hogarth, besides many by Lawrence, Raeburn, Romney, Stuart, Zoffany, Copley, and others, some idea may be formed of its excellence in relation to art. The limits of this article forbid anything more than the allusion to a single point, in which those older artists seem to have been far superior to our contemporary portrait-painters: they gave so much life and expression to their subjects by the action of the hands. Reynolds was famous for this; for example, his celebrated portrait of himself, shading his eyes with one hand while he holds palette, brushes, and mahl-stick with the other; Dr. Johnson and Mr. Baretti, each holding the book close to his near-sighted eyes; Nellie O'Brien leaning her head on her wrist; Garrick resting his clasped hands on the table in front of him with the thumbs joined; the Marchioness of Salisbury pulling on her glove; and many other instances.

It is difficult to dismiss this collection without saying more about it. As an illustration of the history and social life of England during the last century, it was more interesting than can well be expressed. We had already been formally introduced to all these charming people by Walpole's Letters, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Miss Berry's and Mrs. Delany's memoirs, and many other delightful books, and now art came in and made us intimately acquainted with all of them, and imprinted upon our memories traits of form and feature and color so much more vivid and enduring than anything which literature can inscribe. And from all this display of nature and life, of expression and character, we must come down to the hollow tin fox hounds of Sir Francis Grant, and the little babies of Millais lying in their cribs, and all the details of nursery life painted with Pre-Raphaelite minuteness!

III.

We have briefly described the unusual encouragement given to art of late years by states and individuals, and the effect of this stimulus upon what has been called, for want of a better name, domestic art, — the art which adorns family and social life. We have now to speak of the condition of that higher art which is connected with public affairs, and is an expression of the best thoughts and feelings of whole nations and communities. This is a matter which cannot be studied within the walls of any international exposition or at the annual displays of any academy. It requires the visiting of many cities and the inspection of widely spread monuments. We may be permitted, however, to state a few opinions on this subject, with such illustrations as are afforded by certain modern examples. The practice of erecting commemorative statues has greatly increased in Europe of late years. They are not generally satisfactory. One of the exceptions is a monument at Milan in honor of Count Cavour. His effigy, of heroic size, stands at the top of the structure, while a figure, representing Italy or History, reclining on the steps of the base, writes his name on the pedestal. But most of these modern works are failures; and the failure, of course, is generally in the attempt to reconcile the demands of art with historic truth. It is a commonplace remark, that a statue should be something more than a likeness. If all we required were the precise resemblance of the hero or philanthropist, Madame Tussaud could give it to us in wax much more completely than Thorwaldsen ever

produced anything in marble. If the point be to show some great act that he performed or trial that he suffered, this could be done by painting much more distinctly than by sculpture. What we desire is a work which shall show our hero in relation to his age and country generally, and not to some spot of ground or moment of time in particular, and still be pleasing as a work of art. It should present the summing up and substance of his life. It should not be an anecdote, but a biography. There is nothing new in these ideas, but they seem to be strangely forgotten by those who have charge of these undertakings. Of course, all this is very difficult to accomplish. It was very well for the Greeks to set up in their temples the images of the contemporary victors in the games, whose forms indicated the perfection of manly beauty, and whose drapery, if it was necessary to add that, fell in harmonious lines. An ugly costume, too, may be rendered so interesting by association, that the mind tempers its angularities to the eye. Such was the queue and cocked hat and long-skirted uniform of the great Frederick and the gray capote of Napoleon. But what can an artist do with the personal deformities and ugly dress which may be closely associated with our ideas of contemporary personages? What can he do with the gaunt frame of Mr. Lincoln, or the peculiar clothing of Mr. Greeley? Mr. Peabody, the philanthropist, had a foot which seems to have been modelled upon the same generous scale as his kind heart; and Story has not forgotten that in the statue behind the London Exchange, where the enormous shoe is quite obtrusive and thrusts itself into the face of the spectator.

To answer this difficulty, we would cut the Gordian knot. It is a mistake to erect a statue to a man who has not been dead for, at least, half a century. Indeed, it might be well to delay it as long as the Roman Church postpones the canonization of a saint. We should wait until we can assign to the departed worthy his true place in history, and forget the ugly features of his person and his dress. There may be a time, perhaps, when our descendants will fail to remember the awkward trousers and bushy chin-tuft of Abraham Lincoln, and believe only in the prophetic pathos of his homely countenance.

Many of the modern specimens of monumental art fail because they have no great ideas behind them with which the people at large can sympathize. There was opened last summer at Antwerp the most important piece of pictorial decoration on a large scale which has been attempted of late years in Europe. It is a series of mural paintings in the vestibule of the museum representing the influence of the Flemish schools on foreign schools and of foreign schools on the Flemish, and this idea is illustrated by a number of figure compositions of heroic proportions by one of their leading artists, Mr. De-Keyser. They are well drawn and colored; but we look at them very coldly, because, in the first place, the idea behind them does not arouse our curiosity or stimulate our enthusiasm, and, in the next place, because, so soon as we enter the museum and see the great realities of Rubens, we forget these shadowy symbolical performances altogether.

It is with the same cool curiosity that we regard the Albert memorial now nearly completed at Hyde Park. We feel a polite respect for the character of the late Prince Consort; but in this superb and costly structure, all the resources of color and gilding and precious materials, and all the ability of modern English sculptors in executing the imposing symbolical groups at the corners and the frieze of alto-relievos around the base, fail to arouse within us a spark of enthusiasm. How much more we are stirred, for instance, by Thorwaldsen's Dying Lion on the rocky hillside at Lucerne, erected in memory of the Swiss Guard who fell at the Tuileries in 1792, that they might be faithful to their oaths!

Almost the only monumental picture at the Exposition was Kaulbach's Epoch of the Reformation, a magnificent cartoon of immense power in form and composition. It was curious to observe how far it seemed to be removed from the interest and sympathies of those great crowds of people from all parts of the world who were passing every day through the Bavarian gallery. One of the leading French jurors who was going about with notebook in hand was heard to say, "I don't like that"; and perhaps the vote which afterwards assigned one of the eight grand prizes to Kaulbach was given rather as a compliment to Germany than from any genuine admiration for his productions.

But, in fact, are there any great dominant ideas now in Europe universally stirring the hearts and moulding the lives of the whole people? Even the pride of race and country seems to be declining. The superb Arch of Triumph at Paris, which grows grander every time it is seen, appears to be the last piece of monumental art that illustrates this feeling. In religion, people are either cold rationalists or bigoted ritualists, either doing without churches or building servile imitations of ancient structures in which what is ugly and inconvenient is considered to bestow spiritual edification. It was our good fortune last summer to see some of the noblest creations of mediæval architecture,— the porches of Chartres, the tracery of Rouen, the nave of Amiens, the west window of Rheims, the Lady Chapel of Ely, the majestic pile of Lincoln, and the solemn perspective of Durham. There were a few old women huddled together for worship in the holes and corners of these glorious interiors, which seemed magnificent shells for the withered kernels within. How different from those ancient times, when vast and picturesque crowds filled these aisles, all of them possessed with a profound belief in the awful omnipotence of the Church as the interpreter of God's will to man,— not a belief about which casuists argued or which needed to be proved by sermons and pamphlets, but a belief like that in the warmth of the sun or any other natural fact. If we are to erect cathedrals now to embody any general faith, it must be to express the Darwinian idea of the survival of the fittest, or in honor of the Great Universum of Dr. Strauss.

In European politics there is not sufficient veneration for the old ways to seek artistic expression for that "divinity which doth hedge a king," nor yet that belief in the Universal Republic which embodies itself in monuments. It is a time of strife and turmoil, of doubt and disbelief. There is no great idea prepared to enshrine itself in the higher forms of art. And if there were, the necessity and occasion for such a manifestation are both wanting. The apostles of a new faith would find everything ready made to their hands. The architecture and sculpture and painting are already there. As the new Roman Emperor in the time of the decline decapitated the statues of his predecessor and fastened his own head on the old shoulders, so the zealous proselytes of the Coming Idea in Europe can use the monuments of the old traditions to embody it. The French Republic had only to erase the N's and the Imperial crowns to find a home in the palace of Versailles; and if the Commune should succeed again, it needs but to efface the bas-reliefs of the ancient victories from the Arch of Triumph and substitute the destruction of the Tuileries and of the Hotel de Ville.

We trust we may be pardoned, at the conclusion of this paper, already sufficiently incomplete and desultory, if we turn away from Europe and from our main line of thought and inquire whether we are not more fortunate here in America, not only in having great and profound beliefs to express, but in having occasions to express them. It is pleasant to be able to answer this question in the affirmative. Our opportunities consist in this, that most of our

great monumental edifices are yet to be built, and some which have been built are so poorly constructed that they will tumble down of themselves, or so contrary to all the principles of good taste, that they will be pulled down by our indignant descendants. It is in America that we may reasonably look for a new type in architecture,— the type that will be generated by the necessity of accommodating immense masses of people under one enclosure for purposes of political discussion, of religious service, of legislative debate, or of the administration of justice, — a type more majestic than that of the Roman Basilica, and capable of the highest embellishment by sculpture and painting.

In those days of the remote future, when the American citizen shall understand, as the Greeks did, that private life should be unostentatious and modest, and all the splendors of art invoked to magnify the dignity of the state; when the beauty of fitness and the true relations of art to social life shall be universally perceived, so that each room shall have its appropriate ornaments and our houses be no longer bazaars and *bric-à-brac* shops; when our rich men, who spend tens of thousands of dollars upon the flowers and gewgaws of a single festival, shall learn that it would be wiser to endow a museum; when the whole people shall recognize the law that the beautiful should be cultivated as well as the good and the true, and that it is the office of the State to apply its treasures to educate its children in the perception of this principle and to display before them the great triumphs of past ages in sculpture and painting, — when that day arrives, it will be found that in no country in the world have there ever been better occasions and opportunities for the employment of monumental art than here in America.

But it is necessary that there should be not only the occasions and opportunities to employ monumental art, but that there should be great ideas and beliefs behind it, to make it something more than the mere exercise of artistic skill. Let us see whether these also will be wanting in the America of the future. It is true that our history and social life are not picturesque; that the great events of our past are councils and deliberations, the invisible thoughts and resolutions of wise and patriotic men, rather than the outward acts and sufferings of brave men, although these, indeed, have not been wanting; that we are deficient here in the badges and symbols and costumes which add vivacity and point to the appearances of European life. It is true that the materials for *genre* painting and for the small art which decorates parlors and boudoirs are few and scanty. But for great art, for monumental art, for the art of Bramante and Michael Angelo, was there ever any nation like this, where there existed, underlying outward life, such grand ideas and images; such earnest faiths and profound beliefs, which indeed may seem dim and half extinguished under the coarse necessities of ordinary occupations, but when the ashes are stirred flame up in unexpected splendor and are brightened and purified by the dying breath of heroes and martyrs? Where, among all European nations and all ages of the world, have there ever been grander ideas than those with which an American associates his love of country, — the idea of space, which embraces half the world; the idea of strength, which rests upon the broad, immovable foundation of the sovereignty of the people; the idea of progress, whose irresistible march is checked by no material barriers; the idea of justice, which shrinks from no sacrifice to maintain the rights of the weakest and the poorest; the idea of wealth, which gathers into its storehouses the treasures of the whole earth; the idea of charity, which fosters in its expanded arms the outcasts of all nations; and finally, the idea of peace, for which every war and conflict has been only a precursor and a guaranty, and which, as universal as the sunshine on some halcyon day of summer, bathes

the whole continent in its ethereal splendor !

Such are some of the great thoughts which must underlie the monumental art of America. Have we the power to embody them in our architecture and sculpture and painting, to give them a visible shape as the artists of the past ages did the grand ideas of their times ; as Phidias did in the pediment of the Parthenon; as the Romans did in the mighty circle of the Coliseum; as the God-fearing monks of the Middle Ages did in the spire of Antwerp, and the great rose window, which flashes the jewelled light of Paradise through the nave of Rheims ; as Buonarotti did when he summoned from the unknown world the awful forms of Prophets and Sibyls to look down from the ceiling of the Sistine chapel? Shall we have the genius and the skill to enshrine also the grand ideas of the coming America in the imperishable shapes of monumental art?

Let us hope, however dark and doubtful the prospect may be at present, that Heaven may vouchsafe to give us this crowning glory hereafter.

William J. Hoppin.

TWO WEEKS' SPORT ON THE COULONGE RIVER.

PETER is an Indian.

The scene is laid on the banks of the Ottawa River, at Sand Point, the railway terminus, fifty-six miles above Ottawa City.

The occasion of my meeting with Peter was a summons which I had sent to him that morning by telegraph from Portage du Fort, twelve miles farther up the river, on my return from an unsuccessful hunt.

Having heard, during a period of two years, from various sources, contradicting each other in all important points, of the wonders of the Ottawa Valley, the picturesqueness of the scenery, the deer, moose, caribou, bears, wolves, beavers, Indians, lumbermen, and ruffians that frequented its banks, browsed in its forests, dived or paddled in its tributary streams, and pitched their tents or built their shanties among its pines and spruces ; and having utterly failed, in all this time, by extensive correspondence and exhaustive search in all the libraries of my native city, to extract one atom of reliable information about the region, I had ventured into it at last to find it out for myself.

One word, mere hearsay, let drop two years before by a hunter in the New York woods to the effect that you could see deer *in herds* upon the Ottawa River, had possessed my imagination ever since.

With one friend and two guides, — Abbanike half-breeds, one pure fool, the other more than half knave, — I had spent a month upon the Black River ; and during all that time, by one trick and another, for want of a map, had been kept travelling in a circle from pond to pond, within two days' journey of the mouth, camping in neighboring cow-yards, and subjected to all the extortions of the thieves who live upon the banks and call themselves Christians. My friend's time was up, and we were on our return. I had made several attempts to engage a reliable guide, without success. If he was willing enough to go when he was sober, he would refuse when he was drunk, or *vice versa.*

At Sand Point, having telegraphed as stated above, I bade adieu to my friend in the historic words, "The battle indeed is lost; *but there is time to win another.*"

Five feet high, swart, short of speech, dressed like a dandy in reds and yellows, was Peter. He was not

a bit like Salomon, the "head guide" of the former expedition. Salomon was voluble to distraction, and bragged of hundreds of deer, for two dollars a day; but all that I could get out of Peter was that he got two dollars and a half, and that when he went off hunting he generally found something. He came up to me like a Fate, without a smile or salutation, but the simple question, "Did you send for me?" The cars were waiting, by which, if this business failed, and I got through with it in season, I might overtake my friend and accompany him on the long journey home. Peter had been informed of the situation, and I had asked him if he would like to engage with me for a fortnight, to hunt moose.

For half an hour he stood there with averted face, and never a change of expression came over his countenance. I was scanning him with all my might, to see how I liked him. The cars had gone. At length he opened his mouth. "I can't go to-day; I can't go in these clothes," said Peter, "and I have work to do," finally proposing that I should spend the intervening time at his house.

In a one-story hut on the banks of the Ottawa, three miles up stream, I passed a pleasant day with him and his good-humored but rather long-favored squaw and two little Indian boys, idly contemplating, at the back window, a view that a millionnaire could not have commanded, — a river a mile wide, with islands, and trees upon its shores, stretching in either direction as far as the eye could reach. Upon its glassy surface, opposite the house, a flock of mallard ducks were playing, their plumage glistening like silver in the sun. They were cunning enough to keep just so far out that nobody could tell how far they were; and although I stole round the corner of the next house and had a crack at them, every shot fell short. The next house was that of Peter's father-in-law, and coming back I stumbled into it. Squaws were sitting all round the room, mute and motionless as mummies; among the rest a handsome black one, who did not look more than nineteen years old. Perceiving my mistake, I backed out, followed by Peter, whose laugh was the only comment I overheard.

A neighbor came in during the day, perched himself upon a chair by the door, said never a word, and, after he had stayed as long as he liked, walked out. I could not perceive that he took any notice of anything. He was nearly white, and was, as I learned afterwards, Peter's brother-in-law, husband of the beauty next door.

I asked Peter if he was full blooded, and he replied, "I *think* I am." You could not get a positive, unqualified opinion out of him.

I noticed, however, that he was very polite at meals, and urged me to make a dinner, or a supper, after each repast of bread, pork, and tea had been disposed of. They gave me the bed, in a little room on the ground floor, and I had no reason to complain of it.

The train which leaves Ottawa at 10.10 in the morning reaches Sand Point at 1.40, and connects there with the boat for Portage du Fort, which we reached at 6 o'clock the next day. The necessary purchases of provisions delayed me an hour, when we took the stage.

Wonderful was the change in Peter. His face had grown three shades darker. His black eyes snapped and rolled about with unwonted fire. He howled and sang, and every moment or two he would turn round to me and repeat, what was plain enough, "I have a good many friends, here," and again, with great emphasis, "*I'm all right*, and so long as *I'm* all right, *you're* all right."

Somebody, in recommending Peter, the day before, for knowing his business, had told me that he would serve me faithfully, and never get drunk at inconvenient times, so as to incapacitate himself for duty; but that if I wanted to have trouble with him I could have it. That was just the kind of man I wanted, and I should have regarded it as a great deprivation if I could n't have trouble when I *wanted* it.

The stage took us eight miles to Havelock, where we stopped at Macdonald's, a comfortable hotel, and next morning at six were off for Grand Marris, thirteen miles up the river, in a small steamer. At Grand Marris we were carried across in a wagon, canoe and all, four miles for two dollars, and set down at the Coulonge above the fall and some five miles from the mouth. It was noon, and presently we were paddling up stream, our destination being Windfall Lake, six days' journey up the Coulonge River.

There are five or six houses the first five miles, and then the wilderness, the rapids, the sandy banks with their long memories of bears and wolves and moose, and here and there that which makes the hunter's heart beat and his nostrils quiver with excitement.

At Amyot's, the last house but two, we stopped to talk French and buy potatoes. The father was tall, affable, and a polyglot. One little girl, twelve years old, bare-armed and bare-legged, sat at a spinning-machine of their own contrivance. She had a simple, unintellectual cast of face, pretty enough, while for bodily symmetry and grace she was truly remarkable. I sat and admired her under cover of a conversation with her father, and the quick play and perfect poise of hand and foot were wonderful to behold. Every attitude was grace itself. The great wheel went like lightning, guided by the perfect hand and arm. The spools whirled like mad, obedient to the foot which discovered a shape that Phidias might have copied. An elder sister stood by, correspondingly ugly, aged fourteen. I asked if they had been to school. "Vous n'avez jamais été à l'école?" No answer. They do not understand you. You must speak the jargon they are accustomed to in these parts, which has for its foundation the French of two hundred years ago, and has assimilated all the slang that has been invented since. If you have patience to repeat the question two or three times you will get an answer. "*Fee' la men'* (Philamène), not so fast!" suddenly exclaims the mother, with unheard-of severity and sharpness, for the little one has broken the thread. Mother Amyot is a study, — not less than five feet seven inches in height and four feet six inches in circumference, nor much less than three hundred pounds in weight, brawny rather than fat, coarse beyond comparison, furiously voluble and good-natured from her irrepressible vitality, still in the prime of life, and mother of eleven children.

We had left behind us a gang of shanty-men, bound, some up the West Branch (the river forks thirty-five miles above), some up the East Branch by which we must go, to Brigham's shanty on Osborne's Lake, three or four days' journey up stream. There is a third or north fork, called the John Bull Creek, and good hunting thereon in favorable seasons. The law forbids the shooting of game before September 1, and it lacked yet a fortnight of that date. It was early for the shanty-men, but these were going up in advance of the main body to make hay, build shanties, locate timber, and make other preparations for their reception. When we reached the Coulonge they were playing in the water at the landing above the fall, diving, and splashing one another, riding logs, swimming and tumbling, and dancing, all over the banks, and the river, and the boats, almost naked, enjoying themselves with all the energy of youth. Several immense flat-boats, painted red and laden with trunks, were drawn up along the bank. In these they travel. Each is manned by a dozen men with long oars, and they force them up stream and drag them through the woods by sheer strength. It is a sight to see one of them going up a rapid!

We must keep ahead of these demons, who were making the woods ring with their insane merriment and careless but tremendous efforts to force their way up against the current, or we stood no chance of getting game. So on we go from Amyot's.

Within a mile we had passed the

last house, and began to think of what we should have for supper. I was glad to desist from my awkward and unaccustomed efforts at poling and paddling, when Peter said, as we came to a deep place in the river, "You may throw out here." I had a spoon hook which was good for a meal when everything else failed, and flung it overboard at the word. A two-pound pickerel mistook it for a fish, and was soon flapping in the bottom of the canoe. Back through the hole and up again we went, this time luring an old one from his hiding-place. He might have weighed six pounds, shone like a rainbow with hues of the most vivid orange, and had sheet-iron scales, and spines on his back as sharp and stiff as darning-needles. There was more fish than we could possibly eat, and after another turn we went ahead. It took me a good hour to prepare that big fellow for the fire with my penknife, and gave me a back-ache worse than if I had been sawing a cord of wood. He was so slippery I could not hold on to him at all to scale him until I hit upon the expedient of rubbing him in the sand first. Such solid flesh! We made a good supper and breakfast off him, and had to throw away the little one.

We had a very late start the next morning, and the three big flat-boats, headed by a birch-bark canoe with the owner of the limits upon the West Branch, had passed us before we started. We came immediately upon one of the barges struggling in the long rapids. Another was just turning a bend in the river farther up. There was little else but rapids for two miles. The whole crew of the flat-boat were in the river, toiling upon a long rope attached to the bow, or pushing and dragging the boat by its gunwales. The supernumeraries were capering upon the bank or in the current, jumping from rock to rock. Trunks were piled high upon the unwieldy craft, for every man brought his own, containing in most instances all his worldly goods. They are a simple race, these shanty-men, of the good-natured fighting kind, ignorant, respectful, fond of beans. See them straining on the rope! The red boat, the white caps of the waters sparkling in the sun, the long procession, the mirth, the silent forest, offer striking contrasts of color, of stillness and life, of labor and repose. It gleams forever in my mind's eye, this picture of yesterday, but I fail to describe it. Why has not some painter attempted it?

We soon passed them, Peter and I, and had overtaken and passed the next boat, and the next; and as they stopped to dine upon the shore we left them all behind and pushed along up stream alone.

Peter had been sick the day before. It was "too —— hot," he said; for the Indian is delicate; and I had been obliged to help him all I could, for fear he would give out entirely. It is no joke for a novice to pole up rapids, and when Peter had put me ashore to lighten the boat I was glad of the excuse to use my legs. Having kept out of sight of the canoe for three hours, I sat down at length upon a rock and awaited its appearance.

Peter was sick, or afraid he was going to be. He did not know what was the matter with him, but pulling up beside the bank, in a shady place, said he could go no farther. He felt "wake," he said, and sore across his stomach. Upon my conscience, he looked solemn enough, and the whole matter begun to assume a gloomy aspect to me. It was a forlorn hope, the expedition we had started on; and if he failed me I must go home out of pocket, without having seen any game. It was a hard journey up, Peter said, and hard getting back, and he did n't want to be sick in the woods. I counted his pulse, and then my own, by my watch. His was four beats slower a minute. I counted again, and this time failed to detect any difference; looked at his tongue, and told him that I did not think he was going to be sick, but if he was I would get help and have him carried home. A covey of partridges

made themselves heard in the brush upon the river bank just then; and the broth that night did Peter a wonderful deal of good.

We were yet some three miles below the first carry, which is eighteen miles up the river from where we entered above the fall. There are twenty carries upon the Coulonge, the longest half a mile, the average very much shorter. "About an acre" signifies in Canada a dozen rods, more or less, an acre, as a measure of length, being the side of a square field which contains an acre.

Early next morning the shanty-men overtook us again and left us behind for the last time. We were camped below a very long and ugly rapid. It was the thought of this, I suspect, that had made Peter sick the day before. Here, at last, must be fought the great battle of the expedition. We started late, and it was eleven o'clock when we reached it. The canoe was a large one, and had accommodated four men, with their baggage and provisions, upon the previous excursion I have mentioned. Peter was little and easily discouraged, and I entirely inexperienced. He put me off upon the rocks with a long and very stout rope attached to the bow. I was to pull while he guided the canoe. The bed of the river was uneven, rocky, and full of holes waist-deep, while over everything the waters rushed at a great pace. Peter could speak very good English, but he put his accent on in the wrong places. "Don't *pull now!*" he shouted, with all the stress upon the last words; and all I heard above the roar of waters was "*pull now*," and I did pull, with all my might. A Yankee would have sung out "Stay!" or something intelligible. Perceiving from Peter's frantic and demoniac gesticulation that something was wrong, but utterly unable to make out above the din anything he said, I danced about from rock to rock, and unfortunately letting the rope go slack as I made a long jump over a black pool beneath, I soon had him in the water. In vain he tugged and wrestled with the current, standing over his boots. The canoe swung round broadside to the stream, in spite of all I could do to stop it. The flood overwhelmed it, and sent it to the bottom.

I went in and helped Peter out of his predicament, getting plenty of abuse the while. In fact, several times during the expedition the impression came upon me that I had hired myself out to Peter, instead of his having hired himself to me. If either of us had his own way, from beginning to end of our association, it was Peter. You, who have apprenticed yourself to a hunter, must be of a docile disposition, submissive, and able to put up with any amount of cursing when you do your best and yet fail to carry out your part of the programme. You are not only contending, in such an undertaking, with the forces of nature and the superior senses of wild beasts, but with professional skill enhanced by inherited aptitude and the practice of a lifetime. He will find you game like a dog, your little Indian guide, but you have got to supply nerve, and eye, and heart that never beats but at your bidding.

We spread our blankets and stores upon the rocks. Everything was soaked. The sugar had suffered the most. It was a clammy mass, and had acquired a disagreeable taste after the bath. You soon learn to do without it, and then you cannot eat it. The same with milk. You will not be able to take either in tea or coffee when you get home, but drink the clear infusion, that goes to the spot, and become at the same time a connoisseur of tea and coffee, and the only person in the house who knows how they should be prepared. No flavor can survive a cloy of milk and sugar.

Two hours' delay in the bright sun set things to rights again. The packs were heavier, and we had many carries to make; but I showed Peter a broad back and a good pair of legs, and he was ashamed to lag or complain over-

much of the heat; so we came to camp two or three miles below the Fork.

Would that I had power to describe the beauties of the wilderness! the deep peace, which is never still! It is the noise close at hand that is absent, the brute, unmeaning clatter of the street; and through the hush come to you voices from the distance, — the whispers of lofty trees, the sound of far-off waters. Upon the shores of the Coulonge grows a forest that has never known the axe nor withered in the fire, of every kind of hard wood and pine, still young, fresh, and vigorous, after forty-five or fifty years of growth. You pass round a hill following the windings of the stream, and, as you look back, such a burst of green of every shade, freshening to the top, fills your view that the spot seems enchanted. The sparkling river that a child could ford or scale a stone across, the sky, the sun, and the utter absence of hard lines and studied effects form a picture on every side. Here a tall tree has fallen into the water, and, there another has dried up, and looks like a smoke. The white pine bristles, and the red pine stretches out its tireless arms, throwing their dark green into vivid contrast with the lighter foliage of the hard woods. Here and there you see a double spire, like minarets, upon a balsam; and everywhere the birches, clad in white, stand close together in groups of five or six, a gleaming brotherhood. Above the forest of half a century, which the woodman has spared, towers at rare intervals a lofty pine, and in one place we saw a blackened trunk upon the shore. These are the relics of a greater forest, of pines of older growth, destroyed some fifty years ago by fire. The Indians must tell you about it, for white men have only known the river a few years. Hard woods the moose loves, and will live in them, I am told, the year round.

We have bidden good by to the crow, and good riddance. He likes not the North, nor the wilderness, but the sight of barn-yards, and journeys south in the winter. His elder brother, the raven, is here all the year round, twice as large and twice as black, with a deep, broken note, a bass voice, rather hoarse, but no angry caw. The kingfisher hies quietly to another perch farther off and forbears to scream. The bluejay comes up to your tent to compare notes and make inquiries, and rest awhile. He is a traveller himself. Mother partridge chuckles to her brood in the bush for fear somebody should be going by and not hear her, and the little ones pipe their shrill double-note from the covert. A black duck, the wildest thing that flies, in ordinary latitudes, waits in the middle of the stream for you to come up, with no sign of fear, till you are within a boat's length; I have reached my hand within a foot of a partridge on a bough before he flew. They have never seen men and know nothing of guns. On the other hand, you cannot show your head to a *flock* of black ducks before they are off; for there are always old birds among them which have made the grand tour and been popped at from Key West to Labrador.

Shelldrake breed upon these rivers, and at this season they cannot fly, except the old one, which will not desert her brood. You get sight of a school of them ahead, perhaps a dozen, silver-grays, all in a row. They wait until the last moment, and then they all begin to trot upon the top of the water like so many race-horses, with the noise and wake of a steamboat, till they are out of sight. Fifty rods ahead you start them again; and so they travel all day, till they are well tired out, going up or down over rapids as the case may be, and scaring all the game within hearing. They are worthless for food at this season and full of lice, but almost as handsome as a canvas-back.

We had delayed so much upon the route that three days had passed, and it was likely to take two more to bring us to Osborne's Lake, which we had calculated at the outset to reach in four days. Moreover, the shanty-men

had passed us, bound for the same place, so that, following in their wake, our chances for getting game were slim indeed. I had allowed but a fortnight for the expedition, and it would not do to spend all the time on the way, so that, when we reached our hunting-ground, we should have to turn round and come back. It was possible to reach the lake by a carry of ten miles, from a point a short distance above the Fork. It is no joke to carry your necessary baggage — guns, ammunition, blankets, tent, and cooking utensils — ten miles through the woods; but it was the only thing to be done, and Peter made no objection. We made a *cachet*, concealing the canoe in the bushes, and breaking down trees and letting them fall upon it to cover it. The stores we hid under the canoe, where they were safe from rain; and if no stray bear came along we should probably find them intact after ten days' absence. It was pretty warm, but we divided the load, and, as I started ahead, Peter had to follow, complaining of the heat, and proposing every now and then to stop and rest; to which propositions I paid no heed until we had gone two miles, when we both concluded it was time to lunch.

I reached Osborne's Lake a long way ahead of him, however. We shouted and hallooed and fired guns, when he came up; and, after an age of waiting, a canoe came over from the opposite shore. Brigham was at his shanty with six or eight of his men, and we must needs go in there. The boys greeted Peter as if he had been their best friend, for he had hunted for them the winter before, and supplied them with meat. Old Brigham — a man of fifty, bred to lumbering in his youth, but of late years the owner of a great farm near Ottawa, which had been taken from him by process of law, compelling him to begin his fortunes again in the woods — was as cordial as I could expect, considering that I had come to destroy the game which he was depending upon for the winter. Two or three moose, at the season when the meat is frozen and can be kept, will go a great way towards providing a shanty for the winter, while anything killed in summer must be left to spoil in the woods, and feed the bears and ravens.

The supper was delicious,— great white flakes of boiled salt pork, deep cuts of bread from an enormous loaf, and green tea of exquisite flavor, without sugar or milk. After something more than two quarts of green tea, finding our blankets spread upon the floor, I was soon fast asleep, not even waking up to fight the fleas.

Peter had disappeared. He had gone to see Raymond, his old friend, who kept a stopping-place close by and a farm to supply the shanties. It pays to farm it near a shanty, for hay is *a hundred and forty odd dollars a ton*. He came back in the morning, and I did not perceive that he was any worse for his visit. It is my impression that certain springs had run dry. Everything gives out in these woods, after you have got three days' journey from a settlement, except the everlasting flour and pork and tea. Powder and shot is not to be found at all except in private hands, in quantities of half a pound. Village stores are often destitute of shot. These things, and sugar and butter, are not to be depended upon. The necessaries of life, in the way of provisions, are reduced to three.

If the pork was good overnight, the beans, which had been boiled the day before, and baked all night long under the ashes, in a huge iron pot, about as big as you could get your arms round, and six inches deep, were superb. The fire is made upon the ground, a bare space being left for that purpose in the middle of the shanty, and a hole in the roof taking the place of a chimney. Around the hearth is a bulwark of timber, about a foot high, on which you can sit if you choose. The hearth and the hole overhead are about eight feet square. It being impossible to lock up, a man has to be kept in the shanty

the year round, to watch the stores which were teamed up in the winter) and must last till the next), roll the flour to prevent it from caking, and keep the pork covered with brine. It is cheerful work to be left in the shanty alone at a time of the year when there is no neighborhood and no travel, and the men take turns at it.

The bread is baked in the same kind of a pot as the beans, and is light, porous, substantial, and evenly done all the way through. It was not very fine nor very white, city fine flour being unknown in the province of Quebec. The gang was blessed with an excellent cook, and a good hunter, Peter; and I was quite ready to believe what Brigham told me, that the winter before it had been "one continual scene of feasting," what with beaver and bear and the carcasses of five moose Peter had brought in, and all the small game that runs in the woods. Moose is everywhere spoken of throughout this country as the finest meat a man ever put into his mouth, fatter than mutton, juicier than beef, tenderer than venison, and better than all three. I think I could be prevailed upon to try some of these dainties after swinging an axe round my head about five hours in the frosty air of a Canada winter.

It was hard to get Peter away; but about twelve o'clock we were off for the silent woods, not to see a human face again except each other's. I had to offer him extra pay to get him started at all. He abhorred camping out, if he could creep into a house; while I liked the forest, the uncertain sky, and the longinquity of fleas, the light canoe in the daytime between me and the water, and the white tent by night betwixt me and the stars, the loon's cry, and the distant howling of the wolf. Off we went at last.

A long, sandy point runs into the lake just at the inlet, whither we were going. A deer had been seen there that morning by two boys who were out fishing. As we approached we caught sight of a wolf which was following the deer's track. He was ugly, tall, and slim, of a light yellowish brown, *and I missed him.* There was considerable breeze, the lake was tossing, and he running, and at a distance of twenty rods. I had aimed at his body instead of his head, for there was one deep track in the sand, showing where he had jumped when he heard the gun, and the mark of a rifle-ball directly behind it, somewhat higher up upon the shore. Upon the sand was the fresh track of a noble buck, in the act of running, as was shown by the imprint of the hind part of the hoof, which is small and separate. A deer walks upon his toes, or what answers to toes, and jumps from the whole foot, — just the contrary to what a man does.

When you hunt in a canoe, you sit in the bow, and neither speak nor move. The guide is perched upon the stern and paddles. Your gun lies in front, where you can take it up without the least noise, and the only sound which indicates your approach is the gentle plash of the paddle, not to be distinguished from the splash made by the diving of a muskrat. So you sit and hark, five or six hours at a time, looking on both sides for tracks, and making up your own mind what they are and how long they have been there. Once in a while you speak to each other in whispers, and so continue till the guide, from sheer exhaustion (the hunter is never tired), is compelled to return to camp. No keener pleasure can be found in the world than this silent pursuit, unless it be the startling, brain-turning presence of some monster of the forest. Pale Melancholy, however she may haunt you in the town, has flown away. The very endurance required to keep a cramped position and brace your back against the very narrow thwart which will sometimes enter into the bone, to say nothing of the interest of the chase, serves to keep the fancy inactive, by holding you down to facts. It may be that the beauty of the scene and the adventure you are having satisfies the imagination, so that it is not left to

prey upon itself. The keenness of the senses, too, which is required, and the readiness for action at any moment, engross the mind, and render torpid for the time the faculties of reflection. Whatever the reason, I do not believe there is a healthier recreation for a man of intellectual pursuits, for mind and body. He must go, however, where he can find fresh tracks and game once in a while.

People think there is a deal of leisure in camp life; yet I cannot remember a moment with Peter when we were not eating, sleeping, or hunting, or preparing for one of these things, skinning trophies, or doing necessary work in camp, except once when we were used up and had to lie down on our backs for five minutes. Cards I abominated, for every moment was precious.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, as we were going up a deep part of the river, with a sandy point in full view, the guide said, "There 's a muskrat on the point," — a remark to which I paid no attention, being bent on nobler game. Presently he whispered, "*It 's a beaver.*" I was on the alert in an instant with gun in hand. The beaver had taken to the water, and was swimming on before us. "Shoot!" said the guide, and bang went the shot-gun, without doing him any harm. It had been getting rusty of late, and the rust had got into the locks, which made it pull so hard that it was difficult to hold it on the mark. I had made some wild shooting that day, at ducks and partridges, and got excited. This mishap did not tend to calm my nerves. Down went the beaver and up came his mate, a little way off. Bang went the other barrel, with the same result. Up came the first beaver and down went the second. This time the rifle, a close shot. Crack! "You can't shoot at all," said Peter, in a savage whisper, as the diver went down a second time unharmed. Now commenced a very exciting contest. The beavers were trying to find their way back to their hole, and we doing our best to prevent them. They cannot stay under water any more than a man, and kept coming up, first one and then the other, for breath, hiding meanwhile among the sticks along the shore. The Indian's sharp eyes would spy them out under the roots in a dark corner of the stream, and he would paddle me up to the spot, and try in vain to make me see them. "Here he is," he would say, "right under that stick. There he is, can't you see him? He 's gone"; fretting and fuming all the while, and swearing not a little. The trouble was, the game was the same color as the roots and the mud; and it was getting dark. Finally I did manage to see the body of one of the beavers among the roots and put a ball through it; and then I gave Peter a piece of my mind. "Why don't you talk English," said I, "and say *To the right*, or *the left*, or *Straight ahead*, and not 'Here he is,' and 'There he is'? How can I tell, when you sit behind me, which way you mean?" "Did n't I say," said Peter, "he 's under that stick?" "Is there anything else but sticks," was my retort, "all up and down the bank? How was I to know which stick you meant?" After this blessing, the native, not being able to find any reply, relapsed into his accustomed silence. I was weak from the excitement, which had the same effect upon me as a powerful dose of medicine, and for half an hour after I felt like a wet rag. We camped immediately, with a yearling beaver, weighing some twenty-five pounds, a black duck, and three partridges for supper.

Next day, after some labor upon the carries, about noon we came to the creek that goes up into Windfall Lake, and, leaving the river, we took the narrower course, hoping that there might be water enough to permit its navigation. There were three carries, overgrown with brush, for the place had been visited only once this season, by a party of Brigham's men to look for timber, the week before. The last

carry is the only long one, half a mile through the woods; and here the partridges flew up into the nearest trees and waited half an hour for us to go back and get our guns. The day before Peter had knocked one down and killed him with his paddle. He looked in vain for a stick or a stone; for we dared not fire, lest we should startle larger game which might be near. We were coming back, empty-handed, for our second load (for we had to make two trips upon each carry), and when we returned to the spot where we had treed the birds they were there still. We had worked hard, and Peter began to tire; but, about the middle of that beautiful summer afternoon, we shot out from the creek in which we had struggled all day into a broad, peaceful lake, circular in form, and two to three miles in diameter, with islands and bays and sandy beaches, and smooth surface shining like a mirror in the sun, and all around its shores a virgin forest, in which the light and dark were everywhere intermixed, — a perfect picture, a single canoe, a gunner, an Indian, and *never a painter.* Everything whispered an end to toil, and even the perpetual sighs of the forest were still, and the spell of silence held the place. The water was shallow, and we got aground once or twice as we skirted the shores to seek for game. It was Sandy Lake.

Peter had kept his promise, or, rather, satisfied the expectations he had raised, for he had not committed himself directly. Windfall Lake was but two miles away, up a narrow creek, which he pointed out; and at the end of the sixth day we were upon the hunting-ground. There was time for a hunt, if we chose to camp here for the night, up a creek at the farther end of the lake, which Peter had never explored. We followed it till it began to grow dark, starting black ducks singly and in flocks, but never shooting at them. As we were returning, in the early twilight, there was a splash round a bend of the creek. "There 's something," whispered Peter; and we rounded the turn in a state of delicious expectation as to what the something was, when a black head appeared upon the darkened surface. "Shoot!" says Peter; for a sportsman never stirs until the word of command. Crack went the rifle. "Don't shoot again," said Peter, when I had reloaded. The beaver was kicking in the water, and it was enough to make a man die laughing to see the Indian struggling to lift him into the boat. He was an old one, about as large as they generally grow, forty-five pounds in weight, possibly fifty. I noticed Peter looked at his head to see where the ball went in, and said nothing. Neither did I, but I thought to myself, "No swearing this time." There was a hole behind his right ear, and another beside his left eye, where the ball entered and went out, after passing through his brain.

Next day, which was Tuesday, we followed up the creek for several miles. Upon a steep bank, where there was a fresh track, Peter got out, with the information, in a whisper, "The moose are not far off." We climbed the hill and plunged into the woods, where we looked for fifteen minutes in different directions. There was no trace upon the leaves, and I must own that I had no idea Peter could find the game where he could not follow the track. Presently, however, after we had made a tack, and had turned about to the left, he looked round at me with his hand raised, to enforce silence, and then pointed ahead, to an object among the trees. How my frame trembled, and my arms quivered and shook! I could not hold my gun steady. The game moved, and we had to creep forward to catch sight of it again. Crack! No effect. "Load again," whispered Peter. It was a calf. "Stop," said he, as I was going to fire, "here 's the big one. They are looking round at us. Shoot!" The animals were perpetually disappearing behind the trees, first one part of their bodies coming in sight and then another, as they slowly walked away. "Can't you hit anything as large as that?" said Peter

in scorn, as I fired and missed again. "They won't wait for us now." And back we went to the boat.

I was hungry that night when we got back to camp, and Peter was cross, and refused to cook. There was beaver meat in camp, but he was n't going to be kept up till nine or ten o'clock every night. If I wanted meat, I might cook it myself. I had never tried it, but had seen it done, and was not going to be stumped by a guide. So while he was munching his cold bread and butter, and pouring out his tea, I chose a couple of solid pieces of the old beaver, washed them clean, and put them on to boil with a moderate-sized piece of salt pork. At the end of an hour I had an excellent soup, but the meat was a little too strong. The tail, which is broad and thick, is a mass of fat and gelatine, entirely white, and free from any particle of muscle, — rather a delicacy than a substantial article of diet.

The next day was Wednesday, and about the middle of the forenoon Peter proposed a trip to Windfall Lake. The creek, two miles in length, was low, and in many places obstructed by trees that had fallen into it; but early in the afternoon we shot out into the lake, — a fine lake indeed, but rocky, more heavily wooded and rougher in its features than Sandy Lake. Peter said the shores were not good for moose to feed, and I had resigned myself to the situation, — for the day was unusually hot, producing sleepiness and heaviness of the head, — and had given up all hope of game. We had started too late, although I had hinted to Peter the night before — it was of no use to do anything more than hint — that he might wake me up any time in the night to get an early start. He had remarked, at the time, that he generally went out early in the morning when he was off hunting. It was extremely unlikely that any game would come out of the shelter of the forest into so hot a sun. We made our way to a small island, with some idea of watching the shores. Somebody had killed a bear, and the bones were bleaching under the trees, where I was glad to stretch myself out upon my back, and rest, for a moment, free from the cramping of the canoe, and the constant necessity of balancing myself upon the water. A few moments passed, and Peter had disappeared, but as I rose from the ground he came running from the woods. He told me afterwards that he had a presentiment he was going to see some game, and was afraid I would get sight of it first. "Did you see anything?" asked he. I replied that I had not, and he sat down upon the bank, looking far out across the water. Presently he cried, "I see *one* moose!" and we scrambled into the canoe. The wind had risen, and there was considerable tossing of the surface, making it difficult to guide the canoe. Peter, put to his mettle, paddled like mad, without once stopping to take breath. On we went, across the lake, towards a bay a mile and a half away upon the other side. "Look right over that rock," said Peter, "*that* is the moose." And sure enough there was a huge, ungainly, misshapen bunch of a dingy color visible close to the shore. "How near can we get to him?" I inquired. "About as near as those rocks," said Peter in reply, pointing to a spot within forty yards of us. Presently he said, "I don't think we can get very near him." We were then a quarter of a mile away, and thereupon I fixed my sights for a dead shot at a long distance. I had been striving, ever since the start, to master my emotion, and show Peter I could shoot; but when he said, in an exciting whisper, "*He 's got horns on him*," I very nearly gave it up; for a *bull moose*, of all the deer that roam in the woods, had been my dream for a month; and here was this lumbering, elephantine creature, slowly turning about his unwieldy bulk as he cropped the feed that grew about him in the water, monstrous beyond all my imaginations of his kind, and showing, as he raised and lowered his head, a pair of horns that surpassed anything I had ever seen for size and beauty.

The dead sights were up, with which

I had frequently hit a dollar at ten rods. The splash of the paddle had given place to the noiseless movement, without taking the blade out of the water, with which the hunter approaches game. We were going nearer, *nearer!* NEARER!! It became evident that we were to have a close shot, but I did not dare to alter my sights, for fear the beast would look round and catch the motion of my arm. A sudden thought had struck Peter. He had paddled across the bay, to the leeward of the beast, and was approaching him from the direction of the sun. He would naturally feed with his back to the sun, to avoid the glare of the reflection from the water; and if he looked round, towards the figures which were gliding down upon him like messengers from the spirit world, he would get the sun in his eyes, already sinking towards the water, it being a little past the middle of the afternoon, and what with that and what with the glare of its reflection upon the surface, he might not see us until we were very near. "Don't shoot him about the head. Shoot him about the heart," was Peter's last advice; "and don't shoot till I tell you to shoot." My gun was at my shoulder, but it was with great difficulty that I could get the fine sights upon him. I must peep through a pinhole, and put the head of a pin upon his shaggy hide. He was dark, and the sights did not show. "Shoot!" whispered Peter. I could not see the sights. "*Shoot!*" said Peter again. I would not pull the trigger till I was dead sure of my game. Meanwhile the moose was turning from right to left, feeding at his ease, occasionally looking up and stooping to feed again. At length, after what seemed to me and no doubt to Peter an age of hesitation, and after the command to shoot had been three times repeated with ever-increasing emphasis, I got a sight upon his dingy coat just as he turned his broadside away from us, and his hind quarter came round in range. "*One*," spake the little barrel, and there came back, a second after — sweet sound to a hunter's ear — the soft thud of the ball in the yielding flesh. Slowly he turned, and looked upon us like a lamb. Then slowly turning again he commenced to walk with gentle steps towards the shore. "Shoot again," said Peter, and this time I had more trouble than at first. "Shoot!" said Peter; and I fired in utter desperation. A second thud. "Don't shoot now," said Peter, as I drew up my rifle for a third time, "he's down!" And lo! in a moment the immense beast, turning his head towards us, rolled over upon his side. There he lay kicking as we cautiously approached, and in half a minute he was dead. The game was up.

We drew up the canoe upon the shore, and as I looked back I thought I had never seen so huge a carcass as the one which lay floating, back to us, in the water. The immense horns were covered with velvet; and the whole body — head, horns, and all — was of a dingy gray color. Peter sent me in to pull him into shoal water, saying that it was too deep there for *him*. "Is he dead?" I inquired. He made no reply, but just as I had waded within reach he shrieked "*Look out!*" and, as I looked round at him, went into convulsions of laughter. The unwieldy carcass soon touched bottom, when Peter came to my assistance. I grasping the precious horns, and Peter the hind legs, we managed to draw him in a few steps farther. The bottom was shallow and shelving and somewhat soft. Presently we came to a stop. We could get no farther. We only drove our boots deeper into the mud; and after fifteen minutes of exhausting effort and many repeated trials, we were obliged to give it up. It was very desirable to get him ashore to skin him; and I proposed cutting off the head, as the horns impeded our efforts more than anything else. We cut it off with knife and axe low down on the neck, and it was no light load for two men, with a hand under a horn on either side, to carry ashore. Repeating our attempts upon the beheaded carcass, lightened still further by the loss of a

vast quantity of blood, at the end of half an hour we had it high and dry. The skin, which came hard on the under parts and about the joints, ripped and tore in huge patches from his back, like the clear bark of an old birch. The horns were covered with house flies, as thick as they could stand, feeding on the velvet; and as we dipped them under water they rose in such a swarm as fairly frightened Peter. The velvet, which comes off in September, was so rotten that we tore it off in strips, leaving the horns white like a sea-shell. They turned a lovely pink in the sun, a beautiful blush spreading all over them, but lost their color again in a day or two. Peter took the hide, and meat enough to last us a week, and at the end of two hours and a quarter the whole job was done. The first ball had struck him in the hind-quarter, a foot deep from his backbone, traversed his body lengthwise and crosswise, and we picked it out under the skin of the left fore-quarter, unaltered in shape, except by a slight dent on the butt-end. Peter had seen him lift his leg when I fired. He said that the second ball had first struck the water, and glanced into the body of the moose. We found where it went in, just in front of the middle of the side, within four or five inches of the backbone, where it had buried itself.

We had the lake to traverse with our load, and had hardly entered the creek when daylight failed us. The banks were muddy and heavily wooded, but we made our way back to the lake, and, feeling along the shore, finally found a place that was open enough to build a fire, and dry enough to sleep on, with dry wood near by. No blankets or provisions, but *raw meat*. Peter had one match, and in a moment we had a flame, then a blaze, and then a bonfire fit for the occasion. The meat we cut in half-pound pieces, out of the tenderloin, and, running an alder stick sharpened at both ends, through two or three of them, drove it into the ground so as to overhang the fire, every now and then giving it a turn. When it was done we sat down in state, pulled out the sticks, stuck them up beside us, and with our hunting-knives helped ourselves to great mouthfuls of juicy meat, a little underdone. I think I must have eaten a pound and a half, and we had nothing else. As for Peter, his appetite was pretty good. A headache, which the heat of the sun, the labor and excitement of the day, had occasioned, passed away under these refreshing influences. As I looked about into the shadows of the forest which overhung us, upon the crackling logs we had heaped up, and the ground which must be our bed with no covering but the sky, and reflected upon the triumph of the day, it occurred to me that this was something like a hunt; and if there was such a thing as camping out and roughing it, we were probably doing it in the most literal manner. The face of my guide glistened like bronze in the reflected light, and his eyes gleamed like two great black diamonds. That night will ever be fresh in memory, and merits, perhaps, the name of an adventure. It came up cold, and we did not sleep much. All night we kept up an enormous fire, our naps lasting while the heat continued, and coming suddenly to an end when it abated and needed replenishing.

In the morning we returned to camp by way of the creek, looking sharp for bears, whose fresh track had been seen in several places the day before. But the wind was from us and carried our scent ahead all the way. There was not much done after our return that day. Your guide will always insist upon frying every kind of meat, and on my producing my broiler from the baggage, where it had lain idle thus far during the trip, Peter said he did n't understand "that rigging," and bluntly refused to have anything to do with it. So I sat down and broiled and ate three steaks in succession, while he was frying a mess for his supper. My meat was tender and his inconceivably tough, but he would not be induced to learn the difference by tasting.

Next day we were prisoners in the

rain, which came down in torrents ; and the following day, which was Saturday, we moved our camp. Returning the way we came, we found five or six of Brigham's shanty-men making hay at the Fork where the creek from the two lakes we had left comes into the river, and, leaving them behind, pushed up the Coulonge, encamping on a glorious plateau, where you could sit and watch the whole country on both sides of the river. Wild cherries, very pleasant to the taste, grew in handfuls, upon bushes as high as one's head. Even blueberries were abundant, although it was the first of September, for the season is late upon the Coulogne. I was told that there was snow on the ground yet since spring. A few wild gooseberries and currants, and the absence of man helped to make the spot a great resort for bears. There was fresh moose track likewise all along up the stream.

Next day, it being absolutely necessary to move on, in order to carry out our plans and return by the appointed time, Peter sat himself down on a log immediately after breakfast, and took out his pipe. Hoping he would take the hint, I packed up one of the loads, Indian fashion, — a thing I had never done before, — whereat he turned to and packed the other. Everything being ready, he sat down again for a smoke, and, having smoked his pipe out, put it into his pocket, and sat still. Fuming inwardly, but not knowing what to say, I walked to and fro and sat down to rest by spells. So it continued until I had been through all the stages of indignation, from a moderate heat to the boiling point, and recovered my temper again, knowing it was of no use to lose it upon such a subject. For an hour and twenty-five minutes the Indian never spoke. At the end of that time, I inquired what he was going to do. "I don't know," was the gruff reply. "I don't suppose any game will come to us here," said I. "I suppose not," he returned, in the same tone. We were entirely out of meat, having left our supply with the shanty-men. My next move was to offer Peter something extra if he would work, at which he picked himself up with the remark, "Very well, say when you're ready." To which I replied, "I 've been ready this last hour and a half."

On the following day we visited a lake, remote from the route, by carrying the canoe through the woods half a mile where, perchance, no human foot had trod for a year. Upon its solitary shore we startled an old loon with two young ones, — males, with white rings round their necks and the usual display of plumage. No game, however, rewarded our search. The season had changed ; it was cold and damp ; and all that day the moose kept the woods. No fresh tracks were visible where we had seen several the day before ; and our time being up, we were fain to start upon our return.

At night we had rejoined the shanty-men, having shot no game but an unfortunate skunk ; and in the morning, having put up with impudence enough from Peter respecting my shooting, I sent him to a tree just ten rods off, with a charred stick, to make a mark. He laid on a black spot the size of a dollar, while I rested my gun across a knife, which the cook had stuck in a tree, and fired. Peter walked to the tree. "Did he hit the tree ?" resounded from the camp. "Yes," said Peter. "Is it in the spot ?" was the next inquiry. "Yes," was the reply, in a tone of perfect indifference, upon which announcement the whole camp rushed over in a body, and found the hole made by the ball well inside the spot, just above the centre. It was now Peter's turn ; and the mighty hunter, who had killed almost every year since he was born more moose and bears than he had fingers and toes, missed the mark, as I had told him he would, striking the tree a couple of inches below the centre of the spot and to the right. A second shot followed, with a similar result ; after which Peter refused to shoot again, with the remark that he was better for shooting at game ; and we packed up, and started again on our way home.

Nothing of importance happened further until past the middle of the afternoon, when we reached Osborne's Lake again in a high wind, and got to Raymond's stopping-place, just above Brigham's winter quarters, Peter in the canoe, and I along the shore. A new acquaintance turned up here, — a young fellow of very light complexion and blue eyes ; six feet high, and weighing, as he said, from one hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and five pounds, who teased me with questions about my gun, looking it over meanwhile, and dividing his admiration between that and a young lady who had grown up in the woods, a niece of Raymond's, a slender girl of twenty or so, very well worth looking at. The shanty beyond had been left in charge of one man, — Bolton I believe they called him, — with three cross dogs, to see that the neighbors did not steal the stores. Raymond was a Frenchman, middle aged, dark, with oily curls parted in the middle, and perfectly sober for want of spirit. It was six days' journey to the Ottawa villages and back; and two men who had been sent down some time before, to fill a two-gallon jug, had drank it all up before they got back.

Peter, having a roof over his head, replied to my proposal to push on, in the following words, in his blandest tone: "I won't go to-night, I 'll go in the morning." Whereupon I offered any money to Johnny Frost, the young fellow above mentioned, and then to Bolton, for relief from his tyranny, but to no purpose: Bolton could not leave his post, although willing enough ; and Johnny would not offend Peter by starting off with me that afternoon, and leaving the Indian to his meditations. I had two days at most to get out, and he would be glad to start in the morning, for ten dollars and *do his utmost* to get me out in season. This being the best arrangement I could make, it was communicated to Peter, and I had to swallow my resentment.

Bolton was lonesome, as might be expected, so I went over and shared his tea, all three dogs charging upon me as I approached the shanty. We found thread and needles, and passed the time after tea sewing on buttons, which had disappeared from my clothing. A more dilapidated suit never came out of the woods, even the boots being slit to get them on.

Next day, when we had been put across the lake at half past seven in the morning, and my two men had taken on their loads, Johnny struck into the woods at a tremendous pace upon the ten-mile carry which we had made coming up, and which he said was only eight. The horns were strapped upon his back upon the top of the roll of blankets, making him look like their original owner. When he stopped for breath, at the end of two miles, we were both astonished to see Peter making the turn in the road behind us. All the way across Peter kept up and never grumbled, so that in less than four hours we had reached the cachet upon the river, where we found our canoe, stores, and all uninjured, excepting that mice had stolen all the rice, five pounds, carrying it off no doubt to the spot where they laid up their winter's provisions. A bear, if one had come along, would have eaten the flour, butter, pork, and sugar, and everything else that was edible, at one meal, and torn to pieces what he could not eat.

Johnny, being disencumbered of his burden, enlivened us by turning a hand-spring and whirling his body about at the same time, which he called his "circus performance," and coming to some carries, three together, called the "trois portages," he took the canoe — for four men, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds perhaps, and full of sand — on his shoulders right through the whole of them, while we trudged on with the packs. We made some thirty miles down stream after twelve o'clock, and all the portages, Johnny never ceasing his exertions, but paddling like a Trojan and talking all the time. He had the stern, and I sat facing him, whirling down rapids backwards with the foam seething all around us, or

pushing along shore with the horns on my shoulder where it was necessary to lighten the canoe. My young giant was a Scotchman, the youngest and smallest of eight who had been reared at the mouth of the river by emigrants from the old country. The father, now an old man of seventy, had been a champion in his day, and settled in these forests when they were inhabited only by game.

With curiosity greater than a Yankee's, and great powers of observation joined to an active mind, the boy had gathered up into his memory a store of facts that might have furnished a youthful Daniel Webster. The velocity of sound and the theory of musical vibrations were familiar matters to him. He was full of information respecting the river, and the character and habits of the settlers, men and women. The wilderness, so solitary at this season, when the tide of enterprise sets in is a scene of busy life. Gangs are continually going up and down, felling and drawing and driving logs, drinking, frolicking, and fighting. Crowds of lively girls, from the whole country round, flock to the banks and settle wherever they can. Washerwomen line the deserted shores. All sorts of adventures, of the most unheard-of descriptions, with frequently fearful and fatal results, with logs, and men, and officers of the law, are of everyday occurrence. If the sheriff makes his appearance, the culprit has only to run out upon the loose logs floating in the river, where the officer would drown if he attempted to follow. And if the offence laid to his charge happens to stand excused in the opinion of the gang, they will be sure to raise the alarm in season when they see the officer approach. A kind of rude public opinion governs the place. Good-nature abounds, and they have a ready and unfeigned respect for any man among them who is really their superior in education or any other substantial distinction. I think the poor wretches, who can seldom read or write, and know arithmetic and geography only by their names, have a more sincere regard for education than anything else. They talk like children about going to school, how they mean to do it some day or other, and have always meant to do it, and lay plans for the future when they shall have a little money and a little wife in some civilized community. Rum, whiskey, and gin are their greatest enemies, with whom they keep on the best of terms. After all, it must be remembered they are a race of pioneers, and do a large portion of the work of the world.

In the fall, before this invasion takes place, it is the custom for neighbors to help any one of their number who may require it to finish his season's work, by collecting at his house and having what is called "a spree," helping him with his work by day, and with his whiskey after dark. All the teams in the region will be busy these days, bringing company from far; and all the young girls make it a point to illuminate the scene with their presence. At it they go, and drink and dance all night long or as long as the whiskey lasts, the girls going in for the dance, but not for the liquor. How they get home, or when, is nobody's business; and you would not expect a literal account of all Johnny Frost had seen or heard of such adventures. For myself, I only regretted that the shortness of time would not permit me to witness such a scene of folly. There were two sprees the night we came out, within five miles of each other, and Johnny was exceeding sorrowful because he could go to neither of them.

A little after dark we were again at Amyot's, where we were received with unbounded enthusiasm. As I approached the door, whom should I see running to the yard and back, at a pace that was more fly than run and would have done credit to a fawn, but my little Philamène? It was the ordinary speed with which she obeyed her mother's bidding. Mother Amyot, smiling like a cabbage, led the way into an inner room, whither I had the curiosity to follow my men, and found

the group gathered round a table, engaged in some very interesting ceremony in which I was invited to take part. The invitation was politely declined, and I went off about my business. All through the meal, which was far the best we had partaken of in any house for a month, the table being garnished with omelette and raspberry preserve, butter and cream, besides the omnipresent bread and pork and tea, Mother Amyot stood at my elbow and poured forth apologies in the purest and most unbroken native jargon, after this fashion: "If it was n't so far to a market, and a body could get a scrap of anything to cook, one might have a decent meal of victuals to offer a Christian; but this miserable apology to a hungry man is all that we can procure." Johnny had come to the table with the remark, "I 'm not tired a bit. I 'm as fresh as a bee."

We slept the sleep of health, on the floor in the corner, four thicknesses of the heaviest blankets yielding luxurious rest; and in the morning before we got up it was sport to hear the mother order her two girls up and down to prepare our entertainment. "*Fee'* la *men'*!" sounded with prodigious emphasis every instant; and thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, with not a moment's cessation, went Philamène's little bare feet on the hard floor. Occasionally the two girls, when they happened to meet in trotting about the room, would snap at each other like a couple of bantams, with the ejaculation, delivered in about a second, "*I ain't a going to do all the work!*" and be off again for something else. The woman acted the part of boiler, and the children of motive apparatus, to a steam-engine; and the engine worked, with a little puff of steam once in a while from the safety-valve, till the work was done; when Mother Amyot, wreathed in smiles, gracefully invited us to sit down at her humble board in a neat speech made up on the spot, exactly fitting the occasion.

At parting, when I gave Philamène a silver shilling, as she was sitting with the family at the table, with the remark that she might buy something with it, her mother replied, "She will keep it to remember you by"; and I thought that I really owed her much more for the pleasure which she had conferred, and the activity, symmetry, and grace which she exhibited in this forest.

If we ever came that way again we must be sure to make her a call, was the last farewell of Mother Amyot.

The name of the Coulonge, my guides informed me, is corrupted from "cou long," the name of a neck of land and a fort that in former times was built upon it, near the mouth or somewhere else upon the river. Just below the landing I have mentioned, some four or or five miles from the mouth, is a tremendous fall. Wild and white, it roars and plunges into the depths, through a black, winding, rocky, rugged, and awful chasm between overhanging walls of rock. No timber or logs could ever pass it without being ground to pieces, and made valueless for the market; and the government have built, at great expense, a slide three quarters of a mile in length, to supersede a shorter one which in old time avoided the principal fall. With Johnny Frost for my guide, I went down the whole length of this slide. The slide is a trough, built of pine, five or six feet wide, and from about five feet in depth at the upper end tapering to three at the lower, where it overhangs a deep pool of still water quite below the rapids, into which the logs make their final plunge. It has a gradual declination, with shelving sides, widest apart at the top, and along the edge on each side a dizzy footing of a foot in width for the miserable wretches who have to walk upon it when it becomes necessary to start a log which has got wedged in with another. Underneath yawns at a frightful depth the black bed of the torrent; and the structure I have mentioned is built up from the bottom upon an immense frame-work of timber, loaded inside, for many feet in height, with stone, to give it stability, and clasped to the rock which it follows on the left bank

in a line as straight as possible, by long iron rods stout enough to hold a light-house. It was dry inside, but in the run there is a foot or more of water in it at the mouth, deepening to three at the top, where the logs are let in one by one; and the whole slide is slippery with water and slime. Johnny did not fail to point out an oak plank here and there and exhibit it with his knife, by cutting off the outer layer of mould at those points where, from a slight bend in the slide, it was liable to knocks on the side from the logs as they came down. It was not possible to make it absolutely straight without very much additional labor and expense of blasting, and it seems to answer every purpose, as, after a dozen years, it shows very little signs of wear.

A team, which was difficult to get on account of the spree, being at length obtained, we were once more upon the broad current of the Ottawa, where I soon bade good by to Johnny Frost. Safe at Havelock that night, we had an early start in the stage, and the next day were at Sand Point, where we dined and I got my baggage together, waiting for the train. At the last moment Peter came up to me from the bar-room, with his face three shades blacker, and looking more like a devil than anything human, blandly remarking, "I have n't had nothing extra." I had intended to pay him for a day over his time, and had given him everything that was left except the tent; but he explained to me that I had made a mistake in reckoning, and I handed him a couple of dollars, and reminded him of a dollar which he had borrowed in going in at the grocery in Portage; whereupon, and only then, he expressed his satisfaction at the treatment he had received, and remarked — what I had again and again suggested to him — that we might arrange a trip for another year. Good by to the best hunter upon the Ottawa!

George W. Pierce.

FROST-WORK.

THESE winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with magic pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again, —
Weird arabesques in silver, flat and cold
Like curious Chinese etchings. . . . By and by,
Walking my leafy garden as of old,
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

T. B. Aldrich.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART III.

VI.

IN short, honest John Vane was so abundantly tempted and harassed by the lobbyists and their Congressional allies, as to remind us of that hardly bested saint whom we have all seen in ecclesiastical picture-land, surrounded by greater and lesser goblins and grotesque manifestations of Satan.

Virtue was the harder for him to follow after, because he perceived that the vicious were not only enviably prosperous, but walked in their evil ways undiscovered. The skinny leanness of his own honest *porte monnaie* was all the more obvious to him when he contrasted it with the portly pocket-books of the slaves of the ring. While he foresaw that it would be difficult for him to bring the year round on his salary, there was Potiphar of New Sodom taking in one hundred thousand dollars for "putting through" a single bill. While his brilliant Olympia was sitting solitary and sorrowful in her two dingy rooms, plain Mrs. Job Poor, the wife of a member who supported the iron interest, kept open house in a freestone block, and rolled in her carriage. It seemed to him at times that, if there was a city on earth where integrity got all the kicks and knavery, all the halfpence, that city was the capital of this model Republic.

Nevertheless, he held fast by his righteousness and remained worthy of his reputation. Give a dog a bad name and he will deserve it, says one of the wisest of proverbs. It is equally true that if you give a dog a good name, he will strive to deserve that. In these days, when temptation sought to bow Vane into the dirt, it was a greatly supporting circumstance to him that he had received the title of Honest. Now and then he was cheered and strengthened by seeing himself eulogized in newspapers under this Catonian epithet. Occasionally too the organ of a ring would boast (falsely) that honest John Vane had decided to vote for its particular swindle, — a fact which showed that the name had become a synonyme for respectability and was reckoned able to carry weight. He was a better man for this honorable "handle"; it had the elevating influence of a commission as "an officer and a gentleman"; it inspired him to exemplify the motto, *Noblesse oblige*. In spite of recurring enticements, he struggled on through the session, without letting his hands be soiled by the first dirty dollar.

In the mean time his dear Olympia had been a greater trial and stumbling-block to him than the lobby. Not that she consciously meant to trip up his integrity; on the contrary, she hardly gave a serious thought to it. Her desire was that her husband should take the political leadership which belonged to him, and, what was of course much more important, should give her the fashionable eminence which belonged to her. She had early discovered, to her amazement and disappointment and vexation, that a Congressman was not necessarily a social magnate in Washington. If he was rich or potent, he was reverenced; if he was poor and uninfluential, he was neglected: his mere office had little to do with the matter. There were members whom the legislative world and the stylish world did not make obeisance to; and of these members her John, whom she had partly selected because of his supposed greatness, was one. She soon found that the wives of Cabinet secretaries and of senators and of the chiefs of the great committees regarded her as their inferior. Many of them did not ask her to their receptions, and only returned her calls by sending cards. Spurred by her eager desire to com-

mune with the ultra genteel, she committed the imprudence of attending one senatorial party without an invitation, and was treated with such undisguised *hauteur* by the hostess that she went bedridden with mortification for three days.

Even her beauty, which had secured her so many university beaux in Slowburgh, seemed to have no charm here. Few noted gentlemen called on her, and not many of these called twice. Whenever by good luck she got to a reception, there was no swarming of fascinated male creatures about her, and she was free to pass the entire evening on the arm of her husband. She had anticipated romantic attentions from foreign secretaries and perhaps ambassadors; but at the end of the session she did not know a single member of any one of the diplomatic corps; the only alien individuals who came with music to her windows were monkeys and their masters. For a time this neglect was a puzzle to her, and personally a most humiliating one. Her beauty and graces were so obviously ineffective that she began to doubt whether she possessed beauty or grace, and to feel in consequence that she was of no worth, and even contemptible. Eventually, however, she obtained light on this subject; she perceived that her husband was right in affirming that everybody in Washington "had an axe to grind"; the natural result being, that gentlemen would not spend their time in paying court to ladies whose male relatives had no favors to confer. At first it was a dismaying discovery, and she very nearly wept with vexation over it, and tried to despise the world for its sordid selfishness. But before long, moved by her habitual reverence for society, she drifted into a disposition to take it as she found it, and would fain have won its homage by a show of that wealth and power which it demanded. The first step to this end, of course, was to get out of her commonplace lodgings and ascend to a grander style of living.

"O, I do hate these dirty, poverty-stricken barracks!" she moaned, more bitterly than ever. "I see plainly that we shall never be anybody in Washington as long as we pen ourselves up in two little vile rooms. You ought to take a house, John, and give receptions and dinners, for the sake of your own career. You would get a great deal more influence that way than by fussing over papers in committees and making speeches."

Then followed the old, stale discussion over the expense of such a route to glory, the husband ending with his usual meek but firm declaration that he dared not risk it. Thereupon Olympia cried harassingly for an hour or more, and sulked in silence for a day or two. It seemed as if some alien and naughty soul had migrated into her since the engaged days when she rayed forth graciousness and amiability. The broad fact is that, so far as the masculine outsider can discover, most girls have no character until marriage. Then for the first time they enter openly upon the struggle of life, and then the strong traits which have hitherto remained invisible come out boldly, like certain chemical inks when exposed to the fire.

The result of this severest of Olympia's many sulkings was a compromise. John Vane held on in his frugal or semi-frugal lodgings, but he allowed his wife to give frequent dinners, and also evenings with ice-cream. But such a lame, halt, and beggarly lot as appeared at these cheap, cold-water festivities! It seemed as if the host must have gone out deliberately into the highways and hedges of political life and forced them to come in. There were Congressmen who were just like John himself, — mere tyros and nobodies in the great world of statesmanship, members of the little committees or of no committee at all. There were members from carpetbagdom who had not yet secured their seats, and delegates from the territories who looked as though they might represent the Digger Indians. Occasionally there was a sharp wire-puller or a sturdy log-roller from

Slowburgh, and more rarely a respectable citizen of that place, who had come on to stare around Washington. One evening Olympia was nearly driven into hysterics of mortification by discovering that her husband had brought in a Mormon. She treated the venerable representative from Utah as she had herself been treated at Senator Knickerbocker's, and subsequently informed Honest John several dozen times that he had ruined their position in society.

"I thought the old fellow would be a curiosity and amuse you," pleaded the husband. "You are always saying you want amusement."

"Not that kind," tossed Olympia, utterly out of patience with his stupidity, and thinking that by this time he ought to have comprehended her better. "Low people may amuse you, and I know they do. It is really one of the great faults of your character, John. But to me they are simply strange and odious bores. Can't you understand, once for all, that I want such amusements as other ladies want, — good society and genteel surroundings and — and nice things?"

"O yes; you want to dine with the British Ambassador, and ride in a coach with liveries," grumbled John, restive under this pestering, because he was yet sore with preceding ones.

"Well, what woman in Washington does n't?" retorted Olympia, justifying herself in her own eyes with lamentable facility.

"I suppose you don't think there 's anything fine in having an honest man who does his duty and nothing but his duty," groaned Vane, referring with pardonable pride to himself, but fretting under the knowledge that his wife did not share that pride.

"O, there are so many honest people," sniffed Olympia, eager to "take him down," "they are as common as chips."

"Not in Washington," returned this unappreciated Aristides, with a bitterness which was only in part patriotic.

Such little tiffs as this, I regret to avow, soon became frequent. Olympia, having discovered that potentiality in politics was necessary as a basis for social eminence, began to interest herself disagreeably in her husband's Congressional doings, and to rub peppery remarks into him concerning his obligation to be eloquent, able, managing, and, in short, successful. She informed herself as to what committees were the important ones, and demanded of him why he was not on any of them.

"Because I am a young member, I suppose," answered John, a little sulkily; for the fact in itself was an irritating one, let alone being "talked to" about it.

"But here you are on the Committee for Revolutionary Pensions," persisted the ambitious lady. "It is almost an insult. There are only three or four Revolutionary pensioners left. Of course there is nothing to do."

"Well, we do nothing," granted John, ungraciously. "Somebody must do it."

"You ought to try to get on the Committee of Ways and Means, Mrs. Bullion says," continued Olympia. "That is the great committee, she says. Why don't you?"

"Why don't I try to be President?" exclaimed Vane. "I *am* trying, I am doing what work comes in my way as thoroughly and honestly as I can. If I stay here long enough, I suppose I shall get higher," continued the poor catechised man, who really had in him some industry, perseverance, and common-sense, — materials of character which might in time be worked up into a fair lawgiver.

"Why don t you push your bill about that — that privilege?" was the next question of the stateswoman. "That would make a sensation."

"They smothered it in committee," confessed the husband. "What could I do after that?"

"There! now you see!" exclaimed Olympia. "You see the need of being on the leading committees. If you had been a member of that committee, you could have stopped their smothering it."

"No, I could n't," contradicted John,

naturally indignant at being blamed for everything, both what he did and what others did. "If I had been on it, I should have been a minority of one, and the bill would have been smashed all the same. The fact is, that Congressmen in general are determined to hold on to the franking privilege."

"Did n't I tell you?" cried Olympia, remembering that she had once counselled him not to urge unpopular measures, — "did n't I tell you so before we were engaged, and ever so many times since? I told you to give up that old thing and plan something that could pass. O, I wish *I* was a man!"

Remembering that if she had been one, he should not have fallen in love with her, Vane was tempted to reply, "I second the motion." But he restrained himself, for he had a magnanimous streak in him, and he was really very fond of his wife.

In these days Olympia was both sore and prickly with a consciousness of her husband's incapacity; she was as uncomfortable and as discomforting as a porcupine might be whose quills should be sharp at both ends. She was always comparing him disparagingly with somebody, — with that well-descended gentleman of the old school, Senator Knickerbocker; or that opulent gentleman of a new school, Senator Ironman; with the Speaker and the chairman of the Finance Committee, and that elegant Potiphar who had taken the hundred-thousand-dollar fee; with the noted orators who had the ear of the House, such as General Boum and General Splurge. She still liked John — in lonely moments; when they were by themselves of an evening, she often clung to him with a sense that it was sweet to be loved and protected; but all day she wished that he were more respected than he was and greater than he could be. At times she had an idea, or perhaps I should say a feeling, that he had palmed himself off on her by false pretences. Had he not married her in the guise of a political giant, and was he not an indisputable political dwarf? Other men made great speeches which stormed the admiration of Washington, or "engineered something through Congress" which had the effect of putting their wives into freestone mansions. Not so with her husband; he was a nobody, politically, socially and financially; and it was all his fault too, for *she* wanted it different.

But, at last, and as if by a mere freak of fortune, a beam of prosperity lighted her path. Senator Ironman, who was worth two millions at least, encountered her by chance at a reception, paid her some flattering attentions, called upon her a few days later, and cajoled his wife into calling. Glad and proud indeed was Olympia over the acquisition of this patrician intimacy, the pass to all the selectest dress-circles and most exclusive private boxes of that complex theatre, the social life of Washington. Finally her beauty had availed her somewhat; it had brought her in an hour more that was of value in her eyes than she had derived in many months from her husband's public services and reputable name; and, as beauty triumphant will do, it bloomed out with increased splendor. John Vane thought that he had never seen his wife so handsome as she was on the evening in which he took her to Ironman's great party, the grandest crush of the season. It was even very delightful to the honest, unsuspecting soul to note how the rich and arrogant senator evidently admired her, and how much he walked and waltzed with her. And, if Mr. Vane liked it well, you may be sure that Mrs. Vane liked it better. She was throbbingly happy, whether on the great man's arm in the promenade, or on his shoulder in the dance. The deep flush of her brunette cheeks and the liquid sparkle of her dark eyes revealed a stronger agitation than had possessed her for many a day. People stared at her a good deal; they called her "a stunner," and thought her a little venturesome; various gentlemen, who knew Ironman well, exchanged queer glances; certain ladies, who were equally informed, gazed sidelong

at Mrs. Ironman. None of these disquieting circumstances, however, were visible to our two innocents from Puritanic Slowburg. They passed an entirely delightful evening, and then walked economically but contentedly home, telling each other how nice it had all been.

Thenceforward Mrs. Vane led a cheerier life of it. She was invited everywhere, and Mr. Ironman was always delightfully attentive, and consequently other people paid court. She no longer found the Washington receptions unsocial, heartless, and stupid, — mere elbowings of selfish people who either did not know each other, or only wanted to use each other, — the dreariest social gatherings perhaps that ever gaslight shone upon. The favor of the rich senator and of his adherents and parasites irradiated these doleful caucuses to her eyes with interest and gayety. Moreover, Mr. Ironman did not restrict his courtesies to occasions of festivity. His carriage (not his wife's, but his own special turnout) was frequently seen at Vane's humble door. He took Olympia in it all over the surrounding landscapes, to the reservoir hill back of Georgetown, to the soldiers' cemetery at Arlington, and to other similarly inspiring eminences whence one can see a great ways, though not into the future. Furthermore he gallanted her to the Capitol, to the Smithsonian, to the theatre, and to concerts. Likewise he sent her bouquets, and after a time finer presents. In fact, his assiduity gradually verged into such an appearance of courtship that there would have been talk about it, if Washington society had not been charitable even beyond Christianity in its judgments, and also absorbingly intent upon affairs which were more profitable than gossip.

It was, however, a perilous business for Olympia, this daily communion with Ironman. The senator was one of those infrequent and yet discoverable statesmen who value distinction among men mainly because it helps them to captivate women. Although he was, to speak with considerate vagueness, not under forty, he had that restless passion for "conquests" which we scarcely pardon in the novice of twenty, eager to secure acknowledgments of the puissance of his individuality, or, in other words, to show that he is "irresistible." There was not a session during which his proud, calm, mature Juno of a wife did not have occasion to wonder what sort of common mortal her Jove would run after next. This patient or indifferent lady, by the way, had taken very kindly to Olympia, considering her a young person whom it would be respectable for Ironman to drive about with, and who would keep him from making himself ridiculous by sending bouquets to treasury girls.

But absurd as the senator was in the eyes of his spouse, he could not seem absurd to Mrs. Vane, at least not immediately. His very rage for gallantry made him attractive to a woman who knew by experience the sweetness of flirtation, and who, for months past, had been confined to very short browsings of it. As for his shining state on the alps of society, and the entirely solvent, redeemable, coinable wreaths and vapors of opulence which hung about him, not only were they circumstances such as she had always looked up to with admiration, but they seemed more dazzling than ever, viewed through the atmosphere of Washington. It is true that this wealth was mainly the result of special enactments, not beneficial to the masses; that the rich statesman had enormously increased his riches by operations which he had himself helped to legalize; and that he had sometimes voted for a brother patriot's pet measure in consideration of a similar service rendered to his own. But Olympia did not concede much respect to political disinterestedness; she had had a surfeit of that poorly paying virtue in her own cheap and dingy home. Moreover, Ironman had always been so prosperous that he could afford to despise the direct lucre of the lobby, and thus had deserved,

in the opinion of a closely sheared, patient public, the repute of being a singularly upright lawgiver.

Nor was this the end of his enchantments; he possessed talismans of a more personal nature. He was not so plain a man but that, by dint of careful grooming and fine caparisons, he could pass for handsome. True, he was too lean, too hollow in the chest, too narrow in the shoulders, and too knobby in the arms and legs, to inspire the most realistic sculptor with a desire to perpetuate his model in marble, except for the bare emoluments of the job. But, like many tall and long-limbed men, he was graceful when under way, and had a specially good gait in dancing. As for the shiny circle on the top of his blond head, it, at first sight, appeared a decided disadvantage. To conceal it he bowed rarely and at a very obtuse angle, which caused unobservant and unreflecting people to pronounce him haughty, if not discourteous. But, on the other hand, it led him to carry himself with erectness, and thus gave him a port which was generally admitted to be *distingué*. His long, aquiline, pinkish face had an expression akin to the immortal perplexity of Lord Dundreary, but for that very reason, perhaps, was considered patrician by numerous Washington ladies. On the whole, he was a cavalier whose proffered arm might well thrill an ambitious woman's heart with pride.

Such was the partially respectable statesman and almost entirely ludicrous man who lifted the Vanes into the highest circles of the society of our capital. As we have said, his favor was a perilous boon to Olympia, considering her breeding and aspirations. Even as a girl, even while living thriftily in staid Slowburgh, she had been eager after pomps and prodigalities. In Washington, she had become still more demoralized, if we may apply that ugly epithet to a longing for finery and admiration, — a longing so common among our "guardian angels." The splendors of women whose husbands had got fortunes by engineering schemes through Congress had completely dazzled her imagination and made her mad with envy.

It would seem that special legislation and its attendant snares of bribery were set for the downfall, not only of our Federal heads in Congress, but also of their Eves.

VII.

By good fortune the intimacy between Senator Ironman and Olympia had budded so late in the session that it did not have time to ripen into such bloom as would irresistibly attract the eye of scandal.

John Vane went home quite content with his wife, and she rather more than content with herself. A diversified existence — Delectable Mountains mingled with Vales of Tears — awaited their feet in Slowburg. It was delightful to our member to have his praises sung night and morning by the enamoured troubadours of the party journals, and to receive salaams, which were obviously tokens of respect for his proved uprightness, from men of acknowledged position and character, — men who had not previously deigned to know him, or had blandly kept him at a distance. On the other hand, it was disagreeable to listen to the grumblings of unrewarded wirepullers of low degree, and to feel obliged to pacify them by dint of promises, apologies, and wheedlings, which now for the first time seemed to him demeaning.

As for Olympia, she could at last enjoy a consciousness of peculiar distinction; for, whereas in Washington she had been only one of many Congresswomen, she was the sole and solitary one extant in Slowburg, — a fact which gave her pre-eminence among her acquaintance. Unfortunately, it could not exalt her to the social zenith of Saltonstall Avenue, where political notoriety had long been considered a disqualification rather than an introduction, owing to its frequent connection with such low "jobbers" as Mr.

James Bummer. Furthermore there was a scant supply in the family locker of money. During Vane's absence the refrigerator business had not done well; a costly patent in the same had proved unremunerative; the dividends were pitifully meagre. All the summer was spent in economizing at the maternal boarding-house or at a cheap resort by the seaside. It was impossible to meet the Ironmans at Saratoga, as Olympia confidently agreed to do. You can imagine her general discontent and how frequently her husband suffered therefrom, and what a poorish season they had of it. But the summer and fall wore away at last, and they returned to Washington with a fair sense of satisfaction, though indifferently furnished in pocket.

"We must live mighty close this winter," said Vane to his wife, hoping she would take it well.

"Yes, we must keep house," replied Olympia, with cheerful firmness. "This lodging and boarding is awfully expensive, and you get nothing for your money, — a horrid table and vile furniture. It is just being swindled."

"I know it is being swindled," groaned John, gazing over the edge of the frying-pan into the fire. "But it is cheaper than housekeeping; everybody says so. We can't afford a house, any more than we can afford a pyramid."

"Yes, we can," insisted Olympia. And thereupon she skipped lightly through a calculation of the cost of housekeeping: the rent would be so much, the food not much more, the service about half as much; the result a clear saving of many dollars a month.

It looked reasonable, when held up in that offhand way; it seemed as if economy might evolve such a consummation.

"But how about furniture, carpets, and so on?" reflected Vane.

"Why, take a furnished house, you muddled creature."

"Ah! but that doubles her rent, or comes closer to trebling it."

But still Olympia stuck to her project of saving; and at last (oh, the perseverance of wives!) she conquered. A house was taken, at first only for a month, for the rent scared Vane, and he would not sign a longer lease.

"It seems to me that you are just trying to clean me out," was his rather coarse response when Mrs. Vane pleaded for tenure by the session. "If we were only married for the season, I could understand it. Can't you remember that when my pocket is drained" (dreaned, he pronounced it) "yours is empty too?"

"And it seems to me that you are just trying to make me miserable," was Olympia's illogical but telling retort. "I don't want to be lectured, sir, as if I were in short dresses."

Nor was she singularly unreasonable. At that very time and perhaps in that very moment many other wives of Congressmen were inciting their husbands to spend more than their salaries. She had got into a lofty position, and she wanted to live conformably to it. That she should thus live seemed so rational to her, that she could not see how her husband could sanely object to it. As for the lack of sufficient income for the purpose, that surely was his lookout, and not hers. I ask triumphantly how many feminine intellects can discover a flaw in this logic?

Still, John showed no relenting; he had got his back up, as the tom-cats put it to each other; he even looked as though he did not care if she *were* miserable. So Olympia resorted to argument once more, as feeble humanity does when it finds grumbling useless. She recited the cases of half a dozen other members who had nothing but their salaries, yet took houses by the session; the inference being that her member could do likewise, and would if he were not a curmudgeon.

"Yes, and every one of them is head over heels in debt, or drawing bribes from every ring in the lobby," alleged Vane. "Do you suppose that being ruined in a crowd makes it any finer? Do you suppose that the drove of porkers who rushed down steep places into the sea found drowning any more comfortable because there were ten thousand of them?"

"Porkers! I should like to know whom you apply that name to," retorted, Olympia, reddening with anger. "I am your wife, sir, and a born lady."

"I was speaking of Congressmen," answered Vane, with a smile, for he had grown tough under pecking. "Well, I see that there is no use in arguing this matter. I have signed the lease for one month, and I shall *not* change it."

So, on this occasion Olympia *had* to give in, although it almost cost her her life, to use a common exaggeration. But if a wife wants to punish her husband for his tyrannies, there are always ways enough to do it, thank gracious. Mrs. Vane signalized her first week of housekeeping by giving a costly dinner, inviting Senator Ironman thereto, and flirting with him so openly that henceforward John carried a fresh prickle in his hymeneal crown of roses. Other extravagances followed, not all of them indeed meant as castigations, for Olympia had a curious felicity at spending money, and did it literally without thinking. Instead of "saving on the table," as she had promised to do and really meant to do, she so managed matters as to make the family nourishment a synonyme in Vane's mind for being eaten out of house and home. Her cook did the marketing; for how could a born lady do it? And this cook was a Washington colored sister, — a fact which speaks volumes to naturalists acquainted with that primitive development of "help," — a fact which suggests waste, mousing relations, a hungry host of visitors in the kitchen, and perhaps pilfering. Vane, asserted that, instead of feeding four people, as he had expected to do, he fed nearer fourteen. Mrs. Vane replied, sometimes tearfully and sometimes pettishly, that no mortal could rule "those creatures," and that no lady ought to be expected to do it.

Two months, however, had passed away before this state of things became obvious; the house being taken for a second month because "it seemed absurd to break up in such a hurry." Then, all of a sudden, our member found himself unable to pay his honest debts, or at least a portion of them. It was a terrible thing to him; never before had he been driven to send away a tradesman uncontent; and it took all his Congressmanhood to keep him from weeping over the novel humiliation. His distress was heightened by a daybreak dialogue which he chanced to overhear between his milkman and his butcher's driver.

"Say! what kind o' folks is these Vanes, anyway?" demanded the milkman, who was a Down-Easter settled in the District.

"Dunno," responded the driver, who was a colored man, and so cared for nobody and nothing.

"Waal, they 've been gittin' milk from me for abeout nine weeks, an' don't seem to allude to no keind o' peay," continued the milkman, with a piteous, inquiring accent.

"Specs likely," admitted the negro, who would have thought strange of anybody offering to pay for anything.

The unmeant satire of these remarks stung Vane like a blister. All day he was saying to himself and of himself: "Don't seem to allude to no keind o' peay. Specs likely." He could not stand it; he must confide his troubles and ask advice; he must get strength, wisdom, and cheer out of somebody. The person whom he was finally moved to open his bosom to was not a brother legislator, but a person who was much scoffed at in Congress as a poetical enthusiast and a political idealist, because he was engaged in a noble plan for renovating a wofully decayed branch of the government. Mr. Frank Cavendish had met Vane in committee-rooms, and the two had been somewhat attracted to each other by their common unpopularity, both being reckoned stumbling-blocks to legislation as it is. To Cavendish our member now repaired, saying to himself in a pathetically meek spirit, that, if the man knew how to reform an entire system of official business, he might, perhaps, be able to reform a foolish Congressman.

"I don't want a loan," he explained,

after he had stated his case. "That would n't get me out of debt; it would only change the debtor. Besides, it would n't stop the sinking process. What I want is to learn how to live on my salary, and still keep a decent position before the world. It would n't be a matter of much account if it was my case alone. But there are loads of us members in the same fix, getting deeper and deeper in debt every year, and seeing only one way out of it, — special legislation, you know."

This last phrase he added with a ready, commonplace wink which was habitual with him, and suggestive of character. It revealed that, while he disapproved of the briberies and corruptions of the lobby, he did not recoil from them with the disgust of a morally refined soul, and saw in them as much that was humorous as hideous.

"And that is sheer ruin," interjected Cavendish, with the haste of one who puts out his hand to save a man from falling.

"Yes, I suppose it is," responded Vane; remembering that if he should take bribes and be exposed in it, he would lose his prized and useful title of "honest."

"It is moral ruin to Congressmen and financial ruin to the country," continued Cavendish, wishing to impress his lesson clearly on this evidently doughy nature.

"You 're right," admitted John, his conscience vitalized and his intellect cleared by the remark. "If things go on ten years as they are going now, the lobby will be the real legislative power of the land. Well, to come back to my own case, here I am living beyond my salary, and not very blamable for it either. I am *not* extravagant in my fancies," he affirmed positively, and, as we know, with truth; "and my wife don't want more than other women generally do," he added, giving Olympia what credit he might, and perhaps more than was her due. "But living here is really dear, — you can't make it otherwise. I 've tried it, and you can't! I don't see but one salvation for us. Do you think it would do to make a move to raise our salaries?"

"Why not first make a move to lessen expenses?" suggested Cavendish.

"How?" asked Vane, thinking solely of giving up housekeeping and going into very cheap lodgings, and thinking at the same time of the strenuous fight which Olympia would wage against such a plan.

"Congress is largely to blame for the present enormous cost of living," continued Cavendish. "It devised and it still keeps in force the very laws which diminish by one half the purchasing power of the dollar. Congressmen vote to give themselves five thousand dollars a year, and then vote to make that sum equivalent to only twenty-five hundred. Of course *you* understand this matter," he added, politely imputing to Vane more political economy than was in him. "But allow me to explain myself, if only to relieve my own feelings. Here you legislative gentlemen refuse to hasten the resumption of specie payments. The consequence is, that you draw your salary in dollars which are worth only about ninety cents apiece. Next, and what is much more important, you keep up a system of taxation which benefits certain producers enormously, at an enormous expense to the collective body of consumers, the great majority of your constituents. Again, and this too is very important, you lay these taxes less on the luxuries of the rich than on the necessaries of the poor. You have made tea and coffee free, they being really luxuries and not needful to existence, although our extravagant working-classes use them abundantly. Meanwhile you tax heavily all materials of labor and all articles of common comfort. There is hardly a substance or a tool which the American uses in his work but pays a heavy duty. His coal and lumber, his food and the salt which cures it, his clothing and so on, all are taxed. The result is that labor must get high wages or starve. The result to you is, that

your apparently liberal salaries are insufficient to support a moderate style of living."

"O — I see — you are a free-trader," drawled John Vane, his countenance falling.

"No, I am an advocate of a revenue tariff; of a system of taxation which bears mainly on people in easy circumstances; of a system like that of England and Belgium. The entire public income of those two countries is paid by luxuries."

"O, I dare say you are right," sighed our member; "I have n't looked into it much, — I ain't on those committees, you know, — but I dare say you are right. However, it can't be helped." And he shook his law-giving head sadly. "If we should so much as whisper revenue tariff, all the monopolists, all the vested interests, would be after us. You don't know, perhaps, how sharp-eyed and prompt and powerful those fellows are. They are always on hand with their cash, and if you don't want that you do want re-election. They are as greedy, and I don't know but they are as strong, as the relief bill and subsidy chaps. It 's a mean thing to own up to, but Congress does n't fight 'em. This country, Mr. Cavendish, this great Republic which brags so of its freedom, is tyrannized over by a few thousand capitalists and jobbers. No, sir, it 's no sort of use; we can't have a revenue tariff."

"Then there is nothing for an honest legislator to do but to live on the tough steaks and cold hominy of cheap boarding-houses," observed Cavendish.

"That 's the only ticket," mumbled Vane; and the two patriots parted in low spirits.

As Honest John walked homeward, eschewing the minute expense of the street-cars, he swore that he would live like a pauper, and so keep his integrity. But he reckoned without his host, — meaning thereby the partner of his bosom, who was certainly a host in herself, particularly when it came to crying.

"Go back to boarding!" tearfully exclaimed Olympia, who just then had a reception in view. "Then why did you commence housekeeping? The idea of giving me a house only to take it away again! You don't love me as other men love their wives. You delight in plaguing me." And so on, and over again, with much sobbing.

In a day or two she actually impressed Vane with a feeling that, in wishing to "take her house from her," he was guilty of a purpose akin to robbery, and, of course, entirely unworthy of a just husband. He had to concede that, from one point of view, Olympia did not demand overmuch; even to his business-like and arithmetical imagination, five thousand dollars seemed a large income; even he could not yet believe it insufficient to cover housekeeping. Partly because he was deluded by this ante-tax idea, and partly because he was a compassionate man and loving husband, he deferred the humble and lenten pilgrimage through boarding-house deserts back to solvency, and, of course, went more and more laden with the bondage of debt.

At last, sad to relate, he began to admit to himself, like so many other hardly bested men, that "something or other must be done," meaning something which would bring money, no matter how. One evening as he sat alone in his parlor, now staring in dull discontent at the shaky furniture for which he paid such a high rent, now recalling the fact that Olympia was away at a reception with that opulently dazzling Ironman, he once more thought over his wilderness of troubles and tried to devise a way out of them. He was harassed, degraded, and enfeebled by the daily urgency of debt. His matrimonial happiness had been half wrecked by the mere lack of filthy lucre. If he wanted to recover his wife's respect and affection, he must positively provide her with gracious surroundings, and stop bullying her about expenditures. How could he get money, with honesty, or, alas! without it?

While he was puzzling amid the

brambles of this wretched question, he was surprised by a visit from his former friend and wirepuller, Darius Dorman. Vane and Dorman had not seen much of each other since the former had denounced the Great Subfluvial Tunnel as little better than a trick for defrauding the government and the public of small investors. The lobbyist had judged that it would not be wise to "keep at" Honest John, and had expended his time, breath, and funds on members of a less Catonian type. Meanwhile the bill had prospered as bills do which "have money in them." Although Vane had voted against it, the tunnel had obtained a charter from Congress and likewise a loan of forty millions from the United States treasury, the same being only a dollar a head from every inhabitant of this free country, including women, children, negroes, and Indians not taxed. Two or three times as many more millions had come in from financiers who saw forty-per-cent profit in an early purchase, and from a simple public which believed that it could safely follow the lead of the wise men of the capital. Furthermore, the directors and managers of the Great Subfluvial had contrived what might be called a Sub-Tunnel for their own peculiar emolument, which fulfilled its purpose admirably. This was a most wonderful invention, and deserves our intensest study. It was a corporation inside of the original corporation. Its ostensible object was the construction of the Subfluvial, but its real object was the division of the capital into profits. For instance, it built a mile of tunnel at a cost of, say ten thousand dollars, and then delivered the same to the outside company for say fifty thousand dollars, and then shared the difference of forty thousand dollars among its own stockholders. Of course this was a better bargain for the inside company than for the outside one; but all chance of quarrelling between the two was evaded by a very effective device; they had the same men for directors, or the same men's partners.

O, it was a beautiful business idea, — this Floating Credit, or Syndicate, or whatever its inventors christened it. It reminds one of that ingenious machine called the Hen Persuader, which was so constructed that, when placed under a hen's nest, it would withdraw every egg the moment it was laid, whereupon biddy would infer that her sensations had deceived her with regard to the fact of laying, and would immediately deposit another egg, and so continue to do until she died of exhaustion. In some respects, also, this internal corporation resembled that hungry creature known as a tapeworm, which devours a man's dinner as fast as he swallows it, and leaves him hungrier than ever.

Of course the gentlemen who held shares in the Hen Persuader did a profitable business, and filled their private wallets with golden eggs in abundance. But still they were not quite content; the old fowl above them, that is to say, Uncle Sam's eagle, occasionally cackled angrily; and it was extremely desirable to put a stop to his alarming demand for chickens. Darius Dorman had an anxious look on his crisped and smutted physiognomy as he seated himself opposite his representative.

"Vane, we must have another lift, or let the thing drop," he said abruptly.

"What! have n't you bled the treasury enough?" grumbled Honest John, angrily contrasting his own shrunken *porte monnaie* with the plethoric pocket-books and overrunning safes of the great corporation.

"We want time," answered Dorman, really meaning thereby that he wanted an eternity of it. "Here is this Secretary of the Treasury making a raid on us. He asks for interest on his loan. How in the name of all the witches of Salem does he suppose the Subfluvial can pay three millions of interest per year, in addition to meeting its running expenses? We understood that the interest was to wait until the termination of the loan, thirty years from now."

"Pay it out of the principal," sug-

gested Vane sulkily. "Do as other roads do."

"But we want the principal for dividends. We can't keep on selling stock, unless we show a dividend now and then."

"Ain't there any profits?" asked Vane, with a keen look. "Have n't your managers and inside passengers laid away enough to spare a little for profits?"

Dorman had such a spasm that he fairly writhed in his chair. It seemed as if every swindling dollar that he had got out of the Hen Persuader were that moment burning into his already cicatrized cuticle.

"O, they will fall in later," he smiled, recovering his self possession. "They will come when the tunnel is clean through, and has had time to make travel. But until that time arrives we must have favor shown us. Give us a lift, John, and we 'll give you one."

Honest John Vane hesitated, querying whether he should take one solitary step to meet temptation, and see at least what it was like.

"Well," he at last said, in the surly tone of a man who feels that he is on the verge of making a diabolically bad bargain, — "well, what do you want now?"

J. W. DeForest.

A POEM SERVED TO ORDER.

Φ B K JUNE 26, 1873.

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,
And, scowling with a fearful look
That meant, — We stand no gammon, —
"To-morrow, just at two," he said,
"Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,
Or serve us up a salmon."

"Great Sire," the trembling *chef* replied,
"Lord of the Earth and all beside,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on — "
(Look in Eothen — there you 'll find
A list of titles. Never mind,
I have n't time to go on :)

"Great Sire," and so forth, thus he spoke,
"Your Highness must intend a joke;
It does n't stand to reason
For one to order salmon brought
Unless that fish is sometimes caught,
And also is in season.

"Our luck of late is shocking bad,
In fact, the latest catch we had
(We kept the matter shady),
But, hauling in our nets, — alack!
We found no salmon, but a sack
That held your honored Lady!"

— "Allah is great!" the Caliph said,
"My poor Zuleika, you are dead,

I once took interest in you — "
— "Perhaps, my Lord, you 'd like to know:
We cut the lines and let her go."
— "Allah be praised! Continue."

— "It is n't hard one's hook to bait,
And, squatting down, to watch and wait
To see the cork go under;
At last suppose you 've got your bite,
You twitch away with all your might, —
You 've hooked an eel, by thunder!"

The Caliph patted Hassan's head:
"Slave, thou hast spoken well," he said,
"And won thy master's favor.
Yes; since what happened t' other morn
The salmon of the Golden Horn
Might have a doubtful flavor.

"That last remark about the eel
Has also justice that we feel
Quite to our satisfaction.
To-morrow we dispense with fish,
And, for the present, if you wish,
You 'll keep your bulbous fraction."

"Thanks! thanks!" the grateful *chef* replied,
His nutrient feature showing wide
The gleam of arches dental;
"To cut my head off would n't pay,
I find it useful every day
As well as ornamental."

Brothers, I hope you will not fail
To see the moral of my tale
And kindly to receive it.
You know your anniversary pie
Must have its crust, though hard and dry,
And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youth were born
I 've fished in Fancy's Golden Horn
For what the Muse might send me!
How gayly then I cast the line,
When all the morning sky was mine,
And Hope her flies would lend me!

And now I hear our despot's call,
And come, like Hassan, to the hall, —
If there 's a slave, I am one, —
My bait no longer flies, but worms;
I 've caught — Lord bless me! how he squirms!
An eel, and not a salmon!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S CHIEF MEASURES.

HOW rapidly the face of the world changes in these modern times! As recently as 1794, it was a common occurrence for such a letter as the following to be read out in church at seaport towns, like Boston, Salem, Newburyport, where, perhaps, the writer had been known from his boyhood, and where his family still lived: —

"I was captured on the 18th of October by an Algerine corsair and stripped of everything. On arriving at Algiers I was conducted to the Dey's house, and in the morning was sent to the slaves' bagnio, and there received an iron shackle round my leg and a chain of twenty pounds, and three loaves of coarse bread for twenty-four hours, and some water, and was immediately put to hard labor. My situation is so deplorable that to mention but a small part of it would require much longer time than I am allowed." *

And the great cost of ransoming a captured brother and fellow-citizen must have been most discouraging to a congregation acquainted only with simple manners, and frugal habits, — codfish for Saturday's dinner, baked beans on Sunday, and a best coat worn for twenty years. Here is the bill sent to Mr. Jefferson, plenipotentiary at Paris, in 1786, for the first American crews ever captured by the Barbary pirates: —

For 3 captains, $6,000 each	$18,000
2 mates, $4,000 each	8,000
2 passengers, $4,000 each	8,000
14 seamen, $1,400 each	29,600
	$53,600
For custom, 11 per cent	5,896
	$59,496

If *he* was appalled at such a demand (Congress only empowered him to offer two hundred dollars a man), what must have been the feeling of a Newburyport family in average circumstances, on learning that the release of a father, husband, brother, son, depended on their raising six thousand hard dollars? Many a homestead was deeply mortgaged, and many sold, to procure the money, which sometimes reached Algiers or Tripoli only to find the object of compassion in a captive's grave. Nor did the price materially decline during the next ten years. In 1794 we find supercargoes quoted at $4,000, cabin passengers at $4,000, and cabin-boys at $1,400. Business, it is true, could always be done on more favorable terms if the ransom was paid in guns, powder, sail-cloth, rope, fast-sailing schooners, and naval stores generally; but against this Jefferson, from first to last, set his face, though all the other powers complied. Two Moors would sometimes be taken in exchange for one Christian, and a single Turk was regarded as equivalent to half a dozen Christian dogs; but it was necessary first to catch your Turk. This traffic in Christians was very profitable. In 1786 the number of captives in Algiers alone was officially reported to Mr. Jefferson at twenty-two hundred; and during the early autumn of 1793 ten American vessels were taken by the Barbary corsairs; for the release of the crews of which a collection was taken in every church in New England on Thanksgiving Day of that year. People gave liberally (one gentleman subscribed $4,000, "enough to redeem a master or supercargo"); but it was not till the general ransom by Congress, in 1796, that the poor fellows saw their homes again. A million dollars it cost the government to buy that shameful peace, and another million during the four years of Mr. Adams's term to keep the peace; a large part of which was paid to the pirates in naval stores and ammunition. It is hard to believe that one item in this account was officially

* History of Newburyport, by Mrs. E. Vale Smith, p. 146.

described as "a frigate to carry thirty-six guns, for the Dey of Algiers." But it was even so. The bill that Congress paid for her construction, equipment, and navigation to Algiers amounted to $99,727, and she went crammed with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of powder, lead, timber, rope, shells, canvas, and other means of piracy. One hundred and twenty-two captives, however, came home in that year, 1796; among whom were ten who had been in slavery for eleven years.

And how can we sufficiently admire the impudence of those corsairs? A man-of-war, one would think, went very far in merely saluting their flag; but that was only a small part of the infamy. The pirates returned the salute, and then demanded *from* the man-of-war one barrel of powder for every gun they had fired! Every power seems to have conceded this, as a matter of course, until the American consul in 1798 refused. The conversation that occurred on this subject between the Bey of Tunis and Consul William Eaton is a curiosity of negotiation. The consul endeavored at first to pass it over as something too trifling for a sovereign prince to regard.

BEY.— However trifling it may appear to you, to me it is important. Fifteen barrels of powder will furnish a cruiser which may capture a prize and net me one hundred thousand dollars.

CONSUL. The concession is so degrading that our nation will not yield to it. Both honor and justice forbid; and we do not doubt that the world will view the demand as they will the concession.

BEY. You consult your honor, I my interest; but if you wish to save your honor in this instance, give me fifty barrels of powder annually, and I will agree to the alteration.

CONSUL. We shall not expend a thought upon a proposition which aims at making us tributary. We will agree to pay for the powder you burned in the salute.

BEY (addressing his minister in Turkish). These people are Cheribeenas (Persian merchants). They are so hard, there is no dealing with them.

In a spirit not unlike this, the Dey of Algiers said, in 1793, taking the tone of an injured being: "If I make peace with everybody, what shall I do with my corsairs? What shall I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for want of other prizes, not being able to live upon their miserable allowance." In 1801, when Mr. Jefferson came to the Presidency, the time had arrived, he thought, to place the intercourse of the United States and the Barbary Powers on a different footing.

The former practice of electing to the Presidency a man grown gray in the service of the public had this advantage: An intelligent and patriotic person, while serving in subordinate stations, acquires a great deal of special knowledge, gets a particular insight into weak places in the system of which he is a part, and perfects in his mind schemes of change or reform. He has often said to himself, "If *I* were President, I would recommend such a plan or adopt such a measure." Of all this knowledge, experience, and reflection the country derives the benefit, if the tried servant of the state happens to be one of those rarely gifted men who possess the strength to execute, in the presence of mankind, what they have meditated in seclusion.

From the beginning of the national part of his public life, Jefferson's attention had been, of necessity, drawn to this fell business of capturing Christians for ransom. To the reams of despatches and reports which he wrote on the subject as plenipotentiary in Paris, he was obliged to add annual quires as Secretary of State in Philadelphia. Frustration followed frustration; until, at length, when he was no longer in office, the government, in its extreme desire to procure the release of men wearing out their lives in bondage, yielded to the pirates' demands, and got the captives home at the prodigious cost of money and dignity just

named. But now he was President. The Federalists had availed themselves of the transient delusion of the people in 1797, with regard to the intentions of the French government, to create a navy; which Jefferson immediately reduced by putting all but six vessels out of commission. His first important act as President was to despatch four of the six — three frigates and a sloop — to the Mediterranean to overawe the pirates, and cruise in protection of American commerce. Thus began the series of events which finally rendered the commerce of the world as safe from piracy in the Mediterranean as it was in the British Channel. How brilliantly Decatur and his gallant comrades executed the intentions of the government, and how, at last, the tardy naval powers of Europe followed an example they ought to have set, every one is supposed to know. Commodore Decatur was the Farragut of that generation. There was something really exquisite in Jefferson's turning the infant navy of the infant nation to a use so legitimate, but also so unexpected and so original. What in 1785 he had urged the combined naval powers to attempt, he was enabled to begin to effect in 1805 by the confidence of Congress and the valor of a few heroes. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the spectacle of a peace man's making a successful fight, when that fight is clearly forced upon him by an essential difference in the grade of civilization between himself and his enemy, — the only justification of a war that will stand modern tests.

The acquisition of Louisiana was, also, the completion of much which Jefferson had meditated years before. He may have heard Dr. Franklin repeat, in 1784, the remark which the acute old man once made to Mr. Jay, "I would rather agree with the Spaniards to buy at a great price the whole of their right on the Mississippi than sell a drop of its waters. A neighbor might as well ask me to sell my street-door." Whether he heard it or not, his public acts and utterances show that he agreed with Dr. Franklin. As Secretary of State, in 1790, when there appeared some danger of Great Britain seizing New Orleans, he gave it as his official opinion to President Washington, that, rather than see Louisiana and Florida added to the British Empire, the United States should brave the risks of joining actively in the general war then supposed to be impending. But, not less averse to the French possessing it, he warned them also, in the same year, to let it alone. The French Minister in Philadelphia was supposed to have indulged a dream of planting a new colony of his countrymen somewhere within the vast and vague Louisiana that was once all their own. The Secretary of State gave him Punch's advice, DON'T. He caused it to be softly intimated to him after his return to France, through the American Minister there, that such a project could not be advantageous to France, and would not be pleasing to the United States. France, he owned, might sell a few more yards of cloth and silk in that country; but, said he, the Count de Moustier did not take into consideration "what it would cost France to nurse and protect a colony there till *it should be able to join its neighbors*, or to stand by itself, and then what it would cost her to get rid of it." And there was something else the Count did not think of. "The place being ours," added Mr. Jefferson, "their yards of cloth and silk would be as freely sold as if it were theirs." This in 1790, twelve years before there was any expectation of the place being ours.

The war-cloud of 1790 blew over, and the Spaniards remained in possession. Trouble enough they gave the government during the rest of Jefferson's tenure of office. Holding both Florida and Louisiana, they sometimes stirred up the Creeks to war; they always interposed obstacles to the free outlet of the products of Kentucky; and they occasionally threatened to close the mouth of the river altogether to Amer-

ican commerce. In many a vigorous despatch, Jefferson remonstrated with the Spanish government, warning them, that a spark might kindle a flame in the breasts of "our borderers" which could not be controlled. "In such an event," he wrote in 1791, "Spain cannot possibly gain; and what may she not lose?" Next year he demanded a frank and complete concession of the right to navigate the river; appealing, finally, to the law of nature, written on the heart of man in the deepest characters, that the ocean is free to all men, and the rivers to all who inhabit their shores. The treaty was concluded; but there was never a year thereafter in which the Kentuckians were not in feud, more or less violent, with the Spanish authorities at New Orleans. There were times when only the strong, instinctive regard for law and decorum which marks men who own no laws but of their own making, prevented "our borderers" from seizing New Orleans, and setting the Spaniards floating down toward the sea.

Jefferson had not been President two months before Louisiana became again a subject of anxious concern with him. A despatch from Rufus King, American Minister in London, dated March 29, 1801, contained an intimation of startling import. It was whispered about, he said, in diplomatic circles, that Spain had ceded Louisiana and Florida to France! Can it be true? Some weeks later, Mr. King, who felt all the import of such a change, conversed with Lord Hawksbury on the subject, using as a text Montesquieu's remark, "It is happy for the commercial powers that God has permitted Turks and Spaniards to be in the world, since of all nations they are the most proper to possess a great empire with insignificance." "We are contented," said Mr. King, "that the Floridas should remain in the hands of Spain, but should not be willing to see them transferred, except to ourselves." By Floridas he meant Louisiana and Florida. Lord Hawksbury proved on this occasion that he perfectly divined Bonaparte's object. He said, in June, 1801, what Bonaparte avowed in April, 1803, that the acquisition of Louisiana was the beginning of an attempt to undo the work of the Seven Years' War. During all the rest of the year 1801, we see Mr. Madison writing anxiously to the American Ministers in Paris, London, and Madrid: How is it about this rumored cession of Louisiana? Inquire. Send us information.

Those gentlemen inquired diligently. Mr. King, in December, 1801, was all but sure the cession had been made, and sent what he believed to be a true copy of one of the treaties involving the cession. Mr. Livingston had "broken the subject" to two of Bonaparte's ministers. Both denied that the province had been ceded. One of them, in reply to an intimation that the United States would buy it, said, "None but spendthrifts satisfy their debts by selling their lands"; adding, after a pause, "but it is not ours to give." Talleyrand also (December, 1801) declared that the cession had only been talked of. In March, 1802, when Mr. Livingston had been several months in Paris, he was still unable to get official information of a treaty which had then been in existence a year. But he had no serious doubts. "It is a darling object with the First Consul," he wrote to Mr. Madison, March, 24, "who sees in it a means to gratify his friends and to dispose of his armies. There is a man here who calls himself a Frenchman by the name of Francis Tatergem, who pretends to have great interest with the Creek nations. He has been advanced to the rank of a general of division. He persuades them that the Indians are extremely attached to France, and hate the Americans; that they can raise twenty thousand warriors; that the country is a paradise. I believe him to be a mere adventurer, but he is listened to."

This news, confirmed from many quarters and inferred from many facts, was alarming indeed. Nor could it be

longer confined to official circles. Kentucky was in a flame. The President was deeply stirred; for he was as well aware as Rufus King that the new master of the mouth of the Mississippi was not a person whom an eloquent despatch could intimidate. The Spaniards had retained Louisiana on sufferance; the United States could have it at any time from *them;* but the French would be likely to hold their ancient possession with a tighter clutch, and not content themselves with two or three trading-posts in a fertile territory large enough for an empire. Jefferson, from the hour when the intelligence reached him, had only this thought: The French must not have New Orleans; no one but ourselves must own our own street-door. He had been a year in pursuit of his object, before the public suspected that the peace of Amiens was only a truce; and he was prepared to join the next coalition against Bonaparte, rather than not accomplish it. So far was Mr. Livingston from anticipating Jefferson's scheme, that he, as he himself reports, "on all occasions declared that, as long as France conforms to the existing treaty between us and Spain, the government of the United States does not consider herself as having any interest in oppposing the exchange." These words were written January 13, 1802. The despatches which he received from Washington in May must have surprised him, for they notified him that the government of the United States was resolved to prevent the exchange.

Besides the formal and official despatches which Mr. Madison wrote on the subject, the President himself addressed to Mr. Livingston one of those letters of fire which he occasionally produced when his whole soul was set upon accomplishing a purpose. On the one hand, the United States *could* not let the French control the mouth of the Mississippi; on the other, the President felt that a conflict with Napoleon would finally necessitate an "entangling alliance" with Great Britain. The one chance, he thought, of avoiding both these giant evils lay in an appeal to the reason of Napoleon, for whose understanding he had then some respect. This powerful letter, though directed to the American Minister, was evidently aimed at the intellect of the First Consul. He began by saying that, of all the nations in the world, France was the one with which the United States had the fewest points of probable collision, and the most of a communion of interests; and for this reason we had ever esteemed her our *natural* friend; viewing her growth as our own, her misfortunes ours. BUT —

"There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three eighths of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will erelong yield more than half of our whole produce, and contain more than half of our inhabitants. France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us the attitude of defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years. Her pacific dispositions, her feeble state, would induce her to increase our facilities there, so that her possession of the place would be hardly felt by us, and it would not, perhaps, be very long before some circumstance might arise which might make the cession of it to us the price of something of more worth to her. Not so can it ever be in the hands of France; the impetuosity of her temper, the energy and restlessness of her character, placed in a point of eternal friction with us, and our character, which, though quiet and loving peace and the pursuit of wealth, is high-minded, despising wealth in competition with insult or injury, enterprising and energetic as any nation on earth, — these circumstances render it impossible that France and the United States can continue long friends, when they meet in so irritating a position. They, as well as we, must be blind if they do not see this; and we must be very improvident if we do not begin to make arrangements on that hypothesis. The day that France takes possession

of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water-mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attentions to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high ground; and having formed and connected together a power which may render reinforcement of her settlements here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for tearing up any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American nations."

His conclusion was, that it was for the most obvious interest of both nations for France to cede Louisiana to the United States; but if that could not be, then, at least, the island of New Orleans and Florida, making the Mississippi River the boundary between the possessions of the two countries. "But, still," added the President, "we should consider New Orleans and the Floridas no equivalent for the risk of a quarrel with France produced by her vicinage." At this time the rumor prevailed that Florida also had been ceded to France; which proved to be not the case, much to the cost of the United States a quarter of a century later.

It happened that an ancient French friend of Jefferson's, M. Dupont de Nemours, a republican exile of the Revolution, was going home, in the spring of 1802, after a long residence in the United States, to spend the evening of his life in his native country. To him the President entrusted this letter open, urging him, before sealing it, to possess himself thoroughly of its contents, in order that he might aid in "informing the wisdom of Bonaparte" and enlightening the circle that surrounded him. "In Europe," wrote Jefferson to this republican statesman and author, "nothing but Europe is seen"; a remark nearly as true in 1873 as it was in 1802. "But," he continued, "this little event, of France's possessing herself of Louisiana, which is thrown in as nothing, as a mere makeweight in the general settlement of accounts,— this speck which now appears as an almost invisible point in the horizon,— is the embyro of a tornado which will burst on the countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and involve in its effects their highest destinies." He asked another service of this friend, who was not less a friend to the United States than to the President. Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, was at this moment, if we may believe M. Thiers, the minister who could do most to soothe the blinding passions of Napoleon, and dispose him to a reasonable view of things. But Talleyrand was supposed to be out of humor with the United States, on account of the explosion of 1797, commonly called the X Y Z affair; when it was a point of party tactics with the Federalists to maintain that Talleyrand was the person who "struck" the American envoys for twelve hundred thousand francs. The President requested M. Dupont to endeavor to talk Talleyrand out of this ill-humor, by assuring him that the people who spread abroad that story had been consigned to private life, while those now in power were "precisely those who disbelieved it, and saw nothing in it but an attempt to deceive our country." He had even another request, so intent was he upon this vital business. He begged M. Dupont to deliver the letter to Chancellor Livingston with his own hands, and to charge Madame Dupont, if any accident happened to him, to deliver it with her own hands.

The letter and Mr. Madison's despatches reached Mr. Livingston in due time. M. Dupont could not do much toward "informing the wisdom of Bonaparte." He did himself the honor of detesting Bonaparte and all his works; refused to serve under him when office was offered; and, at last, when the tyrant returned from

Elba, the old man, past seventy-five then, despairing of his country, declared he would no longer be exposed to pass, in a day, from one master to another, *comme une courtisane ou un courtisan*, took ship for the United States, and spent the rest of his life on his son's farm in Delaware.

Nor can it be said that Mr. Livingston made much impression upon Bonaparte's wisdom. Bonaparte had no wisdom to inform. He was fully resolved upon his scheme of colonizing Louisiana on a grand scale; the ships were designated, and officers were appointed. The expedition was to consist of two ships of the line, "several frigates," three thousand troops, and three thousand workmen. Bernadotte was first thought of for governor of the colony, but the appointment finally fell to Lieutenant-General Victor, who afterwards bore the ridiculous title of Duc de Bellune, and survived all that histrionic pageant nearly long enough to see its mimickry mimicked in our own day. Mr. Livingston could make no head against the infatuation of the First Consul. He wrote an "essay," of which he had twenty copies printed, and extracted from Talleyrand a promise to "give it an attentive perusal." But he could not so much as prevail upon him to submit the case to his master. It would be "premature," said the minister; "for the French government has determined to take possession first." Mr. Livingston felt the uselessness of all attempts to prevent the departure of the fleet. "There never was," he wrote to Mr. Madison, September 1, 1802, "a government in which less could be done by negotiation than here. There is no people, no legislature, no counsellors. One man is everything. He seldom asks advice, and never hears it unasked. His ministers are mere clerks; and his legislature and counsellors are parade officers. Though the sense of every reflecting man about him is against this wild expedition, no one dares to tell him so."

The whole twenty-eight volumes of the Correspondence of Napoleon, recently given to the world, might be cited in proof of Mr. Livingston's remarks; but the man never appears to have lived in quite such a tumult of business and passion as during that year and a half of "peace." In turning over the other volumes, the reader hears, from first to last, the steady roll of the drum, the rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannonade, the short, sharp word of command; and he marks everywhere an assumption that fighting is the chief end of man, to which all other pursuits are immeasurably inferior. But in these two volumes of the year X., vulgarly styled 1802, there is such a rush of projects and topics demanding notice of the head of the nation, that we cannot discover a gap large enough to admit a modest and polite old gentleman, hard of hearing, with a request that the First Cousul would please to be so good as to relinquish his Louisiana scheme, and cede all those uncounted and unknown square miles to a country which, according to Talleyrand, was of no more account in general politics that Genoa. Suppose it was on the 4th of May that Mr. Livingston desired a hearing. That day, in the lingo of the Revolution, which Bonaparte still employed, was called Floréal 14, An X. It was a busy day, indeed, with the First Consul; for he was disposing the minds of men to view his next step toward an imperial throne, without an unmanageable excess of consternation. How sweetly this great histrionic genius discoursed to the Council of State that morning! "In all lands, force yields to civic qualities. Bayonets fall before the priest who speaks in the name of Heaven, and before the man whose learning inspires respect. I have said to military men who had scruples, that a military government could never prevail in France until the nation had become brutalized by fifty years of ignorance. Soldiers are only the children of the citizens. The army, it is the nation." Turn over a few leaves, and you catch him scolding Berthier for not pushing

the conscription vigorously enough. "*Recruiting*," he adds, "*is the first and most important concern of the nation.*" Meanwhile, we see him thanking the Senate for a new proof of their confidence, in having made him First Consul for ten years longer. "You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I shall make it if the will of the people commands that which your suffrage authorizes."

This new lease of absolute power brought with it a world of urgent business, in the intervals of which there was nothing too high for him to meditate and no detail too trifling for him to rule. It was a case of *one mind* trying to govern a country, instead of *all the mind in it*, which alone is competent to the task. If a general fights a duel, it is the First Consul who exiles him to that dread Siberia of the French of that age, "thirty leagues from Paris." A soldier kills himself for love; it is the First Consul who issues an Order of the Day on the subject: "A soldier should know how to bear up under the grief and melancholy of the passions; there is as much true courage in enduring anguish of mind with constancy as in standing firm under the steady fire of a battery." A young lady is attentive to the poor during an epidemic; and it is still the First Consul who sends her twenty thousand francs, and a note telling her what a good girl she is.

In his strong desire to accomplish the purpose of his government, Mr. Livingston had recourse, like many others anxious diplomatists, to Joseph Bonaparte. Joseph told him that his brother was his own counseller, but at the same time an affectionate brother, to whom he had access at all times, and whose attention he could call to any subject. He assured the American Minister that his brother had read with attention the essay, or memoir, upon Louisiana which Mr. Livingston had prepared. Perhaps he had. One thing is certain; the First Consul held to his purpose. The expedition was delayed, but not abandoned. December 19, 1802, Victor was ordered to despatch a member of his staff to Washington to notify the French Minister there that the French government was about to take possession of Louisiana; and, February 3, 1803, there was an order given (8 Correspondence, 199) showing that the expedition was still under sailing orders, and soon to depart. Livingston despaired of getting New Orleans by negotiation. His earnest "notes" to Talleyrand remained unnoticed. His opinion was this: If we want New Orleans, we must seize it first and negotiate afterwards. To Madison he wrote in November, 1802: Nothing can now prevent the sailing of the expedition; it will be off in twenty days; two and a half millions of francs are appropriated to it. Fortify Natchez, strengthen all the upper posts.

All these efforts on the part of the administration to solve this problem by peaceful methods were unknown to the people of the United States. Kentucky saw the right of deposit denied by a foolish Spanish governor, and heard rumors of the French expedition which magnified it four times, making its three thousand troops and three thousand workmen, "twenty thousand troops." The press and stump of Kentucky, it is said, began to utter words like these: "The Mississippi is ours by the law of nature, by the authority of numbers, and by the right of necessity. If Congress cannot give it to us, we must take it ourselves. No protection, no allegiance!" The Federalists were not backward to take up this promising cry. "The French troops are already at sea," said Gouverneur Morris; "their arrival should be anticipated; it is time to come to an open rupture." With all his own fine patience, the President bore in silence, for a whole year, the outcry of the Kentuckians and the misinterpretation of the Federalists. But only a few days of the new year, 1803, had passed before he perceived the necessity of some measure which the people could know, discuss, and observe. He wrote to his old friend, Monroe, January 10: —

"I have but a moment to inform you

that the fever into which the Western mind is thrown by the affairs at New Orleans (denying the right of deposit), stimulated by the mercantile and generally the federal interest, threatens to overbear our peace. . . . . I shall to-morrow nominate you to the Senate for an extraordinary mission to France. . . . . Pray, work night and day to arrange your affairs for a temporary absence, perhaps for a long one."

Two months later, Mr. Monroe was travelling posthaste from Havre to Paris, charged with the President's fullest instructions, authorized to give two millions of dollars, if he could do no better, for the island of New Orleans alone, and empowered by Congress to pay cash down on the conclusion of the bargain. X Y Z was not forgotten. Ready money might still have a certain weight in Paris, the President thought, when he recommended the appropriation.

How changed the situation in April, 1803, from the time when the President stunned Mr. Monroe with the announcement of his nomination! For some months, as we see so plainly in his Correspondence, Bonaparte had been working himself up to the point of breaking the peace of Amiens; fuming about Malta, about the assaults of the London press, about the Count d'Artois wearing the decorations of the old monarchy at a dress parade in England, and all those other silly half-pretexts which he afterwards enumerated; while urging his Minister of War to take every man from the villages which a merciless conscription could extort. At length, February 19, 1803, there fell from his pen, while he was writing his imitation-Message to his sham legislature, the taunt, once so familiar to all the world, "In England, two parties contend for power. One has made peace with us and seems decided to maintain it. The other has sworn implacable hate against France. While this struggle lasts, it is but prudence on our part to have five hundred thousand men ready to defend and avenge ourselves. However the intrigue in London may issue, no other people will be drawn into the contest; and the government says with just pride, ALONE ENGLAND CANNOT TO-DAY HOLD HER OWN AGAINST FRANCE!" The very next day, the order went to the Louisiana expedition at Dunkirk: Don't sail till further orders. George III. was prompt enough with his retort. He read Bonaparte's message about February 23, and on March 8 he sent to the House of Commons the lumbering message in twenty lines that gave Napoleon Bonaparte the pretext he longed for, and began the war that ended at — Sedan. The king merely acquainted his faithful Commons that, as considerable military preparations were going on in France, England, too, must begin to think of "additional measures of precaution." Bonaparte continued the contest by storming at the English ambassador in the Tuileries, at a Sunday reception, in the sight and hearing of the whole diplomatic corps, two hundred in number. In a word: Both parties meant war; and war they had, to their hearts' content.

A month passed of intensest preparation on both sides. Bonaparte's plan was to invade England, — a thing of immense difficulty and vast expense. He wanted money, and dared not press the French people further at the beginning of a war. On Easter Sunday, April 10, in the afternoon, after having taken conspicuous part in the revived ceremonies of the occasion (Mr. Monroe being still many leagues from Paris, but expected hourly), the First Consul opened a conversation with two of his ministers upon Louisiana. One of these ministers, who reports the scene, was that old friend of Jefferson's, Barbé-Marbois, for whom, twenty-six years before, he had compiled his Notes on Virginia, — a gentleman ten years resident at Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of a governor of Pennsylvania. The other minister had served in America under Rochambeau during the Revolutionary War.

"I know," said the First Consul,

speaking with "passion and vehemence," — "I know the full value of Louisiana, and I have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to whom I wish to deliver it. The English have successively taken from France Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach; I think of ceding it to the United States. I can scarcely say that I cede it to them, for it is not yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies, I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans whose friendship I seek. They only ask of me one town in Louisiana; but I already consider the colony as entirely lost; and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power, it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France than if I should attempt to keep it."

He paused to hear the opinion of the two ministers. Barbé-Marbois said, in a long discourse: The province is as good as gone. Let the Americans have it. The other said at great length: No; there is still a chance of our being able to keep it; it will be time to give up so precious a possession when we must. The three continued to converse on the subject till late at night, and the master broke up the conference without announcing his decision. The ministers remained at St. Cloud. At daybreak, Barbé-Marbois received a summons to attend the First Consul in his cabinet. Despatches had arrived from England showing that the king and ministry were entirely resolved upon war, and were pushing preparations with extraordinary vigor. When M. Marbois had read these, Bonaparte resumed the subject of the evening's conversation: —

"Irresolution and deliberation," he said, "are no longer in reason. I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I will cede; it is the whole colony, without any reservation. I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even await the arrival of Mr. Monroe; have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston. But I require a great deal of money for this war, and I would not like to commence it with new contributions. If I should regulate my terms according to the value of those vast regions to the United States, the indemnity would have no limits. I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity in which I am of making a sale. But keep this to yourself. I want fifty millions of francs, and for less than that sum I will not treat; I would rather make a desperate attempt to keep those fine countries. To-morrow you shall have your full powers."

The deed was done. The rest was merely the usual cheapening and chaffering that passes between buyer and seller when the commodity has no market price. Mr. Monroe's arrival was exquisitely timed; for, by this time, Mr. Livingston had lost all faith in the possibility of getting New Orleans by purchase, and was unprepared even to consider a proposition for buying the whole province. He evidently thought that the French ministers were all liars together, and he looked upon this sudden change of tone, after so many months of neglect or evasion, as a mere artifice for delay. "If Mr. Monroe agrees with me," said Livingston to Talleyrand, a day or two before Monroe's arrival, "we shall negotiate no further on the subject, but advise our government to take possession. The times are critical, and, though I do not know what instructions Mr. Monroe may bring, I am perfectly satisfied they will require a precise and prompt no-

tice. I am fearful, from the little progress I have made, that my government will consider me a very indolent negotiator." Talleyrand laughed. "I will give you a certificate," said he, "that you are the most importunate one I have yet met with."

But Mr. Livingston soon discovered that all had really changed with regard to Louisiana. On the day after Monroe's arrival, while sitting at dinner with him and other guests, Livingston espied M. Barbé-Marbois strolling about in his garden. During the interview that followed, business made progress. Marbois took the liberty of telling a few diplomatic falsehoods to the American Minister. Instead of the "fifty millions," which, in his History of Louisiana, he says Napoleon demanded, he told Mr. Livingston that the sum required was one hundred millions. He represented the First Consul as saying, "Well, you have charge of the treasury: make the Americans give you one hundred millions, pay their own claims, and take the whole country." Mr. Livingston was aghast at the magnitude of the sum. After a long conversation, Marbois dropped to sixty millions; the United States to pay its own claimants, which would require twenty millions more. "It is in vain to ask such a thing," said Livingston; "it is so greatly beyond our means." He thought, too, that his government would be "perfectly satisfied with New Orleans and Florida, and had no disposition to extend across the river."

Then it was that Mr. Monroe, fresh from Washington, and knowing the full extent of the President's wishes, knowing his aversion to the mere proximity of the French, came upon the scene with decisive and most happy effect. In a few days, all was arranged. M. Barbé-Marbois's offer was accepted. Twenty days after the St. Cloud conference, and eighteen days after Mr. Monroe's arrival, the convention was concluded which gave imperial magnitude and completeness to the United States, and supplied Napoleon with fifteen millions of dollars to squander upon a vain attempt to invade and ravage another country. M. Marbois relates that, as soon as the three negotiators had signed the treaties, they all rose and shook hands. Mr. Livingston gave utterance to the joy and satisfaction of them all.

"We have lived long," said he, "but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or dictated by force, and is equally advantageous to the two contracting parties. It will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day, the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank. The United States will re-establish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. The instruments which we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another and multiply, truly worthy of the regard and care of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and bad government."

Bonaparte was so well pleased with the bargain that he gave M. Marbois one hundred and ninety-two thousand francs of the proceeds. Sixty millions, he said, was a pretty good price for a province of which he had not taken possession, and might not be able to retain twenty-four hours. He also said: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." Strange to relate, the British government expressed approval of the cession. All the world, indeed, rejoiced or acquiesced in it, excepting alone the irreconcilable fag-end of the Federalist party, who, from the first rumor of the purchase to the voting of the last dollar necessary to complete it, opposed the acquisition.

One of the Federalist members, Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, objected to it on grounds that were elevated and patriotic. Looking into the future with wise but only mortal forecast, he dreaded so vast an increase to the territory out of which many slave States could be made. His son relates that, during the happiest years of the Era of Good Feeling under Monroe, he would say: "You and I may not live to see the day; but, before that boy is off the stage, he will see this country torn in pieces by the fierce passions that are now sleeping." Both father and son lived to "see the day"; and the father, in 1864, his ninety-second year and his last, must have clearly seen that slavery, which vitiated all our politics, spoiled every measure and injured every man, was an evanescent thing. Slavery passed, but Louisiana remains. "If slavery is not wrong," Mr. Lincoln said, in that homely, vivid way of his, "nothing is wrong." It was *so* wrong that, while it lasted, nothing in America could be quite right, except war upon it.

One consideration embarrassed the President amid the relief and triumph of this peaceful solution of a problem so alarming. He, a strict constructionist, had done an act unauthorized by the Constitution. He owned and justified it thus: "The Constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union. The executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, have done an act beyond the Constitution. The legislature, in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties, and risking themselves like faithful servants, must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them unauthorized what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it. It is the case of a guardian, investing the money of his ward in purchasing an important adjacent territory; and saying to him when of age, I did this for your good; I pretend to no right to bind you; you may disavow me, and I must get out of the scrape as I can; I thought it my duty to risk myself for you. But we shall not be disavowed by the nation, and their act of indemnity will confirm and not weaken the Constitution, by more strongly marking out its lines." He proposed that the case should be met by an additional article to the Constitution. It is to be regretted that this was not done; for, let us travel as far away as we will from the strict Jeffersonian rule, to strict construction we must come back at last, if it takes a century of heroic struggle to reach it.

It was like Jefferson, when he had won Louisiana, to think first of offering the governorship to Lafayette. It had to remain a thought only. Upon reconsidering the situation, he deemed it best not to gratify a sentiment by an act which might be construed as a reflection upon the seller. Andrew Jackson, who was then getting tired of serving as Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, was strongly urged for the place; and, *because* he had been urged, and *because* he would have liked the appointment, he refrained from calling upon the President when he was in Washington in April, 1804. So I gathered in Nashville from a yellow and musty letter of the learned Judge, — which was, perhaps, the worst spelled and most ungrammatical letter a judge of a supreme court ever wrote. He said that, if he should call upon the President, it would be regarded as "the act of a courteor"; and, therefore, he "traviled on, enjoying his own feelings." He confessed, too, that the governor of Louisiana ought to be acquainted with the French language. People can forgive bad spelling when it expresses sentiments so honorable; and happy the President when the expectants of office behave in so considerate a manner.

The menacing complications with Spain which plagued the frontier for years, and tempted Burr to his destruction, need not detain us. The

great patience of the President, his superiority to the pagan virtue of prompt resentment of injuries, the possession which the Christian spirit had of his nature, was an influence that held back the warlike spirits, and put to shame the malcontents who denied that he was a Christian, without having the least glimmer of an idea what Christianity means. It is amusing to read the expressions of scorn to which eminent churchmen gave utterance, when they spoke of Jefferson's principle of exhausting every expedient known to the diplomatist's art before entertaining the thought of war. "There is just now," wrote Gouverneur Morris, when he heard of Monroe's appointment, "so much *philosophy* among our rulers that we must not be surprised at the charge of pusillanimity. And our people have so much of the mercantile spirit that, if other nations will keep their hands out of our pockets, it will be no trifling insult that will rouse us. Indeed, it is the *fashion* to say that when injured it is more honorable to wait in patience the uncertain issue of negotiation than promptly to do ourselves right by an act of hostility." These are light words; but the spirit which they breathe has desolated many and many a fair province, and shrouded in hopeless gloom millions upon millions of homes. All that hideous, groundless contest between Bonaparte and George III., which added sensibly to the burden of every honest family throughout the whole extent of Christendom, which did harm to every man, and good to no man, — all sprang from the spirit which the jovial Morris expressed in this gay letter to John Parish.

In the effort to keep the United States out of that contest, Jefferson gave a brief access of strength to the anti-Christian party. The outrages of the English captains were, indeed, most hard to bear; and the question whether or not they *ought* to be borne, was one upon which the wisest men might well differ. All the Old Adam, and some of the New, rises and swells within us when we read, even at the distance of sixty-eight years, of the Leander firing upon a coasting vessel near Sandy Hook, and killing one of her crew. The President felt both the wrong and the indignity of the act. He ordered the Leander and her two companions out of the waters of the United States. He called upon the civil and military officers to arrest the offending captain if found within their jurisdiction. He warned all persons against giving aid to the vessels of the squadron. But he did something more difficult than such acts as these. When the treaty reached his hands, early in 1807, which Monroe and Pinckney, after a long and difficult negotiation, had concluded with England, discovering that it contained no renunciation of the impressment claim and no adequate concession of the rights of neutrals, he would not submit it to the Senate, but sent it back to London for revision, — to the sore mortification of Monroe. The more monstrous outrage upon the Chesapeake followed, rousing the whole people to a degree seldom equalled since America was settled. The English ship Leopard poured broadsides into the unprepared and unsuspecting Chesapeake, within hearing of the post we now call Fortress Monroe, killed three men, wounded eighteen, and carried away four sailors charged with desertion from the British Navy, — three Americans and one Englishman. The Englishman was hanged, and the three Americans were pardoned, on condition of returning to service.

Parties ceased to exist. "I had only to open my hand," wrote Jefferson once, "and let havoc loose." Only a President with such a deep hold upon the confidence of the people could have kept the peace; nor could any but a Jefferson have done it; because, at such a time, the chief of the state is apt to be himself possessed by the universal feeling. He is a "fellow-citizen," as well as President. But this benignant spirit remained true to itself. "If ever," he wrote in 1812, "I

was gratified with the possession of power, and of the confidence of those who had intrusted me with it, it was on that occasion when I was enabled to use both for the prevention of war, toward which the torrent of passion was directed almost irresistibly, and when not another person in the United States less supported by authority and favor could have resisted it." Nor was his conduct wanting in "spirit." He instantly sent a frigate to England with a demand for reparation. He forbade the naval vessels of Great Britain all access to the harbors of the United States, except those in distress and those bearing despatches. Two thousand militia were posted on the coast to prevent British ships from obtaining supplies. Every vessel in the navy was made ready for active service, and every preparation for war within the compass of the administration was pushed forward with vigor. He privately notified members of Congress to be ready to respond to his summons on the instant of the frigate's return from England. Decatur, commanding at Norfork, was ordered to attack with all his force if the British fleet, anchored in the outer bay, should attempt to enter the inner. And the far-resounding noise of all these proceedings called home from every sea the merchant vessels of the United States.

He expected war, and meant, if it could not be prevented honorably, to make the most of it. He intended, as we see by his confidential letters to Madison, to swoop upon England's commerce, and to avail himself of the occasion to bring Spain to terms. These peaceable gentlemen, if you absolutely force them to a fight, sometimes lay about them in an unexpected manner. Thus, we find the President, on the cool summit of Monticello, in August, 1807, writing upon the Spanish imbroglio to Mr. Madison: "As soon as we have all the proofs of the Western intrigues, let us make a remonstrance and demand of satisfaction, and, if Congress approves, we may in the same instant make reprisals on the Floridas, until satisfaction for that and for spoliations, and until a settlement of boundary. I had rather have war against Spain than not, if we go to war against England. Our Southern defensive force can take the Floridas, volunteers for a Mexican army will flock to our standard, and rich pabulum will be offered to our privateers in the plunder of their commerce and coasts. Probably Cuba would add itself to our confederation." It is evident that he intended to make this war pay expenses, and to come out of it with troublesome neighbors removed farther off. All his letters of that summer show the two trains of thought: First, let us have no war, if we can properly avoid it; secondly, if we must have war, the conflict could not come at a better time than when England has a Bonaparte upon her hands, and we have a Spain to settle with.

Partial reparation was made for the outrage upon the Chesapeake, and formal "regrets" were expressed that it should have occurred; but the claim to board American vessels and carry off deserters was reaffirmed by royal proclamation. No American ship was safe from violation, no American sailor was safe from impressment. In meeting this new aspect of the case, Jefferson took another leaf from Franklin's book. In the Stamp-Act times, before the Revolution, Dr. Franklin was always an advocate for the peaceful remedy of non-intercourse; and this had been a favorite idea of Jefferson's when he was Secretary of State. In 1793, when the allied kings tried to starve France into an acceptance of the Bourbons by excluding supplies from all her ports, he deemed it "a justifiable cause of war." But he wrote to Madison that he hoped Congress, instead of declaring war, "would instantly exclude from our ports all the manufactures, produce, vessels, and subjects of the nations committing the aggression, during the continuance of the aggression." The embargo of 1807, which kept all American vessels

and products safe at home, was conceived in the same spirit and had the same object. That object was, to use Jefferson's own words, "TO INTRODUCE BETWEEN NATIONS ANOTHER UMPIRE THAN ARMS." He thought that Great Britain, so dependent then upon American materials and supplies, could not do without them as long or as easily as we could do without the money they brought.

But this policy was putting human nature to a test which only a very few of our race are wise and strong enough to bear. The embargo, of course, was passed by large majorities and hailed with enthusiasm; it was striking back, in a new and easy way. But when commerce came to a stand, when ships and men were idle, when produce was of little value, and nothing could be done in the way of remedy but to *wait*, then the embargo was regarded in a different light. New England suffered most, not because it lost most, but because it was more immediately dependent upon commerce than the other States. Nor did the educated class in New England give moral support to the President in this interesting endeavor to introduce between nations "another umpire than arms."

The inference which he drew from the power of New England in finally breaking down the embargo is worthy of note. He attributed it to the township system, which he valued most highly, and strove long to introduce into Virginia. "How powerfully," he wrote in 1816, "did we feel the energy of this system in the case of the embargo! I felt the foundations of the government shaken under my feet by the New England township. There was not an individual in those States whose body was not thrown, with all its momentum, into action; and, although the whole of the other States were known to be in favor of the measure, yet the *organization* of this little selfish minority enabled it to overrule the Union. What could the unwieldy counties of the Middle, the South, and the West do? Call a county meeting; and the drunken loungers at and about the court-houses would have collected, the distances being too great for the good people and the industrious generally to attend. As Cato, then, concluded every speech with the words, *Carthago delendum est*, so do I every opinion with the injunction, DIVIDE THE COUNTIES INTO WARDS."

But the embargo lasted to the end of his term. To the end of his days, he believed that if it had been faithfully observed by the whole people, it would have saved the country the War of 1812, and procured, what that war did not procure, an explicit renunciation of the claim to board and search. The two great powers of Europe gave it their approval, — Napoleon Bonaparte and the Edinburgh Review. There was then living in a secluded village of Massachusetts a marvellous boy of thirteen, famous in his county for the melodious verses which he had been writing for four or five years past, some of which had been published in the county paper, and one had been spoken with applause at a school exhibition. This wonderful boy, hearing dreadful things said on every side of the embargo, wrote a poem on the subject, which was published in Boston, in 1808, with this title, "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times. A Satire. Together with the Spanish Revolution and other Poems. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT." That the father of Bryant and the other ruling spirits of New England should have refused their support to the embargo is almost of itself enough to show that the system was too far in advance of the time to be long effectual. But it answered the purpose of delay; which, in the peculiar circumstances, was an immense advantage. "If," said the President once, "we can delay but for a few years the necessity of vindicating the laws of nature on the ocean, we shall be the more sure of doing it with effect. The day is within my time as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea. And we will say it."

How many things were settled, how many happily begun, during these eight years! At the President's recommendation, the term of residence before naturalization was restored from fourteen years to five. He tried, but failed, to procure a recession of the District of Columbia to Virginia and Maryland, — a district which the government needs as much as it does Terra del Fuego. The policy was settled, so far as brilliant precedent could settle it, of paying off public debt with all the rapidity that the country can reasonably bear. A great public debt exaggerates the importance, the magnitude, and the complexity of government; and it is a Jeffersonian principle, that government should be as small a thing as it can be without sacrifice of its desirable efficiency. During these eight years, the ocean ports were fortified to a degree that, at least, enabled the government to slam the door in an enemy's face, and keep it shut during the next war; a successful contest was carried on in a distant sea; the militia were reorganized and rearmed; the Western posts were widely extended; taxes were sensibly diminished; thirty-three millions of the old debt were extinguished; and the only pecuniary embarrassment the administration ever experienced was a surplus, always increasing, for which there was no suitable or legal outlet. Every act and every word of the administration was a proclamation of Welcome to all the world! All the world came thronging to these western shores, bringing with them power, wealth, hope, resolve, and all the stuff, material and immaterial, of which empire is made. When Jefferson came into power in 1801, that man was a wonder to his friends who had seen the nearest of the Western lakes; when Jefferson retired in 1809, Astor was busy with his expedition to found a town on the Pacific coast.

The general policy of the government with regard to the Indians was then established as it has since remained. Jefferson had more Indian business than all the other Presidents put together. To "extinguish" their titles by fair purchase, to introduce among them the arts of civilization, to accustom them to depend more upon agriculture and less upon hunting, and to push them gently back over the Mississippi in advance of the coming pioneer, — these were among the objects which he desired most to promote. He was not sanguine of speedy results. That is an amusing passage in his second Inaugural, in which he explains the hindrances in the way of the Indian's improvement, and, at the same time, gives some of his white brethren a box on the ear. Habit, custom, pride, prejudice, and ignorance, he says, all hold the Indians back; but, in addition to these internal foes to progress, there were among them "crafty and interested individuals who feel themselves something in the present order of things, and fear to become nothing in any other." These were the medicine-men; who "inculcate a sanctimonious reverence for the customs of their ancestors; that whatsoever they did, must be done through all time; that reason is a false guide, and to advance under its counsel, in their physical, moral, or political condition, is perilous innovation; that their duty is to remain as their Creator made them, ignorance being safety, and knowledge full of danger. In short, my friends, among them is seen the action and counteraction of good sense and bigotry; they, too, have their anti-philosophers, who find an interest in keeping things in their present state, who dread reformation, and exert all their faculties to maintain the ascendency of habit over the duty of improving our reason and obeying its mandates." This is an exact description of the arts and arguments employed, four or five years after, by the Prophet, brother of Tecumseh, in rousing the Ohio tribes to war upon the white men.

The last two years of Mr. Jefferson's second term were laborious and troubled; and the old longing for home, rest, and tranquillity gained full possession of him. The precedent of retir-

ing at the end of eight years had not then acquired the force of law, and he could unquestionably have been elected to a third term. But eight years of the Presidency is enough for any man. General Washington himself in eight years exhausted his power to render good service in that office; and Jefferson never for a moment had a thought but to retire at the end of his second term. During his Presidency, one sad, irreparable breach had been made in the circle upon which he relied for the solace of his old age. His younger daughter, Maria, Mrs. Eppes, died at Monticello, in 1804. He stood then upon the pinnacle of his career. Triumph of every kind had followed his endeavors, and a great majority of the people gave him heartfelt approval. It was then that this blow fell. "My loss," he wrote to his oldest friend, John Page, "is great indeed. Others may lose of their abundance; but I, of my want, have lost even the half of all I had."

Among the letters of condolence which reached him on this occasion was one from Mrs. Adams, which led to the most interesting correspondence of these years. The President, without knowing it, had given the deepest offence to this gifted lady; but when the intelligence reached her secluded home on the Massachusetts coast, of the death of the lovely girl, whom she had taken to her arms in London eighteen years before, and had cherished ever since as a friend, her tenderness proved stronger than her resentment, and she was moved irresistibly to write to the bereaved father. She told him she would have done so before if he had been only the private inhabitant of Monticello; but reasons of various kinds had withheld her pen, until the powerful feelings of her heart burst through the restraint. She recalled the incidents of her acquaintance with his daughter, and, after distantly alluding to the recent estrangement between the families, expressed "the sincere and ardent wish," that he might find comfort and consolation in this day of his sorrow and affliction. This, she said, was the desire of "her who *once* took pleasure in subscribing herself his friend."

In his acknowledgment, after due recognition of her goodness to his daughter and to himself, he frankly told her what had given him personal offence in the conduct of Mr. Adams: "I can say with truth, that one act of Mr. Adams's life, and one only, ever gave me a moment's personal displeasure. I did consider his last appointments to office as personally unkind. They were from among my most ardent political enemies, from whom no faithful co-operation could ever be expected; and laid me under the embarrassment of acting through men whose views were to defeat mine, or to encounter the odium of putting others in their places. It seems but common justice to leave a successor free to act by instruments of his own choice. If my respect for him did not permit me to ascribe the whole blame to the influence of others, it left something for friendship to forgive, and after brooding over it for some little time, and not always resisting the expression of it, I forgave it cordially, and returned to the same state of esteem and respect for him which had so long subsisted."

She replied with great spirit and ability, without a whisper to her husband of what was transpiring. General Washington, she said, had left no vacancies for his successor to fill; and she was sure that Mr. Adams, in the last appointments, had meant no disrespect to *his* successor; nor, indeed, had it been certain, until after many of them had been made, that Mr. Jefferson was to be his successor. That point disposed of, she opened her heart as to the causes of offence which Mr. Adams had against *him*. One of these was his remission of the fine of Callender, condemned under the Sedition Law for a libel upon President Adams. Besides: "One of the first acts of your administration was to liberate a wretch who was suffering the just punishment of his crimes for publishing the basest

libel, the lowest and vilest slander, which malice could invent or calumny exhibit against the character and reputation of your predecessor; of him, for whom you professed a friendship and esteem, and whom you certainly knew incapable of such complicated baseness. The remission of Callender's fine was a public approbation of his conduct." Upon this she expanded with eloquence. But Mr. Jefferson had done more than remit the fine. He had given Callender fifty dollars, and complimented him upon his writings. "This, sir," she added, "was the sword that cut asunder the Gordian knot, which could not be untied by all the efforts of party spirit, by rivalry, by jealousy, or any other malignant fiend." There was one other act of his administration, she said, which she considered "personally unkind," and which his own mind would easily suggest to him; but, "as it affected neither character nor reputation, she forbore to state it."

He replied to this fine burst of a wife's loyal indignation with something of her own warmth and point. "I do not know," said he, "who was the particular wretch alluded to; but I discharged every person under punishment or prosecution under the Sedition Law, because I consider, and now consider, that law to be a nullity as absolute and as palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image; and that it was as much my duty to arrest its execution at every stage as it would have been to rescue from the fiery furnace those who should have been cast into it for refusing to worship the image. It was accordingly done in every instance, without asking what the offenders had done, or against whom they had offended, but whether the pains they were suffering were inflicted under the pretended Sedition Law." He showed her, too, that his compliment to Callender had been written before that writer's homely truth had lapsed into coarse libel, and that the gifts of money were bestowed to relieve his destitution, not reward his scurrility. But there was another act of personal unkindness to which Mrs. Adams had referred. "I declare, on my honor, madam," said he, "I have not the least conception what act was alluded to."

In her reply, which betrayed a mind only slightly mollified, she told him what this act was. The wife had spoken in the previous letters; but it was now the mother's turn: "Soon after my eldest son's return from Europe, he was appointed by the district judge to an office in which no political concerns entered. Personally known to you, and possessing all the qualifications, you yourself being judge, which you had designated for office, as soon as Congress gave the appointments to the President, you removed him. This looked so particularly pointed that some of your best friends in Boston at that time expressed their regret that you had done so."

This was news to Mr. Jefferson. He had sinned, without knowing it. With a patient consideration not usual in the head of a state, nor even possible to one not gifted with a genius for toil, he entered into a minute statement respecting the appointment of the commissioners of bankruptcy in Boston; showing her that the former commissioners, of whom John Quincy Adams was one, had not been removed by an act of the President, but discontinued by a change in the law. "Had I known," he added, "that your son had acted, it would have been a real pleasure to me to have preferred him to some who were named in Boston, in what was deemed the same line of politics." This last letter, all kindness and benignity, was a distinct proffer of reconciliation to the whole family.

"I hope," said he, in conclusion, "you will see these intrusions on your time to be, what they really are, proofs of my great respect for you. I tolerate with the utmost latitude the right of others to differ from me in opinion, without imputing to them criminality. I know too well the weakness and un-

certainty of human reason to wonder at its different results. Both of our political parties, at least the honest part of them, agree conscientiously in the same object,—the public good; but they differ essentially in what they deem the means of promoting that good. One side believes it best done by one composition of the governing powers; the other, by a different one. One fears most the ignorance of the people; the other, the selfishness of rulers independent of them. Which is right, time and experience will prove. We think that one side of this experiment has been long enough tried, and proved not to promote the good of the many; and that the other has not been fairly and sufficiently tried. Our opponents think the reverse. With whichever opinion the body of the nation concurs, that must prevail. My anxieties on this subject will never carry me beyond the use of fair and honorable means, of truth and reason; nor have they ever lessened my esteem for moral worth, nor alienated my affections from a single friend, who did not first withdraw himself. Whenever this has happened, I confess I have not been insensible to it; yet have ever kept myself open to a return of their justice. I conclude with sincere prayers for your health and happiness, that yourself and Mr. Adams may long enjoy the tranquillity you desire and merit, and see in the prosperity of your family what is the consummation of the last and warmest of human wishes."

When a poisoned arrow has rankled long in living flesh, the wound cannot heal as soon as the arrow is withdrawn. This noble-minded lady accepted her correspondent's personal explanations, but she could not help giving him a little lecture about the very great importance of appointing the right men to office. The arrow was withdrawn, but Time, the all-healer, had to perform his part before the reconciliation could be complete. Time began upon it at once. Soon after she had "closed this correspondence" with one of those admonitory prayers by which pious souls sometimes bestow a parting slap, she gave the letters to her husband to read. The old man was still under a cloud of obloquy, and, perhaps, not reconciled to that sudden and unexpected change in his way of life which had occurred four years before. In the year 1800, his grandson tells us, the letters addressed to him might be counted by thousands; but after his retirement to Quincy, he received about two letters a week! He could not but be pleased to learn from Mr. Jefferson's letters that his good-will was still an object of desire with the chief of the nation. When he had read the packet of letters all through, he wrote upon the last one these words: "Quincy, November 19, 1804. The whole of this correspondence was begun and conducted without my knowledge or suspicion. Last evening and this morning, at the desire of Mrs. Adams, I read the whole. I have no remarks to make upon it, at this time and in this place. J. ADAMS." Time did the rest, with the help of John Quincy Adams. It was all right between them in 1812, and the letters they exchanged during the rest of their lives are among the most interesting the world possesses.

Jefferson's final release from public life, after a nearly continuous service of forty-four years, was now at hand. During the last years of his Presidency he had lost in some degree "the run" of his private affairs,—a fact which any one will understand who has ever been absorbed for a long time in concerns of magnitude and difficulty, not personal. Every one who has ever put his whole heart into writing a book or conducting a periodical understands it. Groceries elude the sweep of vision that takes in all the affairs and interests of a great country or a great "subject"; and no man can easily subside from the triumph of an important measure or the rapture of a "good number," to that exact consideration which monthly accounts demand. Little by little, the mind floats away from all that detail; until, at last, a kind of real inability to

grasp it takes the place of former vigilant attention; which is only another way of saying, that a President should be, if convenient, a married man. A few months before his retirement it occurred to him to look into his affairs, and see how he was coming out on the 4th of March, 1809. To his consternation and horror, he found that there would be a most serious deficit. His plantations had only yielded four or five thousand dollars a year, at the best; but the embargo, by preventing the exportation of tobacco, had cut his private income down two thirds. "Nothing," he wrote to his merchant in Richmond, "had been more fixed than my determination to keep my expenses here within the limits of my salary, and I had great confidence that I had done so. Having, however, trusted to rough estimates by my head, and not being sufficiently apprised of the outstanding accounts, I find, on a review of my affairs here, as they will stand on the 3d of March, that I shall be three or four months' salary behindhand. In ordinary cases this degree of arrearage would not be serious, but on the scale of the establishment here it amounts to seven or eight thousand dollars, which being to come out of my private funds will be felt by them sensibly." He requests his correspondent to arrange a loan for him at a Richmond bank, and urges him to lose no time. "Since I have become sensible of this deficit," he added, "I have been under an agony of mortification, and therefore must solicit as much urgency in the negotiation as the case will admit. My intervening nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing could be more distressing to me than to leave debts here unpaid, if indeed I should be permitted to depart with them unpaid, of which I am by no means certain."

Such is the price, or, rather, a very small part of the price, which citizens of the United States have often had to pay for the privilege of serving their country. The privilege is worth the price; but it is not safe to put the price so high that only a very great or a very little man can find his account in paying it. Poverty and abuse,—a Tweed will undertake a city on those terms. So will a Jefferson. But Jeffersons do not grow on every bush, and Tweeds can be had on most wharves of any extent. The loan was effected, however, and Mr. Jefferson was thus enabled to get home to Monticello without danger of being arrested for debt upon the suit of a Federalist with a taste for a sensation.

Captain Bacon, with two great wagons each drawn by six mules and one drawn by four horses, came from Monticello. He left Washington with his wagons loaded on the 3d of March, leaving Mr. Jefferson behind to attend the inauguration of his successor, and to close up his various affairs of business and friendship. From every quarter of the country came testimonials of grateful regard from Republicans; and Federalists, to the last, bestowed upon him the homage of their hate and apprehension. Josiah Quincy was relieved by his departure. "Jefferson is a host," he wrote in his diary during one of the last embargo debates, "and if the wand of that magician is not broken, he will yet defeat the attempt. But I hope his power is drawing to an end in this world." All things end at last. Captain Bacon's train of wagons moved away; and a remarkable procession indeed must have arrested the attention of passers-by as it hove in sight, heaped high with boxes and shrubbery, and eleven colored servants stowed away in convenient spots on the various summits, followed by the President's four-horse carriage. In this last vehicle rode Mr. Bacon, and thus caught some of the roadside "ovations" intended for another. The worthy manager was nearly three weeks in getting home through the mud and storm of a cold, dismal spring; so that Mr. Jefferson overtook him at Culpeper Court-House, though he did not start till the wagons had been a week on the road.

"On our way home," Bacon reports, "it snowed very fast, and when we

reached Culpeper Court-House it was half-leg deep. A large crowd of people had collected there, expecting that the President would be along. When I rode up, they thought I was the President, and shouted and hurrahed tremendously. When I got out of the carriage, they laughed very heartily at their mistake. There was a platform along the whole front of the tavern, and it was full of people. Some of them had been waiting a good while, and drinking a good deal, and they made so much noise that they scared the horses, and Diomede backed, and trod upon my foot, and lamed me so that I could hardly get into the carriage the next morning. There was one very tall old fellow that was noiser than any of the rest, who said he was bound to see the President, — 'Old Tom,' he called him. They asked me when he would be along, and I told them I thought he would certainly be along that night, and I looked for him every moment. The tavern was kept by an old man named Shackleford. I told him to have a large fire built in a private room, as Mr. Jefferson would be very cold when he got there, and he did so. I soon heard shouting, went out, and Mr. Jefferson was in sight. He was in a one-horse vehicle, — a phaeton, — with a driver, and a servant on horseback. When he came up, there was great cheering again. I motioned to him to follow me; took him straight to his room, and locked the door. The tall old fellow came and knocked very often, but I would not let him in. I told Mr. Jefferson not to mind him, he was drunk. Finally the door was opened, and they rushed in and filled the room. It was as full as I ever saw a bar-room. He stood up, and made a short address to them. Afterwards some of them told him how they had mistaken me for him. He went on next day, and reached Monticello before we did."

But not till he had encountered another snow-storm, still more violent. "As disagreeable a snow-storm as I was ever in," wrote Jefferson. During the last three days of the journey he was glad to abandon his phaeton and take to one of his horses. On reaching Monticello, he found that his sixty-six years had not sensibly lessened the vigor of his frame, for this rough journey had done him no harm which a night's rest could not repair.

James Parton.

THE BEST.

WHY ask for joy's tumultuous thrill,
That suffers no increase?
Better the motions sure and still
Of ever-deepening peace.

Better to dwell with lowly things,
And with their growth to grow;
To feel within those secret springs,
That gather cool and slow.

Born of such stillness, wells the brook,
In leafy closet dim;
Till the full silence of the nook
O'erflows into a hymn.

The little singer trips along,
In musical content;
But ever gains a fuller song,
And learns its own intent.

Gladly it spends its tuneful grace,
In hidden minstrelsy;
Nor asks, as yet, a wider space,
But just to sing and be.

In simple silence thrives its heart; —
It waters flowerets shy,
It feels the spotted fishes dart,
It mirrors bits of sky;

Till slipping down by hillside farms,
Its ministries enlarge;
And in the meadow's circling arms,
It wins a broader marge.

White lilies anchor on its breast,
A boat glides softly through,
And ever deeper grows its rest
The more it has to do.

For in its tasks it knows no haste,
Nor lets the music cease, —
Too free to keep, too calm to waste,
The largesse of its peace;

But bears it on to outstretched lands,
Where thirsty cities wait;
And then, at length, it understands
The fulness of its fate.

Proud ships upon its bosom ride,
It throbs with busy oars;
It grows more nobly satisfied,
Between its widening shores;

It gathers strength and majesty,
Yet flows with rhythmic ease;
And the great gladness of the sea
Completes its garnered peace.

O, better far to feel the flow
Of inward peace like this,
Than some brief ecstasy to know,
Some swift, unfruitful bliss!

Better? dear Peace, thou art the best!
For where thou hast thy home,
Full grows the silence, deep the rest,
And Joy herself shall come!

Louisa Bushnell.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART III.

VIII.

Growth.

"BLESS my soul! what is it the boy has been doing?" cried Brita, as her eyes fell upon the drawing which Gunnar had left standing before his bed. It was the morning after St. John's Eve, and Brita had come to wake him. Gunnar, before whose dreamy vision the variegated scenes and impressions of the night still were hovering, started up half frightened, rubbed his eyes, and asked what was the matter.

"Why, boy, what have you been doing?" repeated Brita in a tone which made Gunnar believe that it was something terrible he was suspected of having done; "have you been trying to make a picture of little Ragnhild?"

"No indeed, I have not," asserted Gunnar, still with a vague impression that such an attempt would be an unpardonable boldness.

"Then, what does this mean?" said Brita, holding the drawing up before him. A stream of sunlight glided in through the airhole in the wall and struck the picture; but it went farther, and struck Gunnar too. What he had not known before, he knew now. It was not the Hulder: it was Ragnhild. He felt the blood mount to his temples, dropped his eyes like a convicted culprit, and remained silent.

Days came and days went, the summer sped, and autumn drew near. The wide highland with its freshness and freedom had become as a home to Gunnar; he longed no more for the valley; nay, sometimes he even felt a strange dread of being closed in again under the shadow of those stern, inexorable mountains, now that his sight had been widened by the distance, and his thought had gained height and strength in the play with the infinite.

Rhyme-Ola was a great help to Gunnar, for a strong friendship bound them to each other. Rhyme-Ola clung to Gunnar, who was, in fact, the stronger nature of the two. The boy soon became familiar with his friend's peculiar ways, so they no longer disturbed him; and the songster, to whom sympathy and affection were new experiences, felt spring spread in his soul, and with every day that passed the boy became dearer to him. He sung him sad, and he sung him gay; for there was power and depth in Rhyme-Ola's song: moreover, there was this peculiarity about it, that as soon as he struck the first note, the sky, the lake, and the whole landscape around seemed to fall in with it, and to assume the tone and color of the song. It was as much a part of the highland nature as the shrill cry of the loon or the hollow thunder of the avalanche in the distant ravines. Thus Gunnar grew; and Rhyme-Ola's song grew with him and into him, opening his ear to the unheard, his eye to the unseen, and lifting his fancy to bolder flight.

As long as the sun sent life and summer to the earth, Gunnar and his friend remained at the saeter watching the cattle. The cows were intrusted to Gunnar's care, while the singer gave his whole attention to the sheep and the goats. In the morning they would always start in different directions, the one following the eastern shore of the lake, and the other the western. At noon they would meet at the northern end, on the rock which had been the scene of their first encounter. Then, while the sun stood high and the cattle lay in their noon-rest, Rhyme-Ola sat down and sung, and Gunnar would take his board and draw. He could never draw so well as when he heard those weird tunes ringing in his ears; then the mind thronged with great ideas,

and the hand moved as of itself. At first it was mostly Hulders he drew, but at the end of another month he gave up these attempts as vain. Then his companion also changed his song; and now old heroic ballads gave a new turn to his mind and new subjects for his pencil. His illustrations of his old favorite story of the poor boy who married the princess gained him great praise wherever they were shown. Rhyme-Ola declared them absolutely unrivalled. Thus encouraged, he for some time devoted himself to similar subjects, and peopled his birch-bark with the loving virgins and gigantic heroes of the ballads.

The summer fled, like a delightful dream, from which you wake just in the moment when it is dearest to you, and you vainly grasp after it in its flight.

Before long Gunnar sat again in his old place on the floor at the fireside, in the long dark winter nights, giving life and shape to old Gunhild's never-ending stories and his own recollections from the summer. Rhyme-Ola was again roaming about from one end of the valley to another, as had always been his custom; he never had any scruples in accepting people's hospitality, as he always gave full return for what he received, and he well knew that his songs and tales made him everywhere welcome. The next summer they again watched the Rimul cattle together; and while the one sung the other drew, and they were happy in each other; for Gunnar's sympathy warmed his friend's lonely heart, and Rhyme-Ola's song continued to Gunnar an ever-flowing source of inspiration.

Now and then the widow of Rimul would come up to the saeter to see how the maids and the cattle were doing; and Ragnhild, her daughter, who had a great liking for the highlands and the saeter-life, always followed her on such occasions. It was the common opinion in the valley that Ingeborg Rimul still carried her head rather high, and there were those who prophesied that the time would surely come when she would learn to stoop. For the stiffest neck is the surest to be bent, said they; and if it does not bend, it will break.

Ragnhild seemed to have more of her father's disposition, had a smile and a kind word for everybody. She was never allowed to go out among other people, and she seldom saw children of her own age. Her cousin Gudrun Henjum was her only companion; for she was of the family. Gudrun had not seen twelve winters before Ingeborg Rimul asked her brother, Atle Henjum, if she might not just as well make Rimul her home altogether. Atle thought she might; for Gudrun and Ragnhild were very fond of each other. Thus it happened that, wherever the one came, there came the other also; and when they rode to the saeter, they would sit in two baskets, one on each side of the horse.

Brita had of course told the widow about Gunnar's picture, and once, when Ingeborg was at the saeter, she asked him to show it to her. She was much pleased with the likeness, praised the artist, and offered to buy the drawing; but Gunnar refused to sell it. A few weeks afterwards, however, when Ragnhild expressed her admiration for his art, he gave it to her. Then Ragnhild wished to see his other productions; he brought them and explained them to her and Gudrun, and they both took great delight in listening to him; for he told them, in his own simple and glowing language, of all the strange thoughts, hopes, and dreams which had prompted the ideas to these pictures. Also Rhyme-Ola's tales of trolds and fairies did he draw to them in words and lines equally descriptive; and for many weeks to come the girls talked of nothing, when they were alone, but Gunnar and his wonderful stories. Before long they also found themselves looking forward with eagerness to their saeter visits; and Gunnar, who took no less delight in telling than they did in listening, could not help

counting the days from one meeting to another.

"I do wish Lars could tell such fine stories as Gunnar does," exclaimed Gudrun one evening as they were returning from the saeter.

"So do I," said Ragnhild, "but I rather wish Gunnar could come to Rimul as often as Lars. Lars can never talk about anything but horses and fighting."

Now it was told for certain in the parish, that Atle Henjum and Ingeborg Rimul had made an agreement to have their children joined in marriage, when the time came, and they were old enough to think of such things. For Henjum and Rimul were only separated by the river, and if, as the parents had agreed, both estates were united under Lars Henjum, Atle's oldest son, he would be the mightiest man in all that province, and the power and influence of the family would be secured for many coming generations. Who had made Lars acquainted with this arrangement it is difficult to tell; for his father had never been heard to speak of it, except, perhaps, to his sister; but small pots may have long ears, as the saying is, and when all the parish knew of it, it would have been remarkable if it had not reached Lars's ears too. Few people liked Lars, for he took early to bragging, and he often showed that he knew too well whose son he was.

The next winter Gunnar was again hard at work on his pictures, and although Henjumhei was far away from the church-road, it soon was rumored that Thor Henjumhei's son had taken to the occupation of gentlefolks, and wanted to become a painter. And the good people shook their heads; "for such things," said they, "are neither right nor proper for a houseman's son to do, as long as he is neither sick nor misshapen, and his father has to work for him as steadily as a plough-horse. But there is unrest in the blood," added they; "Thor made a poor start himself, and Gunnar, his father, paid dearly enough for his folly." On Sundays, after service, the parishioners always congregate in the churchyard to greet kinsmen and friends, and discuss parish news; and it was certain enough that Gunnar Henjumhei's name fared ill on such occasions. At last the parish talk reached Gunhild's ear, and she made up her mind to consult her son about the matter; for she soon found out that Gunnar himself was very little concerned about it.

"It is well enough," said Gunhild, "to turn up your nose and say you don't care. But to people like us, who have to live by the work others please to give us, it is simply a question of living or starving."

But Gunnar never listened in that ear.

One night the boy had gone over to Rimul with some of his latest sketches and compositions, and had probably been invited to stay to supper. In the cottage Thor and his mother were sitting alone at their meal.

"I wonder where the boy is to-night," remarked Gunhild.

"Most likely at Rimul, with those pictures of his," said Thor.

A long pause.

"A handsome lad he is," commenced the grandmother.

"Handsome enough; well-built frame; doubt if there is much inside of it."

"Bless you, son! don't you talk so unreasonably. A wonderful child he is and ever was, and a fine man he will make too. I could only wish that he sometimes would bear in mind that he is a houseman's son, and heed a little what people think and say about him."

A bitter smile passed over Thor's face, but he made no answer.

"Then I thought, Thor," continued his mother, "that Gunnar is old enough to be of some use to you now."

"So he is."

"The saying is, that his name fares ill on the tongues of the church-folk, because he sees his father working so hard, without offering to help him, and sticks so close to that picturing. That

will never lead to anything, and moreover hardly becomes a houseman's son."

"Maybe you are right, mother."

"So I am, son; and it would be according to my wish if you asked the boy to-morrow to go out with you timber-felling, as would be right and proper for one of his birth."

The next morning Gunnar was asked to follow his father to the woods. He went, although much against his wish, as he was just at that time designing a grand historical composition which he was very anxious to take hold of. Henceforward he went lumbering in the winter, and herding the Rimul cattle in the summer, until he was old enough to prepare for confirmation;* for every boy and girl in the valley had to be confirmed, and the last six months before confirmation, they had to go to the parsonage to be instructed by the kind old pastor. Lars Henjum also prepared for confirmation that same winter, and so it happened that he and Gunnar often met at the parsonage.

It was a large, airy hall in which the "confirmation youth" met. The window-panes were very small and numerous, and had leaden sashes; the walls were of roughly-hewn lumber; and in a corner stood a huge mangle or rolling-press for smoothing linen. On one side of the hall sat all the boys on benches, one behind another; on the opposite side the young girls; and the pastor at a little table in the middle of the floor. Right before him lay a large, open Bible with massive silver clasps, a yellow silk handkerchief, and a pair of horn spectacles, which he frequently rubbed, and sometimes put on his nose. The pastor had thin gray hair and a large, smooth, benevolent face, always with a pleasant smile on it. He had the faculty of making sermons out of everything; his texts he chose from everywhere, and often far away from Luther's Catechism and Pontoppidan's Explanations. His object was, not to teach theory and doctrine, but, as he said himself, to bring religion down to the axe and the plough; and in this he certainly was eminently successful. In his youth he had visited foreign countries, and evidently once had cherished hopes of a grander lot than a country parsonage. Not that disappointment had imbittered him; on the contrary, these glowing dreams of his youth had imparted a warmer flush to many dreary years to come; and even now, when he was old and gray, this warm, youthful nature would often break through the official crust and shed a certain strong, poetic glow over all his thoughts and actions. It was from this man that Gunnar's artistic nature received its strongest and most decisive impulse. He had not been many times at the parsonage before the pastor's attention was attracted to him; for he made good answers, and his questions betokened a thoughtful and original mind. Then some one of the girls had told one of the pastor's daughters that the "Henjumhei boy," as he was commonly called, was such a wonder for making pictures; and when, on request, he brought with him some of his sketches, the pastor praised them and asked his permission to take them in and show them to his family. The result of this was an invitation to dinner at the parsonage, which Gunnar, of course, was only too happy to accept. The pastor and the young ladies treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him every possible encouragement to go on in the study of his art. In the evening they showed him a great many curious books, which he had never seen before, and beautiful engravings of foreign cities and countries, where there were flowers and sunshine all the year round. Gunnar was dumb with astonishment at all the wonderful things he heard and saw, and did not even remember that it was time to go home, until the old clock surprised him by striking midnight. When he bade them all good night,

* Every person in Norway is by law required to be baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran Church. Before confirmation the candidate has to undergo a public examination in Bible history and the doctrines of the Church.

they gave him several books to take home, and paper to draw on.

This first visit to the parsonage was a great event in Gunnar's life; for, from that time, his longing took a fresh start, and it grew and grew, until it outgrew every thought and emotion of his soul. He was seventeen years now, tall and slender, and fair to look at. His features were not strongly marked, but of a delicate and almost maidenly cut; the expression was clear and open. His eyes were of the deepest blue, and had a kind of inward gaze, which, especially when he smiled, impressed you as a happy consciousness of some beautiful vision within. Had he known the privilege, claimed by artists, of wearing the hair long, he might have been accused of affectation; but as artists and their fashions were equally foreign to him, the peculiar cut of his hair, in violation of all parish laws, might be owing to an overruling sense of harmony in lines and proportions; for the light, wavy contour of the hair certainly formed a favorable frame for his fair and youthful features.

Spring was again near, and the day came for his confirmation. It was a clear, blessed spring Sunday, — a day on which you might feel that it is sabbath, even if you did not know it. And to the young people, who were standing that morning at the little country church waiting for their pastor, it was sabbath in a peculiar sense. First came the deacon, and read the paper giving the order * in which they were to stand in the aisle during the catechising. Gunnar's name was called first, Lars Henjum's second. Gunnar had long been an object of envy among the other boys, on account of the attention paid to him by "gentlefolks"; but that the pastor should have ventured such a breach on the traditions of the parish as to put a houseman's son highest in the aisle on a confirmation Sunday, was more than any one had expected. And, of course, no one was more zealous in denouncing Gunnar than Lars Henjum; for, as he said, he was the man who had been cheated. Thus it was with unholy feelings that Lars approached the altar.

By and by the congregation assembled; all the men took their seats on the right side, the women on the left. The youth were ranged in two long rows, from the altar down to the door, the boys standing beside the men's pews, and the girls opposite. All were dressed in the national costume of the valley: the boys in short, wool-colored jackets, scarlet, silver-buttoned vests, and light, tight-fitting breeches fastened at the knees with shining silver buckles; while the girls, with their rich blond hair, their bright scarlet bodices, their snow-white linen sleeves and bosoms clasped with large silver brooches, their short, black skirts with edges interwoven with green and red stripes, formed with their transitions and combinations of color the most charming picture that ever delighted a *genre*-painter's eye. In their hands they held their hymn-books and carefully-folded white handkerchiefs.

Every child looks forward with many hopes and plans to the day of confirmation, for it is the distinct stepping-stone from childhood to youth; beyond lie the dreams of womanhood and the rights of manhood. In this chiefly rests the solemnity of the rite.

When the hymns were sung and the catechising at an end, the venerable pastor addressed his simple, earnest words to the young, exhorting them to remain ever faithful to their baptismal vow, which they were this day to repeat in the presence of the congregation. His words came from the heart, and to the heart they went. The girls wept, and many a boy struggled hard to keep back the unwelcome tears. After the sermon they all knelt at the altar, and while the pastor laid his hands upon their heads, they made their vow to forsake the flesh, the world, and the Devil. Then, when all were gone,

* It is regarded as a great honor to stand highest in the aisle on confirmation Sunday. It is customary to have the candidates arranged according to scholarship, but more than proper regard is generally paid to the social position of the parents.

the pastor called Gunnar into his study, where he talked long and earnestly with him about his future. There was, said he, an academy of art in the capital; and if it was the wish of both Gunnar and his father that he should cultivate his talent in this direction, he would be glad to do anything in his power to promote his interests. From his university days he knew many wealthy and influential people in the capital who would probably be willing to render him assistance. Gunnar thanked the pastor for his good advice, said he would consider his proposition, and before many weeks bring him back an answer. But weeks came and went, and the more he thought, the more he wavered; for there was something that kept him back.

The next year, Ragnhild and Gudrun were confirmed.

IX.

The Skee-Race.*

The winter is pathless in the distant valleys of Norway, and it would be hard to live there if it were not for the skees. Therefore ministers, judges, and other officers of the government, do all in their power to encourage the use of skees, and often hold races, at which the best runner is rewarded with a fine bear-rifle or some other valuable prize. The judge of our valley was himself a good sportsman, and liked to see the young lads quick on their feet and firm on their legs. This winter (it was the second after Gunnar's confirmation) he had appointed a skee-race to take place on the steep hill near his house, and had invited all the young men in the parish to contend. The rifle he was to give himself, and it was of a new and very superior kind. In the evening there was to be a dance in the large court-hall, and the lad who took the prize was to have the right of choice among all the maidens, gardman's or houseman's daughter, and to open the dance.

The judge had a fine and large estate, the next east of Henjum; his fields gently sloped from the buildings down toward the fjord, but behind the mansion they took a sudden rise toward the mountains. The slope was steep and rough, and frequently broken by wood-piles and fences; and the track in which the skee-runners were to test their skill was intentionally laid over the roughest part of the slope and over every possible obstacle; for a fence or a wood-pile made what is called "a good jump."

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The bright moonshine made the snow-covered ground sparkle as if sprinkled with numberless stars, and the restless aurora spread its glimmering blades of light like an immense heaven-reaching fan. Now it circled the heavens from the east to the western glaciers, now it folded itself up into one single, luminous, quivering blade, and now again it suddenly swept along the horizon, so that you seemed to feel the cold, fresh waft of the air in your face. The peasants say that the aurora has to fan the moon and the stars to make them blaze higher, as at this season they must serve in place of the sun. Here the extremes of nature meet; never was light brighter than here, neither has that place been found where darkness is blacker. But this evening it was all light; the frost was hard as flint and clear as crystal. From twenty to thirty young lads, with their staves and skees on their shoulders, were gathered at the foot of the hill, and about double the number of young girls were standing in little groups as spectators.

* Skees, or skier, are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, generally from six to ten feet long, but only a few inches broad. They are made of tough pine-wood, and are smoothly polished on the under side to make them glide the more easily over the surface of the snow. In the middle there are bands to put the feet in, and the front end is strongly bent upward. This enables the skee, when in motion, to slide over hillocks, logs, and other obstacles, instead of thrusting against them. The skee only goes in straight lines; still, the runner can, even when moving with the utmost speed, change his course at pleasure, by means of a long staff, which he carries for this purpose. Skees are especially convenient for sliding down hill, but are also for walking in deep snow far superior to the common American snow-shoes.

The umpires of the race were the judge and his neighbor, Atle Henjum. The runners were numbered, first the gardmen's sons, beginning with Lars Henjum, then the housemen's sons. The prize should belong to him who could go over the track the greatest number of times without falling; grace in running and independence of the staff were also to be taken into consideration. "All ready, boys!" cried the judge; and the racers buttoned their jackets up to the neck, pulled their fur-brimmed caps down over their ears, and climbed up through the deep snow to the crest of the hill. Having reached it, they looked quite small from the place where the spectators were standing; for the hillside was nearly four hundred feet high, and so steep that its white surface, when seen from a distance, appeared very nearly like a perpendicular wall. The forest stood tall and grave in the moonshine, with its dark outline on both sides marking the skee-track; there were, at proper intervals, four high "jumps," in which it would take more than ordinarily strong legs to keep their footing. When all preparations were finished, the judge pulled out his watch and note-book, tied his red silk handkerchief to the end of his cane, and waved it thrice. Then something dark was seen gliding down over the glittering field of snow; the nearer it came, the swifter it ran; now it touched the ground, now again it seemed to shoot through the air, like an arrow sent forth from a well-stretched bow-string. In the twinkling of an eye it was past and nearly out of sight down in the valley. "That was Gunnar," whispered Ragnhild in Gudrun's ear (for, of course, they were both there). "No one can run the track like him." "No, it was Lars," replied Gudrun; "he is number one on the list."

"Hurrah! Well done!" cried the judge, turning to Atle Henjum. "Heaven be praised, we have men in the valley yet! Truly, I half feared that the lad might not be found who could keep his footing in my neck-breaking track."

"The old Viking blood is not quite extinct yet," remarked Atle, with dignity; for it was Lars who had opened the contest. Now one after another tried; but some fell in the first, some in the second jump,* and single skees and broken staves shooting down the track told the spectators of the failures. Some, discouraged by the ill-luck of the most renowned runners in the parish, gave up without trying. At last there was but one left, and that was Gunnar Henjumhei. All stood waiting for him with breathless interest, for upon him depended the issue of the race. Something like a drifting cloud was seen far up between the snow-hooded pine-trees. As it came nearer the shape of a man could be distinguished in the drift.

"O Ragnhild, you squeeze me so dreadfully," cried Gudrun in a subdued voice; but Ragnhild heard nothing. "Ragnhild, please, Ragnhild, I can hardly breathe." A chill gust of wind swept by, and blew the cold snow into their faces. Ragnhild drew a long breath. A mighty hurrah rang from mountain to mountain. The judge shook his head: he did not know who had deserved the prize. Gunnar came marching up the hillside, all covered with snow, and looking like a wandering snow-image; his skees he had flung over his shoulders. All the young people flocked round him with cheers and greetings. He was very hot and flushed, and his eyes looked eagerly around, as if seeking something; they met Ragnhild's triumphant smile, which sufficiently assured him that she was happy with him in his victory. But there were other eyes also that were watching Ragnhild; and, suddenly, struck with Lars's dark, ill-boding glance, she blushed and quickly turned away.

* A fence, wood-pile, or any other elevation of the ground is made into a jump by filling up the space on its upper side with snow, so the skee may slide over it. On the lower side a good deal of the snow is generally taken away. Thus the skee-runner, coming in full speed down the hill, shoots into the air; and it takes a good deal of skill and practice under such circumstances to come down on the feet without allowing the skees to lose their balance.

"Would you object to another race, boys?" asked the judge, addressing the two combatants.

"No!" cried they both in the same breath. "Gunnar will have to run first," added Lars; "my skee-band is broken, so I shall have to go and cut a new one." Gunnar declared himself willing to run first, and again climbed the hill.

"It is fearfully hot here," whispered Ragnhild to her cousin; "come, let us walk up along the track."

"Hot, Ragnhild?" And Gudrun looked extremely puzzled.

"Yes, come." Near the last great jump Ragnhild stopped, and leaned against a mighty fir, whose long, drooping branches, with their sparkling, frost-silvered needles, formed a kind of cage around them. Gudrun sat down in the snow, and looked up along the track. "There he is!" whispered she, eagerly. The girls were just stepping forward from behind the tree, when Ragnhild discovered the shape of a man on the other side, and in the same moment saw a large pine-branch gliding across the track a few rods above the jumps. There was no time to think. "O Lars!" shrieked she, and with an almost supernatural power she hurled the branch over against the man. Again a snow-cloud blustered, and swept by. The man gazed aghast before him, and, as if struck by lightning, fell backwards to the ground, — for it was Lars. There he lay for a long while; but when the girls were out of sight, he lifted his head warily, cast a furtive glance over to the great fir, and, rising to his feet, sneaked down towards the crowd. Another hurrah struck his ear; he hesitated for a moment, then turned slowly round and walked back into the woods.

That night there was searching and asking for Lars far and wide; but Lars was not to be found; and when the judge grew tired of waiting, the prize was awarded to Gunnar.

When the umpires and the young lads and maidens had betaken themselves to the dancing-hall, and the ale-horns were already passing round, there were still two remaining in the forest. The one was sitting in the snow, with her fair young face buried in her hands; the moonshine fell full upon her golden stream of hair; it was Ragnhild, and Gudrun's tearful eyes looked lovingly and pityingly on her.

"O Ragnhild, Ragnhild!" sobbed Gudrun, no longer able to master her emotion, "why did you never tell me? And I, who never thought it possible! If you could only have trusted in me, Ragnhild; for I do love you so much." And Gudrun knelt in the snow, threw her arms round her neck, and wept with her. Thus they sat, weeping their sorrow away, while the moon looked down on them in wonder.

"O dear, how foolish I am!" sighed Gudrun, as she rose, and shook the snow from her skirts. "Come, Ragnhild, let us go: it is too cold for you to be sitting here." The other wiped the tears from her eyes, and they both set out for the court-hall, where the dance was soon to begin. "Do you think anybody will notice that I have cried?" asked Ragnhild, rubbing her cheeks and eyes with her apron, anxious to efface the marks of the treacherous tears.

"O, no, dear!" said Gudrun, taking a handful of snow and applying it to her eyes, which, however, did not produce the desired effect. Slowly they walked down the steep hill towards the court-hall, whence they could already hear the alluring strain of the violins. They had both too much to think of, therefore the walk was a silent one. Only now and then Gudrun would draw her arm still more tightly round Ragnhild's waist, and Ragnhild would answer with a warm, speaking look.

"Ragnhild, halloo!" The girls stopped and looked doubtingly at each other, as if each one expected the other to answer; for they well knew that the voice was Gunnar's.

"Gudrun, halloo!" came the shout again, and stronger than before; it struck the border of the forest, re-

bounded again, and came sailing down toward them. "Shall I answer?" whispered Gudrun.

"Yes — O no, don't." But the counter-order either came late or was not heard; Gudrun had already answered.

"Halloo!" cried she, and a wanton echo played with her voice, tossed it against the mountain-side, and caught it again. Another call; and in the light of the moon they saw Gunnar's tall figure coming up the hill on his skees. With a long staff he pushed himself forward. Soon he was at their side. "Well met, girls!" cried he, gayly, as he jumped off his skees and extended one hand to each of them. "I was half afraid that Lars had already dragged you home, since I could not find you anywhere."

Here, suddenly struck with the grave expression of their countenances, and perhaps also discovering the marks of recent tears, he paused, and looked wonderingly at them. Ragnhild had a feeling that she ought to speak, but somehow or other both voice and words failed her. Then she raised her eyes and met his wondering gaze. "Ragnhild," said he, warmly, walking right up to her, "what has happened?"

"I am very glad you slid so well today, Gunnar," said she, evading the question.

"Are you, truly?"

"Yes," softly. How happy that word made him! Another pause; for that assurance was sweet to rest on. "The track was steep," remarked she after a while.

"So it was."

"I wonder you did not fall."

"Fall! O Ragnhild, I could slide down the steepest mountain-side, if only you would stand by and look at me." Something drove the blood to her cheek; he saw it and his courage grew; there came new fervor and manly reliance into his own voice. "I don't know why, Ragnhild, but whenever your eyes rest on me, I feel myself so strong,— so strong."

They were near the court-yard; the noise of the fiddles and the merriment within rose above his voice. Three men on skees came out from the yard and approached them. "Hurrah, boys! here we have the prize-racer," cried one of them. "Ah, fair Ragnhild of Rimul! You are racing for a high prize there, Gunnar Henjumhei." "Doubt if you will win in that race, Gunnar Houseman's son," shouted another. "The track is steep from Henjumhei to Rimul," said the third; "the river flows swift between."

The three men had passed. It was long before any one spoke. "How cold it is!" said Gudrun, and shivered; and they all shivered. A stealthy frost had crept between them. It froze Gunnar's courage, it froze Ragnhild's life-hope. A houseman's son! On this day of his victory, so young and so strong, and still only a houseman's son! They were at the door of the court-hall. He looked for Ragnhild, but she was gone. She also had left him. Well, he was nothing but a houseman's son, and she the richest heiress in the valley. She herself knew that too, of course. The river flows deep between Henjumhei and Rimul. The music from within came over him, wild and exciting; and suddenly seized by the wildness of the tones, he threw his head back, sprang forward, and bounded into the hall. The crowd made way for him as he came; up he leaped again, grazed with his heel a beam in the ceiling,* and came firmly down on his feet in the centre of the dancing throng. The people rushed aside and formed a close ring around him. The men gave vent to their feeling in loud shouts of approbation, and the girls looked on in breathless admiration.

"A leap worthy of a Norseman!" said one of the old men, when the noise had subsided.

"O yes," cried Gunnar, with a defiant laugh, "worthy of a Norseman,

* Among the peasantry in Norway, it is considered a test of great strength and manliness to kick the beam in a ceiling and come down without falling. Boys commence very early practising, and often acquire great skill in this particular branch of gymnastics. He is regarded as a weakling who cannot kick his own height.

worthy of even a — houseman's son! Ha, ha, ha! strike up a tune, and that a right lusty one." The music struck up, he swung about on his heel, caught the girl who stood nearest him round the waist, and whirled away with her, while her hair flew round her. Suddenly he stopped and gazed right into her face, and who should it be but Ragnhild. She begged and tried to release herself from his arm, but he lifted her from the floor, made another leap, and danced away, so that the floor shook under them.

"Gunnar, Gunnar," whispered she, "please, Gunnar, let me go." He heard nothing. "Gunnar," begged she again, now already half surrendering, "only think, what would mother say if she were here?" But now she also began to feel the spell of the dance. The walls, the roof, and the people began to circle round her in a strange, bewildering dance; in one moment the music seemed to be winging its way to her from an unfathomable depth in an inconceivable, measureless distance, and in the next it was roaring and booming in her ears with the rush and din of an infinite cataract of tone. Unconsciously her feet moved to its measure, her heart beat to it, and she forgot her scruples, her fear, and everything but him in the bliss of the dance. For those Hulder-like tones of the Hardanger violin never fail to strike a responsive chord in the heart of a Norse woman. Gunnar knew how to tread the springing dance, and no one would deny him the rank of the first dancer in the valley. Those who had been on the floor when he began had retired to give place to him. Some climbed upon the tables and benches along the walls, in order to see better. And that was a dance worth seeing. So at least the old men thought, for louder grew their shouts, at every daring leap; and so the girls thought too, for there was hardly one of them who did not wish herself in the happy Ragnhild's place.

After the music had ceased, it was some time before Ragnhild fully recovered her senses; she still clung fast to Gunnar's arm, the floor seemed to be heaving and sinking under her, and the space was filled with a vague, distant hum. "Come, let us go out," said he, "the fresh night air will do you good." The night was clear as the day, the moon and the stars glittered over the wide fields of snow, and the aurora borealis flashed in endless variations. A cold rush of air struck against them, and with every breath he inhaled new strength and courage. Still the whirling bliss of the dance throbbed in his veins, and he felt as if lifted above himself. And Ragnhild it was who walked there at his side, — Ragnhild herself, fairer than thought or dream could paint her. It was Ragnhild's hand he held so close in his. And was it not she who had been the hope, the life, and the soul of these many aimless years? When he spoke, how he spoke he knew not, but speak he did.

"Ragnhild," said, he, warmly, "you know,— that — Ragnhild, you know I always liked you very much." She let her eyes fall, blushed, but made no answer. "Ragnhild, you know that I always — always — loved you. Do you not, Ragnhild?"

"Yes, Gunnar, I do know it."

"Then, Ragnhild, tell me only that you love me too. There is nothing, no, I am sure there can be nothing in all the world, which I could not do, if I only knew that you loved me. Then, all those pictures which I feel within me would come out into light; for they all came from you. Ragnhild, say that you love me."

"Gunnar, you have been dear to me — ever — ever — since I can remember," whispered she, hardly audibly, and struggling with her tears. There lay a world of light before him.

Not far from the court-hall, down toward the fjord, stood two huge fir-trees. They both had tall, naked trunks, and thick, bushy heads, and they looked so much alike that people called them the twin firs. It was the saying, also, that lovers often met there. Between the trees was nailed a rough

piece of plank to sit on. Here they stopped and sat down. He laid his arm round her waist, and drew her close up to him; she leaned her head on his breast. Then he turned his eyes upward to the dark crowns of the trees, and seemed lost in a stream of thought. The moonlight only shimmered through, for the foliage was very thick. Neither spoke; they felt no need of words. Silence is the truest language of bliss. And she, also, looked up into the heavy, moon-fretted mass overhead, wondering what his thoughts might be.

"What a queer shape that tree has!" exclaimed she; "it looks like a huge Trold with three heads."

Then a light flashed upon him, and in a moment his whole past life lay before him, from the days of the saddle "Fox," and his grandmother's stories, to this night. "O Ragnhild," said he, looking longingly into her dewy eyes, "at last I have found my beautiful princess!" And that thought made him suddenly so glad that before he knew it he kissed her. For a moment she looked startled, almost frightened; but as her eyes again rested in his her face brightened into a happy, trustful smile. Now their thoughts and their words wandered to the past and to the future.

It was a happy, happy hour.

Gudrun had hardly been a minute off the floor, from the time she came inside the door. Thus it was some time before she was aware of Ragnhild's absence. But when there came a pause in the dance, and the time had arrived for the *stev*, she searched all over the house for her cousin, but without success. Soon she discovered that Gunnar also was gone; for everybody was asking for him He was wanted to open the stev, as he had a fine voice, and a good head for rhyming. Then, seized with fearful apprehensions, she rushed out of the hall, and down the road, toward the fjord. She would probably have taken no notice of the twin firs, if Ragnhild had not seen her and called her.

"Why, Ragnhild," cried Gudrun, breathless with fear and running, "how you have frightened me! I could not imagine what had become of you. Every body is asking for you. They want Gunnar to open the stev."

They all hurried back to the hall. Gudrun might well wish to ask questions, but she dared not; for she felt the truth, but was afraid of it. They could not help seeing, when they entered the hall, that many curious glances were directed toward them. But this rather roused in both a spirit of defiance. Therefore, when Gunnar was requested to begin the stev, he chose Ragnhild for his partner, and she accepted. True, he was a houseman's son, but he was not afraid. There was a giggling and a whispering all round, as hand in hand they stepped out on the floor. Young and old, lads and maidens, thronged eagerly about them. Had she not been so happy, perhaps she would not have been so fair. But, as she stood there, in the warm flush of the torch-light, with her rich, blond hair waving down over her shoulders, and with that veiled brightness in her eyes, her beauty sprang upon you like a sudden wonder, and her presence was inspiration. And Gunnar saw her; she loved him: what cared he for all the world beside? Proudly he raised his head and sang:

Gunnar. There standeth a birch in the lightsome lea,
Ragnhild. In the lightsome lea;
Gunnar. So fair she stands in the sunlight free,
Ragnhild. In the sunlight free;
Both. So fair she stands in the sunlight free.

Ragnhild. High up on the mountain there standeth a pine,
Gunnar. There standeth a pine;
Ragnhild. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine,—
Gunnar. So tall and fine;
Both. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine.

Gunnar. A maiden I know as fair as the day,
Ragnhild. As fair as the day;
Gunnar. She shines like the birch in the sunlight's play,
Ragnhild. In the sunlight's play;
Both. She shines like the birch in the sunlight's play.

Ragnhild. I know a lad in the spring's glad light,
Gunnar. In the spring's glad light;
Ragnhild. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height,

Gunnar. On the mountain-height;
Both. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height.

Gunnar. So bright and blue are the starry skies,
Ragnhild. The starry skies;
Gunnar. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes,
Ragnhild. That maiden's eyes;
Both. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes.

Ragnhild. And his have a depth like the fjord, I know,
Gunnar. The fjord, I know;
Ragnhild. Wherein the heavens their beauty show,
Gunnar. Their beauty show;
Both. Wherein the heavens their beauty show.

Gunnar. The birds each morn seek the forest-glade,
Ragnhild. The forest-glade;
Gunnar. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid,
Ragnhild. That lily maid;
Both. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid.

Ragnhild. The moss it clingeth so fast to the stone,
Gunnar. So fast to the stone;
Ragnhild. So clingeth my soul to him alone,
Gunnar. To him alone;
Both. So clingeth my soul to him alone.

Gunnar. Each brook sings its song, but forever the same,
Ragnhild. Forever the same;
Gunnar. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name,
Ragnhild. That maiden's name;
Both. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name.

Ragnhild. The plover hath an only tone,
Gunnar. An only tone;
Ragnhild. My life hath its love, and its love alone,
Gunnar. Its love alone;
Both. My life hath its love, and its love alone.

Gunnar. The rivers all to the fjord they go,
Ragnhild. To the fjord they go;
Gunnar. So may our lives then together flow,
Ragnhild. Together flow;
Both. O, may our lives then together flow!

Here Gunnar stopped, made a leap toward Ragnhild, caught her round the waist, and again danced off with her, while a storm of voices joined in the last refrain, and loud shouts of admiration followed them. For this was a stev that was good for something; long time it was since so fine a stev had been heard on this side the mountains. Soon the dance became general, and lasted till after midnight. Then the sleigh-bells and the stamping of hoofs from without reminded the merry guests that night was waning. There stood the well-known swan-shaped sleigh from Henjum, and the man on the box was Atle himself. Ragnhild and Gudrun were hurried into it, the whip cracked, and the sleigh shot down over the star-illumined fields of snow.

The splendor of the night was almost dazzling as Gunnar came out from the crowded hall and again stood under the open sky. A host of struggling thoughts and sensations thronged upon him. He was happy, oh, so happy! at least, he tried to persuade himself that he was, but, strange to say, he did not fully succeed. Was it not toward this day his yearnings had pointed, and about which his hopes had been clustering from year to year, ever since he had been old enough to know what yearning was? Was it not this day which had been beckoning him from afar, and had shed light upon his way like a star, and had he not followed its guidance as faithfully and as trustingly as those wise men of old? "Folly and nonsense," muttered he, "the night breeds nightly thoughts!" With an effort he again brought Ragnhild's image before his mind, jumped upon his skees, and darted down over the glittering snow. It bore him toward the fjord. A sharp, chill wind swept up the hillside, and rushed against him. "Houseman's son," cried the wind. Onward he hastened. "Houseman's son," howled the wind after him. Soon he reached the fjord, hurried on up toward the river-mouth, and, coming to the Henjum boat-house, stopped, and walked out to the end of the pier, which stretched from the headland some twenty to thirty feet out into the water. The fjord lay sombre and restless before him. There was evidently a storm raging in the ocean, for the tide was unusually high, and the sky was darkening from the west eastward. The mountain peaks stood there, stern and lofty as ever, with their heads wrapped in hoods of cloud. Gunnar sat down at the outer edge of the pier, with his feet hanging listlessly over the water, which, in slow and monotonous plashing, beat against the

timbers. Far out in the distance he could hear the breakers roar among the rocky reefs; first, the long, booming roll, then the slowly waning moan, and the great hush, in which the billows pause to listen to themselves. It is the heavy, deep-drawn breath of the ocean. It was cold, but Gunnar hardly felt it.

He again stepped into his skees and followed the narrow road, as it wound its way from the fjord up along the river. Down near the mouth, between Henjum and Rimul, the river was frozen, and could be crossed on the ice. Up at Henjumhei it was too swift to freeze. It was near daylight when he reached the cottage. How small and poor it looked! Never had he seen it so before;—very different from Rimul. And how dark and narrow it was, all around it! At Rimul they had always sunshine. Truly, the track is steep from Henjumhei to Rimul; the river runs deep between.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.

IT was Sir Christopher Gardiner,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
From Merry England over the sea,
Who stepped upon this continent
As if his august presence lent
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,
His rapier dangling at his feet,
Doublet and hose and boots complete,
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and kings,
And lords and ladies of high degree;
So that not having been at court
Seemed something very little short
Of treason or lese-majesty,
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,
At what he called his country-seat;
For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown,
And weary grown of the world and its ways,
He wished to pass the rest of his days
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led;
And, while professing to be in search

Of a godly course, and willing, he said,
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan Church,
He made of all this but small account,
And passed his idle hours instead
With roystering Morton of Merry Mount,
That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more
Than a cabin of logs; but in front of the door
A modest flower-bed thickly sown
With sweet alyssum and columbine
Made those who saw it at once divine
The touch of some other hand than his own.

And first it was whispered, and then it was known,
That he in secret was harboring there
A little lady with golden hair,
Whom he called his cousin, but whom he had wed
In the Italian manner, as men said;
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise —
Though none could vouch for it or aver —
That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre
Was only a Papist in disguise;
And the more to embitter their bitter lives,
And the more to trouble the public mind,
Came letters from England, from two other wives,
Whom he had carelessly left behind;
Both of them letters of such a kind
As made the governor hold his breath;
The one imploring him straight to send
The husband home, that he might amend;
The other asking his instant death,
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,
When all this wickedness was revealed,
To send his warrant signed and sealed,
And take the body of the knight.

Armed with this mighty instrument,
The marshal, mounting his gallant steed,
Rode forth from town at the top of his speed,
And followed by all his bailiffs bold,
As if on high achievement bent,
To storm some castle or stronghold,
Challenge the warders on the wall,
And seize in his ancestral hall
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and heat
He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,
No knight he found, nor warder there,
But the little lady with golden hair,
Who was gathering in the bright sunshine
The sweet alyssum and columbine;
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,
Being forewarned, through the postern gate
Of his castle wall had tripped away,
And was keeping a little holiday
In the forests, that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true
The marshal searched the castle through,
Not crediting what the lady said;
Searched from cellar to garret in vain,
And, finding no knight, came out again
And arrested the golden damsel instead,
And bore her in triumph into the town,
While from her eyes the tears rolled down
On the sweet alyssum and columbine,
That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see
So fair a creature caught within
The snares of Satan and of sin,
And read her a little homily
On the folly and wickedness of the lives
Of women, half cousins and half wives;
But, seeing that naught his words availed,
He sent her away in a ship that sailed
For Merry England over the sea,
To the other two wives in the old countree,
To search her further, since he had failed
To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away
Through pathless woods for a month and a day,
Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night
With the noble savage, who took delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,
His gun and his rapier and the rest.
But as soon as the noble savage heard
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of hand,
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,
Until he was made to understand
They wanted the bird alive, not dead;
Then he followed him whithersoever he fled,
Through forest and field, and hunted him down,
And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight,
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless case;
His hat deformed by stain and dent,
His plumage broken, his doublet rent,
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,
His boots with dust and mire besprent;
But dignified in his disgrace,
And wearing an unblushing face.
And thus before the magistrate
He stood to hear the doom of fate.
In vain he strove with wonted ease
To modify and extenuate
His evil deeds in church and state,
For gone was now his power to please;
And his pompous words had no more weight
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own
The governor lent a patient ear
To the speech evasive and high-flown,
In which he endeavored to make clear
That colonial laws were too severe
When applied to a gallant cavalier,
A gentleman born, and so well known,
And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,
And deigned in answer never a word;
But in summary manner shipped away,
In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,
This splendid and famous cavalier,
With his Rupert hat and his popery
To Merry England over the sea,
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
The first who furnished this barren land
With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

H. W. Longfellow.

MY EXPERIENCE OF COMMUNITY LIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BEFORE I left England, in 1825, the facts already stated connected with the enormously increased power to produce, coexisting with the decreased and ever-decreasing means to live, among the laboring millions in that country, had convinced me, not only that something was grievously wrong and out of adaptation to the new industrial aspect of things, but that the essential remedy for the suffering which I witnessed around me was, as my father declared it to be, the substitution of co-operative industry for competitive labor; and I jumped to the conclusion that, under a system of co-operation, men would speedily be able, by three or four hours of easy labor each day, to supply themselves with all the necessaries and comforts of life which reasonable creatures could desire. Nay, with Utopian aspirations I looked forward to the time when riches, because of their superfluity, would cease to be the end and aim of man's thoughts, plottings, lifelong toilings; when the mere possession of wealth would no longer confer distinction, any more than does the possession of water, than which there is no property of greater worth.

To-day, with half a century of added experience, I think, indeed, that invaluable truths underlie these opinions: but I think also that I much erred in judging one branch of a great social subject without sufficient reference to other collateral branches; and that I still more gravely erred in leaving out of view a main, practical ingredient in all successful changes, namely, the element of TIME.

The human race, by some law of its being, often possesses powers in advance — sometimes ages in advance — of capacity to employ them. Alfred Wallace, in a late work on Natural Selection, reminds us that the oldest human skulls yet discovered are not materially smaller than those of our own times: a Swiss skull of the stone age corresponds to that of a Swiss youth of the present day; the Neanderthal skull has seventy-five cubic inches of brain-space; and the Engis skull (perhaps the oldest known) is regarded by Huxley as "a fair average skull, that might have belonged to a philosopher." Wallace's inference is that man, especially in his savage state, "possesses a brain quite disproportionate to his actual requirements, — an organ that seems prepared in advance only to be fully utilized as he progresses in civilization." *

So also I think it is in regard to man's industrial powers. He has acquired these in advance of the capacity to take advantage of them, except to a limited extent. The various departments of human progress must go forward, in a measure, side by side. Material, even intellectual, progress brings scanty result, unless moral and spiritual progress bear it company.

I still think it *is* true that social arrangements can be devised under which all reasonable necessaries and comforts could be secured to a nation, say by three hours' daily work of its able-bodied population. But, in the present state of moral culture, would that result, in this or any civilized country, be a benefit? Would leisure, throughout

* Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection, by Alfred Russell Wallace, author of the Malay Archipelago, etc., London and New York, 1870, p. 343.

Mr. Wallace adds: "A brain slightly larger than that of the gorilla (which is thirty to thirty-four cubic inches) would, according to the evidence before us, have fully sufficed for the mental development of the savage."

Size of brain is the chief, though not the sole, element which determines mental power. An adult male European with less than sixty-five cubic inches of brain is invariably idiotic.

three fourths of each day, be a blessing to uneducated or half-educated men? If such leisure were suddenly acquired by the masses, would life and property be safe? Think of the temptations of intemperance! Some of the reports even from the eight-hour experiment are discouraging.

Then, as to the popular worship of wealth, — characteristic of a period of transition or half-civilization,— that cannot be suddenly corrected. The gallants of Queen Elizabeth's day sought distinction by the help of rich velvets slashed with satin, costly laces, trussed points, coats heavy with embroidery. It would have been vain, in those days, to take them to task about their finery. It has now disappeared, even to its last lingering remnant, the lace ruffle at the wrist; but common-sense had to work for centuries, ere men were satisfied to trust, for distinction, to something better than gaudy apparel.

I still think that co-operation *is* a chief agency destined to quiet the clamorous conflicts between capital and labor; but then it must be co-operation gradually introduced, prudently managed, as now in England. I think, too, that such co-operation, aside from its healthy pecuniary results, tends to elevate character. Evidence of this, ever multiplying, comes daily to light. I have just received a paper on that subject by Thomas Hughes, published in Macmillan's Magazine, in which the writer says: "It is impossible to bring before you, in the space I have at my disposal, anything like proofs of a tithe of the good which the co-operative movement has done; how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people." From his own observation and that of a Mr. Ludlow, who, he says, "has had as much experience in this matter as any living man," Mr. Hughes states:

That the co-operative system, founded scrupulously on ready-money dealings, delivers the poor from the credit system.

That, if a co-operative workshop has elements of vitality sufficient to weather the first few years' struggles, it is found to expel drunkenness and disorder, as inconsistent with success; to do away with the tricks and dishonesties of work, now frequent between employers and employed; to bring about fixity of employment; to create new ties, new forms of fellowship, even a sort of family feeling, between man and man; and thus, after a time, to develop a new type of workingmen, characterized "not only by honesty, frankness, kindness, and true courtesy, but by a dignity, a self-respect, and a consciousness of freedom which only this phase of labor gives."

The writer met with such a type first in the *Associations Ouvrières* of Paris, and confidently regards it as "a normal result of co-operative production."

Finally, as co-operative producers and consumers have a common interest, this system shuts out adulteration in articles of food, and dishonest deterioration of goods in general, whether caused by faulty workmanship or by employing worthless materials.

A point of vast importance, this last! The debasement of quality which, under the pressure of competition, has gradually extended of late years to almost every article used by man, is notorious. Yet as few persons except the initiated realize the immense loss to society from this source, an illustrative experience of my own may here be welcome.

When my father left me manager of the New Lanark cotton-mills, in the winter of 1824–25, a certain Mr. Bartholomew, who had long been a customer of ours to the extent of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year, came to me one day, asking if I could make him a lot of yarn suitable for ordinary shirting, at such a price, naming it. "We have but one price" I said, "and you know well that we sell such yarn twenty per cent above the rate you propose."

"I know that," he replied; "but you *could* make it, so as to be sold at my price."

"Yes, by using waste and mixing in weak, short-stapled cotton."

"And it would look almost as well?"

"Perhaps."

"Then I 'll risk it."

"My father's instructions," I replied, "are not to lower the quality of our goods. I 'm sorry; but I can't fill your order."

He went off in a huff, but returned two days later. "See here," he said, "don't be Quixotic. I can have the yarn I asked you about spun elsewhere. What 's the use of driving a good customer from you? I shall get the stuff I want, and use it, all the same."

"It would injure the character of our mill."

"Not if you leave off your trade-mark. What do I care about the picture? * Mark it as you will."

I hesitated; and finally — not much to my credit — agreed to make the yarn for him. I had it marked with a large B. "It will stand either for Bartholomew or for *bad*," I said to him when he came to look at it. "I 'm ashamed to turn such an article out of our mill."

But three weeks later he came again. "Just the thing!" he said; and he gave me a second order, thrice as large as the first.

The B yarn became a popular article in the market; the shirting that was made from it looking smooth, and being sold at some ten per cent less than that made from our usual quality. Yet, to my certain knowledge, — for I tried it, — it did not last half as long as the other.

That transaction sits somewhat heavily on my conscience still. Yet it helped to teach me a great lesson. It is my firm belief that, at the present time, purchasers of cotton, woollen, linen, and silk goods, of furniture, hardware, leather goods, and all other manufactured staples, *lose*, on the average, because of inferior quality, *more than half of all the money they pay out.* And I doubt whether, except by co-operation, this crying evil can be remedied.

When I reached Harmony, early in 1826, these general ideas ruled in my mind, untempered by the "sober second thoughts" which an after-life brought with it. I looked at everything with eyes of enthusiasm; and, for a time, the life there was wonderfully pleasant and hopeful to me. This, I think, is the common experience of intelligent and well-disposed persons who have joined the Brook Farm or other reputable community. There is a great charm in the good-fellowship and in the absence of conventionalism which characterize such associations.

Then there was something especially taking — to me at least — in the absolute freedom from trammels, alike in expression of opinion, in dress, and in social converse, which I found there. The evening gatherings, too, delighted me; the weekly meeting for discussion of our principles, in which I took part at once; the weekly concert, with an excellent leader, Josiah Warren, and a performance of music, instrumental and vocal, much beyond what I had expected in the backwoods; last, not least, the weekly ball, where I found crowds of young people, bright and genial if not specially cultivated, and as passionately fond of dancing as, in those days, I myself was.

The accommodations seemed to me, indeed, of the rudest, and the fare of the simplest; but I cared no more for that than young folks usually care who forsake pleasant homes to spend a summer month or two under canvas, — their tents on the beach, perhaps, with boats and fishing-tackle at command; or pitched in some sylvan retreat, where youth and maiden roam the forest all day, returning at nightfall to merry talk, improvised music, or an impromptu dance on the greensward.

I shrank from no work that was as-

* On each ten-pound package we were wont to paste an engraving of the mills and village; and our yarn, in consequence, went, far and near, by the name of "picture-yarn."

signed to me; and sometimes, to the surprise of my associates, volunteered when a hard or disagreeable job came up, as the pulling down of sundry dreadfully dusty and dilapidated cabins throughout the village; but, after a time, finding that others could manage as much common labor in one day as I in two or three, and being invited to take general charge of the school and to aid in editing the weekly paper, I settled down to what, I confess, were more congenial pursuits than wielding the axe or holding the plough-handles.

I had previously tried one day of sowing wheat by hand, and held out till evening; but my right arm was comparatively useless for forty-eight hours after. Another day, when certain young girls, who were baking bread for one of the large boarding-houses, lacked an additional hand, I offered to help them; but when the result of my labors came to the table, it was suggested that one of the loaves should be voted to me as a gift for my diligence; the rather, as, by a little manipulation, such as apothecaries use in making pills, it might save me the trouble of casting bullets the next time I went out rifle-shooting.

To atone for these and similar mishaps, I sometimes succeeded where others had failed. When I first took charge of the school, finding that the teachers occasionally employed corporal punishment, I strictly forbade it. After a time the master of the eldest boys' class said to me one day, "I find it impossible to control these unruly rascals. They know I am not allowed to flog them; and when I seek to enforce rules of order, they defy me."

I sought to show him how he might manage them without the rod, but he persisted: "If you 'd try it yourself for a few days, Mr. Owen, you 'd find out that I 'm right."

"Good," said I. "I 'll take them in hand for a week or two."

They *were* a rough, boisterous, lawless set; bright enough, quick of observation; capable of learning when they applied themselves; but accustomed to a free swing, and impatient of discipline to which they had never been subjected. I said to them, at the start, "Boys, I want you to learn; you 'll be very sorry when you come to be men, if you don't. But you can't learn anything worth knowing, without rules to go by. I must have you orderly and obedient. I won't require from you anything unreasonable; and I don't intend to be severe with you. But whatever I tell you, *has* to be done, and *shall* be done, sooner or later." Here I observed on one or two bold faces a smile that looked like incredulity; but all I added was, "You 'll save time, if you do it at once."

My lessons, often oral, interested them, and things went on quietly for a few days. I knew the crisis would come. It did, in this wise. It was May, the thermometer ranging toward ninety, and I resolved to take the class to bathe in the Wabash, much to their delight. I told them, in advance, that by the doctor's advice they were to remain in the water fifteen minutes only: that was the rule. When I called, "Time up!" they all came out, somewhat reluctantly however, except one tall fellow, named Ben, a good swimmer, who detained us ten minutes more, notwithstanding my order, several times repeated, to come on shore.

I said nothing about it till we returned to the school-room; then I asked the class, "Do you remember my saying to you that whatever I told you to do had to be done sooner or later?" They looked at Ben, and said, "Yes." Then I went on: "I am determined that if I take you to bathe again, you shall stay in fifteen minutes only. How do you think I had best manage that?" They looked at Ben again, and seemed puzzled, never, very surely, having been asked such a question before. "Has no one any plan?" I said.

At length a youngster suggested, "I guess you 'd best thrash him, Mr. Owen."

"I don't wish to do that," I replied;

"I think it does boys harm. Besides, I never was whipped myself, I never whipped anybody, and I know it must be a very unpleasant thing to do. Can't some of you think of a better plan?"

One of the class suggested, "There 's a closet in the garret, with a stout bolt to it. You might shut him up there till we get back."

"That 's better than flogging; but is the closet dark?"

"It 's dark as hell."

"You must n't talk so, my child. You can't tell whether there is such a place as hell at all. You mean that the closet is quite dark, don't you?"

"Yes.'

"Then you ought to say so. But I think Ben would not like to be shut up in the dark for nearly an hour."

"No; but then *we* don't like to be kept from bathing just for him."

Then one little fellow, with some hesitation, put in his word: "Please, Mr. Owen, would n't it do to leave him in the playground?"

"If I could be sure that he would stay there; but he might get out and go bathing, and remain in half an hour perhaps."

At this point, Ben, no longer able to restrain himself, — he had been getting more and more restless, turning first to one speaker, then to another, as we coolly discussed his case, — burst forth: "Mr. Owen, if you 'll leave me in the playground when they go to bathe next time, I 'll never stir from it. I won't. You 'll see I won't."

"Well, Ben," said I, "I 've never known you to tell a falsehood, and I 'll take your word for it this time. But remember! If you lie to me once, I shall never be able to trust you again. We could n't believe known liars if we were to try."

So the next time we went bathing, I left Ben in the playground. When we returned he met me, with eager face, at the gate. "I 've never left even for a minute; ask them if I have," pointing to some boys at play.

"Your word is enough. I believe you."

Thereafter Ben came out of the water promptly as soon as time was called; and when any of his comrades lingered, he was the first to chide them for disobeying orders.

Once or twice afterwards I had to take a somewhat similar stand (never against Ben), persisting each time until I was obeyed. Then bethinking me of my Hofwyl experience, I called in the aid of military drill, which the boys took to very kindly; and when three weeks had passed, I found that my pupils prided themselves in being — what, indeed, they were — the best disciplined and most orderly and law-abiding class in the school.

So I carried my point against a degrading relic of barbarism, then countenanced in England, alike in army, navy, and some of the most accredited seminaries. I had witnessed an example, the year before, in London, during a visit to the central school of Dr. Bell, the rival of Lancaster, patronized by the Anglican Church. A class were standing up, for arithmetic. "Seven times eight are fifty-six," said one boy. "*Is*, not *are*," sternly cried the teacher, dealing the offender such a buffet on the ear that he staggered and finally dropped to the ground; then adding: "Get up! Now perhaps you 'll remember that, another time." But whether it was the blow or the bit of doubtful grammar he was bidden to remember seemed not very clear.

I still recollect how my nature revolted against this outrage, — for such it appeared to me. "Father," said I, as we left the room, "I 'm very sorry you gave any money to this school." He smiled, and apologized for the teacher, saying, "The man had probably been treated in the same manner when he was a child, and so knew no better." My father had, some time before, subscribed two thousand five hundred dollars in aid of the Bell system; offering to double that sum if Dr. Bell would open his schools to the

children of dissenters. But this the ex-chaplain, or his committee, had refused to do.

On the whole, my life in Harmony, for many months, was happy and satisfying. To this the free and simple relation there existing between youth and maidens much contributed. We called each other by our Christian names only, spoke and acted as brothers and sisters might; often strolled out by moonlight in groups, sometimes in single pairs; yet, withal, no scandal or other harm came of it, either then or later, unless we are to reckon as such a few improvident or unsuited matches, that turned out poorly, as hasty love-matches will. What might have happened to myself amid such familiar surroundings, if my heart had not been preoccupied, I cannot tell. I met almost daily handsome, interesting, warmhearted girls; bright, merry and unsophisticated; charming partners at ball or picnic: one especially, who afterwards married a son of Oliver Evans, the celebrated inventor and machinist, to whom, I believe, we owe the high-pressure engine. But this girl, many years since dead, and others both estimable and attractive, were to me, engrossed by recollections of Jessie, but as favorite sisters.

Naturally enough, under such circumstances, I was not haunted by doubts as to the success of the social experiment in which we were engaged. The inhabitants seemed to me friendly and well disposed. There was much originality of character, and there were some curious eccentricities; but nothing to match the Page of Nature, who had so startled Captain McDonald and myself at New York.

One example occurs to me, — an old man named Greenwood, father of Miles Greenwood, well known afterwards to the citizens of Cincinnati as chief of their Fire Department, and still later as owner of the largest foundry and machine-shop then in the West. We had, during the summer of 1826, several terrific thunder-storms such as I had never before witnessed. The steeple of our church was shattered and one of our boarding-houses struck. It was during one of these storms, when the whole heavens seemed illuminated and the rain was falling in torrents, that I saw old Greenwood, thoroughly drenched, and carrying, upright as a soldier does his musket, a slender iron rod, ten or twelve feet long. He was walking in the middle of the street, passed with slow step the house in which I was, and, as I afterwards learned, paraded every street in the village in the same deliberate manner. Next day I met him and asked an explanation. "Ah well, my young friend," said he, "I 'm very old; I 'm not well; I suffer much; and I thought it might be a good chance to slip off and be laid quietly in the corner of the peach orchard." *

"You hoped to be struck by the lightning?"

"You see, I don't like to kill myself,— seems like taking matters out of God's hands. But I thought he might perhaps send me a spare bolt when I put myself in the way. If he had only seen fit to do it, I 'd then have been at rest this very minute; all my pains gone; no more trouble to any one, and no more burden to myself."

"You don't know how useful you may be yet, Mr. Greenwood."

"Under the green grass would have been better; but it was n't to be, just yet."

In the educational department we had considerable talent, mixed with a good deal of eccentricity. We had a Frenchman, patronized by Mr. Maclure, a M. Phiquepal d'Arusmont, who became afterwards the husband of Frances Wright; a man well informed on many points, full of original ideas, some of practical value, but, withal, a wrong-headed genius, whose extravagance and wilfulness and inordinate self-conceit destroyed his usefulness. He had a small school, but it was a

* Where a temporary cemetery had been opened: the Germans having reserved their graveyard, and stipulated that no one should be buried there.

failure ; he gained neither the goodwill nor the respect of his pupils.

Another, of a very different stamp, was Professor Joseph Neef, from Pestalozzi's in Switzerland. Simple, straightforward, and cordial, a proficient in modern languages, a good musician, he had brought with him from Pestalozzi's institution at Iverdun an excellent mode of teaching. To his earlier life, as an officer under Napoleon, was due a blunt, off-hand manner and an abrupt style of speech, enforced, now and then, with an oath, — an awkward habit for a teacher, which I think he tried ineffectually to get rid of. One day, when I was within hearing, a boy in his class used profane language. "Youngster," said Neef to him, "you must n't swear. It 's silly, and it 's vulgar, and it means nothing. Don't let me hear you do so again."

"But, Mr. Neef," said the boy, hesitating and looking half frightened, "if — if it 's vulgar and wrong to swear, why — "

"Well, out with it ! Never stop when you want to say anything : that 's another bad habit. You wished to know why — "

"Why you swear yourself, Mr. Neef?"

"Because I 'm a d—d fool. Don't you be one, too."

With all his roughness, the good old man was a general favorite alike with children and adults. Those whose recollections of Harmony extend back thirty years preserve a genial remembrance of him walking about in the sun of July or August, in linen trousers and shirt, always bareheaded, sometimes barefooted, with a grandchild in his arms, and humming to his infant charge some martial air, in a wonderful bass voice, which, it was said, enabled him, in his younger days, when giving command to a body of troops, to be distinctly heard by ten thousand men.

We had, at this time, in the educational department, a good many persons of literary and scientific ability. But dissensions crept in among them, and several, including Dr. Troost, finally left the place. Mr. Lesueur, however, remained many years, and Thomas Say settled in Harmony, where he spent his time in preparing his beautifully illustrated work on American Entomology, dying there in 1834.

I think my father must have been as well pleased with the condition of things at New Harmony, on his arrival there, as I myself was. At all events, some three weeks afterwards, he disclosed to me his intention to propose to the Harmonites that they should at once form themselves into a Community of Equality, based on the principle of common property. This took me by surprise, knowing, as I did, that when the preliminary society had been established, nine months before, he had recommended that this novitiate should continue two or three years, before adventuring the next and final step.

It was an experiment attended with great hazard. Until now the executive committee had estimated the value of each person's services, and given all persons employed respectively credit for the amount, to be drawn out by them in produce or store goods. But under the new constitution, all members, according to their ages, not according to the actual value of their services, were to be "furnished, as near as can be, with similar food, clothing, and education ; and, as soon as practicable, to live in similar houses, and in all respects to be accommodated alike." Also the real estate of the association was to be "held in perpetual trust forever for the use of the Community" ; persons leaving the society to forfeit all interest in the original land, but to have claim for "a just proportion of the value of any real estate acquired during their membership." The power of making laws was vested in the Assembly, which consisted of all the resident adult members of the Community. There was an Executive Council, having superintendence and empowered to "carry into effect all general regulations" ; but the Council

was "subject at all times to any directions expressed by a majority of the Assembly and communicated by the clerk of the Assembly to the secretary of the Council." * After the first formation of the Community, the assent of a majority of the Assembly was necessary to admit a member.

Liberty, equality, and fraternity, in downright earnest! It found favor with that heterogeneous collection of radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians, and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in.

A committee of seven (my brother William and myself included), elected at a town-meeting held January 26, 1826, were authorized to frame and report a constitution. They reported on February 1; and, after a few days' debate, the constitution, somewhat amended, was adopted on February 5. Every member of the preliminary society who signed the constitution within three days was, with his family, admitted into the Community. All but a few, who soon after left the place, subscribed; and then the books were closed.

I made no opposition to all this. I had too much of my father's all-believing disposition to anticipate results which any shrewd, cool-headed business man might have predicted.

How rapidly they came upon us! Any one who still owns a file of the weekly paper then published in New Harmony may readily trace them.

Two weeks after the formation of the Community we find: "On the 19th instant" (February) "a resolution was adopted by the Assembly directing the Executive Council to request the aid of Mr. Owen for one year in conducting the concerns of the Community in conformity with the principles of the constitution." † Three weeks later, in an editorial, we read: "General satisfaction and individual contentment have taken the place of suspense and uncertainty. *Under the sole direction of Mr. Owen*, the most gratifying anticipations of the future may be safely indulged." *

It was four years after the declaration, in Paris, in 1848, of a Republic, before France settled down under the leadership of one man; but, at Harmony, five weeks sufficed to bring about a somewhat similar result. The difference was, however, that Louis Napoleon, false to his oath, and resorting to a *coup d'état*, upset the Republic, while my father conscientiously adhered to the instructions given by the Assembly to conform to the principles of the constitution. This very adherence, beyond doubt, caused his failure.

For a time, however, things improved under his management. Under date March 22, an editorial tells us: "While we have been discussing abstract ideas, we have neglected practical means. Our energies have been wasted in useless efforts. . . . . But by the indefatigable attention of Mr. Owen, order and system have been introduced into every branch of business. Our streets no longer exhibit groups of idle talkers; each is busily engaged in the occupation he has chosen. Our public meetings, instead of being the arena of contending orators, are now places of business," † etc.

This is a useful lifting of the curtain, disclosing what the immediate effects of a premature step had been. Two months later appear symptoms of doubt. My father, reviewing the proceedings of the Community, May 10, says: "The great experiment in New Harmony is still going on, to ascertain whether a large, heterogeneous mass of persons, collected by chance, can be amalgamated into one community." ‡ Up to that time, it would seem, he had delayed to make any conveyance of the land.

When three months more had

* For a copy of the constitution, see New Harmony Gazette, Vol. I.

† New Harmony Gazette of February 22, 1826, p. 175.

* New Harmony Gazette of March 8, 1826, p. 190.

† New Harmony Gazette, Vol. I. p. 207.

‡ Same volume, p. 263.

passed, my father, addressing the Assembly, said, in reply to a question as to having all things, land included, in common, "I shall be ready to form such a community whenever you are prepared for it. . . . . But progress must be made in community education before all parties can be prepared for a community of common property." * He then proposed, and the Assembly adopted, a resolution that they meet three evenings in the week for community education.

These meetings continued, with gradually lessening numbers, for a month or two. Then comes an editorial admission that "a general system of trading speculation prevails"; together with "a want of confidence in the good intentions of each other." †

Finally, little more than a year after the Community experiment commenced, came official acknowledgment of its failure. The editorial containing it, though without signature, was written by my brother William and myself, as editors, on our own responsibility; but it was submitted by us, for revision as to the facts, to my father. We said: "Our opinion is that Robert Owen ascribed too little influence to the early anti-social circumstances that had surrounded many of the quickly collected inhabitants of New Harmony before their arrival there; and too much to those circumstances which his experience might enable them to create around themselves in future. . . . . We are too inexperienced to hazard a judgment on the prudence and management of those who directed its execution; and the only opinion we can express with confidence is of the perseverance with which Robert Owen pursued it at great pecuniary loss to himself. One form of government was first adopted, and when that appeared unsuitable another was tried; until it appeared that the members were too various in their feelings and too dissimilar in their habits to govern themselves harmoniously as one community. . . . . New Harmony, therefore, is not now a community." *

Thenceforth, of course, the inhabitants had either to support themselves or to leave the town. But my father offered land on the Harmony estate to those who desired to try smaller community experiments, on an agricultural basis. Several were formed, some by honest, industrious workers, to whom land was leased at very low rates; while other leases were obtained by unprincipled speculators who cared not a whit for co-operative principles, but sought private gain by the operation. All finally failed as social experiments. To the workers who had acted in good faith my father ultimately sold, at a low price, the lands they occupied. By the speculators he lost in the end a large amount of personal property, of which, under false pretences, they had obtained control.

My present opinion is that, in stating the causes which led to the failure of my father's plans of social reform at New Harmony, my brother and I omitted the chief error. I do not believe that any industrial experiment can succeed which proposes equal remuneration to all men, the diligent and the dilatory, the skilled artisan and the common laborer, the genius and the drudge. I speak of the present age; what may happen in the distant future it is impossible to foresee and imprudent to predict. What may be safely predicted is, that a plan which remunerates all alike will, in the present condition of society, ultimately eliminate from a co-operative association the skilled, efficient, and industrious members, leaving an ineffective and sluggish residue, in whose hands the experiment will fail, both socially and pecuniarily.

The English associations which are now succeeding were organized under a special act of Parliament, as joint stock companies (limited); all heads of families and single adults within

* New Harmony Gazette of August 30, 1826, Vol. I. p. 391.

† New Harmony Gazette of November 8, Vol. II. p. 46.

* New Harmony Gazette, Vol. II, p. 206.

each being at once the stockholders who furnish the necessary capital, and if it be a store, the customers, or, if it be a manufacturing or agricultural establishment, the workers who give that capital its value. A small executive board, its members being themselves experienced workers, and having moderate fixed salaries, is elected by the association, and superintends all operations. These superintendents are required to visit, at stated hours throughout the day, each department of industry, and to register, on books kept for that purpose, the exact hour and duration of these visits. Each artisan or other laborer is paid wages at the rate which his services would command in the outside world; and is entitled, at the end of each year, when the profits are declared, to a dividend on his stock, in addition.

There are other important details, for example, arrangements in the nature of benefit societies in case of sickness; but they would be out of place here. This slight sketch may suffice to show, in a general way, how the workman, if he can once lay up in a savings' bank or elsewhere a small capital, may obtain the entire value of his labor; may secure permanent employment which only misconduct can forfeit; and, besides, have fair wages regularly paid, and his just proportion of profits, deducting only the necessary expense of a judicious and economical management.

Robert Owen distinguished the great principle; but, like so many other devisers, missed the working details of his scheme. If these, when stated, seem to lie so near the surface that common sagacity ought to have detected them, let us bear in mind how wise men stumbled over Columbus's simple puzzle; failing to balance an egg on one end till a touch from the great navigator's hand solved the petty mystery.

I have little doubt that the English co-operators are gradually furnishing a practical solution of the most important of industrial mysteries, — the great problem how increased powers to produce shall not only procure increased comforts to the producer, but, at the same time, elevate him, day by day, in the moral scale, until he becomes, as the years go on, a self-respecting, upright, intelligent man.

That these civilizing influences should result from the principle of association for mutual benefit is according to the due order of human progress. Animals are self-dependent and individually isolated, and so are liable to grave injury from slight cause, and are daily in peril from stronger and fiercer brutes.* Savage man is but a step in advance of this; and scarcely more secure than he is the laborer of modern days, when segregated from his class, and fighting the life battle, single-handed, against capital and competition. Divided, he falls lower and lower in the social scale. United only, — but it must be judiciously united,† — can he succeed in attaining security and comfort. Nor need he surrender wholesome liberty in associating for common good: the English co-operative workman is far more free, as well as more safe, than his isolated neighbors.

Such considerations may palliate, in my father's case, the charge of rash confidence, and what may seem reckless self-sacrifice, in carrying out his favorite plans. He expended in the purchase of the Harmony property, real and personal, in paying the debts of the Community during the year of its existence, and in meeting his ultimate losses the next year by swindlers, upwards of two hundred thousand dollars.

* The effect upon animals of what has been called "natural selection," says Wallace, "depends mainly on their self-dependence and individual isolation. A slight injury, a temporary illness, leaves the individual powerless against its enemies." — Work on Natural Selection already quoted, p. 311.

What is the effect on a laboring father of a family, with two dollars and a half a week to support them, of "slight injury or temporary illness"? Is he not at the mercy of *his* enemies, — abject penury, starvation?

† Trades unions are often but disguised tyrannies; examples of an excellent principle, miserably perverted.

Had his plans succeeded, he would, beyond question, have conveyed the whole of his Indiana property in trust forever, without value received, or any compensation other than the satisfaction of success, to support co-operative associations there. Thus, as his property did not then reach quarter of a million, he was willing to give up more than four fifths of what he was worth to this great experiment.

The remainder, not exceeding forty thousand dollars, might have sufficed for a competence, had he been content to live quietly upon it. But it soon melted away in a hundred expenditures for experiments, publications, and the like, connected with social and industrial reform. He seems to have felt it to be a point of honor, so long as he had means left, to avert reproach from the cause of co-operation by paying debts left standing at the close of unsuccessful experiments, whenever these had been conducted in good faith.*

One result of all this seems to me now so little like what usually happens in this world, that, if it provoke incredulity, I think the sceptics may be readily excused. It relates to my brother William and myself, exemplifying the effect of early habits and impressions. Soon after our return from Hofwyl, my father had made us partners in the New Lanark mills, conveying to each of us one share of fifty thousand dollars. We bought whatever we wanted; and, as it happened, our profits amply sufficed for our wants. Yet I cannot call to mind that I ever examined my partnership account, or posted myself as to the balance.

When my father agreed to devote four fifths of the property that would naturally have come to us, as his heirs, to the cause of reform, neither William nor I, to the best of my recollection, expressed or even felt regret that it was about to pass away from us. Several years after the purchase of Harmony, when we learned from my father that his funds were running low, we both volunteered to transfer to him, unconditionally, our New Lanark shares. He accepted the offer as frankly as it was made; but he conveyed to us jointly land on the Harmony estate worth about thirty thousand dollars. Engrossed with the sanguine hopes of youth and the vague dreams of enthusiasm, I believe that I scarcely bestowed a second thought on the pecuniary independence for life which I was thus relinquishing. If any one had lauded my disinterestedness, it would have been unmerited praise; it was simply indifference, not self-sacrifice. Nor do I remember ever pining after the luxuries of Braxfield, or wishing myself back again in the Old World.

My father's intention in bringing us up thus unconcerned about money and careless as to its acquisition was kind and commendable; it was far better than to have taught us that riches are the main chance in life, and that all things else should be postponed to money-getting; but I am of opinion now that it was a grave mistake, nevertheless. I think a father ought to say to his sons, as I have said to mine: "Money is a power for good as well as for evil. It is an element of personal independence. Do not grasp after it; yet seek to acquire it fairly, honorably, without doing hard things, especially without grinding others. Do not enter public life until you shall have set apart what suffices for a reputable living, and invested your savings with reference to absolute safety rather than to high rate of interest. Thus, on solid ground yourself, you can the

* In the year 1832 (for example), there was established in London, by workingmen friendly to co-operation, a Bazaar, or "Labor Exchange." At first my father was requested to act as manager, which he did without salary, merely stipulating that no expense or risk should devolve upon him; but, after a time, the parties concerned thought they could manage better themselves, and my father withdrew. When, at a later period (says one of his biographers), the business was wound up, "there was a deficiency of upwards of twelve thousand dollars; and when it was represented to Mr. Owen that it was through confidence in him that many persons had been led to make deposits, whose distress or even ruin would ensue if the loss were not made up, he assumed and paid the whole." Life of Robert Owen, Philadelphia, 1866, pp. 223, 224.

more effectively lend a hand to the cause of reform; and if you are elected a legislator, or to other civil service, you can act out your convictions, without fear that loss of office will reduce you to poverty."

My father took a less practical, if more Scriptural, view of things, virtually telling us: "Seek first the good of human kind, and all other things shall be added unto you." He protected us, however, to a great extent, from suffering while following such advice. For, at a later period, he conveyed to his sons, then citizens of the United States, the New Harmony property, his only surviving daughter being already provided for. All he required of us in return was to execute a deed of trust, of some thirty thousand dollars' worth of land, burdened with an annuity to him, during his life, of fifteen hundred a year; after that a life interest to his daughters-in-law, and the fee to their children. The above annuity was his sole dependence for support during many years of his life. We, with the means he put into our hands, might have readily accumulated an assured independence by the time we reached middle age, had we known (which we did not) how to manage and improve Western property, and had we steadily followed up the pursuit of a competency, as we ought to have done. There is more power in knowledge than in gold, no matter how large the pile.

In looking back upon myself as I was in those days, I have often wondered how far my after-life might have been affected by the judicious advice of some cool-headed, dispassionate friend, one who, while sharing many of my aspirations, would have brought the chastening experience of a long life to mould and give wise direction to them: what, for example, the result would have been if the Robert Dale Owen of seventy could have become the counsellor of the Robert Dale Owen of twenty-five; talking over that eager youth's ideas of reform with him; dissecting his views of life here and his doubts of life hereafter; correcting his crudities and calling in question his hasty conclusions.

I found no such mentor, but met, instead, with a friend some ten years my senior, possessing various noble qualities, but with ideas on many subjects, social and religious, even more immature and extravagant than my own. This new acquaintance mainly shaped, for several years, the course and tenor of my life.

Frances Wright was a cultivated Englishwoman of good family, who, though left an orphan at an early age, had received a careful and finished education, was thoroughly versed in the literature of the day, well informed on all general subjects, and spoke French and Italian fluently. She had travelled and resided for years in Europe, was an intimate friend of General Lafayette, had made the acquaintance of many leading reformers, Hungarian, Polish, and others, and was a thorough republican; indeed, an advocate of universal suffrage, without regard to color or sex, — a creed that was much more rare forty years ago than it is to-day. Refined in her manner and language, she was a radical alike in politics, morals, and religion.

She had a strong, logical mind, a courageous independence of thought, and a zealous wish to benefit her fellow-creatures; but the mind had not been submitted to early discipline, the courage was not tempered with prudence, the philanthropy had little of common-sense to give it practical form and efficiency. Her enthusiasm, eager but fitful, lacked the guiding check of sound judgment. Her abilities as an author and a lecturer were of a high order; but an inordinate estimate of her own mental powers and an obstinate adherence to opinions once adopted detracted seriously from the influence which her talents and eloquence might have exerted. A redeeming point was, that to carry out her convictions she was ready to make great sacrifices, personal and pecuniary. She and a younger sister, a lady alike amiable and estimable, had always lived and journeyed together,

were independent in their circumstances, and were devotedly attached to each other.

She had various personal advantages, — a tall, commanding figure, somewhat slender and graceful, though the shoulders were a little bit too high ; a face the outline of which in profile, though delicately chiselled, was masculine rather than feminine, like that of an Antinous, or perhaps more nearly typifying a Mercury ; the forehead broad, but not high ; the short, chestnut hair curling naturally all over a classic head ; the large, blue eyes not soft, but clear and earnest. When I first met her, at Harmony, in the summer of 1826, some of the peculiarities of character above set forth had not developed themselves. She was then known, in England and here, only as the author of a small work entitled A Few Days in Athens, published and favorably received in London ; and of a volume of travels in the United States, in which she spoke in laudatory tone of our institutions and of our people. She condemned, indeed, in strong terms — as enlightened foreigners were wont to do — that terrible offence against human liberty (tolerated, alas ! by our Constitution) which the greatest war of modern times has since blotted out.

But she did more than to condemn the crime of slavery : she sought, albeit with utterly inadequate means and knowledge, to act as pioneer in an attempt to show how it might be gradually suppressed. She had already purchased a large tract of unimproved farming land, situated in West Tennessee, about fourteen miles back of Memphis, on both sides of a small stream called by the Indians Nē-sho-bāh, or Wolf River ; and she had bought and removed to that place nine negro slaves. Her confident hope was, to prove that these people could, in a few years, by their own labor, work out their liberty ; and, with a strange ignorance alike of Southern character and of the force of life-long habits, and of the sway of selfish motive among the rich and idle, she was credulous enough to expect that the better intentioned among the planters of the South would gradually follow her example.

Miss Wright's vigorous character, rare cultivation, and hopeful enthusiasm gradually gave her great influence over me ; and I recollect her telling me, one day when I had expressed, in the New Harmony Gazette, with more than usual fearlessness, some radical opinions which she shared, that I was one of the few persons she had ever met with whom she felt that, in her reformatory efforts, she could act in unison. Thus we became intimate friends, and in the sequel coeditors.

Friends ; but never, throughout the years we spent together, anything more. I felt and acted toward her, at all times, just as I would toward a brave, spirited, elder comrade of my own sex. Affections already engaged and the difference of age may have had their weight ; but, aside from this, while I saw much to admire in Frances Wright, I found nothing to love.

Whether I was ever Quixotic enough to believe that her experiment at Nashoba (so she named her plantation) would, to any appreciable extent, promote negro emancipation, I cannot now call to mind. I think that the feature in her plan which chiefly attracted me was her proposal there to collect, from among the cultivated classes of England and America, a few kindred spirits who should have their small, separate dwellings, contribute to a common fund enough for their support, and spend their time in "lettered leisure." I probably pictured to myself a woodland cottage, with honeysuckle-shaded porch, and with Jessie and myself as its inmates.

We learn of one of Homer's heroes, that the gods

> "Granted half his prayer ;
> The rest the winds dispersed in empty air" :

but I was less favored. No part of my Tennessee dream was to be realized.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE SUMMER'S JOURNEY OF A NATURALIST.

III. FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE JAMES.

THE Potomac is now chief among our American historical rivers. Though its waters were never reddened by any decisive battle, it is more closely connected with the great struggle, through all its many years, than any other landmark. Fortunately it is worthy of its place among great events. Few streams in our land compare with it in beauty. We came upon it on our journey from the northward with no study for effects, yet the views we got of it were very beautiful. Below Cumberland it has been reduced by many great branches. The Shenandoah is a considerable river, and the South Potomac is much larger than the stream which, following more nearly the line of the main river, has held its name. The valley in which it lies is by far the handsomest of the many which cut this mountain system. Away to the westward we could trace its course where the hills fell on its borders, and a few miles above us it opens out into a steeply walled plain through a grand gateway of cliffs. Our road led us through Cumberland, where a thriving and dirty city is swallowing up what seems to have been a pretty old town in those days when the National Road and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal gave it a sleepy prosperity. Hurrying through the town in a driving rain, we entered at once upon a dreary upland, where all the timber had been cut away to give sweep to the fire of the guns of the fortress which crowned a neighboring hill. We wandered on until the darkness made us glad to camp on a little by-way which ran under the canal and over a ford in the Potomac. All night we could hear the shouting of the boatmen and the thunder of the railway trains that ran by its side. The river here is only a summer stream, with quiet pools of water — so warm, even in the morning, that our swim was debilitating — strung together by a rivulet only partly filling its broad bed, covered elsewhere with a random growth of plants. The banks, as far as we could see in the blue fog of the early morning, were bordered with noble trees; great sycamores were poised in hardy attitudes on the bank, some with vast roots as flying buttresses, and ancient branches with a strange, stony surface which made them seem like fragments of arches in some old ruin. Here and there a grape-vine had weighed down some younger tree, with its mass of foliage making a tent-shaped dome of green. There was a luxuriance in these tangled woods surpassing anything we had seen before.

Our road led us down the valley for several miles to the mouth of a stream called Patterson's Creek, where we crossed the Potomac. The scenery was lovely all the way, and at the ford became indeed enchanting. There was a beautiful gorge just below the crossing, where the river had cut through a high ridge, and the rock in its massive beds was seen forming the great arch of the mountain, with all the regularity of art. The river, widened by many little tributaries, lay before us in a wide, shallow pool, through which the ford ran. Over the river our short journey in Maryland was at an end, and we were on Virginia soil. The only thing noteworthy at first was the admirable road which led up the stream we were now to follow to its source. For a week we had been struggling with obstacles, so that the change was very welcome. Unlike the smaller valleys we had already traversed, this through which Patterson's Creek ran was very wide and level, giving a place for the road and broad meadows below the mountains on either side. The creek is a pretty river about fifty

feet wide, with water of marvellous clearness and very potable, though with a temperature of ninety degrees. The mountains have changed their form since we crossed the river: they are no longer all made on the same model as in Pennsylvania, but have a large share of individuality. The greater hills have often ragged crests, and are surrounded by clusters of foot-hills which give charming foregrounds. This is an unexplored land for the geologist, and amazingly rich in fossils. Near the ford the *débris* by the roadside abounded in crinoids; an hour's search gave over twenty exquisite fossil heads of these lilies of the ancient seas. We camped at night beside the stream, beneath a noble sycamore. One branch of this tree was the finest thing in its way I ever saw. Leaving the trunk near its base, it rose in a stately sweep full fifty feet from the earth, and then bent back until its fan of foliage swept the ground.

Our sabbath here was quite undisturbed. Ever since we crossed the Maryland line, the people have respected the privacy of our camp as much as they would a more substantial home. Those who are brought by chance near us move on with at most a short greeting. With better manners comes less thrift. The land is good along the stream, but the farms are poorly kept and show aimless, shiftless lives. War has done something to ruin the country, but want of teaching and too much whiskey have been far more destructive to the race. The new conditions are also marked by a change of language. *You was* and *we was gone done*, *done gone done*, and *gwine gone done*, familiar music to our ears, are perplexing to the most of our party. To add to the peculiarities of speech, we have here one singular use of a word; *reckon* is usually in the South the equivalent of the Northern *guess* or *calculate*: but here it comes to be used as the expression *du tell*, as a pure exclamation. Surprise a native with any statement, he says, "I reckon," and may repeat it several times, as an Englishman does his "Dear me."

When we crossed the Potomac we left domestic thrift behind, and in its place we got the picturesque. The eye always gets a certain satisfaction from the log-cabin when it is well made, for it is a thoroughly "constructive" building. It is the only perfectly sound thing architecturally one is apt to see in this country. Many of these cabins are very well built, two separate "pens," as they are called, being joined under one roof, so as to make a broad open gallery between, the roof being carried far forward, so as to make a wide veranda. Life goes on with an openness quite Italian. These unwalled places are the living-rooms of the family. A swarm of children, the middle aged, and the old are generally clustered there, with yelping hounds, chickens, and other elements of rural life. We often see all the forms of household industry at once. On one broad veranda spinning-wheels, large and small, a loom, and a churn were all at work. Wagons are very rare. We travelled more than a day over the best road we have had in a thousand miles, without seeing one. The people are all on horseback. As we get farther up the valley, we begin to see more and more the effects of war. Often every other cabin will be empty, its tattered roof and open windows showing that it has long been a broken home. There is but one answer to the question we often asked as to the owner's fate,— Killed in the war. Sometimes one comes across a little settlement with half a dozen houses quite abandoned, even the paths to the doors thick-grown with the rapid undergrowth of the country. All this is very saddening, for these people, though rude and illiterate, have intense home ties; each of these tenantless houses marks a bitter sorrow, — some home made desolate by the death of its head, some family scattered in the world.

Every mile of southing carries us twenty feet or more higher above the sea. The air grows lighter and more exhilarating. We are now some twelve hundred feet in the air, with

much of the load of life off our shoulders. There is a pervading heat, but it is tempered by fresh breezes, and made delightful by a certain breathable quality. This is a region of great rainfall and evaporation, so the air has qualities not found farther to the northward. It is richer in color and perspective effects; the hills shade away in the distance, instead of having the hard, cold outline of the New Hampshire hills. The earth marks the increased rainfall more clearly than the air. There is a wealth of water only equalled in Switzerland. We are always in sight of it; sometimes the springs come out like great underground brooks, as they are; and they are always cold and pure, and full of trout to their sources. They have run for miles in the endless caverns which are hollowed beneath all these mountains.

The third day from the Potomac we descried the defile which divides the valley of Patterson's Creek from the south branch of the river. The view was one of the finest, if not the very best, of our whole journey. Back on our road the mountains were shut out by the nearer hills, but to the south there was an extended prospect; the valley of the Potomac was wide and greatly varied. Some few miles away began again the mountain system, but higher and more closely knit than we had seen before; for ten miles, in an east and west direction, it seemed a great wall rising two thousand feet above the river, and cut by the gorges of several streams. Farther to the south, rounded mountains and sharper peaks were heaped above each other, until they faded in the illimitable distance. There was a strength about the outlines of these mountains which made them finer elements of the landscape than the White Mountains or any of our Northern hills. A noble solitude wrapped the scene. Man has done little to make or mar: it is really an untouched wilderness.

At dusk we passed the little town of Petersburg, near the bank of the river. It was, take it altogether, the meanest looking village of its size we had yet seen. There were no visible means of support for the thousand people it contained. They did not look well-fed, though well-built and stalwart. Everything had an ancient, out-of-the-world look which, in its way, was interesting. The houses were squalid cabins, but it was curious to see that almost all had an abundance of flowers planted in the small patches of land, or in tubs by the doors.

There are no bridges here, nor have ever been; so we struggled through the stream across a difficult ford. The river is about two hundred feet wide and three feet deep, — a swift stream of the purest water I have ever seen. The bottom is paved with great boulders, through which our unhappy teams had to wrestle as best they could. We camped just below the ford in another of those beautiful green borders to the streams which have of late given us such famous camping-grounds. Twenty times a day we come across places which so invite us by their beauty and fitness for a camp that it seems hard to pass them by, — wood, water, clear sward, and sheltering trees, with young growths to furnish tent-poles, and to be found anywhere on a little search.

By an accident at the ford we lost the alcohol from my can of snakes, and were obliged to go back to town to replace it with the vile whiskey of a bar-room, which was sure to kill, but was not remarkable for its preserving properties. It was curious to see the hungry-looking crowd of loafers eye the gallons of precious stuff vanishing among the snakes and fish. There were loud and deep protests against the profanation. The objections might have been more effective had the spectators not been somewhat dazed by the inconceivable character of the whole performance. "Three-dollar whiskey given to the *varmints*," as one expressed it, "enough to give them all a good time for a week, was enough to rile any man."

Our night's camp was in cool air beneath a sky of marvellous brilliancy. It was one of those nights when the

heavens deepen until one fancies one sees the stars in long perspective ; and already some new stars began to show along the southern sky. The next day we climbed over the divide which separates the waters of the Potomac from the James. The head-waters cross each other like the interlaced branches of two forest trees, so that it was hard to be sure where one system began and the other ended; but the rambling rills soon gathered themselves into a beautiful river, which grew in a few miles to a scarcely fordable stream.

We camped for our Sunday rest in a grove beside the road, by the noblest spring we have yet drunk from ; it came up out of a little green plat at the foot of the mountain in a great basin of mossgrown rocks, from which it poured a little river. There were three other great springs on the same farm of two hundred acres. The owner of the land offered to catch us some trout in the native fashion. After dark a party, which must have represented all the people within three miles, appeared, furnished with pine torches and great hand-nets shaped like sugar-shovels. The men with these waded into the stream, and, working upward, drove the fish before them, while the people on the bank with their flaming torches helped to confuse the poor creatures. The motley crowd of men, women, and children, all aglow with the torchlight, the fishers wading and plunging in the stream, the stranded fish dancing on the grass made a wonderful piece of color in the thick night. The fish, though it seemed at first as if the stream should be swept of them, managed pretty generally to elude their pursuers. By the torchlight one could see them flashing, like shooting stars, through the water, hurrying up stream, or dashing with quick turns through their pursuers and into safety below. They seemed to understand that their safety lay down stream. The drove that went up the river moved hesitatingly, turning every now and then to reconnoitre the line of nets ; if they found a break in the line, they charged it with wonderful quickness, and were out of sight in an instant. After a *drive* of an hour, during which half a mile of pool and rapid was searched, a hundred trout of good size were in the baskets ; those under size were allowed to escape through the large meshes of the nets, or were turned into the water as soon as caught.

In the morning we explored a cave which opened near our camp, one of the thousand which undermine this region. The only noticeable thing was the contrast between the purity of the air within and without the cave. Coming out after dark, the air, so pure to our senses before, seemed a reek of odors ; there was a rank, stifling smell of the vegetation, a sickening odor from the river, with a variety of unclassified sensations besides.

At the end of our day's journey we left the valley, and, climbing a thousand feet, found ourselves on a table-land fenced round with mountains and yielding the waters of the Warm, the Hot, and the Healing Springs. The Warm Springs were prettily situated, with some good buildings, but looking a good deal neglected. Fashion has rather passed away from it, though there seemed to be a hundred people, with the devoted faith which valetudinarians learn to feel in springs, trying to wash away a variety of ills. We are in a region where this sort of hostelries abound. South of the Warm Springs, a few miles distant, lie the Hot and the Healing Springs, both more thronged than this. Just beyond, on our road to Milborough, we came upon the Bath Alum Springs, with waters of great name, which must be deserved if they could make men out of some of the wrecks we saw about the place. We feel so far removed from our kind that throngs of any description are repulsive, and the congregations of disordered bodies about these springs are the worst phases of the supercivilization we have been wandering away from. So we say our politest nay to the kindly invitations to tarry, and hurry on to our next camp. Near here we passed

by the mouth of a singular cave. Our road lay along the base of a cliff by which ran a beautiful river, another tributary of the James. The cliff was richly sculptured in the rude reliefs of decay, and, well mantled with foliage at its base, were many small, cavern-like recesses, and one deeper opening which evidently led far into the mountain. As we approached this the air became rapidly cooler, and, when near its mouth, we were in a rush of air which poured from it, seemingly as cold as a winter wind. The blast was so strong that it would float away a handkerchief for some distance, the air having a movement of at least six miles an hour. No one could tell us anything about the cave, except that it blew all summer and drew in its breath in the wintertime. The temperature of the air was that of the mean annual heat of this region, about sixty degrees, the outside air being about thirty degrees higher.

From this point we made a journey by railroad over to the White Sulphur Springs, in order to get a glimpse at the mountain sections and of the greatest of the Virginia watering-places. We found a well-arranged and picturesque caravansary; a central hall used for dining, and other public rooms, and a large number of cottages scattered around the borders of a great ellipse. The place was crowded to suffocation. It was said that there were three thousand people gathered for the "fancy ball" which was to take place that night. The dust beaten up by the carriages, the din of servants, the smell of food, with the hateful odor of crowded mankind, to which our savage senses were very sensitive, drove us away. We thought to stay several days, but in two hours we were on the train for our camp with its sweet simplicity.

We are out of the central region of the mountains when we descend into Rockbridge County. There are many isolated masses, some of majestic proportions, through which our road winds its way, but they are disconnected ruins of the long ridges of the main system, points which have long since been won by the forces contending against the mountains. Our road falls upon a little river, the valley of which we follow nearly all the way to Lexington, — one of a hundred brooks we have followed from their source to their full-grown proportions, but one of the prettiest. For a fortnight we had not seen anything worthy to be called a farm; here decent culture begins to appear again. Negroes are still rare; so far they have been rarer in Virginia than in any other part of our journey. It is evident that slaves were few; and the signs of thrift lend a color to the statement that most of the people are descendants of Scotch emigrants of the last century. We camped just outside of Lexington, and in the morning visited the town, which has some attractions derived from its being the seat of two considerable schools, — the Washington College, now rejoicing in the more ambitious title of Washington and Lee University; and the less pretentious but more effective Virginia Military Institute. I have never seen in America a more charming prospect than was given us from the long hill which led in a beautiful slope into the vast, plane-like valley where, on a graceful elevation, the little city sat. The ridge we were on was the last of the outliers of the Alleghany chain. Before us, to the east, stretched the great trough twenty miles wide which divides the mountains of that chain from the parallel Blue Ridge. The surface of this region was well cultivated, and dotted over with little hamlets or large farm-houses. Far in the distance these gave way to thick forests, while along the horizon rose the majestic Blue Ridge broken into deep, gorge-like valleys and strong-lined peaks. There was a lovely haze over everything, — a dim color which did not shorten the range of eye, but only showed clearly the gradations of distance, without the sharp *silhouette* character of our more Northern landscapes. The air is far more humid

here than in most parts of the country, and the moisture gives us those rich air effects which are wanting without it. The village of Lexington was interesting, though rather squalid, from the throngs of negroes who have gathered about it. At times there were glimpses of the American lazzaroni life which the negroes afford. No one who has seen the negro in Northern conditions has an idea of the luxuriance of his tropical characters ; it takes several months of hot weather every year to bring him to full bloom. It is a pity that the stern realities of life are to drive away this happy, careless people before they have had their pictures taken for coming time. Black persons will survive for centuries, but the "nigger" will be dead in ten years, slain by the schoolmaster.

The two schools are pleasantly disposed on the top of a ridge, with most enchanting views. Washington and Lee University was an unshapely, dingy old building. The students were away, but the place offended the sight by its dirty, unkept look. There was a little chapel in the grounds new enough to make the old building look the more forlorn. A boundary fence separated the grounds from those of the Military Institute, where the order of a well-kept garrison prevailed. There were half a dozen buildings in the grounds, well built, though with an aspiration after the castellate which was a little excessive ; all the walls were marked by fire, — marked in a way to make one blush for the barbarism which characterized some of our acts in the last war. When this place was taken, without defence, by General Hunter, he ordered the buildings to be burned, with their library, laboratories, etc. Even the gas machinery was, by order, cut to pieces with axes, to make the destruction more complete.

It is not too much to say that this school is about the most satisfactory thing in the South, in the way of an educational institution. A good corps of teachers gives tuition to about two hundred students. The appliances for teaching are good. The chemical laboratory would compare favorably with that of some of our best Northern schools. The library to replace that lost by fire is already reasonably good. There is the beginning of a museum of applied mechanics, with especial reference to mining industry. The machinery of the school seemed effective. However much one might doubt the propriety of keeping the mediæval machinery of a military school working at this time, one could not fail to feel a pleasure at the sight of the trim, clean, handsome boys who kept guard. The effect in fostering those traits which are most apt to be wanting in the Southern character — order, system, and mental alacrity — is undoubtedly good. The students are fed in a mess-hall, with kitchens worked on a military system, with all the best modern appliances for cooking by steam, bake-ovens, etc. The dinner we saw in preparation was excellent in quality, better in material than that of the average boarding-house at Cambridge, and much better cooked. The physical result of the salubrious conditions is marked in all the young men ; a more manly set of boys I never saw. Among the teachers are Matthew F. Maury, author of the Physical Geography of the Sea, and Brooke, the inventor of the deep-sea sounding apparatus, which more than anything else has helped to make soundings at great depths possible.

Our road carried us by the Natural Bridge, once among the celebrated "wonders," of America, and now undeservedly forgotten. It remains the noblest arch in the world. Although only the fragment of the roof of a cavern which once existed here, it is a singularly regular object, and might well be the monument of a Titanic race.

We seem to have found a way into an *impasse*, for all the country agrees that there is no road out to the eastward towards Lynchburg, where our plans lead us. The old road has been abandoned since the canal was built, and the canal was swept away by a great inundation the year before. Our

only chance seemed to be to take to the tow-path of the canal, which was reported passable for a few miles, though hardly wide enough for our wheels. At times we feared we should not be able to work along the narrow crest and over the frail bridges, which were not made for wagons; but the beauty of the scene richly repaid the difficulties of the journey. The James comes from the Alleghanies, already a beautiful and majestic river. There is no water clearer. Where we came upon it, it is just beginning its assault upon the outworks of the Blue Ridge, the last obstacle between it and the sea. Finally, we emerged into a rich country, where a costly and well-built road led us by a climb of many hundred feet above the river, over the main line of the Blue Ridge, and into the lower country beyond. After a dreary camp in a barren, flood-swept river terrace, we marched towards the "No Business Mountains," as an outlier of the Blue Ridge is called. They were even lovelier than the main mountains, though they seem drawn like a wall across the valley. No wonder the natives think that they have no business here.

Once up the difficult slopes, the vast plain of Virginia and the array of mountains behind were in the range of eye. The eastern view had all the expansiveness of the sea, with the more charming variety which is given by tenanted earth. We lingered long upon these lovely mountains, and at length with yearning looked our last upon the blue, billowy hills behind us that had been for two months our home, and went down the hill towards Lynchburg. This was the last day of our wild journey, for there we sent our wagons and horses home through Norfolk by rail and sea, and came back to the ways of the world. One and all, we were grieved to end our vagabond life. Those things which were at first chafing had become the most familiar and unnoticed accidents. We had learned the simple joys of a careless, savage life. It needs no more than a year's training to bring your Brummel down to the uses of the bone cave people. Our two months had served to take us as far on the road as the Arab. There is a fascination in the freedom of the life we had been leading. We had wandered as we listed. Each morning brought anew the sense of perfect freedom. During the day we hurried or loitered as it might profit, and at night some silent and shadowy wood stretched its arms towards us, tendering blessed rest.

Lynchburg was, in slaveholding times, the centre of the tobacco trade of the South; although the land about it was not the richest, there was a rich population all around composed of large slave and land holders. For nearly two centuries the planters had lived their simple life under their peculiar conditions; and here, better than anywhere else, the student who would inform himself concerning that singular condition of society should come. It is the boast of some of Mr. Darwin's followers, that man is exempt from the operations of selection; but we have here two conspicuous cases of that sort of action. The increase of population, both white and black, in Virginia, during its two centuries of history, has been exceedingly rapid. The descendants of the early settlers, slave and free, now living, probably amount to at least seven millions, while not more than one eighth of that number now live within the limits of Eastern Virginia. But the migration of the two races has been so carried on as to produce a sharp contrast in effect. The white families have very generally lost their younger and more energetic children, who have gone to found the vigorous communities of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, as well as to share the pioneer's work in nearly every other Western and Southern State. This drain of the best part of its white youth from the State has undoubtedly lowered the mental and physical tone of the people below the point it would have attained if no such drain had existed. With the negroes, however, the selection

operated in a different way: as they increased far more rapidly than the industry of the country could make use of their labor, they were constantly sent away to communities where the demand was great; and it was this rapid increase which led to the miserable traffic in men between Virginia and the South. In the exportation the planter naturally exercised a great deal of selection. The intelligent, handsome negro was valued about the house, and had endeared himself to the master; he would be kept, while the loutish, vicious fellow would be sold to the trader, who knew that his coarse grain would wear better in the cotton-fields of Mississippi than the finer, house-servant type. Emigration in this case was an elevating and purifying influence. In connection with each old family of whites, one or more families of negroes were almost always associated; of these, few were sold South, unless they fell into irreclaimably bad ways. Two centuries of education with the whites has developed this constantly selected stock into a race which, in physical condition and mental capacity, more nearly approaches the whites than so different a race has ever done before. The negroes about Lynchburg are the handsomest in the South. The admixture of white blood is not large, but it is enough to give an intelligent look to the stalwart men and women one sees on every side. Some of the women, with seven-eighths black blood, are quite fine looking. The intelligence of the people is surprising. Whenever I could do so, it was my custom to talk with the most intelligent negroes. On every plantation there is apt to be some one of the race remarkable for wit or sagacity. A friend, one of the best educated and most intelligent gentlemen in the State, took pride in showing me a negro woman whose family had been slaves with his ancestors for generations. When summoned and told that a stranger wished to talk with her about her people, she came with an easy simplicity of manner which showed the effect of long contact with the higher race. I have never got as well-directed answers from any uneducated person. Our talk lasted about an hour, and ranged over the whole question of the condition and prospects of her race. The schools were not so well maintained as at first, the blacks having been disappointed in the immediate results of education. She thought that there was more money earned and more saved than in the first years of freedom. The great desire now was to get land and make farms. She had herself earned enough to make the first payment on a small farm, where she hoped to live and die, in sight of the "old house." Her people had just begun to learn to distrust the peripatetic swindlers who, with the close of the war, had flocked among them with infinitely varied schemes for getting their votes and their money. She saw no reason why the whites and blacks could not go along quietly together, each living as they pleased. In all my catechizing, she never wandered from the subject, never brought in her own personal affairs, except to give some natural illustration, and always knew when she had said enough. Any one who has tried to learn by questioning the illiterate knows how rare all this is.

In the Lynchburg country one begins to find the fine old homes and great plantations of Virginia. The stranger travelling by rail sees only by chance in his journey through the State one or two of these homes. The places are generally large; the old plantations had often many thousand acres within their boundaries. Even in the richest country it is generally a few miles from one old place to another. They are generally so bedded in foliage that one may pass quite near without seeing them. One of the handsomest country places I ever saw was miles from any road which could be traversed by ordinary vehicles. We went to it in a heavy wagon over by-ways that are impassable during the rainy season. It was a mile from the gateway to the house, through wide cornfields and forest, yet

in this secluded place was a home as elegant as most of the villas about New York or Boston, beautifully furnished, and with a fine library. The floors were of polished and waxed woods, the rooms spacious and high, and the furniture of the older English models before the invasion of French taste. Nor are these houses wanting in the choicer luxuries of life. The handsomest old silver in the country, the English models of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is to be found in them. At one place we found one of the finest graperies I have ever seen.

Even stronger than the love of domestic comfort, with a share of state, is the love of land. In this the Virginian has never lost the fancies of the mother-country. No country gentleman is satisfied with less than a thousand acres. It is likely that he has two or three thousand about him, and many thousand more on the mountains, from which he gets little profit, unless he can count the satisfaction of mere ownership as profitable. I fancy that, apart from slavery, we are nearer the tone of country life in England in the eighteenth century in Virginia than we can get now in the mother-country. The isolation of estates, which was destroyed in England by the quick communication, and the overwhelming influence of the capital, remains here with all its peculiar consequences on the people. Fox-hunting — not the degraded form of the sport which is found in Pennsylvania and to the northward, where the fox is shot on sight, but the riding to hounds — still has a firm hold in Virginia. It is an interesting question why all these English ways have lived here while they have died farther to the north. The love of land among the Massachusetts people has died out almost as completely as among the Jews; all the ways of life have turned into new channels; but here, notwithstanding slavery, the old England has remained almost unchanged. It is likely that slavery, seemingly so different from anything in England, really supplied a tenant class, towards whom the landlord feeling could be exercised; and through the continuance of this conservative feature in society all the rest has been kept alive. Far too much has been made of the assumed difference between the Puritan origin of the Massachusetts clergy and the Cavalier descent of their brethren farther south. Something of difference certainly exists, but less than is commonly supposed. More is to be attributed to the rigidity given to society by the institution of slavery.

Our last day in Virginia was spent at the University of Charlottesville. This pet child of Jefferson is one of the most interesting schools in this country. There is no school in America built on so grand a plan as this, at least so far as its masonry is concerned. A huge building of classic architecture, with a pediment supported by Corinthian columns, with noble marble capitals and incongruous shafts of brick and stone, gives the offices of the school, its library, lecture-rooms, and principal hall. In the latter are some respectable bits of art, among others a fair copy of the School of Athens. The front of this building forms one end of a great quadrangle, the sides being bordered by long lines of brick buildings, part one story, giving dormitories for students, part two stories, for the dwellings of the teachers; the farther end of the quadrangle is open, looking over a beautiful lawn with a lovely vista of rolling country and distant blue mountains. The system of the school is good. It keeps a high standard for its degrees, and deserves in every way the warmest support of those who look to the education of the Southern people for the rehabilitation of that lovely but unhappy part of our country. It was pleasant to bid good by to Virginia sights in our last look at the stately buildings of this monument to her intelligence.

N. S. Shaler.

THE SHORE HOUSE.

WHILE Aunt Mary and I were living in Boston last spring, I found with my other letters one morning at breakfast a note from one of my friends, which was evidently written in a very excited state of mind: —

DEAR ELLY: I have a plan; I think it a most delightful plan, in which you and I are chief characters. Promise me you will say yes; if you do not, you will have to remember all your life that you broke a girl's heart. Come round soon as possible and lunch with me. I 'm all alone, and it 's a long story. K.

I told Aunt Mary, Kate wished me to spend the morning with her, and went "round," very much interested. My latch-key opened the Lancasters' door, which was a great convenience, and I went to the parlor, where I heard Kate practising. I went up to her, and she turned her head and we kissed each other solemnly. You need not smile; we are not sentimental girls, Kate particularly is much averse to indiscriminate kissing. She has an unkind habit of shying, and sometimes I see a pained look when the circumstances are more than commonly aggravating.

"Sit down, my dear," said she, and took no further notice of me for at least half an hour, while she went on playing furiously. I knew her ways, and waited till she spoke: —

"Have you heard that my grand-aunt, Miss Katherine Brandon of Deephaven, is dead?" She had departed this life the November previous.

"Don't be nonsensical, Kate!"

"My grand-aunt died very old," continued my friend, "and was the last of her family. There were two sisters and four or five brothers, one of whom had the honor of being my grandfather, and besides these, there were some who died young. Mamma is sole heir to the Deephaven estates, wharf, property, and all, and it is a great inconvenience to her. The house is very old, and my ancestors followed the sea and brought home the greater part of its furnishings. I have been there very little, for when I was a child Miss Katherine found no pleasure in the society of children, and when I was older she did not care to see strangers. I was busy with my lessons, and she grew more and more feeble. I have not been there for years. Mamma often went down. There are lovely woods not very far inland, and delightful rocks at the shore."

Kate told this a sentence at a time, with a few appropriate bars of music between, after the fashion of the man in The Pacha of Many Tales: "A thousand white elephants, richly caparisoned — ti tum tilly tilly ti tum ti —" And at this point she reached for a piece of music and played it carefully from beginning to end. After the triumphant closing chords: "Will ye step aboard, my dearest, for the high seas lie before us!" sang she exultantly, and sat down on the floor at my feet.

"Papa has just decided he must go to England in a month, and mamma is going too, which leaves me orphaned. Jack and Willy are to join a party to the Adirondacks in vacation. I have said no to every proposition mamma has made regarding the disposition of my summer, which naturally has had an exasperating effect. I told her yesterday I meant to stay in town, but this morning papa had a letter from the man who lives in the wing of the Shore House, and the most charming idea came into my head, and I said directly, 'I 'm going down to Deephaven to spend my summer.' 'What!' said mamma; 'O you absurd child! do you hear what she says, papa?' And he instantly said he should go by all means, and just to think of the vista of

rummages which lay before me! That settled it, and my plan came to me in a flash, and I chattered away at them, and asked mamma if she did n't think you would be the very person to go too, and she does; and I am to take Bridget and Maggie. Aunt Anna will have the other servants. The Dockums live in part of the house, so we will not be lonely, though I know you 're not afraid of that. O Elinor! won't you go?"

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster sailed the 20th of June, and I went to the Lancasters' house, and was there to welcome Kate when she came home from New York. We meant to go to Deephaven in a week, but were obliged to stay in town nearly three. Boston was nearly deserted of our friends at the last, and we used to take quiet walks in the cool of the evening after dinner up and down the street, or sit on the front steps in company with the servants left in charge of the other houses, who also sometimes walked up and down and looked at us wonderingly. We had much shopping to do, for there was the probability of our spending many days in the house; and as we were not to be very near any large town, and did not mean to come to Boston for weeks at least, there was a great deal to be thought of. We sent Bridget and Maggie and most of our boxes down in company with Mr. Dockum a day or two before, and found the house opened and set in order for us. Mrs. Lancaster, of course, disliked to have it go out of the family, but heartily deplored its belonging to her. It was much too far from the railway for a summer-house, and no one would have cared to buy it if she had wished to sell it. She had "looked after things" at the time of Miss Brandon's death, and since then the Dockums had been in charge, and everything had waited for something to turn up, in which capacity Kate and I were happy to act.

We left the railway twelve miles from Deephaven, and took passage in a stage-coach. There was only one passenger beside ourselves. She was a very large, thin, weather-beaten woman, and looked so tired and lonesome and good-natured, that I could not help saying it was very dusty; and she was apparently delighted to answer that she should think everybody was sweeping, and she always felt after she had been in the cars an hour as if she had been taken to pieces and left in the different places. And this was the beginning of our friendship with Mrs. Beulah Kew.

After the conversation above mentioned we looked industriously out of the window into the pastures and pine woods. I had given up my seat to her. I do not mind riding backward, and, seeing that she did, offered my place, though it separated Kate and me, which just then seemed a great calamity. She looked as if I had done her the greatest favor of her life; and indeed, she was always the most grateful of women. I was often reminded of a remark which one of my friends once made about another: "If you give Bessie a half-sheet of paper, she behaves to you as if it were the most exquisite present she ever had!" Kate and I had some fruit remaining in our lunch-basket, and gave of our substance to Mrs. Kew. After the first mouthful, we looked at each other in dismay. "Lemons with orange's clothes on, are n't they?" said Mrs. Kew, as Kate threw hers out of the window, and I mine after it for company; and after this we began to be very friendly indeed. We both fancied the odd woman, there was something so honest and kindly about her.

"Are you going to Deephaven, dear?" said she to me; and then: "I wonder if you are going to stay long. All summer? Well, that 's clever! I do hope you will come out to the Light to see me. Young folks most always like my place. Most likely your friends will bring you."

"Do you know the Shore House, the Brandon House?" asked Kate.

"Well as I know the meeting-house. There! I wonder I did n't know from the beginning; but I 've been up coun-

try some weeks to see my mother, and she seemed so set to have me stop till strawberry-time, and would hardly let me come now. 'He' wrote me some of Mrs. Lancaster's folks were going to take the Shore House, but I had n't it in mind; and so you are the ones. It 's a real sightly old place, the Brandon House. I used to go and see Miss Katherine before she failed so. She must have left a power of china-ware. She set a great deal by her things."

"Why was it called the Shore House, I wonder? You say, Kate, it 's not so very close to the sea."

Mrs. Kew answered that she had heard that the family lived at first a few miles farther inland, and one of the sons kept the old house, so they called it that to distinguish them.

"That must have been coeval with the Newport mill," said Kate, "if this place is as old as mamma says. Do you live in Deephaven too?"

"I 've been here the better part of my life. I was born up among the hills in Vermont, and I shall always be a real up-country woman if I live here a hundred years more. The sea does n't come natural to me, though there is n't a happier woman than I, 'long shore. It kind of worries me. When I was first married 'he' had a schooner and went to the Banks, and once he was off on a whaling voyage, and I hope I may never come to so long a three years as those were again, though I was up to mother's. Before I knew him he had been most everywhere. When he came home that time from whaling, he found I 'd taken it so to heart that he said he 'd never go off again, and he even sold his schooner, that is, his part, and now he keeps Deephaven Light, and we 've lived there seventeen years come January. There isn't great pay, but then nobody tries to get it away from us."

"Do you really live in the lighthouse? I remember how I used to beg to be taken out there when I was a child, and how I used to watch for the light at night," said Kate, enthusiastically.

So began a friendship which we both still treasure, for Mrs. Kew was one of the most delightful things which happened to us in that delightful summer, and she used to do so much for our pleasure and was so good to us. The day before we were to come away, "he" — we never spoke of Mr. Kew to each other from this first day by any other name — came with his boat, and we rowed out the three miles to the lighthouse for the last time to say good by, very sorry girls indeed. Mrs. Kew said, with tears in her eyes, that she loved us as if we were her own children, and if any misfortunes should ever come to us, — which she asked the good Lord might never be, — there would always be a home and a warm heart for us if she were alive. She begged us not to forget her. Her affection touched us very much, though it seemed odd to think of her offering a home to Kate Lancaster, who seems the most fortunate of girls. Mrs. Kew was so different from other people and so Dickens-y sometimes. Her comparisons were most striking and amusing, and her comments upon the books she read — for she was a great reader — were very shrewd and always to the point. Kate and I often agreed, after our many interviews with her, that we had very few acquaintances half so entertaining. She was never out of temper, even when the oil was being "got in" across her kitchen floor. And she was such a wise woman! This stage-ride, which we expected to find tiresome, we enjoyed very much, and were glad to think, when the coach stopped, and "he" rushed to meet her with the happiest face, that we had one friend in Deephaven at all events.

I liked the house from the very first. It was sunset when we reached it. Bridget's and Maggie's presence made it seem familiar at once, and a group of Dockums gave us a hearty welcome. There was a delicious supper ready for the hungry girls, and Maggie had been unpacking for us; and the housekeeping began in most pleasant fashion. The sea air was very welcome after the

dusty day, and we walked down to the beach in the evening.

I do not know that the Brandon House is really very remarkable, but I never have been in one that interested me in the same way. Kate used to recount to select audiences at school some of her experiences with her Aunt Katherine, and it was popularly believed that she once carried down some indestructible picture-books when they were first in fashion, and the old lady basted them for her to hem round the edges at the rate of two a day. It may have been fabulous. It was impossible to imagine any children in the old place; everything was for grown people, even the stair-railing was too high to slide down on. The chairs looked as if they had been put at the furnishing of the house in their places, and there they meant to remain. The carpets were particularly interesting, and I remember Kate's pointing out to me one day a great square figure in one, and telling me she used to keep house there with her dolls for lack of a better play-house, and if one of them chanced to fall outside the boundary stripe, it was immediately put to bed with a cold. It is a house with great possibilities; it might easily be made very charming. There are four very large rooms on the lower floor, and six above, a wide hall in each story, and a fascinating garret over the whole, where were many mysterious old chests and boxes, in one of which we found Kate's grandmother's love-letters; and you may be sure the "vista of rummages" Mr. Lancaster mentioned was explored to its very end. The rooms all have elaborate cornices, and the lower hall is very fine, with an archway dividing it, and pannellings of all sorts, and a great door at each end, through which the lilacs in front and the old pensioner plum-trees in the garden are seen exchanging bows and gestures. Coming from the Lancasters' high city house, it did not seem as if we had to go up stairs at all there, for every step of the stairway was so broad and low, and you come half-way to a square landing with an old straight-backed chair in each farther corner; and between them a large, round-topped window, with a cushioned seat, looking out on the garden and the village, the hills far inland, and the sunset beyond all. Then you turn and go up a few more steps to the upper hall, where we used to stay a great deal. There were more old chairs and a pair of remarkable sofas, on which we used to deposit the treasures collected in our wanderings. The wide window which looks out on the lilacs and the sea was a favorite seat of ours. Facing each other on either side of it are two old secretaries, and one of them we ascertained to be the hiding-place of secret drawers, in which may be found valuable records deposited by ourselves one very rainy day when we first explored it. We wrote, between us, a tragic "journal" on some yellow old letter-paper we found in the desk part. We put it in the most hidden drawer by itself, and flatter ourselves that it will be regarded with great interest some time or other. One of the front rooms, "the best chamber," we stood rather in dread of. It is very remarkable that there seems to be no ghost stories connected with any part of the house, particularly this. Kate and I are neither of us nervous; but there is certainly something dismal about the room. The huge, curtained bed and immense easy-chairs, windows, and everything, were draped in some old-fashioned kind of white cloth which always seemed to be waving and moving about of itself. The carpet was most singularly colored with dark reds and indescribable grays and browns, and the pattern, after a whole summer's study, could never be followed with one's eye. The paper was captured in a French prize somewhere some time in the last century, and part of the figure was shaggy, and therein little spiders found habitation, and went visiting their acquaintances across the shiny places. The color was an unearthly pink and a forbidding maroon with dim white spots, which gave it the appearance of having moulded. It made you

low spirited to look long in the mirror; and the great lounge one could not have cheerful associations with, after hearing that Miss Brandon herself did not like it, having seen seven relatives, one after the other, lie there dead. There were fantastic china ornaments from Bible subjects on the mantel, and the only picture was one of the Maid of Orleans, tied with an unnecessarily strong rope to a very stout stake. The best parlor we also rarely used, because all the portraits which hung there had for some unaccountable reason taken a violent dislike to us, and followed us suspiciously with their eyes. The furniture was stately and very uncomfortable, and there was something about the room which suggested an invisible funeral.

The west parlor was our favorite room down stairs. It had a great fireplace framed in tiles which ingeniously and instructively represented the careers of the good and the bad man; the starting-place of each being a very singular cradle in the centre at the top. The last two of the series were very high art: a great coffin stands in the foreground of each, and the virtuous man is being led off by two disagreeable-looking angels, while the wicked one is hastening from an indescribable but unpleasant assemblage of claws and horns and eyes which is rapidly advancing from the distance, open-mouthed, and bringing a chain with it.

There was a large cabinet holding all the small curiosities and knick-knacks there seemed to be no other place for, — odd china figures and cup and vases, unaccountable Chinese carvings and exquisite corals and sea-shells, minerals and Swiss wood-work, and articles of *vertu* from the South Seas. Underneath were stored away boxes of letters and old magazines; for this was one of the houses where nothing seems to have been thrown away. In one parting we found a parcel of old manuscript sermons, the existence of which was a mystery, until Kate remembered there had been a gifted son of the house who entered the ministry and soon died. The windows had each a pane of stained glass, and on the wide sills we used to put our immense bouquets of field flowers. There was one place which I liked and sat in more than any other. The chimney filled nearly the whole side of the room, all but this little corner, where there was just room for a very comfortable high-cushioned chair, and a narrow window where I always had a bunch of fresh green ferns in a tall champagne glass. I used to write there often, and always sat there when Kate sang and played. She sent for a tuner, and used successfully to coax the long-imprisoned music from the antiquated piano, and sing for her visitors by the hour. She almost always sang her oldest songs, for they seemed most in keeping with everything about us. I used to fancy that the portraits liked our being there. There was one young girl who seemed so solitary and forlorn among the rest in the room, who were all middle-aged. For their part they looked amiable, but rather unhappy, as if she had come in and interrupted their conversation. We both grew very fond of her, and it seemed, when we went in the last morning on purpose to take leave of her, as if she looked at us imploringly. She was soon afterward boxed up, and now enjoys society after her own heart in Kate's room in Boston.

There was the largest sofa I ever saw opposite the fireplace; it must have been brought in in pieces, and built in the room. It was broad enough for Kate and me to lie on together, and very high and square; but there was a pile of soft cushions at one end. We used to enjoy it greatly in September when the evenings were long and cool, and we had many candles, and a fire — and crickets too — on the hearth, and the dear dog lying on the rug. I remember one rainy night, just before Miss Tennant and Kitty Bruce went away; we had a real drift-wood fire, and blew out the lights and told stories. Miss Margaret knows so many and tells them so well. Kate and I were unusu-

ally entertaining, for we became familiar with the family record of the town, and could recount marvellous adventures by land and sea, and ghost stories by the dozen. We had never either of us been in a society consisting of so many travelled people! Hardly a man but had been the most of his life at sea. Speaking of ghost stories, I must tell you that once in the summer two Cambridge girls who were spending a week with us unwisely enticed us into giving some thrilling recitals, which nearly frightened them out of their wits, and Kate and I were finally quite nervous too. We had all been on the sofa in the dark, singing and talking, and were sitting in great suspense after I had finished one of such particular horror that I declared it should be the last, when we heard footsteps on the hall stairs. There were lights in the dining-room which shone faintly through the half-closed door, and we saw something white and shapeless come slowly down, and clutched each other's gowns in agony. It was only Kate's dog which came in and laid his head in her lap and slept peacefully. We thought we could not sleep a wink after this, and I bravely went alone out to the light to see my watch, and, finding it was past twelve, we concluded to sit up all night and to go down to the shore at sunrise, it would be so much easier than getting up early some morning. We had been out rowing and taken a long walk the day before, and were obliged to dance and make other slight exertions to keep ourselves awake at one time. We lunched at two, and I never shall forget the sunrise that morning; but we were singularly quiet and abstracted that day, and indeed for several days after. Deephaven was "a land in which it seemed always afternoon," we breakfasted so late.

As Mrs. Kew had said, there was a power of china. Kate and I used to conclude that the lives of her grandmothers must have been spent in giving tea-parties. We counted ten sets of cups, beside quantities of stray ones; and some member of the family had evidently devoted her time to making a collection of pitchers.

There was a little cabinet in Miss Brandon's own room, which we looked over one day. There was a little package of letters; ship letters mostly, tied with a very pale and tired-looking blue ribbon. They were alone in a drawer with a locket holding some brown hair, and some dry twigs and bits of leaf which had long ago been wild roses, such as still bloom among the Deephaven rocks. No one had ever spoken of her aunt's having had a love-affair, Kate said; and she had often heard her mother wonder why she never had cared to marry, for she had chances enough doubtless, being rich and handsome and finely educated. So there was a sailor lover after all, and perhaps he had been lost at sea and she faithfully kept the secret, never mourning outwardly. "And I always thought her the most matter-of-fact old lady," said Kate; "yet here 's her romance after all." We put the letters outside on a chair to read, but afterwards carefully replaced them, without untying them. I 'm glad we did. There were other letters which we did read, and which interested us very much, — letters from her girl friends written in the boarding-school vacations, and just after she finished school. Those in one of the smaller packages were very charming; it must have been such a bright, nice girl who wrote them! They were very few, and were tied with black ribbon, and marked on the outside in girlish writing: "My dearest friend, Dolly McAllister, died September 3, 1809, aged eighteen." The ribbon had evidently been untied and the letters read many times. One began: "My dear, delightful Kitten: I am quite overjoyed to find my father has business which will force him to go to Deephaven next week, and he kindly says if there be no more rain I may ride with him to see you. I will surely come, for if there is danger of spattering my gown, and he bids me stay at home, I shall go galloping after him and overtake him when it is too late to send me back. I have so much to tell you."

I wish I knew more about the visit. Poor Miss Katherine! it made us sad to look over these treasures of her girlhood. There were her compositions and exercise-books; some samplers and queer little keepsakes; withered flowers and some pebbles and other things of like value, which there was probably some pleasant association with. "Only think of her keeping them all her days," said I to Kate. "I am continually throwing some relic of the kind away, because I forget why I have it!"

There was a box in the lower part which Kate was glad to find, for she had heard her mother wonder if some such things were not in existence. It held a crucifix and a mass-book and some rosaries, and Kate told me Miss Katherine's youngest and favorite brother had become a Catholic while studying in Europe. It was a dreadful blow to the family; for in those days there could have been few deeper disgraces to the Brandon family than to have one of its sons go over to Popery. Only Miss Katherine treated him with kindness, and after a time he disappeared without telling even her where he was going, and was only heard from indirectly once or twice afterward. It was a great grief to her. "And mamma knows," said Kate, "that she always had a lingering hope of his return, for the very last time she saw Aunt Katherine she spoke of soon going to be with all the rest, and said, 'Though your Uncle Henry, dear,'—and stopped and smiled sadly; 'you'll think me a very foolish old woman, but I never quite gave up thinking he might come home.'"

There were several other fine old houses in Deephaven, but only one was lived in by members of its original family. The others had not been kept in good repair, and some were entirely deserted. The Carew House we used to know very well. There were two old ladies and their brother, who had been Miss Brandon's most intimate friends and were also ours. The elder sister, Mrs. Dent, had outlived her husband and children, and then given up her city home and come back to the old house. She must have been a very brilliant woman, and was not at all dull when we knew her. Miss Honora had lived years at her grandfather's in Newport, and been one of the gayest, happiest girls in the world. It was one of our greatest pleasures to hear their stories of old times, and we used to go to see them almost every day. They seemed so sorry to have us come away, for perhaps, though we chattered about next summer, it was the last evening we should ever be with them; and we all felt very sad, but were particularly cheerful notwithstanding. "Mr. Dick," as they called their brother, was a very kind and very quiet man. He had been a merchant in China once, and there were quantities of queer things everywhere in the house that he had brought and sent home; and this reminds me that one morning the sisters sent for us to stay all day with them, and showed us their own particular treasures of old brocades and satins and exquisite old laces, and told us where they had worn them. There were Indian shawls and scarfs which had been presents from their brother. He had been very rich for a time, and had lost most of his money, and then, finding he still had enough, came home to Deephaven. He had a fondness for reading and painting, which had not been lost sight of, and took to himself one of the upper rooms, where he spent most of his time. I never shall forget the first night we took tea with them; it impressed us very much, and yet nothing wonderful happened. Each had a most curious tea-poy, and tea was "handed round" by an old-fashioned servant, and then we sat talking in the twilight, they telling us of the time Miss Brandon and they themselves were young. After a while the elder sister said, "My dears, we always have prayers at nine." The servants came in, and she took a great Bible and read solemnly with her dear feeble old voice, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations"; and then we knelt, and the brother read

prayers. We told each other, as we went home in the moonlight down the quiet street, how much we had enjoyed the evening; for somehow, the house and the people had nothing to do with the present, and I never have heard that Psalm since without its bringing back that summer night at the old house in Deephaven, the quaint room, and Kate and I feeling so young and worldly, the shaded light of the candles, the old book, and the voices which said amen.

Mrs. Kew did the honors of the lighthouse thoroughly, on our first visit; but I think we rarely went to see her that we did not make some entertaining discovery. Mr. Kew's nephew, a guileless youth of forty, lived with them, and the two men were of a mechanical turn and had invented numerous aids to housekeeping, — appendages to the stove, and fixtures on the walls for everything that could be hung up; catches in the floor to hold the doors open, and ingenious apparatus to close them; but above all, a system of barring and bolting for the wide "fore door," which would have disconcerted an energetic battering-ram. After all this work being expended, Mrs. Kew informed us that it was usually wide open all night in summer weather. On the back of this very door I discovered one day a row of marks, and asked their significance. It seemed that Mrs. Kew had attempted one summer to keep count of the number of people who inquired concerning the depredations of the neighbors' chickens. Mrs. Kew's bedroom was partly devoted to the fine arts. There was a large collection of likenesses of her relatives and friends on the wall, which was interesting in the extreme. Mrs. Kew was always much pleased to tell their names, and her remarks about any feature not exactly perfect were very searching and critical. "That 's my oldest brother's wife, Clorinthy Adams that was. She 's well featured, if it were not for her nose, and that looks as if it had been thrown at her, and she was n't particular about having it on firm, in hopes of getting a better one. She sets by her looks though."

There were often sailing parties that came there from up and down the coast. One day Kate and I were spending the afternoon at the Light; had been fishing and were sitting in the doorway listening to the experience of Mrs. Kew's the winter she kept school at the Four Corners; saw a boatful coming, and all lost our tempers. Mrs. Kew had a lame ankle, and Kate offered to go up with them. There were some girls and young men who stood on the rocks awhile, and then came to us, with much better manners than the people who usually came, and asked if they could see the lighthouse, and Kate led the way. She was dressed that day in a costume we both frequently wore, of a gray serge skirt and striped cambric sailor jacket, a broad hat, and her boots rather the worse for wear. The celebrated Lancaster complexion was rather darkened by the sun. Mrs. Kew expressed a wish to know what questions they would ask her, and I followed after a few minutes. They seemed to have finished asking about the lantern, and to have become personal.

"Don't you get tired staying here?"

"Never!" said Kate, energetically."

"Is that your sister down stairs?"

"No, I have no sister."

"I should think you would wish she was. Are n't you ever lonesome?"

"Everybody is, sometimes," said Kate.

"But it 's such a lonesome place!" said one of the girls; "I should think you would get work away. I live in Boston. Why, it 's so awful quiet; nothing but the water, and the wind, when it blows; and I think either of them is worse than nothing. And only this little bit of a rocky place! I should want to go to walk."

I heard Kate pleasantly refuse the offer of pay for her services, and then they began to come down the stairs. I opened the door of a store-closet, and stood inside. Kate stayed behind to close the doors and leave everything all right, and the girl who had talked

the most waited too, and when they were on the stairs just above me, and the others out of hearing, she said, "You 're real good to show us the things. I guess you 'll think I 'm silly, but I do like you ever so much! I wish you would come to Boston. I 'm in a real nice store, — H ——'s, on Winter Street; and they will want new saleswomen in October. Perhaps you could be at my counter. I 'd teach you, and you could board with me. I 've got a real comfortable room, and I suppose I might have more things, for I get good pay; but I like to send money home to mother. I 'm at my aunt's now, but I am going back next Monday, and if you will tell me what your name is, I 'll find out for certain about the place, and write you. My name 's Mary Wendell."

I knew by Kate's voice that this had rather touched her. "You are a very kind girl, indeed," said she; "but I cannot go and work with you. I should like to know more about you. I live in Boston too; my friend and I are staying over in Deephaven for the summer only." And she held out her hand to the girl, whose face had changed from its first expression of earnest good-humor to a very startled one; and when she saw the inside of Kate's hand, and her rings, which had been turned round, she was really frightened.

"O, will you please excuse me?" said she, blushing; "I ought to have known better; but you showed us round so willing, and I never thought of your not living here. I did n't mean to be rude."

"Of course you did not, and you were not. I am very glad you said it, and glad you like me," said Kate; and just then the party called the girl, and she hurried away, and I joined Kate. "Then you heard it all," said she. "I think it was so nice! She was such an honest little thing! I mean to look for her when I get home."

Kate is such a fine girl! though not any better or more clever than many others, perhaps. We are both nearly twenty-two, and can look back calmly with unprejudiced eyes at the absurdities of our youth. When she was fifteen or sixteen, she was devoted to parties, and that sort of thing, and her friends blamed Mrs. Lancaster for letting her "come out" so young; but that wise woman was not so far wrong, as it turned out. "I used to be sorry about it," said Kate to me once; "but I have got over it. I was a foolish child, in caring so much for things that were not worth caring for; but if I had been kept at home till I was nineteen or twenty, I should have been just in the midst of it now, and I know my time is worth more than it was then. Now, you see, I have been all through those things, and I like parties and dancing and to be well dressed; but they are not the one thought and ambition of my life, and I care most for better things. I can understand and enjoy what I read and study, and I like thoroughly many things for which, if I had followed the usual routine of young ladies, and had not been married, I should wait till I was twenty-five or six, and the younger set of girls grew up, and I was quite out of fashion, and then make believe I was interested in, and be longing for the old days, all the same. I don't think we need mind growing older, Elly. I cannot see that we have lost much that we need mourn over, and we are gaining a great many things." I know so many noble things she has done quietly, and of her good influence over many of her friends! She is so fresh, and good, and true, and enjoys life so heartily! so child-like, without being childish! and not in the least perfect; but when she makes mistakes, she is sorrier and more ready to hopefully try again than any girl I know.

I could tell you scores of stories about our summer, — our days in the woods, our drives and rides and walks, and, best of all, our moonlight sails. We never went on the water alone, but business is not Deephaven's chief characteristic, and we always found some one to take care of us. Dear old Tom Kew we liked better than any one, and he told surprising sea stories and ghost

stories, like a story-book sailor. We used to go out to the Light early in the afternoon, when it was not too hot, and sometimes fish off the rocks, nearly always being rewarded with excellent specimens of that undesirable fish, the sculpin; or Mrs. Kew would relate with great satisfaction some of her Vermont experiences. Then we would have an unreasonably good supper, and after that climb the ladder stairs to the lantern, to see the lamps lighted, and sit there awhile watching the ships and the sunset. Twice from the light-house we saw a yacht squadron out at sea, like a flock of grand, white birds. Then we would come down, and row away in the twilight far out from land, where, with our faces turned from the Light, it seemed as if we were alone, and the sea shoreless; and as the darkness closed round us softly, Kate and I would draw nearer to each other. Perhaps it would be moonrise, for we always tried to be on the water then. When it was late, we would take the oars again and go slowly in, under the stars, sometimes talking and singing and laughing, but oftenest silent.

We became, in the course of time, learned in all manner of 'long-shore lore, and even profitably employed ourselves, one October morning, in going clam-digging with old Ben Horn, a most fascinating ancient mariner. We both grew so well and brown and strong! and one day I caught sight of a label on my dress, and found Kate had pulled it from an envelope and fastened it on me: "Return to Dr. Cullis's Consumptives' Home, if not called for within ten days."

We soon had callers from the village, and, when we came away, there was hardly a person whom we did not know, from the "minister" down. He, like all our best Deephaven friends, was old. I wonder at his staying there all his life, for he was an excellent scholar, and his sermons always good and often eloquent. We used to occupy the old Brandon pew, with great dignity. I wish I could tell you of half the queer people we knew. Deephaven seemed like one of the quiet little English seaside towns, more than anything else. It was not in the least American. There was no bustle, no manufactories, nobody seemed in the least hurry. The only foreigners were a few stranded sailors. It used to be a place of note, rich and busy, as the forsaken warehouses showed, and also the houses where the Brandons and Carews, the Mannings and Chantreys, lived. There were scarcely any new buildings, and the men near the shore go outward in boats, and inland in fish-wagons, and sometimes mackerel and halibut fishing in schooners, for the city markets. Back from the village they are farmers, and we knew very few of them, but we were friends with all the fishing people, even old Donnell, who lived an apparently desolate life by himself in a hut, and was reputed to have been a bloodthirsty pirate in his youth, and was consequently greatly feared by all the children, and for misdemeanors in his latter days avoided generally. Kate talked with him awhile one day down by the fish-house, and made him come up with her for a bandage for his hand, which she saw he had hurt; and the next morning he brought us a "new" lobster apiece, — fishermen mean a thing is only not salted, when they say it is "fresh." We happened to be near the door and received him ourselves, and gave him a great piece of tobacco, and the means of drinking our health. "Bless your pretty hearts!" said he, "may ye be happy and live long, and get good husbands, and if they ain't good to you, may they die from you!"

There were the Vibberts, who occupied apartments in one of the old warehouses. The mother and all the five children were seriously cross-eyed, and we rarely called upon them on that account! Madam Vibbert was of Dutch descent, and they all talked a bewildering lingo in consequence. You could not go a dozen yards without seeing one of the dirty children, and something was always happening to them. One day, the baby would get scalded, and the next one would get

adrift in a leaky boat, or fall off a high rock and be taken up for dead. They were continually disappearing for days together and the anxious mother would make a tour of the village in quest of them, resting long and lunching often in the kitchens. The young Vibberts were very considerate about putting their parents to the expense of a funeral; and when you heard of some harrowing accident, the victim was always at your door next morning for something to eat, for you never saw one of them who had had any breakfast for a fortnight. Kate overheard a child say it was her birthday once, and we requested her and another small, light-haired girl in red calico to leave their games in the sand, and took them up to the principal grocery to give them a great faring of candy and peanuts. They must have said something about it, for Lucinda Vibbert, for one, had six birthdays that summer.

Mrs. Kew spent two or three days with us once, when there was a "conference." We also took two ministers and their wives, and entertained them to the best of our ability. Bridget gave us astonishing dinners, "For," said she, "Miss Elinor, I saw them coming up the road, and they looking that worn and hungry after the meeting that my heart sunk for them." Kate and I talked theology and books with the clergymen, and talked about housekeeping and the fashions, and got "receipts" from Bridget for the wives, and went faithfully to "meeting." They seemed to have a good time with us, and were very pleasant people.

I think we liked Deephaven better every week. Aunt Mary visited us in October, and Kitty Bruce and darling Miss Tennant in August, and Nelly Cameron and some beloved "Newporters," and — here I am giving you a new proof of my possessing the gift of continuance — Miss Tennant was more charming than ever, and you may be sure we kept her as long as we could, and were inconsolable at her departure. There is a cool and shady place known to us in the Deephaven rocks close to the water, where we used to stay a great deal. I never can forget our evenings at the shore. The moon, early in August, was very fine, and when we did not go out rowing, we climbed the highest rocks, and watched the water. One night the tide was coming in, and the day before had been stormy, and it was very grand. I always think of Miss Margaret and Kate at twilight, just as I do of some one else at sunset. English violets are Kate, and another friend is often with me in the shape of a tea-rose. Perhaps it 's because we have frequently eaten them together! I am inexhaustible on the subject of similitudes, though all are not quite so sentimental as these; for I distinctly remember a candlestick at the Shore House which was not used all that summer save by some guest, because it looked so precisely like some one we disliked. We stayed till November, and then I went home with Kate for a time. My father came home, and the hope I had of his being ordered to or near Boston was scattered to the four winds. It was a sorrow, for Boston seems more like home than any of my numerous abiding-places; for the Denis family are wanderers upon the face of the earth.

I cannot help thinking what a capital foundation the Brandon House would be for a story. I have no material wherewith to concoct an account of a love-affair, but I might have been making your hair stand on end all this time with some legend, and Miss Honora Carew's reminiscences would be charming if I could only tell them as she does. Perhaps unwisely, I wished to tell about Kate Lancaster and myself, and you would not have believed it if I said we saw a ghost or had some remarkable experience with every-day people. Is it not most probable that the two girls kept house and knew the pleasant people and were very happy indeed, and that nothing in particular happened?

S. O. Jewett.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

DIMITRI Roudine, which Messrs. Holt and Williams have reprinted from the excellent version published in Every Saturday, is mainly the study of one man's character, but a character so complex that there is little to ask of the author in the way of a story. In fact Dimitri Roudine is himself sufficient plot; and the reader is occupied from the moment of his introduction with the skilful development of his various traits, to the exclusion of the other incidents and interests. The other persons of the fiction are of a kind which the reader of Turgénieff's stories may begin to classify in some degree, or at least find in a certain measure familiar. The women are, as usual, very well portrayed, especially the young girl Natalie, whose ignorant trust, courage, love, and adoration for Roudine, changing to doubt and scorn, — whose whole maidenly being, — are expressed in a few scenes and phrases. Her mother, Daria Michaëlovna, is also exceedingly well done. She is of an entirely different type, a woman of mind, as she supposes, with advanced ideas, but really full of the pride of caste, worldly, and slight of intellect, though not wanting in selfish shrewdness or a strong will. The reader ought to note with what delicacy, and yet with what force, Turgénieff indicates, in Alexandra Paulovna, a sweet, placid, self-contained maturity, alike different from the wild fragrance of Natalie's young girlhood and the artificial perfume of Daria's well-preserved middle life; though he could hardly fail to do this, for nothing is more observable in Turgénieff than his success in characterizing the different epochs of womanhood. Volinzoff's conscious intellectual inferiority to Natalie, and his simple, manly love for her are nearly all there is of him; Pigasoff, who peculated in office when younger and who in provincial retirement is a brutal censor of the follies of human nature, is rather a study than an actor in the drama which develops Roudine; and Leschnieff, who promises something in himself, and does really prove of firm and generous stuff, is after all hardly more than a relief and explanation of the principal person. It is he who expresses the first doubt of Roudine after that philosopher has made his appearance at Daria Michaëlovna's, crushing Pigasoff, bewildering and charming Natalie, mystifying Alexandra, and provoking Volinzoff. Leschnieff knew him in his student days, when filial love, friendship, and all real things were lost in his habit of eloquent phrasing; when Roudine was cruelly ungrateful and mean in fact, that he might be magnanimous in the abstract; and the shadow of this dark recollection Leschnieff casts upon Roudine's new friends. He does not wish him to marry Natalie, who, he sees, is fascinated with him; but after Roudine's miserable weakness ends their love and all the others despise him, then Leschnieff does justice to his elevation of ideas and purposes. "He may have genius; I won't deny it; but the trouble is he has no character. . . . . He is full of enthusiasm; and you can believe a phlegmatic man like me when I say that it is a most precious quality, especially in a time like the present. We are unendurably cold-blooded, indifferent, and apathetic. . . . . Once when I was talking of Roudine I accused him of coldness. I was both just and unjust. His coldness is in his blood, — he 's not to blame for it, — not in his head. I was wrong in calling him an actor; he is no swindle, no cheat; he does not live on other people like a

* *Dimitri Roudine.* A Novel. By IVAN TURGÉNIEFF. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

Old Kensington. By MISS THACKERAY. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Songs of the Russian People, as illustrative of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life. By W. R. S. RALSTON, M. A. London: Ellis and Green. 1872.

Old New England Traits. Edited by GEORGE LUNT. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1873.

The Knightly Heart, and other Poems. By JAMES F. COLMAN. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1873.

Report on the International Penitentiary Congress of London (1872). By E. C. WINES, D. D., LL. D. Washington: Government Printing Office.

La Question Pénitentiaire. Par E. ROBIN. Paris: J. Bouhoure.

Prisons and Reformatories at Home and Abroad; being the Transactions of the International Penitentiary Congress (1872). Edited by EDWIN PEARS, LL. B. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Love in the Nineteenth Century. A Fragment. By HARRIET W. PRESTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

parasite, but like a child. Yes, he may die in loneliness and misery, but shall we throw stones at him on that account? He will never accomplish anything because he lacks energy and a strong will; but who can say that he has never done, or never will do, any good? That his words have never sown good seed in some young heart, to which nature has not denied the force to carry out what it has conceived?"

It is touchingly related in an epilogue how, after several years, Roudine and Leschnieff came together by chance in the same inn. Leschnieff asks his old comrade to dine with him, and the two elderly men thee and thou each other in the student fashion. Roudine tells of his successive failures since they last met: —

"'Yes, brother,' he began, 'I can now cry with Kolzoff, "Where hast thou brought me, my youth? I have no longer where to lay my head!" . . . . And was I really good for nothing, and was there nothing for me to do in this world? I have often asked myself this question, and, in spite of all my attempts to set myself lower in my own esteem, I can't help feeling that I have certain abilities which don't fall to the lot of every one. Why must this force remain powerless? Then, too, dost thou remember when we travelled abroad together, how self-confident and blind I was? . . . . . It is true, I did n't know definitely what I wanted, I revelled in the sound of my own voice, I chased vain phantoms. But now, on the contrary, I can say aloud to the whole world what it is I want; I have nothing to hide; I am, in the fullest sense of the word, a well-meaning man; I have become humble, I am willing to adapt myself to circumstances, I have limited my wishes, I don't strive for any remote object, I confine myself to doing even the slightest service; and yet I do not succeed in anything. What is the reason of this persistent failure? Why can't I live and work like others? I no sooner get a definite position, I no sooner establish myself somewhere, than fate casts me pitilessly out again. . . . . I begin to fear my fate. . . . . Why is this? Explain this puzzle!'

"'Puzzle!' repeated Leschnieff. 'It is true, thou hast always been a puzzle to me. Even in our youth, when I saw thee acting ill and speaking well in turn, and that time after time, even then I could not understand thee clearly; that was the reason I ceased to love thee. . . . . Thou hast so much fire, so earnest a longing for the ideal.' . . . .

"'Words, nothing but words. Where are the deeds?' interrupted Roudine.

"'Yes; but a good word is a deed too.'

"Roudine looked at Leschnieff without speaking, and shook his head."

We almost forget, in following this tender yet keen analysis of a pathetic character, that there is really something of a story in the book. Roudine imagines that he loves Natalie, and he wins her brave, inexperienced heart; but when their love is prematurely discovered to her mother, and Natalie comes to him ready to fly with him, to be his at any cost, he is paralyzed at the thought of Daria's opposition. "We must submit," he says. The scene that follows, with Natalie's amazement, wounded faith, and rising contempt, and Roudine's shame and anguish, is terrible, — the one intensely dramatic passage in the book, and a masterpiece of literary art which we commend to all students and lovers of that art.

We are not quite sure whether we like or dislike the carefulness with which Roudine's whole character is kept from us, so that we pass from admiration to despite before we come finally to half-respectful compassion; and yet is this not the way it would be in life? Perhaps, also, if we fully understood him at first, his relations to the others would not so much interest us. But do we wholly understand him at last? This may be doubted, though in the mean time we are taught a merciful distrust of our own judgments, and we take Leschnieff's forgiving and remorseful attitude towards him. It may be safely surmised that this was the chief effect that Turgénieff desired to produce in us; certainly he treats the story involved in the portrayal of Roudine's character with almost contemptuous indifference, letting three epilogues limp in after the first rambling narrative has spent itself, and seeming to care for these only as they further reveal the hero's traits. But for all this looseness of construction, it is a very great novel, — as much greater than the novel of incident as Hamlet is greater than Richard III. It is of the kind of novel which can alone keep the art of fiction from being the weariness and derision of mature readers; and if it is most deeply melancholy, it is also as lenient and thoughtful as a just man's experience of men.

— We think Miss Thackeray places herself at a disadvantage in general by adopting too largely the traditional devices of English novel-writing. Old Kensington shows less of the consequent defects, perhaps, than some of the author's earlier work. But from what we have seen of those little stories by her in which old fairy tales reappear in the prettiest and simplest imaginable real-life episodes, we venture to say that she will effect something more complete, more striking throughout, when she applies the method there used to her longer and more ambitious narratives. In these shorter efforts, such as Beauty and the Beast, and Cinderella, she holds herself, as novelist, more strictly outside of the action, and leaves to the latter, consequently, a more spontaneous growth and being. The English and American public of novel readers have, it would seem, a vague, unwarrantable impression that the novel is but a careless, easy-going kind of composition, in which certain principles of dramatic writing may often with advantage be set aside, and seldom need to be regarded. It is thus that the entrance of the novelist in person upon the scene (that is, where one of the characters is not supposed to relate the whole) is a matter of course. Certain men of genius have triumphed in this method, but it seems open to question whether their best achievements were ever greatly assisted by the particular feature alluded to. "To bring his arm-chair down to the proscenium and chat with us," as George Eliot describes it, was the weakest point in Fielding's crude mouldings of the novel ; but his more accomplished successors have chosen to imitate the fault, sometimes directly, indirectly sometimes, and George Eliot as well as the rest. The result of this gossiping about characters between writer and reader is that the former accomplishes too much of the mere study in the presence of the spectator. This material should be employed, out of sight, in the decoction of a rich vitality for the nourishment of the fictitious individuals, and its function should be hidden from the common eye. Incorporated in their crude state with the body of the story, they ultimately entrap the author, and leave him, as the novel develops, in the attitude of one who is committed to an opinion he cannot conceal ; he comes to take sides with the so-called good people against the so-called bad. To the artist, however, who must ever feel to the quick how much good there is in the bad, how much bad in the good, human individualities are but forces to be poised one with another, in noble and harmonious design. But Miss Thackeray's system has too often put all this out of her sight, and led her to slight the evidently strong bent which she has for a more impersonal association of herself with her characters. Her genius is, nevertheless, so pure and earnest that she achieves many episodical successes ; and the defects of the book seem regrettable more as showing that her method has fettered her. It is a good instinct which has led her to present George Vanborough to us in an almost wholly objective manner, while the remaining persons, possessing natures of less exquisite intricacy, have been allowed to suffer by too much comment and abstract remark from the writer. In the characterization of children, Miss Thackeray seldom makes the least misstep, either in conception or execution.

The story holds sufficiently well together, having a little trap of underplot in the last part ; but the conclusion rather lacks in compression and vigor. Old Kensington, however, is in almost every way a maturer production than The Village on the Cliff. For one of its chief external charms, it is full of little innocences of expression, as "go-to-bed lights" for late lights in upper windows, and "happy jumbles of old bricks and sunset," applied to certain dreamy hours in Kensington. One must sincerely value the æsthetic, old-china luxuriousness with which the author everywhere lingers over fragments of picturesqueness such as we meet in any, even the weariest way of life. She imparts to these something rich and strange by the gentle fervor of her distinctly feminine enthusiasm.

— The merits of the very interesting volume entitled Songs of the Russian People are of various kinds ; it is not only a valuable contribution to the slowly collecting material of folk-lore, which needs for its full comprehension a knowledge of the history as well as of the mythology of the people, but it will also be found to throw a very considerable light upon the manners of the Russians, in such a way, for instance, as will serve to make a great deal in the writings of Turgénieff clearer than it would otherwise have been. That the Slavonic race is one member of the Indo-European family is, of course, well known. Confirmation of this is found in the names of the deities of the old Slavonians, as, for example,

"Svarog, apparently the Slavonic counterpart of the Vedic Varuna, and the Hellenic Ouranos. His name is deduced by Russian philologists from a root corresponding to the Sanskrit *Sur*, to shine, and is composed by some of them with the Vedic *Svar*, and the later word *Svarga*, heaven." Fin, Ogon, is the same as the Vedic Agni; Perun, the Thunderer, is identified with the Vedic Parjanya. Now, only traces of the early religions exist among the Russian people; that they do is in no way remarkable, when one recalls the wholesale way in which the people was converted to a formal Christianity. Every reader of Turgénieff's novels will recall the frequent allusions to the popular superstitions of the country people, which are recounted at great length in the volume before us. Many examples are given us of the songs of the people, of which the following is, perhaps, as favorable a specimen as any. It is sung by women and girls. "In the original, each alternate line is composed of the exclamation, *Akh! moy Bozhin'ka!* followed by a repetition of the last words of the preceding line: —

"Ah! on the hill a pine-tree stands!
Ah, dear Lord! a pine-tree stands;
Under the pine a soldier lies,
Ah, dear Lord! a soldier lies;
On the soldier a black steed stands,
With its right hoof tearing up the ground,
Water it seeks for its soldier lord.
'Water, my steed, thou wilt not find;
From the ground the soldier will never rise.
Gallop, my steed, by bank and brae,
By bank and brae, gallop on to my home.
There will come to meet thee a gray-haired dame,—
That gray-haired dame is my mother dear.
There will come to greet thee a lady fair,—
That lady fair is my youthful wife;
To greet thee will little lordlings come,—
Those little lordlings my children are.
They will join in caressing thee, my steed,
They will join in questioning thee, my steed.
Say not, my steed, that I bleeding lie,
But tell them I serve in my troop, dark steed,
In my troop I serve, my step I gain.'
His death gains the soldier beneath the pine,
His death, dear Lord! beneath the pine."

Of course the reader must make every allowance for the boldness of the translation and the loss of the rhythm, but, in spite of everything, the underlying beauty is evident.

— Mr. Lunt's Old New England Traits is a book of Newburyport reminiscences, as rambling as you like, and not of great substance at last. But the picture of life in that ancient seaport, if dim, is pleasing, and we have found ourselves reading the volume to the end, with a pretty constant intention of not going beyond any next page to that we had just turned. The anecdotes are often not very good, and the characters not very striking; and yet it is true that the book is entertaining. Perhaps this is owing mostly to the charm of the recent past, which has been so totally obliterated by

"The railway and the steamship and the thoughts
that shake mankind,"

and which, however inadequately, does reappear in Old New England Traits. We are almost as near to the Roman chariot, in association, as we are to the Yankee stage-coach, which comes lumbering back here; and the time of the good Consul Plancus seems no further than that of the wealthy and respectable citizens who took part in politics and electioneered among the voters at the polls in Newburyport. Those were the winters when they had memorable snow-storms; when they carried foot-stoves and hand-stoves to church, and the church was otherwise unwarmed, save by the heats which escaped from the doctrines of the good old Calvinistic sermons; when there were open wood-fires, and cider-bibbing and ghost-story telling round them. Two or three of these ghost-stories, which Mr. Lunt tells again, are as good as any going; and it seems reasonable to believe that the small boy who haunts the Newburyport school-house in these days is the lineal descendant of that spectre in a pea-jacket who walked nightly in a certain street of the same town in earlier times, and defeated every attempt to capture or suppress him, insomuch that he continued to walk there in the face and eyes of all spectators as long as he liked, and at last simply ceased by limitation, as it were. This was a very admirable ghost, and Mr. Lunt recollects when his native town was not wanting in witches, either. Old superstitions of other kinds he records, and, on the daylight side his work, some curious facts regarding the political and social state. The Newburyporters were opposed to the War of 1812, and thought of mobbing an American general who once passed through their town, while they rather fraternized with some British sailors brought prisoners among them. "Politics ran very high, almost to the entire suspension of social relations between the differing parties, — the Federalists, who opposed the war and were accused of unpatriotic sympathy with the enemy; and the Republicans, often stigmatized as Jacobins, who were charged with

the principles and designs which had given impulse to the great French Revolution."

In fact, Newburyport suffered severely from the war, and the general poverty of the country caused a large emigration to "The Ohio," then the far West, — a sad contrast to the great and stately prosperity of the old town in the time when a certain rich merchant on a journey could lodge in his own house every night.

"We heard plentiful stories, in our youth, of a higher style of living in colonial days; of coaches kept by the upper class of citizens; of their slaves, whom we knew in their emancipated condition as gardeners and waiters in general; of the cocked hats, the gold-embroidered garments, the laced ruffles of the gentlemen, and the highly ornamented, but rather stiff garniture in which the ladies with their powdered heads saw fit to array themselves, as they now present themselves to us on the living canvas of Copley. It was in the handsome residence of Mr. Dalton, long after his decease, that I saw hangings of gilded morocco leather on the walls of the principal room, — a substitute for the wall-paper in common use, and which I have never seen or heard of in any other instance, in the United States.

"Our collector of the customs was peculiarly one of this class of gentlemen of the old school. He was a person of very warm temperament and of remarkable characteristics; an ardent Democrat, who, upon the accession of President Jefferson, had succeeded Colonel W——, the first collector of the port, appointed by Washington, under whom he had served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. Though 'aristocratic' enough in his own personal character and demeanor, he was not naturally in much favor with the grandees of the old Federal town; but they stood in awe of him, nevertheless; for he had been very rich, and in his less prosperous days was still a person of the most impulsive and resolute spirit. His appearance in public was very marked. His person was manly and his countenance singularly striking. He dressed in black, his small-clothes terminating in white cotton stockings down to his gouty foot. On his white head, decorated with a queue, was his three-cornered hat. He seemed to take a pride in walking up the principal business street of the town, at the time of high ''Change,' and, paying attention to no one, to utter his not always very conciliatory thoughts aloud, in regard to his contemporaries and matters in general, as he threw out sideways the gouty foot aforesaid, on his way to the one o'clock dinner, which was the fashion of the time."

These passages give a general idea of the style of Mr. Lunt's book which, however, is often tiresomely diffuse and cumbrous. For example, so good a little story as the following could not well be more tediously told: —

"Not far from us lived a worthy widow, with a family of children, and on one occasion she was heard to mingle rather curiously an office of devotion with a somewhat severe threat of domestic discipline. It was a day in summer, and the windows being open, a passer-by heard her objurgation. It seems the family had assembled at the dinner-table, and her oldest son began by making premature demonstrations toward the provisions, when his mother emphatically addressed him: 'You Bob Barker, if you stick your fork into that meat before I 've asked a blessing I 'll be the death of ye!'"

If it has been Mr. Lunt's intention to catch the garrulous and desultory manner of the elderly story-teller, he has succeeded to admiration in places; and his failure in other places results in an agreeable simplicity, for which we are equally grateful. At any rate, we have to thank him for a thoroughly amiable book, which the reader will do himself a pleasure to loiter over.

— We hope that the readers of our May number liked as well as we did The Goal of Spring, a poem which Mr. Colman reprints in his volume under the title of The Festival of the Leaves. It has a pensive, meditative cast akin to the verse of an earlier poetic time than our own, to which, however, it is allied by its rich picturesqueness, and a certain spendthrift sumptuousness of phrase. By this we mean no ill of it; for the language is really as much more highly colored as the race is wealthier than it was in the last century. We think its autumn landscapes very good, even among those painted by our most famouspoets, and the lines have a noble and stately movement. Here also is a particularly charming and felicitous image: —

"The birch on yonder mound —
With leafless, ivory branches glimmering bare,
Its yellow treasures heaped upon the ground —
Seemeth Godiva fair;
Standing — white-limbed and naked as at birth,
With all her golden raiment slid to earth."

Then, for a finer touch and a more delicate tone, this we like very much indeed: —

"Beneath the mossy ledge
Which overhangs a bowl of amber-brown,
I watch the streamlet brimming o'er the edge,
And farther down,
Hear its impatient accents and discern
Its eager strugglings, tangled in the fern.'

"And I lie reclined
Against some trunk the husbandman has felled,
Old, legendary poems fill my mind,
And Parables of Eld:
I wander with Orlando through the wood;
Or muse with Jacques in his solitude."

The next best poem — if indeed it is not the best — in the book is the ballad, Nancy's Brook, which is told with a fearless, veritable simplicity worthy of Wordsworth himself, and with a genuine feeling which well befits the moving story. On the whole, we know nothing better of its kind, and we do not see why it should not keep Mr. Colman's name alive among people who love gentle, natural, unlabored poetry of a very touching sort. We cannot hope anything so daring of The Knightly Heart, a long romance in Spencerian verse. It is well enough intentioned and it has some good passages; but the story creeps languidly through it, worded down by infinite phrases. The other poems are none of them as good as The Festival of the Leaves, or Nancy's Brook. They are verses of occasion, in part, and in part elegiac and didactic poems, — each with some minor grace, and none quite satisfactory.

— We have three octavos relating to prisons and reformatories, of which the titles have been given, but the two first named are a commentary on the third, with additional matter and more recent and complete statements of fact on some points; or, to be more precise, the Report of Dr. Wines, made to President Grant last February, and by him submitted to Congress, is based upon the volume of Mr. Pears, but includes also much that Dr. Wines himself saw and learned; while an Appendix gives the Transactions of the American Penitentiary Congress held, under invitation from the National Prison Association, in Baltimore, last January. The book of M. Robin, in like manner, is based upon the conferences of the London Congress, but adds much that is new concerning the prisons and the discharged prisoners of France, — the author being secretary of a Prisoners' Aid Society in Paris, — and also cites freely from reports and works published before the London Congress met. The volume edited by Mr. Pears is the official publication of that Congress, and contains in its eight hundred pages the fullest report of what was said and done there. But for practical use in this country we find the abridged Report of Dr. Wines, who originated the London Congress, better than the more detailed statements of the official volume; while the French clearness and love of analysis and generalization give a value to M. Robin's book that is scarcely lessened by some minor inaccuracies. The three books, taken together, will enlighten a patient reader more completely as to the condition of prisons and prison discipline, all over the world, than has ever been possible before. The Report of Dr. Wines, in particular, is a model of research, condensation, insight, and comprehensiveness, and by far the best of the many good works he has published on this subject since he first gave his undivided attention to it, ten years ago. If he errs at all, it is in excess of consideration for his fellow-workers in the cause of prison reform; ascribing to them merits which they would not claim, and which belong quite often to himself rather than to them. Nor can he always make his dissenting judgment, which is commonly correct, so pointed as it might be, nor criticise so severely as they deserve certain defects in our prisons. This is an amiable fault, and is by no means owing to any want of perception; for no man has more completely mastered the prison question, both in principles and in particulars, than Dr. Wines; nor has any person now living, so far as we know, visited so many prisons, in all parts of America and Europe, or made himself so conversant with the authorities and statistics concerning them. It is, therefore, important to notice what judgment he has formed respecting the most recent and famous of all methods for the reformation of convicts. We mean that known commonly as the "Irish system," but now beginning to be called the "Crofton system," in honor of Sir Walter Crofton, who introduced it in the Irish convict prisons nearly twenty years ago. After a visit to those prisons in 1871 and 1872, Dr. Wines says in this volume: "For a decade of years I had been a diligent student of the system, devouring everything I could get hold of on the subject. As far as books could teach it, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that I knew it by heart. I had

echoed and re-echoed the opinion of Count Cavour, that the fundamental principle of this system, — progressive classification based on merit, a progressive withdrawal of restraint and enlargement of privilege, as they should be earned and warranted by the prisoner's conduct, a gradual and almost imperceptible melting of prison life into the freedom of ordinary society through a probationary stage of natural training, — that this principle, applied in some form, whatever the system adopted may be, is "the only efficacious means of discountenancing vice and checking crime, by encouraging, through agencies purely philanthropic, the reform of the criminal, without, however, holding from him his just punishment.' And now I solemnly declare that the impressions received from published descriptions of the system have been, in the main (I will not say without some modifications and abatements), confirmed by personal inspection and study." And of its most characteristic feature, the intermediate prison at Lusk, near Dublin, Dr. Wines adds: "Truly, Lusk is a magnificent triumph of reason and humanity over coërcion and brute force,— a splendid and irrefragable testimony to the soundness of the penitentiary system which the genius of Sir Walter Crofton has given to the world."

The three volumes under notice, however, give the reader an opportunity to form his own opinion, from facts reported and arguments advanced by scores of intelligent persons, as to the character of crime and criminals; the means used for their punishment, instruction, and improvement; the cost of supporting them in confinement; the practicability of their reformation; the best way to prevent the formation of a permanent criminal class; and all the other elements of that complex problem which crime in modern communities sets before us. This problem is not a fascinating one, but it is of the utmost importance, and daily becoming more threatening and significant. It should be studied by all as their opportunities permit, and the experience of past times and other countries should all be made available for its solution. The people of the United States owe much to Dr. Wines, not only for what he has himself written and done to improve criminal law, and the administration of justice, before and after conviction, but for the opportunity and stimulus given, through his labors, to other persons engaged in the same work. His purpose is to continue what he has thus begun, to hold meetings or "congresses" of the National Prison Association, of which he is the secretary, every year in one of the chief cities of the United States, and to convene another international congress in some European city, — perhaps Geneva — in 1875. Among those of our countrymen who are united with him in his labors, we are glad to see the name of Mr. Horatio Seymour, who was General Grant's competitor for the Presidency in 1868. He is now president of the National Prison Association, and his speech at the Baltimore meeting strikes us as better and more useful than any political address or state paper he ever wrote, indeed, one of the best speeches made by any public man in America during the past year. The volume of Dr. Wines is printed at the expense of Congress, and in what may be called Congressional type, — a very bad type, too. The edition is small (only two thousand copies), and it will soon become a rare book, unless some future Congress or some enterprising publisher should reprint it. We find mention in it of the republication of another rare work on the same subject, — Edward Livingston's Criminal Jurisprudence, embracing his famous Louisiana code. The task undertaken by Livingston, and continued by Lieber, Dwight, Howe, and their contemporaries, could scarcely be in better hands than those of Dr. Wines, Messrs. Brockway, Brace, and other active members of the new Prison Association.

— The name of Miss Preston's book is very unjust to a book which is so full of good sense, self-possession, taste, and all things that are far from a bid for the reader's curiosity or wonder. It is really a story of love in our epoch, and the title probably represents the author's despair of a name that should more accurately indicate its character; and as such we may forgive it. At any rate, there is little else in the volume that demands charity. It is a story and it is not a story. It is a story because it interests you in the account of a young Boston newspaper man, who falls in love with a young girl, teacher of music, and living in voluntary poverty and exile in a fresh-water college-town. They have been playmates in childhood; they meet at a summer resort in the mountains, they correspond all winter, and they marry next spring, and go to living in Boston in the style which the bride's gay and rich young lady cousin describes with a lively Boston-womanly wittiness: "I see that æsthetico-

economical parlor in my mind's eye now. I know the kind, and detest it. There will be an ironing-cloth on the floor, and wrapping-paper on the walls. There will be plain book-shelves, and dull gray casts, and dismal carbon photographs pinned about, unframed, and not a speck of strong, cordial color anywhere. The chairs will be of solid wood, and deadly angular. There will be 'sincere' brackets upon the walls, with Canton preserve-pots and pancake pitchers upon them. Five of your wedding gifts will be *plaques* of Palissy, covered with creeping reptiles; and these will stand in a row on your mantel, along with a pair of stout candlesticks of blue earthenware. Your grandmother's case of drawers, which is anything but 'sincere,' since it is liable at any time to topple over, will occupy one recess, and your great-uncle's tall clock another. Or those of some other person's grandmother and great-uncle, for these last are commodities one sometimes has to borrow here. The place will be a mixture of farm-kitchen and model school-room."

There is nothing more of the story, but much more of the study, which is touched throughout with the same bright spirit, and which without labor brings the two people very clearly before us. Their talk at the country-house is crisp and good, and if a thought too clever, not too clever for art nor for very possible life. Their letters, of which the book is chiefly made up, range over a great many questions, — dwelling notably on the French and German war, and principally on matters of belief and unbelief. Miss Clara courageously and efficiently defends the French against her lover's Prussians; and she does what she can to combat his scepticism. This is a somewhat more difficult matter; for, if we understand Miss Clara aright, she likes believing, rather than believes, and, at most, wants the question left open, and not brutally Huxleyized, as one may say. She does not meet all her lover's doubts nor solve all his problems, but she makes him willing to be persuaded and anxious to be married, — which is, at least, something. We do not suppose that Miss Preston intended her heroine to represent in this matter more than a pure and naturally devout influence; for there is a fine consciousness of Miss Clara's limitations everywhere, and a critical reserve of the sentimental forces which gives us true feeling throughout, and makes the franker expressions all the more touching.

The story of the Hendersons, which the lover relates in one of his letters, is keenly affecting; and how true of how many people is that account of the young wife's dying out of their life of gentle, kindly, duteous, refined unfaith with only a vague hope of immortality, and leaving her husband to utter despair and doubt, — who shall say? The whole episode is given with a sort of resentful sorrow, as if in indignation that men should be scienced out of what can alone sustain and console them under supreme trial; and it is the wholesome use of Miss Preston's book, in all its precepts, to cast doubt upon doubt. We have scarcely indicated its literary value, and a perception of its charm must be left to readers with warm hearts as well as cool heads. It gives a phase of American spiritual and intellectual rather than social life; but it is true enough to this also to have no need of shrinking from locality, and saying Trimountain instead of Boston. It is this reluctance alone which allies it to the ordinary American fiction.

ART.

THE exhibition held by the Boston Art Club at the close of the season brought together some two hundred pictures again, a good proportion of which were foreign and antique. Among the works of native artists, three pictures by Kensett and two by Inness, painted at different periods, furnished a basis for certain comparative observations not without interest. We have never chanced to see anything so genuine from Kensett's hands as the little view near the Thames, England, painted many years ago. It shows a trustful earnestness from which the artist afterward wholly receded in accomplishing those plausible effects of tone by means of which especially

he became known. Here we have simply a line of stunted willows, and the white under-sides of their leaves, and a shallow brook flowing beneath their boughs, with flat meadows at the left. It is not strong, but its sunny gray-greenness, just subdued by mist, is rendered with a fair degree of faithfulness. In the second piece, we see how the painter had already begun to make compromises. He leaves his rocks flat, his sea dead, for the sake of a harmony scarcely deserving this sacrifice. But an influence was at work upon Kensett which, it is to be feared, lurks in the way of many American painters. The lack of proper academical training, prevailing for many years, has left the public without standards to which they may refer new work. The demand for ripeness and completeness is, at the same time, unstinted, and the temptation is for the painter to strain at pleasing effects, before he has the requisite strength in drawing for achieving meritorious results. These conditions are in process of alteration; but it is nevertheless wise to receive, now and then, some such unconscious warning as we find in these relics of Kensett. The third example is an autumnal scene. Through a softly-tinted wood breaks and oozes a hazy Indian-summer brightness, lighting in particular a shimmering birch-tree on the left; while on the right a conventional brook debouches into the foreground. Taken for itself, apart from ideal standards, it is very pretty, and the entire combination of colors harmonious. But the tree-boughs are, in this instance, *too much* drawn, rather than lacking in form; there is a studious angularity and confusion about them that is meretricious. All the modulations of color, too, are suited to an arbitrary standard of taste. It is decidedly decorative in its effect, and we might also persuade ourselves that it is like enough to nature, did we not know that it has but little more claim to even such faint praise than an India shawl. It borders on the Sonntag manner, in fact; and we conceive that nothing more peremptorily derogatory could be said. There is an inverse proportion between the modifications of style observable in Kensett and those of Inness. Of the latter painter we have a landscape dated 1861, — a lake among hills, with white spire and low-roofed farm-house on the left, illumined by changing lights from the broken clouds of the sky. It is excellent in parts, but soiled with conventional reds and browns in the foliage, that remind one of Fuller in the more excessive of his imbrowning moods. It affords us a contrast which repays, however, when we examine the small canvas of eight years later. Here, a soft white light blooms from the centre-background upon a park-like piece of scenery, with a delicious distance on the right; its clustering trees daintily persuaded into a rosy haze; and a cool glimpse of dark water on the left, over which broad violet shadows and dim green shrubbery, together with high elm-boughs wrought out in slender grace. Inness himself has brokenly reflected the examples of other masters more than once; but he preserves his strong individuality through all, and constantly surprises by his advances and alterations. At present, he shows in his painting something of Jules Breton, a touch of the hard old Italian landscape-art, and occasionally something akin to what may be found in the landscapes of Walker in London; and yet it is difficult to say when these traces of other men are the result of direct influence, and when merely resemblances arising from similar but independent tendencies.

Mr. F. D. Williams made several contributions to the exhibition; but in only one of these has he achieved a real success, to our thinking; and this is a massive rock, with a sombre group of trees beside it, and a white, glistening sea thrown directly above it in perspective. In his New England Brook and A Ride in the Woods, he gives evidence of a growing conventionality. A peculiar theory of rendering foliage, glimpses of which we have caught in previous productions, asserts itself in these with undesirable prominence; the branches and trunks of the trees are let into thick masses of green body-color which have absolutely a low relief approaching that of lacquer-work.

The difference between Lambinet's recent landscape of two years since and that painted in 1866 is noteworthy. There is deep knowledge and nice play of skill in the latter, which represents a simple piece of farm country, supported by a white sky that the eye reaches only after passing over several miles of meadow, all present upon that receding surface of painted grass; but, beside the later work, it is as if dust had been scattered over everything. The picture, dated 1871, refers, in the simplest and most direct manner, to the unaffected greens and the

speechless blue of an almost cloudless day by the river-side. Comparing the two, we say to ourselves, This is a study, the other a picture. Nevertheless, it is this strong sunny chord that the master, in his maturity, insists upon striking most frequently. Must this inimitable freshness, then, be always lost in calculating the relations of a finished picture? Lambinet's practice we take to be the proof of possible exceptions; but Daubigny by no means satisfies us, in the piece which here represents him, as to his ability to make a thoroughly reposeful picture, without first straining his elements through a fold or two of temperate conventionality.

M. Ziem also enters the lists of this controversy (and what contemporary young landscapist does not?) with a large canvas on which is spread, speaking literally, a feast of color; but its digestibility must be a matter of some question. A pale green expanse of grass occupies the foreground, through which flows a quiet streamlet into the harbor, behind a dark company of trees running directly across the scene. On the meadow stands a little white temple, and around it are figures made up of blue, red, crimson, bright yellow. The dim gray goldenness of the leaves above them seems to grow more ardent in color as they rise against the clear but not too intense blue of the sky. A strip of blue sea glimmers through the trees, and faint salmon-colored houses rise beyond it on the left side, passing off toward that corner. A soft and velvety Jacques, made up of dark, knotted trees on the left, with a moist light breaking from the sky behind, deep dove-colored clouds on the right, and sheep in the foreground, presented a sufficiently strong contrast to Ziem. But perhaps the most valuable of the foreign paintings was a small sketch by Couture, a sort of Holy Family group in Henry the Eighth costume. If one can reconcile one's self to a portentous tumor in the child's cheek, inflicted by too hasty a dash of the brush, much still delight may, we think, be found in the dim, rich harmony subsisting between the white puff of cloud and gray-green trees at the back, and the abundant brownness of the foreground tree at the left, under which are seen the shimmering lavender mother, the babe in dingy white, a woman kneeling, in drowsy yellow, with a red pouch at her side, and the red-jacketed man between them, standing slightly behind.

Mr. Babcock is represented by a picture called The Pet, — a woman feeding a rabbit; and by a Boy with Canaries. In the first we find a decidedly morbid blue sky at the upper left-hand corner; and the greenish yellow of the woman's turban coming directly against this, as also the dull olive of her dress and the red scarf wound around her, together with the green of the leaves the rabbit is eating, are all wanting in sobriety and healthy accord. A branch of red and bronze leaves hangs over the woman, and a boy stands at the side, with red hair, and red shadows in his face. Somehow this does not all fall into a satisfactory unity, but looks as if each part had been worked out under some special hyperæsthesia of the artist's eye. The other is much more pleasing, though by no means a fair instance of Mr. Babcock, who, though fond of treading dangerous ground, derives from the dangers overcome, when he does succeed, additional force. A not ungraceful boy, in this case, with face of a faint, dusty red, and feminine contour, holds a nest of very small and callow canaries, a larger one, which he is about to kiss, being perched upon his hand.

We should have mentioned before this a little scene on Tremont Street, in winter, by Mr. F. H. Smith. The darkening of the snow into blue under late twilight, the solemn lingering of that sere orange tint in the west, and the gaunt forms of trees in the Granary Burial-ground are all well given; but there is a suspicion of too liberal a conventionalism in the varnished brown bestowed in such good measure upon some of the buildings. The independence of this effort to make something acceptable out of modest and easily accessible materials is, however, praiseworthy.

Besides the pictures already noticed, several old Flemish and Italian works were to be seen. In the Christ in the Manger attributed to Ludovico Caracci, the child is a marvel of softness and light held still within the grasp of concise, clear drawing; though there is a superfluity of widespread fingers and strained eyes, and a general confusion of limbs, about the figures which complete the composition. A Saint Barbara, thought to be by Lucas van Leyden, has a grace and finish in the face, and draperies of the figure which seem almost worthy of one of the Van Eycks. In one hand she holds a peacock plume, with the other she turns the pages of a missal; her auburn hair is encased in a network of pearls; and the dress is dull red, with cu-

rious slashed and embroidered sleeves, and square-cut about the neck, where again are pearls in a fine chain. She has a flowing sash of gauze gilded in transverse bands.

In the outer room were a number of charcoal drawings by pupils of Mr. William Hunt, which were interesting as specimens of novice-work under a system of tuition more decidedly French than that pursued in the schools of industrial drawing authorized by the State of Massachusetts.

MUSIC.

FRIDAY evening, May 9, the Wagner Society gave their last concert for the present season at St. James's Hall in London. The occasion was a peculiarly interesting one, if only from the fact that Dr. Hans v. Bülow led some of the numbers himself, Mr. Edward Dannreuther, the regular conductor of the society, having generously given up the *bâton* for the second half of the concert. The selections were taken entirely from the works of Richard Wagner, with the single exception of Beethoven's twenty-five variations and fugue on the theme of the finale of the Eroica Symphony, for piano-forte, played by Dr. v. Bülow. How especially these variations came to form part of the programme might be a not unnatural question, unless indeed it was to give the public a chance of hearing the great pianist in one of his pet specialties. The other selections in the programme were the Overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer;* the Procession Music and Elsa's Song to the Night Breeze from the second act of *Lohengrin,* and the introduction to the third act (ball-room music) of the same opera; Elisabeth's Prayer to the Virgin, from the third act of *Tannhäuser,* and the Overture to the same; Introduction and Finale to the third act of *Tristan und Isolde;* and the *Huldigungs-marsch.* Elsa's song and the prayer from *Tannhäuser* were sung by Madame Otto-Alvsleben, formerly of the Royal Opera at Dresden.

The object of the society is to create an interest in the works and art-theories of Richard Wagner, and to raise funds to help defray the expenses of the coming festival performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Bayreuth. That there was no great need of *creating* in London an interest in Wagner has been abundantly shown by the crowded audiences at each of the present society's concerts. The persistent, violent denunciation of the composer by the late Mr. Chorley and some other critical writers had already done more than enough towards creating an interest, if nothing more, in Wagner's works; and those to whom Mr. Chorley's almost unbounded admiration for Meyerbeer and Gounod was familiar (not to speak of his flattering estimation of Sir Michael Costa's oratorios) may have had a suspicion that all this wholesale denunciation was, perhaps, after all to be taken as not entirely uncomplimentary to Wagner's genius. The great difficulty in hearing any of Wagner's music, that existed for many years in England, acted only as oil to the fire. Add to this the popularity of the *Tannhäuser* Overture,— almost the only work of the composer with which the English public were at all familiar,— and we have causes enough for a widely extended and lively interest in Wagner and all his doings. The musical success of *Der Fliegende Holländer,* when performed at her Majesty's some three years ago, served to give this interest rather a favorable than an unfavorable direction; and the quickly promulgated warning of the anti-Wagnerites that the "Dutchman" could not be considered as a fair example of the composer's style, and that even the composer himself looked upon the opera as an immature production of callow youth, only added to the desire to know Wagner as he really is. That the "Dutchman" was not a financial success was by no means surprising, for the opera is hardly calculated to make its fortune as a mere after-dinner keep-awake, and the most discriminating applause and hisses do not always come from the stalls. Finally, the Nibelungen Festival at Bayreuth having brought all Wagner excitement, either pro or con, wellnigh to the culminating point, the Wagner Society was formed in London, just as similar societies have been

formed in more of the principal cities in Europe; one of its prime objects being, as we have already said, to help in raising funds to meet the expenses of the festival. Another object, undoubtedly, was the furthering the artistic ends of the school of the "Future," and the practical exemplification, by public performances, of the musical ideas of Richard Wagner. Both of these objects are more praiseworthy. Whatever may be the opinion of many musicians concerning the genius of Richard Wagner, or the validity of his art-theories, there can be little doubt as to the important part the festival performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* will play in the history of musico-dramatic art. Whatever of mere personal vanity may be mixed up or seem to be mixed up in the motives which have led Wagner to bring himself before the world in this unusual manner, however much the Bayreuth Festival may seem to be a mere glorification of the projector's art-theories, heralded by a cry of *Adeste fideles*, to the tune of three hundred thousand thalers, it must be borne in mind that one of the projector's prime objects in these performances is, not to show the world how operas, or musical dramas if you will, should be written, but how they should be performed. It is an attempt to bring before the world certain improvements in musico-dramatic performances, in the mere details of the Thespian art,—which improvement can be applied as well to the performances of Gluck, Mozart, or Weber operas as to those of the projector's own composition,— an attempt, in fine, to sweep from the operatic stage a host of conventional absurdities, which the world has hitherto sluggishly regarded as inseparable from all musico-dramatic art. Such an attempt should excite the sympathy of all true art-lovers. How well the London Wagner Society have succeeded in the financial part of their undertaking we do not know; but to judge from the crowded audiences at their concerts, they cannot have been wholly unsuccessful. As to the society's other object — the artistic one — of bringing the English public to a better understanding and appreciation of Wagner's music, much more doubt may be felt. For our own part, we cannot but think that the means employed were utterly inadequate to the task. To appreciate the æsthetic value of Wagner's music from hearing the music alone requires the sagacity of an expert. We have already said something to this effect, when noticing Theodore Thomas's performances of selections from Wagner operas; and the more we hear of such performances, the more firmly are we convinced of their inability to give the public an adequate idea of the composer's works. The temptation for any admirer of Wagner who may have a fine orchestra at his command, to indulge in such partial presentation of his music is necessarily great, almost irresistible; he probably knows the work, of which he gives the public this imperfect sketch, by heart; not only every note of it, but every line and word of it, has very likely seen it actually performed, and is familiar with every situation, with every dramatic intention. He has identified every musical phrase with some corresponding bit of dramatic action or poetic imagery, and when, afterwards, he hears the music alone, it calls up before his mind's eye the whole scene in all its original intensity: the music makes him *see* the drama. How hard, then, for him to realize that the music which, to him, means so much, may mean to others so little! Nay, that it may mean little to others, just in the exact ratio that it means much to him; for the dramatic quality in the music, its powers of definitely expressing or portraying certain emotions are often exactly in an inverse ratio to its purely musical perfection of form, and the self-dependent vitality of its structural development. Much may, indeed, be done by elaborate descriptions of the dramatic situations of which the music forms a part; and the Wagner Society have evidently spared no pains in making the public as much as possible acquainted with the *meaning* of the music. Neatly bound little pamphlets, containing an analysis of all the music performed, together with a thematic index of the principal phrases, are distributed among the audience at sixpence apiece. Not wholly worthless as a make-shift in lack of something better, but yet how far from helping the audience to *enjoy* the music! To *understand* Wagner's music is one thing, but to *feel* it as a vital and inseparable part of the drama is another; and we imagine that Wagner is the last man in the world to wish to have his compositions presented to the world as a theme for purely philosophical investigation. In short, Wagner's music, divorced from the drama, is worse than the "statue without its pedestal"; it is the vertebrate without a spinal column, a superstructure without a foundation, an effect with no discoverable cause. Even the instrumental

introductions to his dramas, his overtures, with the exception of those to *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*,* lose by far the greater part of their significance when separated from the dramas to which they belong.

Such compositions as the Overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and the Introductions to *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Nibelungen* dramas are really nothing more than a preparation for the drama that is to follow, a sort of æsthetic appetizer, as it were, to prepare the mind for the appreciation of the rest. Performed by themselves in the concert-room, they are but a question without an answer, leaving the hearer in a state of most unsatisfied perplexity.

But in spite of the many serious and unavoidable imperfections of such performances, the Wagner Society concert was still most enjoyable, especially to any one who, like the leader, was thoroughly acquainted with the numbers performed.

The society's orchestra is excellent, and large enough to do full justice to any modern orchestral music. A great want of proper preparation, probably arising from the impossibility of having the requisite number of rehearsals, was in some passages plainly perceptible. Many mistakes in the performance were evidently due to typographical errors in the orchestral parts, which more thorough rehearsing might have discovered and corrected. In addition to this, we cannot but feel that Mr. Dannreuther is not as yet an accomplished orchestral conductor. His command over his orchestral forces was at times very small, and the audience could not feel that positive security in everything going right that is indispensable to the thorough enjoyment of music. The difference between his conducting and that of Dr. Von Bülow was as that between day and night. Although Von Bülow's acquaintance with the London orchestra must necessarily have been very slight, and the number of rehearsals very limited, his command over the orchestra was as perfect and easy as his command over the keyboard of the piano-forte. To fully appreciate how much is meant by this, one must bear in mind the immense difficulty of conducting Wagner's later music at all, where the *tempo* is continually changing, and where the orchestra have often no other indication of a change in *tempo* than the sudden movement of the conductor's *bâton*. The manner in which the extremely difficult and intricate movements from *Tristan und Isolde* were played was, under the circumstances, a positive triumph. Orchestra and conductor seemed animated by one great impulse, and the glorious Finale left an impression on all who heard it not soon to be effaced. The only thing to be regretted was, that with such an excellent artist as Madame Otto-Alvsleben at hand, the voice part in the Finale should not have been *sung*. With such an Isolde, nothing, or next to nothing, would have been wanting to the completeness of the performance. As it was, however, the orchestra did so well as to leave little to be desired; only the presence of Madame Alvsleben at the concert and her actually taking part in the programme made her silence in the most important number rather tantalizing, the more so as her rendering of the allotted selections from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* was so fine as to make us want to hear her more. The Introduction was played with the ending added by Wagner for concert performance, and thus had a more satisfying effect than when played in Boston by Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and the large body of violins gave the strong passages with their rapid, ascending runs with intense effect.

As to Dr. Von Bülow's piano-forte playing, it is difficult to form any very definite opinion after hearing him only once or twice. We have never heard a player who apparently more completely forgot himself in playing than he, though there is this difference between him and Anton Rubinstein, that v. Bülow never for a moment seems to forget that he is playing to an audience. He makes the impression of standing as a conscious interpreter between the music and his hearers; the habit he has of looking at his audience in passages of especial beauty, as if to see whether they have fully caught his meaning, makes this the more striking. His playing of Chopin is really wonderful, and to our mind more satisfying than Rubinstein's, although a comparison between the two men is hardly fair, they presenting but few points of similarity. But Von Bülow's acknowledged *forte* is Beethoven, and it is about his playing of the great piano-forte sonatas that we find the greatest difficulty in forming any judgment, if such a word is to be used in talk-

* We leave the Overture to *Rienzi* entirely out of the question, as being written upon a wholly different plan from any of the composer's other works, and, in fact, in no way characteristic of his peculiar genius.

ing of a man like Von Bülow. We heard him play two of the later sonatas, and felt of astonishment and delight not a little, but yet not entire satisfaction. What the disturbing element was in his performance we are wholly unable to determine, but a certain something there was that prevented that perfect, spontaneous enjoyment of the music, that unbroken magnetic communication between composer and hearer, that we have felt while listening to some other players. Yet there was not a single point in the whole performance that we would have had changed, the relation of every part to the well-organized whole was perfect. Von Bülow's playing of Liszt's *Venezia e Napoli* was positively astounding in brilliancy, strength, and graceful poetic sentiment; in this style of music, now that Carl Tausig is dead, Von Bülow stands easily pre-eminent and without a rival.

BOURNABAT, NEAR SMYRNA, June 27, 1873.

How to say anything about music in these latitudes is a question that reminds one forcibly of the German proverb, *Wo Nichts ist, da hat der Kaiser sein Recht verloren.* Since I first saw the Mediterranean, very little that even pretended to be music has struck my ears. At Athens, the bullfrogs of the Illissus might well have claimed the attention of the impartial critic, by their well-scanned rendering of the Aristophanic *βρεκεκέκεξ κωάξ κωάξ* in monotonous recitative, while the screech-owl undoubtedly deserved some praise for the admirable *pose de voix* and consequent purity of tone he displayed in his flute-like *tioop, tioop.* A poet with resurrectionist tendencies might have been inspired with a musico-dramatic article by the sight of the Theatre of Dionysius and the private box of ΤΟΥ ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥ ΚΗΡΗΚΟΣ, with the general's name still engraved on the seat. But being neither a poet nor an æsthetic ornithologist, I must content myself with describing what little music I have heard of mere vulgar, vibrating catgut and reeds.

So, leaving the Theatre of Dionysius, and turning towards the Illissus, a little above the site of the Temple of Zeus, I stop before a poster that bears strong resemblance to a play-bill. Calling up to my aid what little Greek there is left in me, and conquering an instinctive tendency to give the principal parts of every verb, and inflect and compare every adjective as I slowly spell them out (for the type is none of the clearest), I become aware of the fact that I am standing before the *Θέατρον ὁ Ἀπόλλων*, at which is to be given at that day and hour the *Τρωβατῶρε* by *Βέρδη*. After paying some forgotten, infinitesimal sum at the entrance, I am shown into a very pretty garden, not unlike the German beer-gardens, where some twenty rows of wooden benches are drawn up before a wooden stage that looks much like an overgrown Théâtre Guignol from the Champs Elysées. The orchestra, of some seventeen or eighteen musicians, is engaged in tuning vigorously and conscientiously, each man being called up in turn by the conductor to prove by actual *fortissimo* demonstration that his instrument is at the proper pitch. After considerable delay occasioned by the alto trombone's arriving late and the ensuing difficulty in collecting together several other members of the orchestra, who had gone in various directions to look after him, the conductor gravely opens his score, puts on a sort of smoking-cap, and taps his desk as a signal to begin. All those members of the orchestra whose mouths are not to be taken up by wind instruments fix their cigarettes firmly between their teeth (for every male being in Athens smokes on every possible occasion), and the impatient kickings and knockings of sticks among the long-suffering audience are hushed to respectful silence. So here we are in Athens, with the Temple of Zeus behind us, and Mount Hymettus visibly looming over our right shoulder, Pallas Athene's owl *tioop*-ing over our heads, and we preparing to listen to — Verdi's *Trovatore!* To any one with never so slight a bent for moralizing, the situation is a pregnant one. The scene is, however, much too gay and unaccustomed to throw one into a moralizing mood, even if the hazardous playing of the orchestra, and the sonorous raps upon his score by which the conductor marks the beginning of every bar did not force the attention to the business of the evening. The performance is by no means unenjoyable, and the singers throw themselves into their parts with wonderful energy. The *mise-en-scène* is most simple, and reflects great credit upon the imaginative faculty of the Athenian audience. The well-known types of unhappy tenor and soprano, bloodthirsty barytone and majestic bass are recognizable here quite as plainly as on more sumptuously appointed stages. The soprano shows the same self-reliance or despair in the *cantilena* and *caballetta*, and the same craving for sympathy from

her confidant in the *tutti* interludes, that she is famous for elsewhere. In fact, I find that Italian opera, of the violent and canniballic type, is not more ridiculous when stripped of its stage finery than when dressed up in the most gorgeous London or Parisian manner. Nay, it is rather less so, for in this homely setting the opera has rather the air of a dramatized witch or fairy tale, and is not unenjoyable as such; whereas on the London and Paris stages, its pretensions to being a real drama are more evident, while the illusion is entirely lost. The truculent individual announced in the play bills as ὁ Κόμης τῆς Σελήνης, the "Companion of the Moon," and in whom I after some time recognize our old friend, *il Conte di Luna*, seems here rather like some fabulous ogre or evil-minded magician than the impossible mock-human being I have been accustomed to think him; and even the usually unaccountable Azucena does not seem here in so open rebellion against the laws of normal being as elsewhere. Neither does the music lose by the change. Its artistic vulgarity and coarseness are lost sight of in these primitive surroundings, and its real fire, impetuosity, and passion are all the more evident; for Verdi by no means lacks inspiration of a very genuine kind, and, however coarse and deformed his modes of expression may be, much of his music comes straight from the heart. Even the Anvil Chorus, dreariest of musical miscarriages, has here something of local coloring about it, almost charming for the time being; and, taken as a whole, the *Trovatore* impresses me this evening as something less monstrous and deformed than ever before. The audience, like all Southern audiences, is wildly enthusiastic and apathetically talkative by turns; now madly applauding a forced high note, now discussing its own private affairs, with perfect unconcern and in tones of voice proportionate to the loudness of the music, stopping every now and then to bestow ironical encouragement of hand-clapping upon some doleful member of the chorus, who has momentarily blossomed out into solo recitative, evidently to the huge delight of everybody upon the stage, including the favored individual himself, who enjoys the joke as much as anybody. Between the acts, the stage is made ready for the impending ballet interlude. After some renewed tuning, the orchestra precipitates itself upon a dance-tune, and the curtain flies up. As the ballet is something intended mainly for the eyes, the audience, with human perverseness, suddenly fall into a death-like silence; not a whisper is heard. During the opera, they talk as much and as loudly as they please; during the ballet, they are hushed to perfect stillness. Two very small young women and one very large and not entirely young man make their appearance in the customary state of begauzed and bespangled undress, and go through their mystic evolutions. The dancing is of about the excellence we usually find in the *corps de ballet*. The large man, however, has certain acrobatic qualities which strike fire from the hearts of the audience; and a volley of applause, mingled with violent cries of "κάτω κάτω" (*anglicé* "Down in front"), from the rear benches, is the immediate effect. One of the interludes is a ballet pantomime, which might have rejoiced the soul of Vincent Crummles himself. Never was swain more tortuously tender in his pleadings than the large man, never was fair maiden more delighted by a pickled cabbage than the maiden of his choice, and never did slighted rival seek consolation in terpsichorean torture with more complete success than the second small young woman. The audience rise like one man, woman, and child, and literally scream with delight. The ballet music is very pretty, and, as all the orchestra know it by heart, it goes quite well; and in going home after the performance, I hear shrill treble and grumbling bass reminiscences of it from among the scattering crowd, invariably much out of tune.

During my five days' stay in Athens, the Italian opera was the only available amusement; the required visits to the ruins in the early morning go as a matter of course; the daytime was too hot for anything but sleep. The second evening I went to a rival operatic establishment over the way from the Apollo, which rejoices in the title of Τὸ Θέριννον Θέατρον ἐν τῷ κήπῳ τῶν Ἰλλισσιῶν-Μουσῶν. The opera of the evening was Verdi's *Traviata*. The "grove of the Illissian Muses" is rather larger than the garden of the Apollo, and the theatre itself is better built and more highly finished, but the orchestra is, if possible, even poorer. The *Traviata* also, as a representation of elegant Parisian life, is hardly calculated to show to advantage with so limited a *mise-en-scène*. Some of the singers, however, especially the barytone, showed much better vocal training than at the

other theatre, and the little *prima donna*, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, evinced a dramatic talent I have very rarely seen surpassed. In the dying scene her whole make-up and acting was really superb,— thoroughly artistic and refined, and intensely powerful. The ballet in the interludes was much better than at the Apollo, the large man being replaced by a *première* of really great ability. One of the most noticeable features of the entertainment was the perpetual shower of little nosegays of wild flowers that was kept up by the audience throughout the performance. The bouquet-throwers did not seem to chose any particular moment in the opera, but threw their flowers at any odd time ; sometimes in the middle of a song, at other times when nobody was apparently doing anything. In the ballet each ballerina had from three to seven and eight of these little bunches of flowers thrown at her feet after every tour. The next evening a mostly ridiculous but not entirely bad performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* took place at the same theatre. Lucrezia and Orsini held their own well, and the Duke's acting was capital, but his Grace had hard work to keep himself up to time in the music, and in his air in the first act, and especially in the famous *Guai se ti fugge un moto*, he often found himself separated from the orchestra and his fellow-singers by somewhat more than a bar. But the great event of our stay was a performance of *Linda di Chamounix* at the Apollo. The *rôle* of the heroine was take by ἡ κύρια Βαλμπούργα (Walpurga ?) Μελλώνη, a most fascinating soubrette, with deliciously fresh and sympathetic voice and great powers of *espièglerie*. To judge from her personal appearance, blond hair, and manner, she must be a German ; no Italian could ever assume such coquettish vivacity without losing much of the real sentiment of the *rôle*. The air, *Oluce di quest' anima*, and the duet, *A consolarmi affrettisi*, were given with immense effect, to which the personal charms of the fair cantatrice no doubt contributed. Bouquets again flew thickly, many of them quite large. Every now and then, at the end of a song, a large bouquet with a live bird about the size of a pigeon attached to it would be thrown upon the stage, and once the lovely singer had to repeat an air with a bird fluttering in each hand. If the birds are edible, this must have been a solid compliment worth having. Mademoiselle Melloni one would think might make a reputation on some more distinguished stage, with that voice and manner of hers. In personal appearance she strongly resembles Madame Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud.

The only really *characteristic* music I have heard was at a celebration in a small Turkish family the other evening at this little town of Bournabat. The scene was worthy of Rembrandt. Imagine a small, irregularly-shaped court-yard, surrounded by high walls, a sort of iron cage filled with flaring olive-sticks upon the top of a tall pole in one corner, in dangerous proximity to a pile of olive-brush upon which several children are seated, with every appearance of going to be burned at the stake. Innumerable Turks seated in a circle along the walls and standing in the narrow passage-way in every variety of national costume, with white-veiled women looking on from the windows. In the sort of arena formed by this motley audience is placed the orchestra, which consists of two big drums beaten with a simple club, and two oboes. The oboes play with surpassing shrillness some curious, florid melody, or melodies (for they play so out of time, and the resonance of the court is so great, that it is impossible to tell whether they are both trying to play the same thing), and the drums keep up a regular rhythmic banging. A man performs a slow-measured dance to these strains, to the admiration of the crowd, who now and then indulge in unearthly yells. When we consider that this has been kept up all day, and will be kept up all night into the bargain, our respect for Turkish lungs and perseverance grows to veneration. *W. F. A.*

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MADEMOISELLE OLYMPE ZABRISKI.

A PIECE OF CLUB GOSSIP.

WE are accustomed to speak with a certain light irony of the tendency which women have to gossip, as if the sin itself, if it is a sin, were of the gentler sex, and could by no chance be a masculine peccadillo. So far as my observation goes, men are as much given to small talk as women, and it is undeniable that we have produced the highest type of gossiper extant. Where will you find, in or out of literature, such another droll, delightful, chatty busybody as Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of those fortunate gentlemen Charles II. and James II. of England? He is the king of tattlers, as Shakespeare is the king of poets.

If it came to a matter of pure gossip, I would back Our Club against the Sorosis or any women's club in existence. Whenever you see in our drawing-room four or five young fellows lounging in easy-chairs, cegar in hand, and now and then bringing their heads together over the small round Japanese table which is always the pivot of these social circles, you may be sure they are discussing Tom's engagement, or Dick's extravagance, or Harry's hopeless passion for the younger Miss Fleurdelys. It is here that old Tippleton gets execrated for that everlasting *bon mot* of his which was quite a success at dinner-parties forty years ago; it is here the belle of the season passes under the scalpels of merciless young surgeons; it is here B's financial condition is handled in a way that would make B's hair stand on end; it is here, in short, that everything is canvassed, — everything that happens in our set, I mean, much that never happens, and a great deal that could not possibly happen. It was at Our Club that I learned the particulars of the Van Twiller affair.

It was great entertainment to Our Club, the Van Twiller affair, though it was rather a joyless thing, I fancy, for Van Twiller. To understand the case fully, it should be understood that Ralph Van Twiller is one of the proudest and most sensitive men living. He is a lineal descendant of

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Wouter Van Twiller, the famous old Dutch governor of New York, — Nieuw Amsterdam, as it was then; his ancestors have always been burgomasters or admirals or generals, and his mother is the Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller whose magnificent place will be pointed out to you on the right bank of the Hudson, as you pass up the historic river towards Idlewild. Ralph is about twenty-five years old. Birth made him a gentleman, and the rise of real estate — some of it in the family since the old governor's time — made him a millionnaire. It was a kindly fairy that stepped in and made him a good fellow also. Fortune, I take it, was in her most jocund mood when she heaped her gifts in this fashion on Van Twiller, who was, and will be again, when this cloud blows over, the flower of Our Club.

About a year ago there came a whisper — if the word "whisper" is not too harsh a term to apply to what seemed a mere breath floating gently through the atmosphere of the billiard-room — imparting the intelligence that Van Twiller was in some kind of trouble. Just as everybody suddenly takes to wearing square-toed boots, or to drawing his neckscarf through a ring, so it became all at once the fashion, without any preconcerted agreement, for everybody to speak of Van Twiller as a man in some way under a cloud. But what the cloud was, and how he got under it, and why he did not get away from it, were points that lifted themselves into the realm of pure conjecture. There was no man in the club with strong enough wing to his imagination to soar to the supposition that Van Twiller was embarrassed in money matters. Was he in love? That appeared nearly as impossible; for if he had been in love all the world — that is, perhaps a hundred first families — would have known all about it instantly.

"He has the symptoms," said Delaney, laughing. "I remember once when Jack Flemming — "

"Ned!" cried Flemming, "I protest against any allusion to that business."

This was one night when Van Twiller had wandered into the club, turned over the magazines absently in the reading-room, and wandered out again without speaking ten words. The most careless eye would have remarked the great change that had come over Van Twiller. Now and then he would play a game of billiards with Bret Harte or John Hay, or stop to chat a moment in the vestibule with Whitelaw Reid; but he was an altered man. When at the club, he was usually to be found in the small smoking-room up stairs, seated on a fauteuil fast asleep, with the last number of The Nation in his hand. Once if you went to two or three places of an evening, you were certain to meet Van Twiller at them all. You seldom met him in society now.

By and by came whisper number two, a whisper more emphatic than number one, but still untraceable to any tangible mouth-piece. This time the whisper said Van Twiller *was* in love. But with whom? The list of possible Mrs. Van Twillers was carefully examined by experienced hands, and a check placed against a fine old Knickerbocker name here and there, but nothing satisfactory arrived at. Then that same still small voice of rumor, but now with an easily detected staccato sharpness to it, said that Van Twiller was in love — with an actress! Van Twiller, whom it had taken all these years and all this waste of raw material in the way of ancestors to bring to perfection, — Ralph Van Twiller, the net result and flower of his race, the descendant of Wouter, the son of Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller, — in love with an actress! That was too ridiculous to be believed, — and so everybody believed it.

Six or seven members of the club abruptly discovered in themselves an unsuspected latent passion for the histrionic art. In squads of two or three they stormed successively all the theatres in town, — Booth's, Wallack's, Daly's Fifth Avenue (not burnt down

then), and the Grand Opera House. Even the shabby homes of the drama over in the Bowery, where the Germanic Thespius has not taken out his naturalization papers, underwent rigid exploration. But no clew was found to Van Twiller's mysterious attachment. The *opéra bouffe*, which promised the widest field for investigation, produced absolutely nothing, not even a crop of suspicions. One night, after several weeks of this, Delaney and I fancied we caught a glimpse of Van Twiller in the private box of an up-town theatre, where some thrilling trapeze performance was going on, which we did not care to sit through; but we concluded afterwards it was only somebody that looked like him. Delaney, by the way, was unusually active in this search. I dare say he never quite forgave Van Twiller for calling him Muslin Delaney. Ned is fond of ladies' society, and that 's a fact.

The Cimmerian darkness which surrounded Van Twiller's inamorata left us free to indulge in the wildest conjectures. Whether she was black-tressed Melpomene, with bowl and dagger, or Thalia, with the fair hair and the laughing face, was only to be guessed at. It was popularly conceded, however, that Van Twiller was on the point of forming a dreadful *mèsalliance*.

Up to this period he had visited the club regularly. Suddenly he ceased to appear. He was not to be seen on Broadway, or in the Central Park, or at the houses he generally frequented. His chambers — and mighty comfortable ones they were — on Thirty-fourth Street were deserted. He had dropped out of the world, shot like a bright particular star from his orbit in the heaven of the best society.

"Where 's Van Twiller?"

"Who 's seen Van Twiller?"

"What has become of Van Twiller?"

Delaney picked up the Evening Post, and read, — with a solemnity that betrayed young Firkins into exclaiming, "By Jove now!" —

"Married, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Friar Laurence, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Montague Capulet, Esq., Miss Adrienne Le Couvreur to Mr. Ralph Van Twiller, both of this city. No cards."

"It strikes me," said Frank Livingstone, who had been ruffling the leaves of a magazine at the other end of the table, "that you fellows are in a great fever about Van Twiller."

"So we are."

"Well, he has simply gone out of town."

"Where?"

"Up to the old homestead on the Hudson."

"It 's an odd time of year for a fellow to go into the country."

"He has gone to visit his mother," said Livingstone.

"In February?"

"I did n't know, Delaney, there was any statute in force prohibiting a man from visiting his mother in February if he wants to."

Delaney made some light remark about the pleasure of communing with Nature with a cold in her head, and the topic was dropped.

Livingstone was hand in glove with Van Twiller, and if any man shared his confidence it was Livingstone. He was aware of the gossip and speculation that had been rife in the club, but he either was not at liberty, or did not think it worth while, to relieve our curiosity. In the course of a week or two it was reported that Van Twiller was going to Europe; and go he did. A dozen of us went down to the Scotia to see him off. It was refreshing to have something as positive as the fact that Van Twiller had sailed.

Shortly after Van Twiller's departure the whole thing came out. Whether Livingstone found the secret too heavy a burden, or whether it transpired through some indiscretion on the part of Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller, I cannot say; but one evening the entire story was in the possession of the club.

Van Twiller had actually been very deeply interested, — not in an actress, for the legitimate drama was not her humble walk in life, but — in Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski, whose really perilous feats on the trapeze had astonished New York the year before, though they had failed to attract Delaney and me the night we wandered into the up-town theatre on the trail of Van Twiller's mystery.

That a man like Van Twiller should be fascinated for an instant by a common circus-girl seems incredible; but it is always the incredible thing that happens. Besides, Mademoiselle Olympe was not a common circus-girl; she was a most daring and startling gymnaste, with a beauty and a grace of movement that gave to her audacious performance almost an air of prudery. Watching her wondrous dexterity and pliant strength, both exercised without apparent effort, it seemed the most natural proceeding in the world that she should do those unpardonable things. She had a way of melting from one graceful posture into another, like the dissolving figures thrown from a stereopticon. She was like a lithe, radiant shape out of the Grecian mythology, now poised up there above the gas-lights, and now gleaming through the air like a slender gilt arrow.

I am describing Mademoiselle Olympe as she appeared to Van Twiller on the first occasion when he strolled into the theatre where she was performing. To me she was a girl of eighteen or twenty years of age (maybe she was much older, for pearl-powder and distance keep these people perpetually young), slightly but exquisitely built, with sinews of silver wire; rather pretty, perhaps, after a manner, but showing plainly the effects of the exhaustive drafts she was making on her physical vitality. Now, Van Twiller was an enthusiast on the subject of calisthenics. "If I had a daughter," Van Twiller used to say, "I would n't send her to a boarding-school, or a nunnery; I 'd send her to a gymnasium for the first five years. Our American women have no physique. They are lilies, pallid, pretty, — and perishable. You marry an American woman, and what do you marry? A headache. Look at English girls. They are at least roses, and last the season through."

Walking home from the theatre that first night, it flitted through Van Twiller's mind that if he could give this girl's set of nerves and muscles to any one of the two hundred high-bred women he knew, he would marry her on the spot and worship her forever.

The following evening he went to see Mademoiselle Olympe again. "Olympe Zabriski," he thought, as he sauntered through the lobby, "what a queer name! Olympe is French, and Zabriski is Polish. It is her *nom de guerre*, of course; her real name is probably Sarah Jones. What kind of creature can she be in private life, I wonder? I wonder if she wears that costume all the time, and if she springs to her meals from a horizontal bar. Of course she rocks the baby to sleep on the trapeze." And Van Twiller went on making comical domestic tableaux of Mademoiselle Zabriski, like the clever, satirical dog he was, until the curtain rose.

This was on a Friday. There was a *matinée* the next day, and he attended that, though he had secured a seat for the usual evening entertainment. Then it became a habit of Van Twiller's to drop into the theatre for half an hour or so every night, to assist at the interlude, in which she appeared. He cared only for her part of the programme, and timed his visits accordingly. It was a surprise to himself when he reflected, one morning, that he had not missed a single performance of Mademoiselle Olympe for two weeks.

"This will never do," said Van Twiller. "Olympe" — he called her Olympe, as if she were an old acquaintance, and so she might have been considered by that time — "is a wonderful creature; but this will never do. Van, my boy, you must reform this altogether."

But half past nine that night saw him in his accustomed orchestra chair, and so on for another week. A habit leads a man so gently in the beginning that he does not perceive he is led, — with what silken threads and down what pleasant avenues it leads him! By and by the soft silk threads become iron chains, and the pleasant avenues, Avernus!

Quite a new element had lately entered into Van Twiller's enjoyment of Mademoiselle Olympe's ingenious feats, — a vaguely born apprehension that she might slip from that swinging bar, that one of the thin cords supporting it might snap, and let her go headlong from the dizzy height. Now and then, for a terrible instant, he would imagine her lying a glittering, palpitating heap at the foot-lights, with no color in her lips! Sometimes it seemed as if the girl were tempting this kind of fate. It was a hard, bitter life, and nothing but poverty and sordid misery at home could have driven her to it. What if she should end it all some night, by just unclasping that little hand? It looked so small and white from where Van Twiller sat!

This frightful idea fascinated while it chilled him, and helped to make it nearly impossible for him to keep away from the theatre. In the beginning his attendance had not interfered with his social duties or pleasures; but now he came to find it distasteful after dinner to do anything but read, or walk the streets aimlessly, until it was time to go to the play. When that was over, he was in no mood to go anywhere but to his rooms. So he dropped away by insensible degrees from his habitual haunts, was missed, and began to be talked about at the club. Catching some intimation of this, he ventured no more in the orchestra stalls, but shrouded himself behind the draperies of the private box in which Delaney and I thought we saw him on one occasion.

Now, I find it very perplexing to explain what Van Twiller was wholly unable to explain to himself. He was not in love with Mademoiselle Olympe. He had no wish to speak to her, or to hear her speak. Nothing could have been easier, and nothing further from his desire, than to know her personally. A Van Twiller personally acquainted with a strolling female acrobat! Good heavens! That was something possible only with the discovery of perpetual motion. Taken from her theatrical setting, from her lofty perch, so to say, on the trapeze-bar, and Olympe Zabriski would have shocked every aristocratic fibre in Van Twiller's body. He was simply fascinated by her marvellous grace and *élan*, and the magnetic recklessness of the girl. It was very young in him and very weak, and no member of the Sorosis, or all the Sorosisters together, could have been more severe on Van Twiller than he was on himself. To be weak, and to know it, is something of a punishment for a proud man. Van Twiller took his punishment, and went to the theatre, regularly.

"When her engagement comes to an end," he meditated, "that will finish the business."

Mademoiselle Olympe's engagement finally did come to an end, and she departed. But her engagement had been highly beneficial to the treasury-chest of the up-town theatre, and before Van Twiller could get over missing her, she had returned from a short Western tour, and her immediate reappearance was underlined on the play-bills.

On a dead-wall opposite the windows of Van Twiller's sleeping-room there appeared, as if by magic, an aggressive poster with MADEMOISELLE OLYMPE ZABRISKI on it in letters at least a foot high. This thing stared him in the face when he woke up, one morning. It gave him a sensation as if she had called on him overnight, and left her card.

From time to time through the day he regarded that poster with a sardonic eye. He had pitilessly resolved not to repeat the folly of the previous month. To say that this moral victory cost him nothing would be to deprive

it of merit. It cost him many internal struggles. It is a fine thing to see a man seizing his temptation by the throat, and wrestling with it, and trampling it under foot, like St. Anthony. This was the spectacle Van Twiller was exhibiting to the angels.

The evening Mademoiselle Olympe was to make her reappearance, Van Twiller, having dined at the club and feeling more like himself than he had felt for weeks, returned to his chamber, and, putting on dressing-gown and slippers, piled up the greater portion of his library about him, and fell to reading assiduously. There is nothing like a quiet evening at home with some slight intellectual occupation, after one's feathers have been stroked the wrong way.

When the lively French clock on the mantel-piece, — a base of malachite surmounted by a flying bronze Mercury with its arms spread gracefully on the air, and not remotely suggestive of Mademoiselle Olympe in the act of executing her grand flight from the trapeze, — when the clock, I repeat, struck nine, Van Twiller paid no attention to it. That was certainly a triumph. I am anxious to render Van Twiller all the justice I can, at this point of the narrative, inasmuch as when the half-hour sounded musically, like a crystal ball dropping into a silver bowl, he rose from the chair automatically, thrust his feet into his walking-shoes, threw his overcoat across his arm, and strode out of the room.

To be weak and to scorn your weakness, and not to be able to conquer it, is, as has been said, a hard thing; and I suspect it was not with unalloyed satisfaction that Van Twiller found himself taking his seat in the back part of the private box night after night during the second engagement of Mademoiselle Olympe. It was so easy not to stay away!

In this second edition of Van Twiller's fatuity, his case was even worse than before. He not only thought of Olympe quite a number of times between breakfast and dinner, he not only attended the interlude regularly, but he began, in spite of himself, to occupy his leisure hours at night by dreaming of her. This was too much of a good thing, and Van Twiller regarded it so. Besides, the dream was always the same, — a harrowing dream, a dream singularly adapted to shattering the nerves of a man like Van Twiller. He would imagine himself seated at the theatre (with all the members of Our Club in the parquette), watching Mademoiselle Olympe as usual, when suddenly that young lady would launch herself desperately from the trapeze, and come flying through the air like a firebrand hurled at his private box. Then the unfortunate man would wake up with cold drops standing on his forehead.

There is one redeeming feature in this infatuation of Van Twiller's which the sober moralist will love to look upon, — the serene unconsciousness of the person who caused it. She went through her *rôle* with admirable aplomb, drew her salary, it may be assumed, punctually, and appears from first to last to have been ignorant that there was a miserable slave wearing her chains nightly in the left-hand proscenium-box.

That Van Twiller, haunting the theatre with the persistency of an ex-actor, conducted himself so discreetly as not to draw the fire of Mademoiselle Olympe's blue eyes, shows that Van Twiller, however deeply under a spell, was not in love. I say this, though I think if Van Twiller had not been Van Twiller, if he had been a man of no family and no position and no money, if New York had been Paris, and Thirty-fourth Street a street in the Latin Quarter — but it is useless to speculate on what might have happened. What did happen is sufficient.

It happened, then, in the second week of Queen Olympe's second unconscious reign, that an appalling Whisper floated up the Hudson, effected a landing at a point between Spuyten Duyvel Creek and Cold

Spring, and sought out a stately mansion of Dutch architecture standing on the bank of the river. The Whisper straightway informed the lady dwelling in this mansion that all was not well with the last of the Van Twillers, that he was gradually estranging himself from his peers, and wasting his nights in a play-house watching a misguided young woman turning unmaidenly summersaults on a piece of wood attached to two ropes.

Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller came down to town by the next train to look into this little matter.

She found the flower of the family taking an early breakfast, at 11 A. M., in his cosey apartments on Thirty-fourth Street. With the least possible circumlocution she confronted him with what rumor had reported of his pursuits, and was pleased, but not too much pleased, when he gave her an exact account of his relations with Mademoiselle Zabriski, neither concealing nor qualifying anything. As a confession, it was unique, and might have been a great deal less entertaining. Two or three times, in the course of the narrative, the matron had some difficulty in preserving the gravity of her countenance. After meditating a few minutes, she tapped Van Twiller softly on the arm with the tip of her parasol, and invited him to return with her the next day up the Hudson and make a brief visit at the home of his ancestors. He accepted the invitation with outward alacrity and inward reluctance.

When this was settled, and the worthy lady had withdrawn, Van Twiller went directly to the establishment of Messrs Ball, Black, and Company, and selected, with unerring taste, the finest diamond bracelet procurable. For his mother? Dear me, no! She had the family jewels.

I would not like to state the enormous sum Van Twiller paid for this bracelet. It was such a clasp of diamonds as would have hastened the pulsation of a patrician wrist. It was such a bracelet as Prince Camaralzaman might have sent to the Princess Badoura, and the Princess Badoura — might have been very glad to get.

In the fragrant Levant morocco case, where these happy jewels lived when they were at home, Van Twiller thoughtfully placed his card, on the back of which he had written a line begging Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski to accept the accompanying trifle from one who had witnessed her graceful performances with interest and pleasure. This was not done inconsiderately. "Of course I must enclose my card, as I would to any lady," Van Twiller had said to himself; "a Van Twiller can neither write an anonymous letter nor make an anonymous present." Blood entails its duties as well as its privileges.

The casket despatched to its destination, Van Twiller felt easier in his mind. He was under obligations to the girl for many an agreeable hour that might otherwise have passed heavily. He had paid the debt, and he had paid it *en prince*, as became a Van Twiller. He spent the rest of the day in looking at some pictures at Goupil's, and at the club, and in making a few purchases for his trip up the Hudson. A consciousness that this trip up the Hudson was a disorderly retreat came over him unpleasantly at intervals.

When he returned to his rooms late at night, he found a note lying on the writing-table. He started as his eye caught the words "—— Theatre" stamped in carmine letters on one corner of the envelope. Van Twiller broke the seal with trembling fingers.

Now, this note some time afterwards fell into the hands of Livingstone, who showed it to Stuyvesant, who showed it to Delaney, who showed it to me, and I copied it as a literary curiosity. The note ran as follows: —

MR. VAN TWILLER, DEAR SIR: —
i am verry greatfull to you for that

Bracelett. it come just in the nic of time for me. The Mademoiselle Zabriski dodg is about plaid out. My beard is getting to much for me. i shall have to grow a mustash and take to some other line of busyness, i dont no what now, but will let you no. You wont feel bad if i sell that Bracelett. i have seen Abrahams Moss and he says he will do the square thing. Pleas accep my thanks for youre Beautifull and Unexpected present.

Youre respecfull servent,
CHARLES MONTMORENCI WALTERS.

The next day Van Twiller neither expressed nor felt any unwillingness to spend a few weeks with his mother at the old homestead.

And then he went abroad.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE OLD SURPRISE.

NOW what hath entered my loved woods,
And touched their green with sudden change?
What is this last of Nature's moods
That makes the roadside look so strange?

Who blanched my thistle's blushing face,
And gave the winds her silver hair?
Set golden-rod within her place,
And scattered asters everywhere?

Who splashed with red the sumach hedge,—
The sassafras with purple stain;
Gave ivy-leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again?

Lo! the change reaches high and wide,
Hath toned the sky to softer blue;
Hath crept along the river-side,
And trod the valleys through and through;

Discolored every hazel copse,
And stricken all the pasture lands;
Flung veils across the mountain-tops,
And bound their feet with yellow bands.

Is, then, September come so soon?
Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
While yet it seems but summer's noon,
We 're floating down the autumn tide.

Eunice E. Comstock.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S LAST YEARS.

AFTER his retirement from the Presidency, in 1809, Jefferson lived seventeen years. He was still the chief personage of the United States. Between himself and the President there was such a harmony of feeling and opinion that the inauguration of Madison did little more than change the signature to public documents. Madison consulted him on every important question; and Jefferson, besides writing frequently and at length, rode over to Orange every year, when the President was at home, and spent two or three weeks at his house. When there was dissension in the Cabinet, it was Jefferson who restored harmony. Monroe was in ill-humor, because Madison had been preferred before himself by the nominating caucus. It was Jefferson who healed the breach, and thus prevented one in the Republican party. During the gloom of 1812, many Republicans desired a candidate for the Presidency of more executive energy than Mr. Madison was then supposed to have, and Jefferson was himself solicited from many quarters to accept a nomination. He said, with convincing power: "What man can do will be done by Mr. Madison." In the same year the President proposed that he should return to the office of Secretary of State, and Monroe become Secretary of War; but he pleaded his sixty-nine years as an excuse for declining the invitation.

The success in public life of these two men, Madison and Monroe, whose early education he had assisted, as well as the bright career which his nephews and sons-in-law were enjoying, induced other young men to seek his advice and assistance. "A part of my occupation," he wrote to General Kosciusko, in 1810, "and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government."

Monticello overflowed with guests during all these years. The circle of those who had a right to seek its hospitality was very large, and many foreigners of distinction felt their American experience incomplete until they had paid a pilgrimage to the author of the Declaration of Independence. But these were but a small portion of the throng of guests whom the custom of the country brought to Monticello during the summer months. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph, said once that she had been obliged to provide beds for as many as fifty inmates; and Mr. Randall tells us of one friend who came from abroad with a family of six persons, and remained at Monticello ten months. It fell to the manager, Mr. Edmund Bacon, to keep the mountain-top supplied with sustenance for this crowd of people, and the animals that carried and drew them. Mr. Bacon did not enjoy it, and he has since availed himself of an opportunity to relieve his mind.

"After Mr. Jefferson returned from Washington," he relates, "he was for years crowded with visitors, and they almost ate him out of house and home. They were there all times of the year; but about the middle of June the travel would commence from the lower part of the State to the Springs, and then there was a perfect throng of visitors. They travelled in their own carriages, and came in gangs, — the whole family, with carriage and riding horses and

servants; sometimes three or four such gangs at a time. We had thirty-six stalls for horses, and only used about ten of them for the stock we kept there. Very often all of the rest were full, and I had to send horses off to another place. I have often sent a wagon-load of hay up to the stable, and the next morning there would not be enough left to make a hen's-nest. I have killed a fine beef, and it would all be eaten in a day or two. There was no tavern in all that country that had so much company. Mrs. Randolph, who always lived with Mr. Jefferson after his return from Washington, and kept house for him, was very often greatly perplexed to entertain them. I have known her many and many a time to have every bed in the house full, and she would send to my wife and borrow all her beds — she had six spare beds — to accommodate her visitors. I finally told the servant who had charge of the stable to only give the visitors' horses half allowance. Somehow or other Mr. Jefferson heard of this; I never could tell how, unless it was through some of the visitors' servants. He countermanded my orders. One great reason why Mr. Jefferson built his house at Poplar Forest, in Bedford County, was that he might go there in the summer to get rid of entertaining so much company. He knew that it more than used up all his income from the plantation and everything else, but he was so kind and polite that he received all his visitors with a smile, and made them welcome. They pretended to come out of respect and regard to him, but *I think* that the fact that they saved a tavern bill had a good deal to do with it, with a good many of them. I can assure you I got tired of seeing them come, and waiting on them."

Such was the custom of old Virginia; and a very bad, cruel custom it was. The reader observes that even the manager's wife had "six spare beds." All this, too, at a period when non-intercourse and war had reduced the income of Virginia planters two thirds, and when Mr. Jefferson had a Washington debt of many thousand dollars to provide for. But, among this multitude of visitors, there were a large number whose company he keenly enjoyed; nor would he permit his guests to rob him of his working-hours. From breakfast to dinner, he let them amuse themselves as best they could, while he toiled at his correspondence and rode over his farms. From dinner-time he gave himself up to social enjoyment. I may well speak of his correspondence as toil. One thousand and sixty-seven letters he received in one year, which was not more than the average. After his death, there were found among his papers twenty-six thousand letters addressed to him, and copies of sixteen thousand written by himself.

To complete his character as a personage, it should be mentioned that the Federalists still bestowed upon him the distinction of an animosity such as, perhaps, virtuous men never before entertained for one of their number. I look with wonder upon the publications spread out before me at this moment, issued during the time of non-intercourse and war, Jefferson being the theme. Here are two octavo volumes of vituperation, entitled "Memoirs of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson," published in New York several months after his retirement, and opening thus: "The illustrious Dr. Robertson, in a letter to Mr. Gibbon, gave it as his opinion that a historian ought to write as if he were giving evidence upon oath." Eight hundred and thirty-eight pages of innocent and tedious falsehood naturally follow this noble sentiment; and they end with a prophecy, that nothing would go well in the United States until the people had turned the Republicans out of office, and placed their affairs in the hands of "that man who more than any other resembles the Father of his Country," — General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. The clergy of New England continued to revile the greatest Christian America has produced in terms surpassing

in violence those which the clergy of Palestine applied to the Founder of Christianity. He was an "atheist," Dr. David Osgood of Massachusetts remarked, and no better than "the race of demons" to whose service he had been devoted. By race of demons, this "last of the New England popes" meant the people of France. Young Edward Payson of Portland signalized his entrance into public life by delivering a Fourth of July oration, in which he observed that Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, and their colleagues were men of a character so vile that "the most malicious ingenuity can invent nothing worse than the truth." The orator of twenty-three was as innocent as a lamb in saying this; for he was merely echoing what he had heard constantly asserted, from his youth up, by the men whom he held in veneration, — the clergy of Connecticut and the professors in Yale College. In 1809 appeared a second edition of William Cullen Bryant's Embargo, with a certificate to the effect, that "Mr. Bryant, the author," had arrived, in the month of November, 1808, at the age of fourteen years. A doubt had been intimated in the Monthly Anthology, whether a youth of thirteen could have been the author of this poem. The reader may be gratified to see a few lines from the earliest volume of a poet who has since, in so many ways, both served and honored his country. In this poem, too, lives the judgment of educated New England upon Mr. Jefferson's attempt to keep his country out of the maniac fight between Bonaparte and the coalition of kings; for this boy, gifted as he was, could only be a melodious echo of the talk he had heard in his native village: —

"Curse of our nation, source of countless woes,
From whose dark womb unreckoned misery flows:
Th' Embargo rages, like a sweeping wind,
Fear lowers before, and famine stalks behind.
What words, O Muse! can paint the mournful scene,
The saddening street, the desolated green?
How hungry laborers leave their toil and sigh,
And sorrow droops in each desponding eye!

"See the bold sailor from the ocean torn,
His element, sink friendless and forlorn!
His suffering spouse the tear of anguish shed,
His starving children cry aloud for bread!
On the rough billows of misfortune tost,
Resources fail and all his hopes are lost;
To foreign climes for that relief he flies,
His native land ungratefully denies.

"In vain mechanics ply their curious art,
And bootless mourn the interdicted mart;
While our sage *Ruler's* diplomatic skill
Subjects our councils to his sovereign will;
His grand 'restrictive energies' employs,
And wisely regulating trade destroys.

"The farmer, since supporting trade is fled,
Leaves the rude joke, and cheerless hangs his head;
Misfortunes fall, an unremitting shower,
Debts follow debts, on taxes, taxes pour.
See in his stores his hoarded produce rot,
Or sheriff's sales his produce bring to naught;
Disheartening cares in throngings myriads flow,
Till down he sinks to poverty and woe.

"Ye who rely on Jeffersonian skill,
And say that fancy paints ideal ill;
Go, on the wing of observation fly,
Cast o'er the land a scrutinizing eye:
States, counties, towns, remark with keen review,
Let *facts* convince, and own the picture true!

. . . . .

"When shall this land, some courteous angel, say,
Throw off a weak and erring ruler's sway?
Rise, injured people, vindicate your cause!
And prove your love of liberty and laws;
O, wrest, sole refuge of a sinking land,
The sceptre from the slave's imbecile hand!
O, ne'er consent obsequious to advance,
The *willing vassal* of imperious France!
Correct that suffrage you misused before,
And lift your voice above a Congress roar.

"And thou, the scorn of every patriot's name,
Thy country's ruin, and her council's shame!
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarlton fled to Carter's cave:
Thou, who, when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whiskered minion fall;
And when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide;
Go, wretch, resign the Presidential chair,
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.
Go, search with curious eyes for horned frogs,
'Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
Or, where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.
Go, scan, Philosophist, thy . . . . charms
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of state,
Nor image ruin on thy country's fate.

. . . . . .

"As Johnson deep, as Addison refined,
And skilled to pour conviction o'er the mind,
O, might some patriot rise! the gloom dispel,
Chase error's mist, and break her magic spell!

"But vain the wish, for hark! the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed;
Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent, with gaping mouth, and stupid stare;

While in their midst the supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud, and flourishes his hands ;
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote."

The work contains nearly six hundred lines, several of which clearly announce the coming poet; but in these which I have chosen, it is the Federalist that speaks. The forming poet of the woods appears in a passage where the author of thirteen imagines Commerce starting to life again, amid the desolation of the Embargo, when at last the people had expelled from Washington the pimps of France : —

" Thus in a fallen tree, from sprouting roots,
With sudden growth a tender sapling shoots,
Improves from day to day, delights the eyes,
With strength and beauty, stateliness and size,
Puts forth robuster arms, and broader leaves,
And high in air its branching head upheaves."

It is interesting to discover that a poet who solaced his old age by translating Homer had, at thirteen, already begun to pay him the homage of imitation. The boy's prediction was fulfilled seven years later; not through the return of the Federalists to power, but by the treaty of Ghent, which ended the conflict for neutral rights.

Abuse and adulation were equally powerless to disturb the serenity of the lord of Monticello. " I have rode over the plantation, I reckon," reports the worthy Mr. Bacon, "a thousand times with Mr. Jefferson, and when he was not talking he was nearly always humming some tune, or singing in a low tone to himself." During his annual rides to Poplar Forest, ninety miles distant, he was usually accompanied by his daughter or by one of her children, and he often beguiled the tedium of the journey by singing an old song, alone or with his companion. His daughter, too, had what Mr. Bacon calls *the Jefferson temper*, — all music and sunshine. In the twenty years of his service, he declares that he never once saw her in ill-humor. She was nearly as tall as her father, he tells us, and had his bright, clear complexion and blue eyes ; and as she went about the house she seemed always in a happy mood, and was " nearly always humming a tune." The singularly sound health of the father was, no doubt, part of the secret of his festive existence. Mr. Bacon supplies another part of it : —

" Mr. Jefferson was the most industrious person I ever saw in my life. All the time I was with him I had full permission to visit his room whenever I thought it necessary to see him on any business. I knew how to get into his room at any time of day or night. I have sometimes gone into his room when he was in bed ; but aside from that, I never went into it but twice, in the whole twenty years I was with him, that I did not find him employed. I never saw him sitting idle in his room but twice. Once he was suffering with the toothache ; and once, in returning from his Bedford farm, he had slept in a room where some of the glass had been broken out of the window, and the wind had blown upon him and given him a kind of neuralgia. At all other times he was either reading, writing, talking, working upon some model, or doing something else. Mrs. Randolph was just like her father in this respect. She was always busy. If she was n't reading or writing, she was always doing something. She used to sit in Mr. Jefferson's room a great deal, and sew, or read, or talk, as he would be busy about something else. As her daughters grew up, she taught them to be industrious like herself. They used to take turns each day in giving out to the servants, and superintending the housekeeping."

These children were eleven in number, six daughters and five sons ; to whom must be added Francis Eppes, a fine lad, the son of Maria Jefferson, to say nothing of a troop of schoolmates that one of the grandsons usually brought over from school at the next village, on Friday afternoons, to join in the sports of Saturday. Jefferson joined heartily in the pleasures of these children, but he was not the less a stickler for industry. One of the grandsons, named Merriwether Lewis, did not see the necessity of their doing

hard work, like Captain Bacon's boys, whose diligence Mr. Jefferson had been commending. "Why," said the boy, "if we should work like them, our hands would get so rough and sore that we could not hold our books. And we need not work so. We shall be rich, and all we want is a good education." Mr. Jefferson replied: "Ah! those that expect to get through the world without industry because they are rich will be greatly mistaken. The people that *do* work will soon get possession of their property." Mr. Bacon, with pleasing simplicity, remarks that he has thought of these words a thousand times. He might do so naturally enough; for he fulfilled the propheey. At the end of his twenty years of faithful service he went off to Kentucky with three thousand dollars buckled round his waist. He bought a farm, grew rich, and was living there, in honor and abundance, upon his own estate, forty years after the inheritance of those boys had passed to strangers.

And here the reader must be informed that the usual proportion of ugly facts and discordant elements mingled with the elevated life of this family. Monticello was not Paradise. No man can keep himself wholly unaffected by the great faults of his time and place. I suppose Mr. Thackeray meant this when, in discoursing so wisely upon the snobs of England he said, that, no doubt, he should be himself elated on finding himself walking down Piccadilly arm-in-arm with a couple of dukes. Still less can any man escape his share of the *penalty* of a wrong which his community commits. Even upon the serene and smiling summit of Monticello, slavery was a blight. It blighted those young lives. It injured those admirable characters. It contracted those superior understandings. So intimately bound together are all the classes of a state, that the mere presence of a huge mass of human ignorance and stolidity makes a high and enduring civilization impossible to every family. The Five Points lower the Fifth Avenue. British laborers' one-roomed hovels vulgarize the drawing-rooms of lords. Ignorant French peasants for ninety years kept scoundrels or imbeciles in the Tuileries. As well expect to have a calm and fertile brain while there is gout in the toe as to have your ruling class noble and safe while your laborers are ignorant and squalid. A commonwealth is an integer, wherein every man is bound by mere selfishness to become his brother's keeper; as truly so as the head is interested in having the feet sound.

See how slavery cursed those fine boys. One of them was William C. Rives, who afterwards filled honorable public stations. In the absence of Mr. Jefferson and his daughters, the manager would sometimes give the boys the key of the mansion, and let them stay there all night. It happened very often, Mr. Bacon reports, that, after the troop of boys had gone up, "Willie Rives" would return and spend the night at the house of the manager, at the foot of the mountain. Why this reappearance? "He did not like the doings of the other boys. The other boys were too intimate with the negro women to suit him. He was always a very modest boy. I once heard one of the other boys make a vulgar remark. He said, 'Such talk as that ought not to be thought, much less spoken out.'"

The father of Mr. Jefferson's grandsons was a kind of man which can only be produced by the exercise of despotic power for successive generations. His name portrays him: he was a Randolph; that is, a gifted, eccentric, and ungovernable man. Bacon describes him as "tall, swarthy, rawboned," of great strength, and afraid of nothing,—as strange a man as John Randolph, and as much like him as one steer of a well-matched pair is like another. "He had no control of his temper. I have seen him cane his son Jeff after he was a grown man. Jeff made no resistance, but got away from him as soon as he could. I have seen him knock down his son-in-law with an iron poker." This son-in-law,

Bankhead by name, was married to Jefferson's grand-daughter, Anne, whom Mr. Bacon describes as "a Jefferson in temper," and "a perfectly lovely woman." Bankhead, a handsome man, of wealth and lineage, was a terrible drunkard. "I have seen him," says Bacon, "ride his horse into the bar-room at Charlottesville and get a drink of liquor. I have seen his wife run from him when he was drunk and hide in a potato-hole to get out of danger. He once stabbed Jeff Randolph because he had said something about his abuse of his sister, and I think would have killed him, if I had not interfered and separated them."

Here is a scene which occurred at Monticello, in the absence of the master: "One night Bankhead was very drunk and made a great disturbance, because Burwell, who kept the keys, would not give him any more brandy. Mrs. Randolph could not manage him, and she sent for me. She would never call on Mr. Randolph at such a time, he was so excitable. But he heard the noise in the dining-room and rushed in to see what was the matter. He entered the room just as I did, and Bankhead, thinking he was Burwell, began to curse him. Seizing an iron poker that was standing by the fireplace, he knocked him down as quick as I ever saw a bullock fall. The blow peeled the skin off one side of his forehead and face, and he bled terribly." And the plain-spoken Bacon describes a fight which he witnessed between this Bankhead, when he was sober, and another fine Virginia gentleman named Gordon: "I never did see as even a match. I think they must have fought a half an hour, and both of them were as bloody as butchers, when I told Phil. Barbour it would never do for us to let them fight any longer; we must separate them. So he took hold of Gordon, and I took hold of Bankhead, and we just pulled them apart." Such gentlemen could not be very good managers of Virginia estates. For years they were in straits for money; and whenever the pinch became severe past endurance, they could think of no resource better than to implore the steady-going Bacon to buy "a little girl" or "a female slave," from their negro quarters. When Randolph was governor of Virginia we find him writing to Bacon in this manner: "It is so absolutely necessary to me to have as much as $150 by to-morrow evening, that I am forced, against my will, to importune you further with the offer of the little girl at Edgehill. Do you think it would be possible for us to borrow that money between us by three o'clock to-morrow? Could you prevail on your mother to lend as much money?"

At last, Randolph became bankrupt, lost all that he possessed, even his senses, and left his family a charge upon the drained and shrinking estate of his father-in-law. What a tale of horror is this! But these events, like those of most domestic tragedies, were spread over many years, and, probably, the worst aspects of the case were never exhibited to Mr. Jefferson. He and his daughter enjoyed long intervals of tranquil happiness. But, living as he did in the midst of slavery, it was impossible for him to avoid his personal share of the harm it wrought to every creature in the United States, even to those who hated it most, and opposed it always; for it made them intense and one-sided. He was an indulgent master, it is true; and he never lost a sense of the folly of a system of labor, of which the laborer got most of the good, and the master nearly all the evil. "He did not like slavery," remarks Mr. Bacon. "I have heard him talk a great deal about it. He thought it a bad system. I have heard him prophesy that we should have just such trouble with it as we are having now, in 1862." And yet his lifelong contact with slavery appears to have lessened his ability to think rationally concerning it. Long he cherished the dream of colonization, and fancied he saw in Liberia the beginning of a movement that would deliver the negroes of America from

slavery, and those of Africa from barbarism. He took it for granted that the two races could not live together, both being free. "We have the wolf by the ears," he wrote in 1820, "and we can neither hold him nor safely let him go. Justice is in one scale, and self-preservation in the other."

When the question arose of extending the area of slavery over Missouri, he showed a strange blending of keenness and dulness of vision; descrying the distant danger most clearly, as aged eyes are apt to do, but blind to the path immediately before him. "This momentous question," he wrote in April, 1820, "like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror." He thought it was "the knell of the Union." Since Bunker Hill, he said, we had never had so ominous a question, and he thanked Heaven that he should not live to see the issue. We now know that his worst forebodings came short of the mighty sum-total of evil and calamity which his country was to endure: first, forty years of an ignoble strife of words, one side insolent and infuriate, the other insincere and timorous; next, four years of carnage; then, ten of the beggar-on-horseback's demoralizing sway. But, with all this correctness of prophecy, the aged Jefferson thought the Northern members were wrong in wishing to keep slavery out of those lovely, fertile plains west of the Mississippi. He thought slavery would be weakened by being spread, and its final abolition made easier. Worse than this, he began to think it an evil for Southern youth to attend Northern colleges, "imbibing opinions and principles in discord with those of their own country"; and he was far from discerning that the opposition in the Northern States to the extension of slavery had any basis of disinterested conviction. "The Hartford Convention men," he wrote in 1821, "have had the address, by playing on the honest feelings of our former friends, to seduce them from their kindred spirits, and to borrow their weight into the Federal scale. Desperate of regaining power under political distinctions, they have adroitly wriggled into its seat under the auspices of morality, and are again in the ascendency from which their sins had hurled them." Much is to be allowed to seventy-eight years. But even at seventy-eight so fine an intelligence as his could not, even for a moment, have shrunk to these limits in an atmosphere congenial with it. To become capable of thus misinterpreting the course of events was part of his share of the penalty of slavery.

But his conduct was wiser than his words; for he spent all his declining years in a singularly persistent endeavor to introduce into Virginia the institutions of New England. When a man finds himself a member of a community in which there is incorporated some all-pervading evil, — like slavery in old Virginia, like ill-distributed wealth in Great Britain now, — there are two ways in which he can attack it. One way is to cry aloud and spare not; place himself distinctly in opposition to the evil; show it no quarter; and take the chance of being a martyr or a conqueror. There are times and places when this heroic system is the only one admissible. The other method of attack is to set on foot measures, the fair working of which will infuse such health and vigor into the sick body politic as will enable it, at length, to cast out the disease. Thus we see that Yale, Harvard, and the common school have gone far toward rescuing the fine intelligence of New England from the blight of the Mathers and their hideous ideas; and we see the cheap press and the workingmen's lyceums and unions of Great Britain about to break up entail, primogeniture, and the rich preserves of an exclusive army, navy, India, and Church. In Virginia no other method but this was even possible to be attempted in Jefferson's time. If he had set free his slaves, and waged open war against slavery, he would not have improved their condition, nor mitigated the malady of which Virginia was dying. His

slaves would have become vagabonds, and himself an object of commiseration and derision. He made no such Quixotic attempts to serve his State, but directed his efforts to the gradual removal of what he felt to be the ally and main support of all the evil in the universe,—IGNORANCE. He made this his business during the last sixteen years of his life, and toiled at it as vigorous men toil for the ordinary objects of ambition.

And, happily, as in earlier days when the liberties of his country were menaced, he had in Madison a confidential ally, gifted with a parliamentary talent which nature had denied to himself, so now, when his object was to break up the great deep of Virginia ignorance, he found a most efficient and untiring co-operator in his friend, Joseph C. Cabell, a member of the senate of Virginia. They entered into a holy alliance to bring their State up to the level demanded by the age. What both had planned in the study, Cabell advocated in the Legislature; and when Cabell found the Legislature unmanageable, Jefferson would come to his aid with one of his exhaustive, vote-changing letters, which would find its way into a Richmond newspaper, and then go the rounds of the press.

A part of the letters which passed between these lovers of their country have been published in an octavo of five hundred and twenty-eight pages; and most of Jefferson's, long and elaborate as many of them are, were written when a page or two of manuscript cost him hours of painful exertion. Once, in 1822, when Cabell had urged him to write a number of letters to influential gentlemen in aid of one of their schemes, he replied: "You do not know, my dear sir, how great is my physical inability to write. The joints of my right wrist and fingers, in consequence of an ancient dislocation, are become so stiffened that I can write but at the pace of a snail. The copying our report and my letter lately sent to the governor being seven pages only, employed me laboriously a whole week. The letter I am now writing you" (filling one large sheet) "has taken me two days. A letter of a page or two costs me a day of labor, and a painful labor."

But some of these letters were among the best he ever wrote. In his endeavors to reconcile the people of Virginia to the cost of maintaining a common school in each "ward" of every county, he showed all his old tact and skill. His "ward" was to be "so laid off as to comprehend the number of inhabitants necessary to furnish a captain's company of militia,"—five hundred persons of all ages and either sex. The great difficulty was to convince the average planter that he, the rich man of the ward, had an *interest* in contributing to the common school, the teacher of which was to receive a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and "board round." Jefferson met this objection in a letter that still possesses convincing power. And his argument comes home to the inhabitants of the great cities now rising everywhere, and destined to contain half of the population of this continent. What are they but a narrow rim of elegance and plenty around a vast and deep abyss of squalor, into which a certain portion of the dainty children of the smiling verge are sure to slide at last? How eloquent are these quiet words of Jefferson, when we apply them to our own city! Would that I could give them wings that would carry round the world a passage so simple, so humane, so wise, and so adroit!

"And will the wealthy individual have no retribution? And what will this be? 1. The peopling his neighborhood with honest, useful, and enlightened citizens, understanding their own rights, and firm in their perpetuation. 2. When his descendants become poor, which they generally do within three generations (no law of primogeniture now perpetuating wealth in the same families), their children will be educated by the then rich; and the little advance he now makes to poverty, while rich himself, will be repaid by the then rich to his descendants when be-

come poor, and thus give them a chance of rising again. This is a solid consideration and should go home to the bosom of every parent. This will be seed sown in fertile ground. It is a *provision for his family* looking to distant times, and far in duration beyond that he has now in hand for them. Let every man count backwards in his own family, and see how many generations he can go, before he comes to the ancestor who made the fortune he now holds. Most will be stopped at the first generation; many at the second; few will reach the third; and not one in the State can go beyond the fifth."

Like Franklin, he was not content with appealing only to the higher motives. State pride was a chord which he touched with effect. He reminded Virginians that, before the Revolution, the mass of education in Virginia placed her with the foremost of her sister Colonies; but now, "the little we have we import like beggars from other States, or import their beggars to bestow on us their miserable crumbs." He pointed to Virginia's ancient friend and ally, Massachusetts, only one tenth as large as Virginia, and the twenty-first State in the Union in size. But she has "more influence in our confederacy than any other State in it." Why? "From her attention to education, unquestionably. There can be no stronger proof that knowledge is power and that ignorance is weakness."

He did not live to see a State system of common schools established in Virginia. A scheme of his for maintaining in each county a circulating library was also in advance of that generation, and had no great results in his own day.

But the two conspirators against ignorance had one memorable and glorious triumph. They succeeded in planting on Virginia soil a university unique in two particulars. In all other American colleges then existing, the controlling influence was wielded by one of the learned professions, and all students were compelled to pursue a course of studies originally prescribed by that one profession for its own perpetuation. In the University of Virginia, founded through the influence and persistent tact of Jefferson, seconded at every stage by the zeal and ability of Cabell, all the professions are upon an equality, and every student is free to choose what knowledge he will acquire, and what neglect. It is a secularized university. Knowledge and scholarship are there neither rivals nor enemies, but equal and independent sources of mental power, inviting all, compelling none. Jefferson's intention was to provide an assemblage of schools and professors, where every student could find facilities for getting just what knowledge he wanted, without being obliged to pretend to pursue studies for which he had neither need nor taste. He desired, also, to test his favorite principle of trusting every individual to the custody of his own honor and conscience. It was his wish that students should stand on the simple footing of citizens, amenable only to the laws of their State and country, and that the head of the faculty should be a regularly commissioned magistrate, to sit in judgment on any who had violated those laws. This part of the scheme he was compelled, at a critical moment, to drop; but he did so only to avoid the peril of a more important failure. But he held to the principle. He would have no espionage upon the students; but left all of them free to improve their opportunities in their own way, provided the laws of the land were not broken, and the rights of others were respected. His trust was in the conscience and good sense of the students, in the moral influence of a superior corps of instructors, and in an elevated public opinion.

Jefferson was forty years in getting the University of Virginia established. Long he hoped that the ancient college of William and Mary could be freed from limiting conditions and influences, and be developed into a true university. As late as 1820, he was still striving for a "consolidation" of the old college with the forming institution in

Albemarle. It was already apparent that the want of America was, not new institutions of learning, but a suppression of one half of those already existing, and the "survival of the fittest," enriched by the spoils of the weak. But William and Mary, like most of the colleges of Christendom, is constricted by the ignorance and vanity of "benefactors," who gave their money to found an institution for all time, and annexed conditions to their gifts which were suited only to their own time. Nothing remained but to create a new institution. In 1794 a strange circumstance occurred which gave him hopes of attaining his object by a short cut. Several of the professors in the College of Geneva, Switzerland, dissatisfied with the political condition of their canton, united in proposing to Mr. Jefferson to remove in a body to Virginia, and continue their vocation under the protection and patronage of the Legislature. On sounding influential members, he discovered that the project was premature, and it was not pressed. The coming of Dr. Priestley, followed by some learned friends of his, and other men of science, revived his hopes. A letter to Priestley in 1800 shows that the great outlines of the scheme were then fully drawn in his mind. He told the learned exile that he desired to found in the centre of the State a "university on a plan so broad and liberal and *modern* as to be worth patronizing with the public support, and be a temptation to the youth of other States to come and drink of the cup of knowledge and fraternize with us." He proposed that the professors should follow no other calling, and he hoped "to draw from Europe the first characters in science, by considerable temptations." He asked Dr. Priestley to draw up a plan and favor him with advice and suggestions. During his Presidency, he still embraced opportunities to increase his knowledge of such institutions. After his retirement, the War of 1812 interposed obstacles; but, from the peace of 1815 to the close of his life, the University of Virginia was the chief subject of his thoughts, and the chief object of his labors.

It is not difficult to begin the most arduous enterprise. How many well-cut corner-stones lie buried in various parts of this continent! We excel in corner-stones. That was a glad and proud day for Albemarle when the corner-stone of the University of Virginia was laid, witnessed by the three neighbors who filled in succession the office of President of the United States,—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, the last named being President at the time. But it had cost Jefferson some exercise of his tact to get the corner-stone laid just there, within sight of his own abode. Other localities had, of course, their strenuous advocates. If a member of the commission raised an objection on the ground that other places were more salubrious, Jefferson would draw from his pocket a list of persons past eighty then living in the neighborhood. But an institution built and supported by the common treasure should be central! So it must. And Jefferson produced a card cut into the shape of Virginia, upon which the proposed site of the University was indicated by a dot. That the dot was very near the centre of the State could be shown by balancing the card on the point of a pencil. But a place may be geographically central without being near the centre of population. It may indeed. And Jefferson exhibited a piece of board representing Virginia, on which he had written, in his own clear, minute hand, the population of every part of the State; which made it plain to the eye that if the population of Virginia had been called upon to revolve, Monticello was the very pivot for the purpose. In short, the corner-stone was laid where the master of Monticello could watch its rising glories from his portico, and ride over every day to the site five miles distant.

Then came the tug of war. He had subscribed a thousand dollars toward the fund, and his neighbors had multiplied that sum by forty-four. But the main reliance of the founder was upon

the Legislature of the State, not accustomed to appropriate money for such an object, nor able to appropriate much. Party passions were not extinct; and if, with the majority, Jefferson was still a name to conjure with, there was an influential minority who held him in undiminished aversion. Virginia, too, was a declining Commonwealth. Nothing was so abundant there as encumbered estates; and many families, who held their heads high, were subsisting on the proceeds of the sale, now and then, of little girls and boys, or "likely" men and women. Money came hard; and Jefferson wanted a great deal more of it to complete his plans than either he or the Legislature had anticipated. "I have been long sensible," he wrote in 1826, "that while I was endeavoring to render our country the greatest of all services, that of regenerating the public education, and placing our rising generation on the level of our sister States (which they have proudly held heretofore), I was discharging the odious function of a physician pouring medicine down the throat of a patient insensible of needing it." He was, also, a connoisseur in architecture, which is not an inexpensive taste. He thought that it became Virginia to erect something grand and noble for an institution that was to bear her name and invite the flower of the youth of other States. Year after year, Mr. Cabell had to renew the struggle in the Legislature to get money to go on with. Three hundred thousand dollars were expended, in all, and an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars a year was made toward the support of the institution. The zeal of Cabell was contagious and irresistible. At one critical moment, his feelings were wrought to such a pitch that he dared not remain in the chamber while the vote was taken; and thus he missed a moving scene. The vote that day decided the location. As soon as the result was declared, Mr. B. G. Baldwin, the leader of the party opposed to placing the institution at Charlottesville, rose and made a powerful appeal in behalf of the University. He had contended strenuously for a more western site as long as there was any hope of success; but now that another place had been chosen, he conjured the western members to rise superior to local prejudices and give the institution a cordial support. "A great part of the House," reports Cabell, "were in tears. Such magnanimity in a defeated adversary excited universal applause."

Mr. Jefferson had now secured the most fascinating occupation for his last years that could have been contrived for him. He was chairman of the board of trustees, and they all seemed to agree with Mr. Madison when he remarked at one of their first meetings: "This is Mr. Jefferson's scheme; the responsibility is his; and it is but fair that he should be allowed to carry it out in his own way." Jefferson's love of construction, his ingenuity as an inventor, his interest in science, his patriotism and benevolence were all gratified in superintending the formation of the University. Colonel T. J. Randolph has described in a vivid and agreeable manner the joyous activity of his grandfather at this time; how he would mount his horse early in the morning, canter down the mountain and across the country to the site, and spend a long day there in assisting at the work; carrying with him a walking-stick of his own invention (now familiar to all), composed of three sticks, which being spread out and covered with a piece of cloth made a tolerable seat. He it was who designed the plan and made working draughts for each detail. He engaged workmen, selected timber, and bought bricks. Carvers of stone whom he caused to be brought from Italy settled in the county, and have living descendants there at this moment. Afterwards, finding his ornate capitals could be cut cheaper in Italy, he had them executed there. It was his object to exhibit to the future students specimens of all the orders of architecture and edifices that should call to mind several of the ancient triumphs of his favorite art. Occupants

of the buildings, it is said, would prefer less grandeur and more convenience, fewer columns and more closets.

The time came for selecting professors. The very first appointment brought a storm about his ears. One of the fugitives from the reaction in European politics of 1793 was Thomas Cooper, a friend of Priestley and a gentleman of note in chemistry and other branches of natural science. Under the Sedition Law, for a harmless paragraph upon President Adams, after a trial in which Judge Chase had not kept up even a decent show of impartiality, the accused was sentenced to pay a fine of four hundred dollars, and to be imprisoned six months. Of course he was a made man from the moment of the ascendency of the Republican party. As he was reputed to be the first chemist in the United States, the visitors innocently invited him to the chair of chemistry in the new University. Four States were competing for his services. New York, through De Witt Clinton, offered him liberal compensation for that time,—twenty-five hundred dollars a year and fees. Pennsylvania sought him for the University in Philadelphia, offering him a place worth seven thousand a year. New Orleans had invited him, and William and Mary desired him. But when it became known that he had decided for Jefferson and the University of Virginia, the slumbering fury of the year 1800 blazed up again, and an outcry arose so violent as to threaten the existence of a University dependent upon the popular will. It was remembered, too, that Dr. Cooper was a Unitarian, a name of opprobrium even at a time so recent. This was, indeed, a serious consideration; for a religious prejudice was then one of those blind, resistless forces which were no more amenable to reason than an earthquake or a tornado. There is nothing to be done in the presence of a convulsion of nature but to get out of its way. And it really was of the very first necessity to avoid the appearance of using the University as a means of propagating peculiar opinions. Jefferson bent to a storm he could not brave, and relinquished Cooper to one of the other institutions that desired him. It was a happy riddance. South Carolina obtained him at last, and made a nullifier of him in 1832.

A competent corps of professors were engaged in England, and in March, 1825, the University was opened with forty students, a number which was increased to one hundred and twenty-three before the end of the first term, and to one hundred and seventy-seven at the beginning of the second year.

The institution differs from other American colleges in these particulars: there is no president; all the professors are of equal rank, except that one of their number is elected chairman of the faculty, and performs the usual representative duties. They get from the University a small fixed salary, meant to be sufficient for subsistence. Besides this, every professor receives a small fee from each of the students attending his "school." There are no rewards given by the University and no honors, except a statement of the student's proficiency in each of the "schools" which he attends; and that proficiency is ascertained, not by a system of daily marks, but by an examination which is intended to be thorough and just. "Graduation" signifies only that a student has acquitted himself well in one of the "groups" of schools. A great point is made of the examinations. "Rigorous written examinations," Dr. Charles Venable, the chairman of the faculty, has recently written, "are held periodically in each school, and the diploma of the school is conferred on those students only whose examination-papers come up to a fixed standard. That is, the candidate for graduation must obtain four-fifths (in some of the schools three-fourths) of the values assigned to the questions set in the examinations. No distinctions are made among the graduates. A student either graduates *cum laude* or not at all. In the lower classes of the schools like examina-

tions are held, and certificates of distinction given to those who come up to the standard of three-fourths of the values of the questions set."

Another peculiarity of this institution is the homage it pays to religion. This is unique. In other colleges, it is assumed that students will neither go to church nor attend prayers unless they are compelled to do so. This University, on the contrary, assumes that religion has an attractive power of its own, and leaves it to each student to go to church and attend prayers, or to abstain from so doing. Daily prayers are held and a service on Sunday is conducted by a clergyman of the vicinity, elected in rotation from the chief denominations of the State ; and he is maintained by the voluntary contributions of the inmates of the University. But the dishonor is not put upon him of compelling attendance at his ministrations. Dr. Venable states that the results of this system of freedom are such as might have been expected. "The students," he says, "contribute with commendable liberality to the support of the chaplain, who goes constantly in and out among them as their friend and brother, laboring earnestly in the promotion of Christian activity and all good works. There is always a respectable attendance of student worshippers at morning prayers, a good attendance of students in the Sunday services in the chapel as well as in the churches in the town. There is an earnest Christian activity among the students, which employs itself in the different enterprises of the University Young Men's Christian Association. They keep up six Sunday schools in the sparsely settled mountain districts of the neighborhood, five for whites and one for freedmen, with an average attendance on each of thirty pupils. This steady Christian activity is not a thing of to-day or yesterday, but it has been the rule for years."

Dr. Venable bears explicit testimony also to the happy results of Mr. Jefferson's darling system of *trusting* the students, instead of spying them. "I have seen," he says, "the plan of trusting to the students' honor, and of the abolition of all espionage tested here and in the University of South Carolina. It has also been adopted in most of the Virginia colleges with the best results. Its effects in imbuing the body of the students with the spirit of truth and candor, in giving them the proper scorn for a lie, and in promoting a frank and manly intercourse between the students and professors, cannot be too highly estimated. A student who is known to have been guilty of a violation of his examination pledge, or of any other falsehood in his dealings with the authorities, — things of rare occurrence, — is not permitted by his fellows to remain in the institution."

It is also his opinion that the University has signally answered the great design of its founder, which was, to raise the standard of liberal education in Virginia. The mere fact of keeping its diplomas, so far as is possible to human scrutiny, free from falsehoods, and issuing no diplomas of the kind called honorary, has had a perceptible effect, he thinks, in restoring to parchment a portion of the power it once had to confer honorable distinction.

Like all other institutions of learning in the Southern States, it was subjected to a most severe ordeal during the late war. The number of students had gone on increasing from year to year, until it had reached an average of six hundred and fifty. Then came the rude blast of war, which a Southern student must have been much more, or something less, than human, not to have obeyed. Abstract truth is usually powerless when father, mother, sisters, brothers, friends, and neighbors are all pulling the other way. Hundreds of alumni (the strength of a university) fell in battle, never doubting that they died for their country and their rights. But during the whole of the four years' struggle, the University was kept open, and only once did the war come near it. In March, 1865, General Sheridan was at Charlottesville with a body of cavalry ; but dur-

ing the few days of his stay in the neighborhood he placed guards around the grounds of the University, and preserved its property uninjured. For the first two or three years after the peace, education being in arrears, and the people it is said more hopeful than they are now, the number of students was again nearly five hundred. The Catalogue for 1872 shows three hundred and sixty-five. Virginia, besides bearing up under a great load of debt, has nobly continued the annual appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars; and two citizens of the State, Samuel Miller and Thomas Johnson, have recently given one hundred and forty thousand dollars to found a department of industrial chemistry and engineering.

The present effort of the visitors is to strengthen and widen the basis of the University by an endowment of half a million. That peculiar friendship which once existed between Virginia and Massachusetts, dating back to the time when Massachusetts was stricken in her chief industry, and Virginia was her bountiful helper and consolation, seems to live again in the late exchange of courtesies between the president of Harvard and the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. "I hope," says Dr. Venable, "the many friends and benefactors of Harvard will wisely concentrate on her the means of fulfilling all her high aspirations." Massachusetts, with her capital to rebuild, and her Harvard to restore, must deny herself at present many pleasures which she would otherwise enjoy. New York will, perhaps, treat herself to the gift of this half-million. It is a pleasing evidence of the advance of catholicity of feeling, that Henry Ward Beecher, the representative liberal of the Northern States, the son of a Calvinist and a Federalist, himself always an Abolitionist, should have contributed a thousand dollars to the fund.

The great thing to be desired in the higher education of America is the union of several colleges in each State to form two or three real universities. But probably this can only be done by nature's own method of strengthening the strong and starving the weak. This University, from the day when Jefferson gave it life, has shown a lusty strength that marks it as one of the "fittest" which are destined to "survive."

During these last years Mr. Jefferson showed in many other ways that the best solace of declining age is an intelligent and benevolent mind. He watched with deep concern the ceaseless movement of the human soul toward freedom and purity. Dr. Channing became an interesting figure to him, and he hailed with delight the inroads which Channing appeared to be making in what he considered the most pernicious of all priestly devices, the theology of Calvin. It is hard to say which surpassed the other in boiling hatred of Calvinism, Jefferson or John Adams. "I rejoice," writes Jefferson in 1822, "that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, which has surrendered its creed and conscience neither to kings nor priests, the genuine doctrine of one only God is reviving, and I trust there is not a *young man* now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian." He was ever the most sanguine of men. Often, at this period, he spoke of the ancient doctrines with an approach to violence. In thanking Colonel Pickering for sending him one of Dr. Channing's sermons, he wrote thus: "No one sees with greater pleasure than myself the progress of reason in its advances toward rational Christianity. When we shall have done away with the incomprehensible jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one, and one is three; when we shall have knocked down the artificial scaffolding reared to mask from view the simple structure of Jesus; when, in short, we shall have unlearned everything taught since his day, and got back to the pure and simple doctrines he inculcated, — we shall then be truly and worthily his disciples; and my opinion is, that if nothing had ever

been added to what flowed purely from his lips, the whole world would at this day have been Christian. . . . . Had there never been a commentator, there never would have been an infidel."

He became even more vehement than this after his eightieth year. He spoke of "the blasphemous absurdity of the five points of Calvin"; and declared that, in his opinion, "it would be more pardonable to believe in no God at all than to blaspheme him by the atrocious attributes of Calvin." Hence his joy at the triumphs of the young Boston preacher, whose boldness and fervor, he heard, were setting free so many human minds from the iron bondage of the past. "In our village of Charlottesville there is a good degree of religion with a small spice only of fanaticism. We have four sects, but without either church or meeting-house. The court-house is the common temple, one Sunday in the month to each. Here Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, meet together, join in hymning their Maker, listen with attention and devotion to each other's preachers, and all mix in society with perfect harmony." The final and complete remedy, he thought, for the "fever of fanaticism" was the diffusion of knowledge; and again he indulges his sanguine humor by predicting that "Unitarianism will, erelong, be the religion of the majority from north to south."

In matters political he remained to the last what he was in 1800. He could not relish Scott's novels, because they concealed, as he thought, the ugly truth of the past under an alluring guise of the romantic and picturesque. He disliked the robber Norman, loved the industrial Saxon. As for Hume's History of England and Blackstone's Commentaries, he never ceased to hate them. "They have made tories," he wrote, "of all England, and are making tories of those young Americans whose native feelings of independence do not place them above the wily sophistries of a Hume or a Blackstone. These two books, but especially the former, have done more towards the suppression of the liberties of man than all the million of men in arms of Bonaparte and the millions of human lives with the sacrifice of which he will stand loaded before the judgment seat of his Maker." He said, too, that, while he feared nothing for our liberty from the assaults of force, he *had* fears of the influence of English books, English prejudices, English manners, and their apes and dupes among professional men. He remained a free-trader to the end. The longer he lived the more he felt the necessity of a subdivision of territory, like the town system of New England, under which each citizen belongs to *a small body* of voters, with whom he can conveniently co-operate, and who can be assembled without delay or difficulty. He would have divided a city of the size of New York into three hundred wards. He also became perfectly aware of the truth, since demonstrated in so many ways and places, that universal suffrage, where a majority of the voters are grossly ignorant, tends to put the scoundrel at the summit of affairs. In commenting upon a new constitution proposed for Spain, he said there was one provision in it "which would immortalize its inventors." That provision disfranchised every man who, after a certain epoch, could not read and write.

The meeting of Jefferson and Lafayette in 1824 fills a great place in the memoirs of those times. They had labored together in anxious and critical periods: first, when Jefferson was governor of Virginia, and Lafayette commanded the forces defending the State against the inroads of Cornwallis; and afterwards when Jefferson, a tyro in diplomacy, enjoyed the powerful aid of the young and popular nobleman at the Court of France. Thirty-six years had passed since that memorable day when Lafayette had brought the leaders of the Revolution to Jefferson's house in Paris, and they had there eaten a sacramental dinner, and, afterwards, under the serene influence of the silent master of the feast, arranged a pro-

gramme upon which it was possible for them to unite. Thirty-six years! Both were old men now, — Jefferson past eighty, Lafayette nearly seventy, — but both retained every faculty except those which begin to perish as soon as they are created. Jefferson exulted when he heard of the landing of his ancient friend and colleague. "I hope," said he, "we shall close his visit with something more solid for him than dinners and balls"; and it was Jefferson who proposed that Congress should pay part of the unrecorded and unclaimed debt which the country owed Lafayette for money advanced during the Revolutionary War.

During the heats of August the French Republican landed in New York; and as soon as the cool days of September came he moved southward on a pilgrimage to Monticello. They met on one of the fine days of October. Jefferson would have gone some distance to welcome his approaching guest, but the gentlemen in charge of the occasion requested him to remain at his house, while they escorted the Marquis from Charlottesville to the summit of the mount. A brave cavalcade of the gentlemen of the county, with trumpets sounding, and banners waving in the breeze, accompanied him, and formed about the lawn, while the carriage advanced to the front of the mansion. A great concourse of excited and expectant people were present, gazing intently upon the portico. The carriage drew up; and while an alert little figure with gray hair descended, the front door of the house opened, and the tall, bent, and wasted form of Jefferson was seen. The music ceased and every head was uncovered. The two old men threw themselves into each other's arms, and relieved their feelings by a hearty embrace. The coldest heart was moved, and tears filled the eyes of almost every spectator. They entered the house together, and the assembly dispersed.

During the stay of Lafayette at Monticello, there was a grand banquet given in his honor in the great room of the University, which was attended by President Monroe and the two ex-Presidents, Madison and Jefferson. It was a time of hilarity and enthusiasm such as we can all easily imagine. When Jefferson was toasted, he handed a written speech to a friend to read to the company. I think he meant this address as a kind of Farewell to his Countrymen, and to the great Cause to which his own life and the life of his guest had been devoted,— the supremacy of Right in the affairs of men.

"I will avail myself of this occasion, my beloved neighbors and friends, to thank you for the kindness which now, and at all times, I have received at your hands. Born and bred among your fathers, led by their partiality into the line of public life, I labored in fellowship with them through that arduous struggle which, freeing us from foreign bondage, established us in the rights of self-government, — rights which have blessed ourselves, and will bless, in their sequence, all the nations of the earth. In this contest, we all did our utmost, and, as none could do more, none had pretentions to superior merit.

"I joy, my friends, in your joy, inspired by the visit of this our ancient and distinguished leader and benefactor. His deeds in the War of Independence you have heard and read. They are known to you and embalmed in your memories, and in the pages of faithful history. His deeds, in the peace which followed that war, are perhaps not known to you; but I can attest them. When I was stationed in his country, for the purpose of cementing its friendship with ours, and of advancing our mutual interests, this friend of both was my most powerful auxiliary and advocate. He made our cause his own, as in truth it was that of his native country also. His influence and connections there were great. All doors of all departments were open to him at all times; to me, only formally and at appointed times. In truth, I only held the nail, he drove it. Honor him, then, as your benefactor in peace, as well as in war.

"My friends, I am old, long in the disuse of making speeches, and without voice to utter them. In this feeble state, the exhausted powers of life leave little within my competence for your service. If, with the aid of my younger and abler coadjutors, I can still contribute anything to advance the institution within whose walls we are now mingling manifestations to this our guest, it will be, as it ever has been, cheerfully and zealously bestowed. And could I live to see it once enjoy the patronage and cherishment of our public authorities with undivided voice, I should die without a doubt of the future fortunes of my native State, and in the consoling contemplation of the happy influence of this institution on its character, its virtue, its prosperity, and safety.

"To these effusions for the cradle and land of my birth, I add, for our nation at large, the aspirations of a heart warm with the love of country; whose invocations to heaven for its indissoluble union will be fervent and unremitting while the pulse of life continues to beat, and, when that ceases, it will expire in prayers for the eternal duration of its freedom and prosperity."

When Lafayette again visited Monticello, in 1825, to take leave of his venerable friend, the University was open, with a fair prospect of realizing, at length, the fond hopes of its chief founder. Professors and students gathered about the visitor, and enlivened the table of his illustrious host.

These last years of Mr. Jefferson's life were not wholly passed in such lofty occupations as the founding of a university and the entertainment of a nation's guest. His own estate, always more large than productive, had been diminishing in value for many years. Few men lost more by the Embargo, in proportion to their means, than the author of that measure; and this was one of the reasons why he left Washington in 1809 owing twenty thousand dollars. The War of 1812 continued the suspension of commerce, and made tobacco and cotton almost worthless. After the war, Mr. Jefferson relieved himself of his most pressing embarrassments by selling the part of his estate which was most precious to him, and most peculiarly his own, — his library, — the result of sixty years' affectionate search and selection. He offered it to Congress to supply the place of their library burnt by the English soldiers in 1814; and he sedulously schemed to cut down the price so as to silence the murmurs of his old enemies, and prevent the purchase from being an injury to his friends. The committee valued it at twenty-three thousand dollars, about half its cost, and a quarter of its worth. Mr. Bacon had the charge of removing the books to Washington. "There was an immense quantity of them," he tells us, "sixteen wagon-loads. Each wagon was to carry three thousand pounds for a load, and to have four dollars a day for delivering them in Washington. If they carried more than three thousand pounds, they were to have extra pay. There were all kinds of books,— books in a great many languages that I knew nothing about."

And so Mr. Jefferson lost his library just when he needed it most, and Congress did not dare improve the golden opportunity (by merely paying the just value of a unique collection) of giving him substantial relief. But his library was soon partly replaced. Chancellor Wythe bequeathed his collection to his ancient pupil, colleague, and friend. "It was very large," says Bacon, "and nearly filled up the room of the one Mr. Jefferson sold to Congress."

The hard times of 1819 and 1820, which reduced so many established families to poverty, brought upon Mr. Jefferson, also, an insupportable burden. He had indorsed for one of his oldest friends and connections, to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, in the confident expectation of saving him from ruin. His friend became bankrupt notwithstanding, and the indorser had to take upon his aged shoulders this crushing addition to his already excessive load, — twelve hundred dol-

lars a year in money. One consequence of this misfortune was that he lost the services of his faithful and competent manager, Edmund Bacon, who had been for some years looking westward, intending to buy land and settle there. "I was sorry," he says, "to leave Mr. Jefferson; but I was more willing to do it, because I did not wish to see the poor old gentleman suffer, what I knew he must suffer, from the debts that were pressing upon him." They had a sorrowful parting after their twenty years of friendly and familiar intercourse. "It was a trying time to me," Mr. Bacon records. "I don't know whether he shed any tears or not, but I know that I shed a good many. He was sitting in his room, on his sofa, where I had seen him so often, and keeping hold of my hand some time, he said, 'Now let us hear from each other occasionally'; and as long as he lived I heard from him once or twice a year. The last letter I ever had from him was when I wrote him of the death of my wife, soon after I got to Kentucky. He expressed a great deal of sympathy for me; said he did not wonder that I felt completely broken up, and was disposed to move back; that he had passed through the same himself; and only time and silence would relieve me."

Mr. Jefferson's affairs did not mend, though he enjoyed the able and resolute assistance of his grandson and namesake, Thomas Jefferson Randolph; and he resolved, at length, to discharge the worst of his debts, in the fashion of old Virginia, by selling a portion of his lands. But there was nobody to buy. Land sold in the usual way would not bring a third of its value; and consequently he petitioned the Legislature to relax the operation of law so far as to allow him to dispose of some of his farms by lottery, as was frequently done when money was to be raised for a public object. The Legislature granted his request, though with reluctance. But, in the mean time, it had been noised abroad, all over the Union, that the author of the Declaration of Independence was about to lose that far-famed Monticello, with which his name had been associated in the public mind for two generations, the abode of his prime and the refuge of his old age, a Mecca to the Republicans of many lands. A feeling arose in all liberal minds that this must not be; and, during the spring of 1826, the last of his years, subscriptions were made for his relief in several places. Philip Hone, mayor of New York, raised without an effort, as Mr. Randall records, eight thousand five hundred dollars. Philadelphia sent five thousand, and Baltimore three thousand. The lottery was suspended, and Mr. Jefferson's last days were solaced by the belief that the subscriptions would suffice to free his estate from debt, and secure home and independence to his daughter and her children. He was proud of the liberality of his countrymen, and proud to be its object. He who had refused to accept so much as a loan from the Legislature of his State gloried in being the recipient of gifts from individuals. "No cent of this," said he, "is wrung from the tax-payer. It is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

There has seldom been a sounder constitution than his, nor one less abused. At eighty-two his teeth were all but perfect; he enjoyed his daily ride on horseback of ten miles; and he was only afraid that life might continue after it had ceased to be a blessing. "I have ever," he wrote to Mr. Adams in 1822, "dreaded a doting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever." Reduced by an occasional diarrhœa, he alternately rallied and declined during the next three years; but, of course, never quite regained after an attack

what he had lost. By his family the decay of his bodily powers was scarcely observed, it was so gradual, until the spring of 1826, when it became more obvious and rapid. It was his habit all his life to be silent with regard to his own sufferings; and now, especially, he concealed from every one the ravages of a disease which, he knew, was about to deliver him from the "doting old age" that he dreaded. His grandson just mentioned, who stood nearer to him at this period than any one except his daughter, was taken by surprise when he heard him say, in March, 1826, that he *might* live till midsummer; and, again, when, about the middle of June, he said, as he handed him a paper to read, "Don't delay, there is no time to be lost."

From that day he was under regular medical treatment. He told his physician, Dr. Dunglison of the University, that he attributed his disease to his free use, some years before, of the water of the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia. On the 24th of June he was still well enough to write a long letter in reply to an invitation to attend the fiftieth celebration of the Fourth of July, at Washington. How sanguine his mind within nine days of his death! "All eyes," he wrote, with trembling hand, indeed, but with a heart buoyant and alert, "are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God." Nothing of him was impaired but his body, even then. But that grew steadily weaker until he lay upon his bed, serene, painless, cheerful, in full possession of his reason, but helpless and dying. He conversed calmly with his family concerning his affairs, in the tone of a person about to set out upon a journey which could not be avoided. He mentioned to his friends a fact of his mental condition that seemed to strike him as peculiar,— that the scenes and events of the Revolutionary period kept recurring to him. The curtains of his bed, he said, were brought over in the first ship that arrived after the peace of 1782, and he related many incidents of those eventful times. Once, while he was dozing, he placed his hands as if he were writing with his right on a tablet held in his left, and murmured, "Warn the committee to be on the alert." When his grandson said that he thought he was a little better, he replied: "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude about the result. I am like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here, and a wheel there, until it can go no longer." Upon imagining that he heard a clergyman of the neighborhood in the next room, he said, "I have no objection to see him as a kind and good neighbor"; meaning, as his grandson thought, that he did not desire to see him in his professional character. He repeated on his deathbed a remark which he had made a hundred times before: His calumniators he had never thought were assailing *him*, but a being non-existent, of their own imagining, to whom they had given the name of Thomas Jefferson. Observing a little grandson eight years old in the room, he said, with a smile: "George does not understand what all this means." He spoke much of Mr. Madison, who, he hoped, would succeed him as rector of the University. He eulogized him justly as one of the best of men, and one of the greatest of citizens.

During the 3d of July, he dozed hour after hour, under the influence of opiates, rousing occasionally, and uttering a few words. It was evident that his end was very near, and a fervent desire arose in all minds that he should live until the Day which he had assisted to consecrate half a century before. He, too, desired it. At eleven in the evening, Mr. N. P. Trist, the young husband of one of his grand-daughters, sat by his pillow watching his face, and turning every minute toward the slow-

moving hands of the clock, dreading lest the flickering flame should go out before midnight. "This is the Fourth?" whispered the dying patriot. Mr. Trist could nor bear to say, "Not yet"; so he remained silent. "This is the Fourth?" again asked Mr. Jefferson, in a whisper. Mr. Trist nodded assent. "Ah!" he breathed; and an expression of satisfaction passed over his countenance. Again he sunk into sleep, which all about him feared was the slumber of death. But midnight came; the night passed; the morning dawned, the sun rose, the new day progressed; and still he breathed, and occasionally indicated a desire, by words or looks. At twenty minutes to one in the afternoon he ceased to live.

At Quincy, on the granite shore of distant Massachusetts, another memorable death scene was passing on this Fourth of July, 1826.

John Adams, at the age of ninety-one, had been an enjoyer of existence down almost to the dawn of the fiftieth Fourth of July. He voted for Monroe, in 1820. His own son was President of the United States in 1826. He used to sit many hours of every day, tranquilly listening to members of his family, while they read to him the new books with which friends in Boston, knowing his taste, kept him abundantly supplied. He, who was a formed man when Dr. Johnson was writing his Dictionary, lived to enjoy Scott's novels and Byron's poetry. His grandson, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the worthy heir of an honorable name, then a youth of eighteen, used to sit by him, he tells us, for days together, reading to him, "watching the noble image of a serene old age, or listening with unabated interest to the numerous anecdotes, the reminiscences of the past, and the speculations upon the questions of all times, in which he loved to indulge." On the last day of June, 1826, though his strength had much declined of late, he was still well enough to receive and chat with a neighbor, the orator of the coming anniversary, who called to ask him for a toast to be offered at the usual banquet. "I will give you," said the old man, "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!" Being asked if he wished to add anything to it, he replied, "Not a word." The day came. It was evident that he could not long survive. He lingered, tranquil and without pain, to the setting of the sun. The last words that he articulated were thought to be, "Thomas Jefferson still lives." As the sun sank below the horizon, a noise of great shouting was heard in the village, and reached even the apartment in which the old man lay. It was the enthusiastic cheers called forth by his toast, — Independence forever. Before the sounds died away he had breathed his last.

The coincidence of the death of these two venerable men on the Day associated with their names in all minds did not startle the whole country at once, on the morning of the next day, as such an event now would. Slowly the news of Mr. Adams's death spread over the Northern States, while that of Mr. Jefferson's was borne more slowly over the Southern; so that almost every person heard of the death of one several days before he learned the death of the other. The public mind had been wrought to an unusual degree of patriotic fervor by the celebration of the anniversary of the nation's birth, when few orators had failed to allude to the sole survivors of the body which had declared independence. That one of them should have departed on that day struck every mind as something remarkable. But when it became known that the author of the Declaration and its most powerful defender had both breathed their last on the Fourth of July, the Fiftieth since they had set it apart from the roll of common days, it seemed as if Heaven had given its visible and unerring sanction to the work they had done.

James Parton.

SOLOMON.

MIDWAY in the eastern part of Ohio lies the coal country; round-topped hills there begin to show themselves in the level plain, trending back from Lake Erie; afterwards rising higher and higher, they stretch away into Pennsylvania and are dignified by the name of Alleghany Mountains. But no names have they in their Ohio birthplace, and little do the people care for them, save as storehouses for fuel. The roads lie along the slow-moving streams, and the farmers ride slowly over them in their broad-wheeled wagons, now and then passing dark holes in the bank from whence come little carts into the sunshine, and men, like *silhouettes*, walking behind them, with glow-worm lamps fastened in their hat-bands. Neither farmers nor miners glance up towards the hill-tops; no doubt they consider them useless mounds, and, were it not for the coal, they would envy their neighbors of the grain-country, whose broad, level fields stretch unbroken through Central Ohio; as, however, the canal-boats go away full, and long lines of coal-cars go away full, and every man's coal-shed is full, and money comes back from the great iron-mills of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, the coal country, though unknown in a picturesque point of view, continues to grow rich and prosperous.

Yet picturesque it is, and no part more so than the valley where stands the village of the quaint German Community on the banks of the slow-moving Tuscarawas River. One October day we left the lake behind us and journeyed inland, following the watercourses and looking forward for the first glimpse of rising ground; blue are the waters of Erie on a summer day, red and golden are its autumn sunsets, but so level, so deadly level are its shores that, at times, there comes a longing for the sight of distant hills. Hence our journey. Night found us still in the "Western Reserve": Ohio has some queer names of her own for portions of her territory, the "Fire Lands," the "Donation Grant," the "Salt Section," the "Refugee's Tract," and the "Western Reserve" are names well known, although not found on the maps. Two days more and we came into the coal country; near by were the "Moravian Lands," and at the end of the last day's ride we crossed a yellow bridge over a stream called the "One-Leg Creek."

"I have tried in vain to discover the origin of this name," I said, as we leaned out of the carriage to watch the red leaves float down the slow tide.

"Create one, then. A one-legged soldier, a farmer's pretty daughter, an elopement in a flat-bottomed boat, and a home upon this stream which yields its stores of catfish for their support," suggested Erminia.

"The original legend would be better than that if we could only find it, for real life is always better than fiction," I answered.

"In real life we are all masked; but in fiction the author shows the faces as they are, Dora."

"I do not believe we are all masked, Erminia. I can read my friends like a printed page."

"O, the wonderful faith of youth!" said Ermine, retiring upon her seniority.

Presently the little church on the hill came into view through a vista in the trees. We passed the mill and its flowing race, the blacksmith's shop, the great grass meadow, and drew up in front of the quaint hotel where the trustees allowed the world's people, if uninquisitive and decorous, to remain in the Community for short periods of time, on the payment of three dollars

per week for each person. This village was our favorite retreat, our little hiding-place in the hill-country; at that time it was almost as isolated as a solitary island, for the Community owned thousands of outlying acres and held no intercourse with the surrounding townships. Content with their own, unmindful of the rest of the world, these Germans grew steadily richer and richer, solving quietly the problem of co-operative labor, while the French and Americans worked at it in vain with newspapers, orators, and even cannon to aid them. The members of the Community were no ascetic anchorites; each tiled roof covered a home with a thrifty mother and train of grave little children, the girls in short-waisted gowns, kerchiefs, and frilled caps, and the boys in tailed coats, long-flapped vests, and trousers, as soon as they were able to totter. We liked them all, we liked the life; we liked the mountain-high beds, the coarse, snowy linen, and the remarkable counterpanes; we liked the cream-stewed chicken, the Käse-lab, and fresh butter, but, best of all, the hot bretzels for breakfast. And let not the hasty city imagination turn to the hard, salty, sawdust cake in the shape of a broken-down figure eight which is served with lager-beer in saloons and gardens. The Community bretzel was of a delicate flaky white in the inside, shading away into a golden-brown crust of crisp involutions, light as a feather, and flanked by little pats of fresh, unsalted butter and a deep-blue cup wherein the coffee was hot, the cream yellow, and the sugar broken lumps from the old-fashioned loaf, now alas! obsolete.

We stayed among the simple people and played at shepherdesses and pastorellas; we adopted the hours of the birds, we went to church on Sunday and sang German chorals as old as Luther. We even played at work to the extent of helping gather apples, eating the best, and riding home on top of the loaded four-horse wains. But one day we heard of a new diversion, a sulphur-spring over the hills about two miles from the hotel on land belonging to the Community; and, obeying the fascination which earth's native medicines exercise over all earth's children, we immediately started in search of the nauseous spring. The road wound over the hill, past one of the apple orchards, where the girls were gathering the red fruit, and then down a little declivity where the track branched off to the Community coal-mine; then a solitary stretch through the thick woods, a long hill with a curve, and at the foot a little dell with a patch of meadow, a brook, and a log-house with overhanging roof, a forlorn house unpainted and desolate. There was not even the blue door which enlivened many of the Community dwellings. "This looks like the huts of the Black Forest," said Erminia. "Who would have supposed that we should find such an antique in Ohio!"

"I am confident it was built by the M. B.'s," I replied. "They tramped, you know, extensively through the State, burying axes and leaving every now and then a mastodon behind them."

"Well, if the Mound-Builders selected this site they showed good taste," said Erminia, refusing, in her afternoon indolence, the argumentum nonsensicum with which we were accustomed to enliven our conversation. It was, indeed, a lovely spot, — the little meadow, smooth and bright as green velvet, the brook chattering over the pebbles, and the hills, gay in red and yellow foliage, rising abruptly on all sides. After some labor we swung open the great gate and entered the yard, crossed the brook on a mossy plank, and followed the path through the grass towards the lonely house. An old shepherd-dog lay at the door of a dilapidated shed like a block-house which had once been a stable; he did not bark, but, rising slowly, came along beside us, — a large, gaunt animal that looked at us with such melancholy eyes that Erminia stooped

to pat him. Ermine had a weakness for dogs; she herself owned a wild beast of the dog kind that went by the name of the "Emperor Trajan," and, accompanied by this dignitary, she was accustomed to stroll up the avenues of C——, lost in maiden meditations.

We drew near the house and stepped up on the sunken piazza, but no signs of life appeared. The little loophole windows were pasted over with paper, and the plank door had no latch or handle. I knocked, but no one came. "Apparently it is a haunted house, and that dog is the spectre," I said, stepping back.

"Knock three times," suggested Ermine; "that is what they always do in ghost-stories."

"Try it yourself. My knuckles are not cast-iron."

Ermine picked up a stone and began tapping on the door. "Open sesame," she said, and it opened.

Instantly the dog slunk away to his block-house and a woman confronted us, her dull face lighting up as her eyes ran rapidly over our attire from head to foot. "Is there a sulphur-spring here?" I asked. "We would like to try the water."

"Yes, it 's here fast enough in the back hall. Come in, ladies; I 'm right proud to see you. From the city, I suppose?"

"From C——," I answered; "we are spending a few days in the Community."

Our hostess led the way through the little hall, and throwing open a back door pulled up a trap in the floor, and there we saw the spring, — a shallow well set in stones, with a jar of butter cooling in its white water. She brought a cup, and we drank. "Delicious," said Ermine. "The true, spoiled-egg flavor! Four cups is the minimum allowance, Dora."

"I reckon it 's good for the insides," said the woman, standing with arms akimbo and staring at us. She was a singular creature, with large black eyes, Roman nose, and a mass of black hair tightly knotted on the top of her head, but thin, pinched, and gaunt; her yellow forehead was wrinkled with a fixed frown, and her thin lips drawn down in permanent discontent. Her dress was a shapeless linsey-woolsey gown, and home-made list slippers covered her long, lank feet. "Be that the fashion?" she asked, pointing to my short, closely-fitting walking-dress.

"Yes," I answered; "do you like it?"

"Well, it does for you, sis, because you 're so little and peaked-like, but it would n't do for me. The other lady, now, don't wear nothing like that; is she even with the style, too?"

"There is such a thing as being above the style, madam," replied Ermine, bending to dip up glass number two.

"Our figgers is a good deal alike," pursued the woman; "I reckon that fashion 'ud suit me best."

Willowy Erminia glanced at the stick-like hostess. "You do me honor," she said suavely. "I shall consider myself fortunate, madam, if you will allow me to send you patterns from C——. What are we if not well dressed?"

"You have a fine dog," I began hastily, fearing lest the great, black eyes should penetrate the sarcasm; "what is his name?"

"A stupid beast! He 's none of mine; belongs to my man."

"Your husband?"

"Yes, my man. He works in the coal-mine over the hill."

"You have no children?"

"Not a brat. Glad of it, too."

"You must be lonely," I said, glancing around the desolate house. To my surprise, suddenly the woman burst into a flood of tears, and sinking down on the floor she rocked from side to side, sobbing, and covering her face with her bony hands.

"What can be the matter with her?" I said in alarm, and, in my agitation, I dipped up some sulphur-water and held it to her lips.

"Take away the smelling stuff, — I

hate it!" she cried, pushing the cup angrily from her.

Ermine looked on in silence for a moment or two, then she took off her neck-tie, a bright-colored Roman scarf, and threw it across the trap into the woman's lap. "Do me the favor to accept that trifle, madam," she said, in her soft voice.

The woman's sobs ceased as she saw the ribbon; she fingered it with one hand in silent admiration, wiped her wet face with the skirt of her gown, and then suddenly disappeared into an adjoining room, closing the door behind her.

"Do you think she is crazy?" I whispered.

"O, no; merely pensive."

"Nonsense, Ermine! But why did you give her that ribbon?"

"To develop her æsthetic taste," replied my cousin, finishing her last glass, and beginning to draw on her delicate gloves.

Immediately I began gulping down my neglected dose; but so vile was the odor that some time was required for the operation, and in the midst of my struggles our hostess reappeared. She had thrown on an old dress of plaid delaine, a faded red ribbon was tied over her head, and around her sinewed throat reposed the Roman scarf pinned with a glass brooch.

"Really, madam, you honor us," said Ermine gravely.

"Thankee, marm. It 's so long since I 've had on anything but that old bag, and so long since I 've seen anything but them Dutch girls over to the Community, with their wooden shapes and wooden shoes, that it sorter come over me all 't once t what a miserable life I 've had. You see, I ain't what I looked like; now I 've dressed up a bit I feel more like telling you that I come of good Ohio stock, without a drop of Dutch blood. My father, he kep' a store in Sandy, and I had everything I wanted until I must needs get crazy over painting Sol at the Community. Father, he would n't hear to it, and so I ran away; Sol, he turned out good for nothing to work, and so here I am, yer see, in spite of all his pictures making me out the Queen of Sheby."

"Is your husband an artist?" I asked.

"No, miss. He 's a coal-miner, he is. But he used to like to paint me all sorts of ways. Wait, I 'll show yer." Going up the rough stairs that led into the attic, the woman came back after a moment with a number of sheets of drawing-paper which she hung up along the walls with pins for our inspection. They were all portraits of the same face, with brick-red cheeks, enormous black eyes, and a profusion of shining black hair hanging down over plump white shoulders; the costumes were various, but the faces were the same. I gazed in silence, seeing no likeness to anything earthly. Erminia took out her glasses and scanned the pictures slowly.

"Yourself, madam, I perceive," she said, much to my surprise.

"Yes, 'm, that 's me," replied our hostess, complacently. "I never was like those yellow-haired girls over to the Community. Sol allers said my face was real rental."

"Rental?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Oriental, of course," said Ermine. "Mr. — Mr. Solomon is quite right. May I ask the names of these characters, madam?"

"Queen of Sheby, Judy, Ruth, Esthy, Po-co-hon-tus, Goddessaliberty, Sunset, and eight Octobers, them with the grapes. Sunset 's the one with the red paint behind it like clouds."

"Truly, a remarkable collection," said Ermine. "Does Mr. Solomon devote much time to his art?"

"No, not now. He could n't make a cent out of it, so he 's took to digging coal. He painted all them when we was first married, and he went a journey all the way to Cincinnati to sell 'em. First, he was going to buy me a silk dress and some ear-rings, and, after that, a farm. But pretty soon, home he come on a canal-boat, without a shilling, and a bringing all the pictures

back with him! Well, then he tried most everything, but he never could keep to any one trade, for he 'd just as lief quit work in the middle of the forenoon and go to painting; no boss 'll stand that, you know. We kep' a going down, and I had to sell the few things my father give me when he found I was married whether or no, — my chany, my feather-beds, and my nice clothes, piece by piece. I held on to the big looking-glass for four years, but at last it had to go, and then I just gave up and put on a linsey-woolsey gown. When a girl's spirit 's once broke, she don't care for nothing, you know; so, when the Community offered to take Sol back as coal-digger, I just said, 'Go,' and we come." Here she tried to smear the tears away with her bony hands, and gave a low groan.

"Groaning probably relieves you," observed Ermine.

"Yes, 'm. It 's kinder company like, when I 'm all alone. But you see it 's hard on the prettiest girl in Sandy to have to live in this lone lorn place. Why, ladies, you might n't believe it, but I had open-work stockings, and feathers in my winter bunnets before I was married!" And the tears broke forth afresh.

"Accept my handkerchief," said Ermine; "it will serve your purpose better than fingers."

The woman took the dainty cambric and surveyed it curiously, held at arm's length. "Reg'lar thistle-down, now, ain't it?" she said; "and smells like a locust-tree blossom."

"Mr. Solomon, then, belonged to the Community?" I asked, trying to gather up the threads of the story.

"No, he did n't either; he 's no Dutchman I reckon, he 's a Lake County man, born near Painesville, he is."

"I thought you spoke as though he had been in the Community."

"So he had; he did n't belong, but he worked for 'em since he was a boy, did middling well, in spite of the painting, until one day, when he come over to Sandy on a load of wood and seen me standing at the door. That was the end of him," continued the woman, with an air of girlish pride; "he could n't work no more for thinking of me."

"*Où la vanité va-t-elle se nicher?*" murmured Ermine, rising. "Come, Dora; it is time to return."

As I hastily finished my last cup of sulphur-water, our hostess followed Ermine towards the door. "Will you have your handkercher back, marm?" she said, holding it out reluctantly.

"It was a free gift, madam," replied my cousin; "I wish you a good afternoon."

"Say, will yer be coming again tomorrow?" asked the woman as I took my departure.

"Very likely; good by."

The door closed, and then, but not till then, the melancholy dog joined us and stalked behind until we had crossed the meadow and reached the gate. We passed out and turned up the hill, but looking back we saw the outline of the woman's head at the upper window, and the dog's head at the bars, both watching us out of sight.

In the evening there came a cold wind down from the north, and the parlor, with its primitive ventilators, square openings in the side of the house, grew chilly. So a great fire of soft coal was built in the broad Franklin stove, and before its blaze we made good cheer, nor needed the one candle which flickered on the table behind us. Cider fresh from the mill, carded gingerbread, and new cheese crowned the scene, and during the evening came a band of singers, the young people of the Community, and sang for us the song of the Lorelei, accompanied by home-made violins and flageolets. At length we were left alone, the candle had burned out, the house door was barred, and the peaceful Community was asleep; still we two sat together with our feet upon the hearth, looking down into the glowing coals.

"Ich weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dasz ich so traurig bin,"

I said, repeating the opening lines of

the Lorelei; "I feel absolutely blue to-night."

"The memory of the sulphur-woman," suggested Ermine.

"Sulphur-woman! What a name!"

"Entirely appropriate, in my opinion."

"Poor thing! How she longed with a great longing for the finery of her youth in Sandy."

"I suppose from those barbarous pictures that she was originally in the flesh," mused Ermine; "at present she is but a bony outline."

"Such as she is, however, she has had her romance," I answered. "She is quite sure that there was one to love her; then let come what may, she has had her day."

"Misquoting Tennyson on such a subject!" said Ermine, with disdain.

"A man 's a man for all that, and a woman 's a woman too," I retorted. "You are blind, cousin, blinded with pride. That woman has had her tragedy, as real and bitter as any that can come to us."

"What have you to say for the poor man, then?" exclaimed Ermine, rousing to the contest. "If there is a tragedy at the sulphur-house, it belongs to the sulphur-man, not to the sulphur-woman."

"He is not a sulphur-man, he is a coal-man; keep to your bearings, Ermine."

"I tell you," pursued my cousin earnestly, "that I pitied that unknown man with inward tears all the while I sat by that trap-door. Depend upon it, he had his dream, his ideal; and this country girl with her great eyes and wealth of hair represented the beautiful to his hungry soul. He gave his whole life and hope into her hands, and woke to find his goddess a common wooden image."

"Waste sympathy upon a coal-miner!" I said, imitating my cousin's former tone.

"If any one is blind, it is you," she answered, with gleaming eyes. "That man's whole history stood revealed in the selfish complainings of that creature. He had been in the Community from boyhood, therefore of course he had no chance to learn life, to see its art-treasures. He has been shipwrecked, poor soul, hopelessly shipwrecked."

"She too, Ermine."

"She!"

"Yes. If he loved pictures, she loved her chany and her feather-beds, not to speak of the big looking-glass. No doubt she had other lovers, and might have lived in a red brick farm-house with ten unopened front windows and a blistered front door. The wives of men of genius are always to be pitied; they do not soar into the crowd of feminine admirers who circle round the husband, and they are therefore called 'grubs,' 'worms of the earth,' 'drudges,' and other sweet titles."

"Nonsense," said Ermine, tumbling the arched coals into chaos with the poker; "it 's after midnight, let us go up stairs." I knew very well that my beautiful cousin enjoyed the society of several poets, painters, musicians, and others of that ilk, without concerning herself about their stay-at-home wives.

The next day the winds were out in battle array, howling over the Strasburg hills, raging up and down the river, and whirling the colored leaves wildly along the lovely road to the One-Leg Creek. Evidently there could be no rambling in the painted woods that day, so we went over to old Fritz's shop, played on his home-made piano, inspected the woolly horse who turned his crank patiently in an underground den, and set in motion all the curious little images which the carpenter's deft fingers had wrought. Fritz belonged to the Community, and knew nothing of the outside world; he had a taste for mechanism, which showed itself in many labor-saving devices, and with it all he was the roundest, kindest little man, with bright eyes like a canary-bird.

"Do you know Solomon, the coal-miner?" asked Ermine, in her correct, well-learned German.

"Sol Bangs? Yes, I know him," replied Fritz, in his Würtemberg dialect.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Good for nothing," replied Fritz placidly.

"Why?"

"Wrong here"; tapping his forehead.

"Do you know his wife?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"Too much tongue. Women must not talk much."

"Old Fritz touched us both there," I said, as we ran back laughing to the hotel through the blustering wind. "In his opinion, I suppose, we have the popular verdict of the township upon our two *protégés*, the sulphur-woman and her husband."

The next day opened calm, hazy, and warm, the perfection of Indian summer; the breezy hill was outlined in purple, and the trees glowed in rich colors. In the afternoon we started for the sulphur-spring without shawls or wraps, for the heat was almost oppressive; we loitered on the way through the still woods, gathering the tinted leaves, and wondering why no poet has yet arisen to celebrate in fit words the glories of the American autumn. At last we reached the turn whence the lonely house came into view, and at the bars we saw the dog awaiting us.

"Evidently the sulphur-woman does not like that melancholy animal," I said, as we applied our united strength to the gate.

"Did you ever know a woman of limited mind who liked a large dog?" replied Ermine. "Occasionally such a woman will fancy a small cur; but to appreciate a large, noble dog requires a large, noble mind."

"Nonsense with your dogs and minds," I said, laughing. "Wonderful! There is a curtain."

It was true. The paper had been removed from one of the windows, and in its place hung some white drapery, probably part of a sheet rigged as a curtain.

Before we reached the piazza the door opened, and our hostess appeared. "Glad to see yer, ladies," she said. "Walk right in this way to the keeping-room."

The dog went away to his block-house, and we followed the woman into a room on the right of the hall; there were three rooms, beside the attic above. An Old-World German stove of brick-work occupied a large portion of the space, and over it hung a few tins, and a clock whose pendulum swung outside; a table, a settle, and some stools completed the furniture; but on the plastered walls were two rude brackets, one holding a cup and saucer of figured china, and the other surmounted by a large bunch of autumn leaves, so beautiful in themselves and so exquisitely arranged that we crossed the room to admire them.

"Sol fixed 'em, he did," said the sulphur-woman; "he seen me setting things to rights, and he would do it. I told him they was trash, but he made me promise to leave 'em alone in case you should call again."

"Madam Bangs, they would adorn a palace," said Ermine severely.

"The cup is pretty too," I observed, seeing the woman's eyes turn that way.

"It 's the last of my chany," she answered, with pathos in her voice, — "the very last piece."

As we took our places on the settle we noticed the brave attire of our hostess. The delaine was there; but how altered! Flounces it had, skimped, but still flounces, and at the top was a collar of crochet cotton reaching nearly to the shoulders; the hair too was braided in imitation of Ermine's sunny coronet, and the Roman scarf did duty as a belt around the large flat waist.

"You see she tries to improve," I whispered, as Mrs. Bangs went into the hall to get some sulphur-water for us.

"Vanity," answered Ermine.

We drank our dose slowly, and our hostess talked on and on. Even I, her champion, began to weary of her com-

plainings. "How dark it is!" said Ermine at last, rising and drawing aside the curtain. "See, Dora, a storm is close upon us."

We hurried to the door, but one look at the black cloud was enough to convince us that we could not reach the Community hotel before it would break, and somewhat drearily we returned to the keeping-room, which grew darker and darker, until our hostess was obliged to light a candle. "Reckon you 'll have to stay all night; I 'd like to have you, ladies," she said. "The Community ain't got nothing covered to send after you, except the old king's coach, and I misdoubt they won't let that out in such a storm, steps and all. When it begins to rain in this valley, it do rain, I can tell you; and from the way it 's begun, 't won't stop 'fore morning. You just let me send the Roarer over to the mine, he 'll tell Sol; Sol can tell the Community folks, so they 'll know where you be."

I looked somewhat aghast at this proposal, but Ermine listened to the rain upon the roof a moment, and then quietly accepted; she remembered the long hills of tenacious red clay, and her kid boots were dear to her.

"The Roarer, I presume, is some faithful kobold who bears your message to and from the mine," she said, making herself as comfortable as the wooden settle would allow.

The sulphur-woman stared. "Roarer 's Sol's old dog," she answered, opening the door; "perhaps one of you will write a bit of a note for him to carry in his basket.— Roarer, Roarer!"

The melancholy dog came slowly in, and stood still while she tied a small covered basket around his neck.

Ermine took a leaf from her tablets and wrote a line or two with the gold pencil attached to her watch-chain.

"Well now, you do have everything handy, I do declare," said the woman, admiringly.

I glanced at the paper.

"Mr. Solomon Bangs:— My cousin Theodora Wentworth and myself have accepted the hospitality of your house for the night. Will you be so good as to send tidings of our safety to the Community, and oblige,

"Erminia Stuart."

The Roarer started obediently out into the rain-storm with his little basket; he did not run, but walked slowly, as if the storm was nothing compared to his settled melancholy.

"What a note to send to a coal-miner!" I said, during a momentary absence of our hostess.

"Never fear; it will be appreciated," replied Ermine.

"What is this king's carriage of which you spoke?" I asked, during the next hour's conversation.

"O, when they first come over from Germany, they had a sort of a king; he knew more than the rest, and he lived in that big brick house with dormel-winders and a cuperler, that stands next the garden. The carriage was hisn, and it had steps to let down, and curtains and all; they don't use it much now he 's dead. They 're a queer set anyhow! The women look like meal-sacks. After Sol seen me, he could n't abide to look at 'em."

Soon after six we heard the great gate creak.

"That 's Sol," said the woman, "and now of course Roarer 'll come in and track all over my floor." The hall door opened and a shadow passed into the opposite room, two shadows, — a man and a dog.

"He 's going to wash himself now," continued the wife; "he 's always washing himself, just like a horse."

"New fact in natural history, Dora love," observed Ermine.

After some moments the miner appeared,— a tall, stooping figure with high forehead, large blue eyes, and long, thin, yellow hair; there was a singularly lifeless expression in his face, and a far-off look in his eyes. He gazed about the room in an absent way, as though he scarcely saw us. Behind him stalked the Roarer, wagging his tail slowly from side to side.

"Now then, don't yer see the ladies, Sol? Where 's yer manners?" said his wife sharply.

"Ah, — yes, — good evening," he said vaguely. Then his wandering eyes fell upon Ermine's beautiful face, and fixed themselves there with strange intentness.

"You received my note, Mr. Bangs," said my cousin in her soft voice.

"Yes, surely. You are Erminia," replied the man, still standing in the centre of the room with fixed eyes. The Roarer laid himself down behind his master, and his tail, still wagging, sounded upon the floor with a regular tap.

"Now then, Sol, since you 've come home, perhaps you 'll entertain the ladies while I get supper," quoth Mrs. Bangs; and forthwith began a clatter of pans.

The man passed his long hand abstractedly over his forehead. "Eh," he said with long-drawn utterance, — "eh-h? Yes, my rose of Sharon, certainly, certainly."

"Then why don't you do it?" said the woman, lighting the fire in the brick stove.

"And what will the ladies please to do?" he answered, his eyes going back to Ermine.

"We will look over your pictures, sir," said my cousin, rising; "they are in the upper room, I believe."

A great flush rose in the painter's thin cheeks. "Will you," he said eagerly, — "will you? Come!"

"It 's a broken-down old hole, ladies; Sol will never let me sweep it out. Reckon you 'll be more comfortable here," said Mrs. Bangs, with her arms in the flour.

"No, no, my lily of the valley. The ladies will come with me; they will not scorn the poor room."

"A studio is always interesting," said Ermine, sweeping up the rough stairs behind Solomon's candle. The dog followed us, and laid himself down on an old mat, as though well accustomed to the place. "Eh-h, boy, you came bravely through the storm with the lady's note," said his master, beginning to light candle after candle. "See him laugh!"

"Can a dog laugh?" I asked.

"Certainly; look at him now. What is that but a grin of happy contentment? Don't the Bible say, 'grin like a dog'?"

"You seem much attached to the Roarer!"

"Tuscarora, lady, Tuscarora. Yes, I love him well. He has been with me through all, and he has watched the making of all my pictures; he always lies there when I paint."

By this time a dozen candles were burning on shelves and brackets, and we could see all parts of the attic studio. It was but a poor place, unfloored in the corners where the roof slanted down, and having no ceiling but the dark beams and thatch; hung upon the walls were the pictures we had seen, and many others, all crude and highly colored, and all representing the same face, — the sulphur-woman in her youth, the poor artist's only ideal. He showed us these one by one, handling them tenderly, and telling us, in his quaint language, all they symbolized. "This is Ruth, and denoteth the power of hope," he said. "Behold Judith, the queen of revenge. And this dear one is Rachel, for whom Jacob served seven years, and it seemed unto him but a day, so well he loved her." The light shone on his pale face, and we noticed the far-off look in his eyes, and the long, tapering fingers coming out from the hard-worked, broad palm. To me it was a melancholy scene, the poor artist with his daubs and the dreary attic.

But Ermine seemed eagerly interested; she looked at the staring pictures, listened to the explanations, and at last she said gently, "Let me show you something of perspective, and the part that shadows play in a pictured face. Have you any crayons?"

No; the man had only his coarse paints and lumps of charcoal; taking a piece of the coal in her delicate hand my cousin began to work upon a sheet of drawing-paper attached to the rough

easel. Solomon watched her intently, as she explained and demonstrated some of the rules of drawing, the lights and shades, and the manner of representing the different features and curves. All his pictures were full faces, flat and unshaded; Ermine showed him the power of the profile and the three-quarter view. I grew weary of watching them, and pressing my face against the little window gazed out into the night; steadily the rain came down and the hills shut us in like a well. I thought of our home in C——, and its bright lights, warmth, company, and life. Why should we come masquerading out among the Ohio hills at this late season? And then I remembered that it was because Ermine would come; she liked such expeditions, and from childhood I had always followed her lead. "*Dux nascitur*, etc., etc." Turning away from the gloomy night, I looked towards the easel again; Solomon's cheeks were deeply flushed, and his eyes shone like stars. The lesson went on, the merely mechanical hand explaining its art to the ignorant fingers of genius. Ermine had taken lessons all her life, but she had never produced an original picture, only copies.

At last the lesson was interrupted by a voice from below, "Sol, Sol, supper 's ready!" No one stirred until, feeling some sympathy for the amount of work which my ears told me had been going on below, I woke up the two enthusiasts and took them away from the easel down stairs into the keeping-room, where a loaded table and a scarlet hostess bore witness to the truth of my surmise. Strange things we ate that night, dishes unheard of in towns, but not unpalatable. Ermine had the one china cup for her corn-coffee: her grand air always secured her such favors. Tuscarora was there and ate of the best, now and then laying his shaggy head on the table, and, as his master said, "smiling at us"; evidently the evening was his gala time. It was nearly nine when the feast was ended, and I immediately proposed retiring to bed, for, having but little art enthusiasm, I dreaded a vigil in that dreary attic. Solomon looked disappointed, but I ruthlessly carried off Ermine to the opposite room, which we afterwards suspected was the apartment of our hosts, freshened and set in order in our honor. The sound of the rain on the piazza roof lulled us soon to sleep, in spite of the strange surroundings; but more than once I woke and wondered where I was, suddenly remembering the lonely house in its lonely valley with a shiver of discomfort. The next morning we woke at our usual hour, but some time after the miner's departure; breakfast was awaiting us in the keeping-room, and our hostess said that an ox-team from the Community would come for us before nine. She seemed sorry to part with us, and refused any remuneration for our stay; but none the less did we promise ourselves to send some dresses and even ornaments from C——, to feed that poor, starving love of finery. As we rode away in the ox-cart, the Roarer looked wistfully after us through the bars; but his melancholy mood was upon him again, and he had not the heart even to wag his tail.

As we were sitting in the hotel parlor, in front of our soft coal fire in the evening of the following day, and discussing whether or no we should return to the city within the week, the old landlord entered without his broad-brimmed hat, — an unusual attention, since he was a trustee and a man of note in the Community, and removed his hat for no one nor nothing; we even suspected that he slept in it.

"You know Zolomon Barngs," he said slowly.

"Yes," we answered.

"Well, he 's dead. Kilt in de mine." And putting on the hat, removed, we now saw, in respect for death, he left the room as suddenly as he had entered it. As it happened, we had been discussing the couple, I, as usual, contending for the wife, and Ermine, as usual, advocating the cause of the husband.

"Let us go out there immediately

to see her, poor woman!" I said, rising.

"Yes, poor man, we will go to him!" said Ermine.

"But the man is dead, cousin."

"Then he shall at least have one kind, friendly glance before he is carried to his grave," answered Ermine quietly.

In a short time we set out in the darkness, and dearly did we have to pay for the night ride; no one could understand the motive of our going, but money was money, and we could pay for all peculiarities. It was a dark night, and the ride seemed endless as the oxen moved slowly on through the red clay mire. At last we reached the turn and saw the little lonely house with its upper room brightly lighted.

"He is in the studio," said Ermine; and so it proved. He was not dead, but dying; not maimed, but poisoned by the gas of the mine, and rescued too late for recovery. They had placed him upon the floor on a couch of blankets, and the dull-eyed Community doctor stood at his side. "No good, no good," he said; "he must die." And then, hearing of the returning cart, he left us, and we could hear the tramp of the oxen over the little bridge, on their way back to the village.

The dying man's head lay upon his wife's breast, and her arms supported him; she did not speak, but gazed at us with a dumb agony in her large eyes. Ermine knelt down and took the lifeless hand streaked with coal-dust in both her own. "Solomon," she said, in her soft, clear voice, "do you know me?"

The closed eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves upon her face a moment; then they turned towards the window, as if seeking something.

"It 's the picter he means," said the wife. "He sat up most all last night a doing it."

I lighted all the candles, and Ermine brought forward the easel; upon it stood a sketch in charcoal wonderful to behold, — the same face, the face of the faded wife, but so noble in its idealized beauty that it might have been a portrait of her glorified face in Paradise. It was a profile, with the eyes upturned, — a mere outline, but grand in conception and expression. I gazed in silent astonishment.

Ermine said, "Yes, I knew you could do it, Solomon. It is perfect of its kind." The shadow of a smile stole over the pallid face, and then the husband's fading gaze turned upward to meet the wild, dark eyes of the wife.

"It 's you, Dorcas," he murmured; "that 's how you looked to me, but I never could get it right before." She bent over him, and silently we watched the coming of the shadow of death; he spoke only once, "My rose of Sharon," — and then in a moment he was gone, the poor artist was dead.

Wild, wild was the grief of the ungoverned heart left behind; she was like a mad-woman, and our united strength was needed to keep her from injuring herself in her frenzy. I was frightened, but Ermine's strong little hands and lithe arms kept her down until, exhausted, she lay motionless near her dead husband. Then we carried her down stairs and I watched by the bedside, while my cousin went back to the studio. She was absent some time, and then she came back to keep the vigil with me through the long, still night. At dawn the woman woke, and her face looked aged in the gray light. She was quiet, and took without a word the food we had prepared, awkwardly enough, in the keeping-room.

"I must go to him, I must go to him," she murmured, as we led her back.

"Yes," said Ermine, "but first, let me make you tidy. He loved to see you neat." And with deft, gentle touch she dressed the poor creature, arranging the heavy hair so artistically that, for the first time, I saw what she might have been, and understood the husband's dream.

"What is that?" I said, as a peculiar sound startled us.

"It 's Roarer. He was tied up last night, but I suppose he 's gnawed the rope," said the woman. I opened the

hall door, and in stalked the great dog, smelling his way directly up the stairs.

"O, he must not go!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, let him go, he loved his master," said Ermine; "we will go too." So silently we all went up into the chamber of death.

The pictures had been taken down from the walls, but the wonderful sketch remained on the easel, which had been moved to the head of the couch where Solomon lay. His long, light hair was smooth, his face peacefully quiet, and on his breast lay the beautiful bunch of autumn leaves which he had arranged in our honor. It was a striking picture, — the noble face of the sketch above, and the dead face of the artist below. It brought to my mind a design I had once seen, where Fame with her laurels came at last to the door of the poor artist and gently knocked; but he had died the night before!

The dog lay at his master's feet, nor stirred until Solomon was carried out to his grave.

The Community buried the miner in one corner of the lonely little meadow. No service had they and no mound was raised to mark the spot, for such was their custom; but in the early spring we went down again into the valley, and placed a block of granite over the grave. It bore the inscription: —

SOLOMON.
He will finish his work in Heaven.

Strange as it may seem, the wife pined for her artist husband. We found her in the Community trying to work, but so aged and bent that we hardly knew her. Her large eyes had lost their peevish discontent, and a great sadness had taken the place.

"Seems like I could n't get on without Sol," she said, sitting with us in the hotel parlor after work hours. "I kinder miss his voice, and all them names he used to call me; he got 'em out of the Bible, so they must have been good, you know. He always thought everything I did was right, and he thought no end of my good looks, too; I suppose I 've lost 'em all now. He was mighty fond of me; nobody in all the world cares a straw for me now. Even Roarer would n't stay with me, for all I petted him; he kep' a going out to that meader and a lying by Sol, until, one day, we found him there dead. He just died of sheer loneliness, I reckon. I sha'n't have to stop long I know, because I keep a dreaming of Sol, and he always looks at me like he did when I first knew him. He was a beautiful boy when I first saw him on that load of wood coming into Sandy. Well, ladies, I must go. Thank you kindly for all you 've done for me. And say, Miss Stuart, when I die you shall have that coal picter; no one else 'ud vally it so much."

Three months after, while we were at the sea-shore, Ermine received a long tin case, directed in a peculiar handwriting; it had been forwarded from C——, and contained the sketch and a note from the Community.

"E. STUART: — The woman Dorcas Bangs died this day. She will be put away by the side of her husband, Solomon Bangs. She left the enclosed picture, which we hereby send, and which please acknowledge by return of mail.

"JACOB BOLL, *Trustee.*"

I unfolded the wrappings and looked at the sketch. "It is indeed striking," I said. "She must have been beautiful once, poor woman!"

"Let us hope that at least she is beautiful now, for her husband's sake, poor man!" replied Ermine.

Even then we could not give up our preferences.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

GOLDEN DELL.

BEYOND our moss-grown pathway lies
A dell so fair, to genial eyes
It dawns an ever-fresh surprise!

To touch its charms with gentler grace,
The softened heavens a loving face
Bend o'er that sweet, secluded place.

There first, despite the March winds cold,
Above the pale-hued emerald mould,
The earliest spring-tide buds unfold;

There first the ardent mock-bird, long
Winter's dumb thrall, from winter's wrong,
Breaks into gleeful floods of song;

Till from coy thrush to garrulous wren,
The humbler bards of copse and glen
Outpour their vernal notes again;

While such harmonious rapture rings,
With stir and flash of eager wings
Glimpsed fleetly, where the jasmine clings

To bosk and brier,—we blithely say,
"Farewell! bleak nights and mornings gray,
Earth opes her festal court to-day!"

There, first, from out some balmy nest,
By half-grown woodbine flowers caressed,
Steal zephyrs of the mild southwest

O'er purpling rows of wild-wood peas*
So blandly borne, the droning bees
Still suck their honeyed cores at ease;

Or, trembling through yon verdurous mass,
Dew-starred, and dimpling as they pass,
The wavelets of the billowy grass!

But fairest of fair things that dwell,
'Mid sylvan nurslings of the dell,
Is that clear stream whose murmurs swell

To music's airiest issues wrought,
As if a Naiad's tongue were fraught
With secrets of its whispered thought.

* In the Southern woods, often among sterile tracts of pine barren, a species of *wild pea* is found, or a plant which in all externals resembles the pea plant.

Yea, fairest of fair things, it flows
'Twixt banks of violet and of rose,
Touched always by a quaint repose.

How golden bright its currents glide!
While goldenly from side to side
Bird-shadows flit athwart the tide.

So Golden Dell we name the place,
And aye may heaven's serenest face
Dream o'er it with a smile of grace;

For next the moss-grown path it lies,
So pure, so fresh, to genial eyes
It glows with hints of Paradise!

Paul H. Hayne.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART IV.

X.

Parish Gossip.

AFTER the skee-race, all the valley was talking about Gunnar Henjumhei and Ragnhild Rimul. Some people, who believed themselves well informed, knew for certain that there must be something between them, for it was evident enough whom they both alluded to in their stave; and even if that meant nothing, no one could help noticing that they sought each other's company more than was proper for persons so wide apart in birth and external circumstances. Others, again, thought the idea too preposterous, and supposed that, at least on Ragnhild's part, the fondness amounted to nothing more than a common friendship, which, however, might be bad enough; for all agreed that it was an unpardonable boldness in a low-born houseman's son to cast his eyes upon a maiden who was worth at least her own weight in gold. At last the parish talk reached Atle Henjum's ear, and through him the widow of Rimul.

It was a Sunday forenoon. On the hearth, in the large, well-lighted sitting-room at Rimul burned a lively wood fire. The floor was strewn with new juniper, spreading a fresh smell of cleanliness throughout the room. The snow was too deep for women on the church road that morning; therefore Ingeborg Rimul had the old silver-clasped family Bible, where births, marriages, and deaths had been faithfully recorded for many generations, lying open on the table before her. Her eyes fell upon the gospel for the day; reading that, she thought she might at least have some idea of what the text of the sermon would be. She was following down the page with her finger while reading. And still it was hardly the gospel which was foremost in her mind to-day; for whenever unobserved, her eyes wandered from the book to her daughter, who was sitting at the window, fair and Sunday clad, with her head resting upon her hand, while with an absent look she gazed at the starry figures of the ice on the frozen window. There was no one who did not think Ragnhild beautiful. She was one of those who unconsciously

draw all hearts to them. People said she most resembled her father's family. It was from him she had that gentleness of bearing and those blessed blue eyes, whose purity and depth bore in them a suggestion of the infinite; but the clear forehead, the strong chin, and that truly Northern luxuriance of blond hair were inheritances from the mother. A sad, almost painful expression passed over Ingeborg's face, as she sat silently watching her, — an expression which had long been strange to her features; but it was only momentary, and was soon exchanged for her wonted mien of undisturbed calmness and decision.

Heavy steps were heard in the outer hall, and the noise of some one stamping the snow from his feet. Both the women raised their eyes as the door opened and Atle Henjum stepped in. He went up to Ingeborg and shook hands; then he came to Ragnhild.

"Thanks for last meeting," said he.

"Thanks yourself," said they.

He took a seat on a bench next to his sister. "Bad weather for lumbering," remarked he. "I have two hundred dozen logs ready for floating, but shall probably have to wait until spring before getting them down, if it keeps on snowing at this rate."

"We are hardly better off than you, brother," answered the widow. "I am afraid we shall have to burn our fences for wood, if next week does not bring a change in the weather."

"Little need is there of such a waste, Ingeborg, as long as there is only the river between Henjum and Rimul."

"Many thanks for your offer, but it never was my way to borrow. I don't like to feel that I need anybody, not even my own brother."

For some time they all sat in silence, with their eyes fixed on the floor, as if lost in the contemplation of the knots in the planks of the floor or the accidental shapes of the juniper-needles. Then at last Atle spoke. "Well," began he slowly and with emphasis, "that day is probably not far off when there shall be no river to separate Henjum from Rimul." He looked toward Ragnhild as he said this; and although her face was turned away from him, she felt that his eyes rested on her. She quickly rose and left the room. "This was what I came to speak to you about, Ingeborg," continued Atle; "you know it has long been a settled thing between us that Henjum and Rimul should some day be one estate, and the way to bring this about you also know. Now Lars is a stout, well-grown lad, and Ragnhild is no longer a child either. So, if you are willing, I do not see any reason why we should not make the wedding, and the sooner the better. No one knows how many his days will be, and it surely would be a comfort to both of us to see them together before we take our leave."

"Atle," said the widow of Rimul, "you have my word, and I thought you knew your sister well enough to feel assured that her word is as good as gold. I can see no reason for hurrying the wedding. We are both folk in our best age, and strong as rocks, so there is but little probability of our dying for many years to come; and even if one of us should be called away, there would still be one left to execute the other's will."

Atle found this reasonable, but still he had other motives for wishing a speedy marriage; and since his sister compelled him to speak what he would rather not have told her, he would no longer keep from her the rumors which were circulating in the valley, and had found their way to his ear. He was of course aware that they had no foundation whatever, for tact and self-respect had always been innate virtues in their family; but still the girl was young, and a mother's advice might teach her to avoid even the appearances which could give occasion for such foolish gossip. He also told her that Lars, since his sudden disappearance at the skee-race, had hardly seemed the same person. Late the next morning, when he returned, he had refused to give any account of himself, and ever since he had had a strange, bewildered look about him. If Atle had believed in trolds and elf-maids, he should surely

have supposed that Lars must have seen something of the kind on his night walk in the forest. Ingeborg exhorted her brother to be at ease; she should have no difficulty in bringing the affair to the desired result, if he only would give her time; for the first year there could at least be no question of marriage. The stern, calm assurance in Ingeborg's words and manner removed Atle's fears; he had no doubt her plan was the better, — a concession which he never made to any one but her. With regard to Gunnar, they both agreed that he must have forgotten who he was, and that it was their duty to give him a reminder, before his conceit should run away with him.

It was nearly four weeks after the skee-race, and in all this time Gunnar and Ragnhild had hardly seen each other. The only place where they met was at church, and there they had to keep as far away from each other as possible; for they both knew that the valley was full of rumors which, if they came to Ingeborg Rimul, would cause them infinite trouble, and possibly crush their hopes forever. Thus weeks went, and months, and neither of them was happy. Wherever Gunnar went, people would stick their heads together and whisper; the young girls giggled when they saw him, and among the men there would fall many a cutting word. He soon understood, too, that it was not by mere accident that he overheard them. This, however, instead of weakening his courage, gave it new growth; but it was not the healthy growth fostered by a manly trust in his own strength. He was well aware that people did not speak to him as they spoke about him. Since he had grown up he had never been much liked, as he had always been what they called odd, which meant that he was not quite like all others; and in small communities there can be no crime greater than oddity. Ragnhild Rimul was the best match within four parishes round, and when any one so far below her in birth cast his eyes upon her he must naturally rouse the jealousy at least of those who might have similar intentions. But these were not the only ones who felt hostile to Gunnar. Few were readier to denounce him than those of his own class, who had no lofty aspirations to lead them away from the beaten track of their fathers.

Then it happened that one afternoon he sat dreaming over a plot for a new composition. It was to be the scene from King Olaf Trygveson's Saga, where the king wakes on his bridal night and sees the shining dagger in the hand of Gudrun, his bride.

> "What is that," King Olaf said,
> "Gleams so bright above thy head?
> Wherefore standest thou so white
> In pale moonlight?"
>
> "'T is the bodkin that I wear,
> When at night I bind my hair;
> It woke me falling on the floor:
> 'T is nothing more." *

Olaf, the bold, youthful king, who had roamed eastward and westward on his Viking voyages, and had come home to preach the gospel with his sword, had always been a favorite with Gunnar, and this was not the first incident of the hero's life which had tempted his artistic fancy. But, strange to say, to-day the noble sea-king seemed but a commonplace, uncouth barbarian, and Gudrun, Ironbeard's fair daughter, a stiff, theatrical figure, in which there was neither grace, nor life, nor heroism. However much he turned and twisted her, she still retained a provoking mien of awkward consciousness, as if she were standing up for the special purpose of having her picture taken. In vain he tried to bring unity and harmony into the composition. An hour passed, and struggling through the chaotic shadows dawned slowly but surely a clearer and better day. It had been long coming, but now it stood cloudless and clear in its own light; and Gunnar passed from thought into resolution, from resolution into action. Strange that he had not seen it long ago! He sprang up, seized his cap and rushed out. The day was dim and

* *Vide* Longfellow's Saga of King Olaf, in Tales of a Wayside Inn.

foggy. He reached the river, unmoored a boat, and slowly worked his way between the large cakes of floating ice, till he touched the Rimul shore. Upon the hillside, under the leafless forest, lay the mansion wrapped in fog. As he came nearer he could see the windows glittering through the fog, but, as it were, with an expression of warning, not the bright smile with which they were accustomed to greet him in those happy days when, as a boy, he brought his sketches to little Ragnhild, and from her childlike delight drank strength and courage for coming days. These memories now again urged themselves upon him, and even for a moment made him waver in his determination; but, as if fleeing from his doubts, he hurried onward, and at length left them behind. Truly it was time that he should begin to act like a man. Ragnhild loved him, loved him as only Ragnhild could love; but, hard as the thought might be, it was not to be denied that she was ashamed to own him before men. And could he wonder? Had he ever done anything to prove to the world that he was entitled to its respect? And still what a power he felt within him! He was not the man who would have a woman stoop to own him, who would see her blush at her love for him. All this would he tell Ragnhild this day, tell her that she was no longer bound by any promise to him, that he was now going far away, where she should hear of him no more until he had lived to be something great. Then, perhaps, some time in the far future, when he should have compelled the world to know him and to honor him, he would return to her, if such should be her wish; and if not, he would be gone forever.

These were Gunnar's thoughts, and as he passed through the gate into the Rimul yard, he wondered again that he had not had the courage to know this and to say it before now. He had hoped to meet Ragnhild in the yard, that he might speak to her alone. This was about the time when she was wont to go to the cow-stables with her milk-pails. So he waited for some minutes at the gate, but not seeing her he concluded that she must already have gone, and that he would probably find her in the stable. But on his way thither he met one whom, to say the least, he would rather not have met; there, on the barn-bridge,* stood the widow of Rimul, stiff and tall, on the very same spot where he had seen her eight years before, when, as a twelve-years' old boy, he had come with his father to take charge of her cattle. If she had been a marble statue, and had been standing there ever since, she could hardly have changed less. The same unshaken firmness and decision in the lines about her mouth; the same erect, commanding stature, the smooth, clear forehead; even the folds of her white semicircular head-gear and the black wadmaal skirt were apparently unchanged: and although Gunnar had grown from a child to a man in those years, he again felt all his courage deserting him as he stood face to face with the widow of Rimul. Indeed, the similarity of this occasion to the one alluded to, for the moment struck him so forcibly that he found it beyond his power to conquer that same boyish bashfulness and embarrassment which he had experienced at their first meeting. He had always prided himself that there was not the man in the parish of whom he was afraid; and yet here was a woman in whose presence he was and ever must remain a boy. This consciousness irritated him; with a vigorous effort he collected his scattered thoughts, and slowly and deliberately drew nearer. At the foot of the barn-bridge he stopped and took off his cap. "Thanks for last meeting," said he. The widow gave no heed to what he said, but continued giving her directions to the threshers who were at work in the barn.

"Do you call this threshing?" said

* The barn-bridge is a bridge built from the yard to the second floor of the barn buildings, whence the hay and wheat are cast down and stored in the lower story.

she severely, picking up a sheaf of rye from a large pile which the men had just been clearing off the floor. "Do you call this threshing, I say? Only look here" (and she shook the sheaf vigorously); "I would undertake to shake more than half a bushel of grain out of this pile which you pretend to have threshed. Mind you, men soon get their passports from Rimul, if they work that way."

Gunnar, supposing that he had been unobserved, took the last words as a warning to himself, and was already taking his departure when a sharp "Gunnar Henjumhei!" quickly called him back.

"It is damp weather to-day," stammered he, as he slowly drew nearer. A few steps from her he stopped, pulled off his cap again, and stood twirling it in his hands, expecting her to speak.

"Whom do you want to see?" asked she, having measured him with her eye from head to foot.

"Ragnhild, your daughter."

"Ragnhild, my daughter, has never yet been so pressed for wooers that she should have to take up with housemen's sons. So you will understand, Gunnar Henjumhei, that housemen's sons are no longer welcome at Rimul."

A quick pain, as if of a sudden sting, ran through his breast. The blood rushed to his face, and he had a proud answer ready; but as his glance fell upon the stern, stately woman whom he had always been taught to look up to as a kind of superior being, the words died upon his lips.

"She is Ragnhild's mother," thought he, and turned to go. He had just gained the foot of the barn-bridge when a loud, scornful laughter struck his ear. He stopped and looked back. There stood Lars Henjum in the barn-door, doubled up with laughter. This time it was hard to calm the boiling blood; and had it not been for the presence of Ragnhild's mother, Lars might have had occasion to regret that laughter before nightfall. So Gunnar started again; but no sooner had he turned his back on Lars than the laughter burst forth again, and grew louder and wilder with the distance, until at last it sounded like a defiant scream. This was more than he could bear. He had tried hard to master himself; now he knew not whither his feet bore him, until he stood face to face with Lars and Ingeborg of Rimul. He clinched his fist and thrust it close up to the offender's face. Lars forgot to laugh then, turned pale, and sought refuge behind the widow's back.

"Gunnar, Gunnar!" cried she; for even she was frightened when she met the wild fire in his eye. She was a woman; it would be a shame to strike when a woman begged for peace.

He sent Lars a fierce parting glance. "You and I will meet again," said he, and went.

The two remained standing on the same spot, half unconsciously following him with their eyes, until the last dim outline of his figure vanished in the fog.

"Lars," said Ingeborg, turning abruptly on her nephew, "you are a coward."

"I wonder if you would like to fight with a fellow like him, especially when he was in such a rage," replied Lars.

"You are a coward," repeated the widow emphatically, as if she would bear no contradiction; and she turned again, and left him to his own reflections.

In April fog and April sleet the days creep slowly. Every day Gunnar looked longingly toward the mountains, wondering how that great world might be on the other side. Every morning awoke him with new resolutions and plans; every evening closed over a tale of withering courage and fading hopes; and only night brought him rest and consolation, when she let her dream-painted curtain fall over his slumber, like a *mirage* over the parched desert.

XI.

The Wedding of the Wild-Duck.

Berg was the name of a fine farm the next west of Rimul. Peer was the name of the man who owned the farm. But the church and the friendly little parsonage were on the Henjum side of the river, and in the summer, therefore, the fjord was the church road of the Rimul people and all who lived on their side of the water. This Peer Berg was a very jovial man, and had a great many daughters, who, as he was wont to say himself, were the only crop he had ever succeeded in raising; in fact, there were more daughters on Berg than were needed to do the work about the place, and it was, therefore, not to be wondered at that Peer Berg never frowned on a wooer; the saying was, too, that both he and his wife had quite a faculty for alluring that kind of folks to the house. Gunnar knew the Berg daughters; for wherever there was dancing and merry-making, they were as sure to be as the fiddlers. As far back as he could remember, the church road had never missed the "Wild-Ducks" from Berg, as they were generally called, because they all were dressed alike, were all fair and gay, and where one went all the rest would invariably follow. Now one of the Wild-Ducks was to be married to a rich old bachelor from the neighboring valley, and people knew that Peer Berg intended to make a wedding the fame of which should echo through seven parishes round. Summons for the wedding were sent out far and wide, and to Gunnar with the rest.

It was early in the morning when bride and bridegroom from Berg with their nearest kinsfolk cleared their boats, and set out for the church; on the way one boat of wedding guests after another joined them, and by the time they reached the landing-place in the "Parsonage Bay" their party counted quite a goodly number. The air was fresh and singularly transparent, and the fjord, partaking of the all-pervading air-tone, glittered in changing tints of pale blue and a cool, delicate green. Now and then a faint tremor would skim along its mirror, like the quiver of a slight but delightful emotion. Toward the north the mountains rose abruptly from the water, and with their snow-hooded heads loomed up into fantastic heights; irregular drifts of light, fog-like cloud hung or hovered about the lower crags. Westward the fjord described a wide curve, bounded by a lower plateau, which gradually ascended through the usual pine and birch regions into the eternal snow-fields of immeasurable dimensions; and through the clefts of the nearest peaks the view was opened into a mountain panorama of indescribable grandeur. There gigantic yokuls measured their strength with the heavens; wild glaciers shot their icy arms downwards, clutching the landscape in their icy embrace; and rapid, snow-fed rivers darted down between the precipices where only a misty spray, hovering over the chasm, traced their way toward the fjord.

About half-way between the church and the mouth of the river a headland, overgrown with birch and pine forest, ran far out into the fjord. Here the first four boats of the bridal party stopped on their homeward way to wait for those which had been left behind; in one sat the bride herself, with breastplate and silver crown on her head, and at her side the bridegroom shining in his best holiday trim, with rows of silver buttons and buckles, according to the custom of the valley; in his hand he held an ancient war-axe. On the bench in front of them Peer Berg and his merry wife had their places; and next to them, again, two of the bridegroom's nearest kin. The second boat contained the remaining Wild-Ducks and other relatives and connections; and the third and fourth, wedding guests and musicians. But there were at least nine or ten loads missing yet; for the wedding at Berg was to be no ordinary one. In the mean time old Peer proposed to

taste the wedding brewage, and bade the musicians to strike up so merry a tune that it should sing through the bone and the marrow. "For fiddles, like hops, give strength to the beer," said he, "and then people from afar will hear that the bridal-boats are coming." And swinging above his head a jug filled to the brim with strong home-brewed Hardanger-beer, he pledged the company, and quaffed the liquor to the last drop. "So did our old forefathers drink," cried he; "the horn might stand on either end if their lips had once touched it. And may it be said from this day, that the wedding guests at Berg proved that they had the true old Norse blood in their veins." A turbulent applause followed this speech of Peer's, and amid music, singing, and laughter the beer-jugs passed from boat to boat and from hand to hand. Now and then a long, yoddling halloo came floating through the calm air, followed by a clear, manifold echo; and no sooner had the stillness closed over it than the merry voices from the boats again rose in louder and noisier chorus. All this time the bridal fleet was rapidly increasing, and for every fresh arrival the beer-jugs made another complete round. No one drank without finding something or other to admire, whether it were the liquor itself or the skilfully carved silver jugs in which, as every one knew, Peer Berg took no little pride; indeed, they had been an heirloom in the family from immemorial times, and the saying was that even kings had drunk from them. There were now eighteen or nineteen boats assembled about the point of the headland, and the twentieth and last was just drawing up its oars for a share of the beer and the merriment. In the stern sat Gunnar, dreamily gazing down into the deep, and at his side his old friend Rhyme-Ola, his winking eyes fixed on him with an anxious expression of almost motherly care and tenderness. In his hands he held some old, time-worn paper, to which he quickly directed his attention whenever Gunnar made the slightest motion, as if he were afraid of being detected. When the customary greetings were exchanged, the bridegroom asked Rhyme-Ola to let the company hear his voice, and the singer, as usual, readily complied. It was the old, mournful tale of Young Kirsten and the Merman; and as he lent his rich, sympathetic voice to the simplicity of the ballad, its pathos became the more touching, and soon the tears glittered in many a tender-hearted maiden's eye.

There is a deep, unconscious romance in the daily life of the Norwegian peasant. One might look in vain for a scene like this throughout Europe, if for no other reason than because *the fjord* is a peculiarly Norwegian feature, being, in life, tone, and character, as different from the friths of Scotland and the bays of the Mediterranean as the hoary, rugged pines of the North are from those slender, smooth-grown things which in the South bear the same name. Imagine those graceful, strong-built boats, rocking over their own images reflected in the cool transparence of the fjord; the fresh, fair-haired maidens scattered in blooming clusters among the elderly, more sedately dressed matrons; and the old men, whose weather-worn faces and rugged, expressive features told of natures of the genuine mountain mould. The young lads sat on the row-benches, some with the still dripping oars poised under their knees, while they silently listened to the song; others bending eagerly forward or leaning on their elbows, dividing their attention between Rhyme-Ola and the tittering girls on the benches in front. They all wore red, pointed caps, generally with the tassel hanging down over one side of the forehead, which gave a certain touch of roguishness and light-heartedness to their manly and clear-cut visages. And to complete the picture, there is Rhyme-Ola, as he sits aloft on the beer-kegs in the stern of the boat, now and then striking out with his ragged arms, and weeping and laughing according as the varying incidents of his song affect him. As a background to

this scene stands the light birch forest glittering with its fresh sprouts, and filling the air with its springlike fragrance; behind this again the pines raise their dusky heads; and around the whole picture the mountains close their gigantic arms and warmly press forest, fjord, and bridal party to the mighty heart of Norway.

When the ballad was at an end, it was some time before any one spoke, for no one wished to be the first to break the silence.

"Always the same mournful tales," said at length one of the old men, but only half aloud, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Rhyme-Ola," cried one of the fiddlers, "why don't you learn to sing something jolly, instead of these sad old things, which could almost make a stone weep?"

"You might just as well tell the plover to sing like the lark," answered Rhyme-Ola.

"I love the old songs," said Ragnhild Rimul (for she was there also), "they always bring tears to my eyes, but sometimes I like better to cry than to laugh."

Peer Berg now signalled to the oarsmen, and the boats soon shot swiftly in through the fjord. In about an hour the whole company landed on the Berg pier, and marched in procession up to the wedding-house. First came the musicians, then bride and bridegroom, and after them their parents and nearest kin. The guests formed the rear. Among the last couples were Lars Henjum and Ragnhild; last of all came Gunnar and Rhyme-Ola.

Berg was an old-fashioned place, for Peer Berg took a special pride in being old-fashioned. Coming up the hill from the water, Berg appeared more like a small village than a single family dwelling. The mansion itself in which Peer with his wife and his Wild-Ducks resided was of a most peculiar shape. It was very large and had two stories, the upper surrounded by a huge balcony, which made it appear nearly twice as broad as the lower. Over this balcony shot out a most venerable slated roof, completely overgrown with moss, grass, and even shrubs of considerable size; the railing, which had once been painted and skilfully carved, was so high and so close that it afforded little or no room for the daylight to peep in and cheer the dreary nest of the Wild-Ducks. Round the mansion lay a dozen smaller houses and cottages, scattered in all directions; if they had grown out from the soil of their own accord, they could hardly have got into more awkward or more irregular positions. One looked north, another west, a third southeast, and no two lay parallel or with their gables facing each other. Every one of these houses, however, had been erected for some special purpose. First, there were, of course, the barns and the stables, which in size and respectability nearly rivalled the mansion. Quite indispensable were the servant-hall, the sheepfold, and the wash-house; and without forge and flax-house Berg could hardly have kept up its reputation as a model establishment.

With gay music and noisy laughter and merriment, the bridal procession passed into the yard, where from the steps of the mansion they were greeted by the master of ceremonies in a high-flown speech of congratulation. The doors were then thrown wide open, and soon like a swelling tide the crowd rolled through the house, and the lofty halls shook with the hum and din of the festivity. For at such times the Norsemen are in their lustiest mood; then the old Saga-spirit is kindled again within them; and let him beware who durst say then that the Viking blood of the North is extinct. The festal hall at Berg, which occupied the whole lower floor of the building, was decorated for the occasion with fresh leaves and birch branches, for the birch is the bride of the trees; but as it was still early in the season, it was necessary to keep up a fire on the open hearth. This hearth might in-

deed, in more than one sense, be said to have given a certain homely color to everything present, not only in the remoter sense, as being the gathering-place of the family in the long winter evenings, but also in a far nearer one; its smoke had, perhaps for more than a century, been equally shared by the chimney and the room, and had settled in the form of shining soot on walls, rafters, and ceiling. Two long tables extended across the length of the hall from one wall to an other, laden with the most tempting dishes. The seats of honor, of course, belonged to bride and bridegroom, and they having taken their places, the master of ceremonies urged the guests to the tables and arranged them in their proper order in accordance with their relative dignity or their relationship or acquaintance with the bride. Now the blessing was pronounced and the meal began. It was evident enough that the boating and the march had whetted the guests' appetites; huge trays of cream-porridge, masses of dried beef, and enormous wheaten loaves disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Toast upon toast was drunk, lively speeches made and heartily applauded, tales and legends told, and a tone of hearty, good-humored merriment prevailed. The meal was a long one; when the feasters rose from the tables it was already dusk. In the course of the afternoon the weather had changed; now it was blowing hard, and the wind was driving huge masses of cloud in through the mountain gorges. Shadows sank over the valley, the torches were lit in the wedding-house, and a lusty wood-fire crackled and roared on the hearth. Then the tables were removed, the music began, and bride and bridegroom trod the springing dance together, according to ancient custom; others soon followed, and before long the floors and the walls creaked and the flames of the torches rose and flickered in fitful motion, as the whirling air-currents seized and released them. Those of the men who did not dance joined the crowd round the beer-barrels, which stood in the corner opposite the hearth, and there slaked their thirst with the strong, home-brewed drink which Norsemen have always loved so well, and fell into friendly chat about the result of the late fishery or the probabilities for a favorable lumber and grain year.

It was late, near midnight. The storm was growing wilder without, the dance within. Clouds of smoke and dust arose; and as the hour of midnight drew near, the music of the violins grew wilder and more exciting.

All the evening Lars Henjum had been hovering near Ragnhild, as if watching her; and Gunnar, who rather wished to keep as far away as possible from Lars, had not spoken to her since her arrival. Now, by chance, she was standing next to him in the crowd; Lars had betaken himself to the beer-vessel, which, it was clear enough, he had already visited too often. As Gunnar stood there he felt a strange sensation steal over him. Ragnhild seemed to be as far away from him as if he had only known her slightly, as if their whole past, with their love and happiness, had only been a strange, feverish dream, from which they had now both waked up to the clear reality. He glanced over to Ragnhild and met a long, unspeakably sad look resting on him. Then, like an electric shock, a great, gushing warmth shot from his heart and diffused itself through every remotest vein and fibre. The fog-veil of doubt was gone; he was again in the power of his dream, and in the very excess of his emotion; forgetting all but her, he seized her hand, bent over her and whispered, "Ragnhild, dearest, do you know me?" It was an absurd question, and he was aware of that himself in the very next minute, but then it was already too late. She, however, had but little difficulty in understanding it; for she only seized his other hand too, turned on him a face beaming with joyful radiance, and said softly, "Gunnar, where have you been so long?" Instead of an answer, he flung his arms around her waist,

lifted her up from the floor with a powerful grasp, and away they went like a whirlwind.

"A devil of a fellow in the dance, that Gunnar Henjumhei," said one of the lads at the beer-vessel to Lars, who happened to be his next neighbor; "never saw I a brisker lad on a dancing-floor as far back as my memory goes. And it is plain enough that the girls think the same." Lars heard it, he saw Gunnar's daring leap, saw Ragnhild bending trustfully towards him, and heard the loud shouts of admiration. In another moment he imagined that all eyes were directed toward himself, and his suspicion read a pitying sneer in all faces.

"No use for you to try there any longer," cried a young fellow, coming up to him, and in the loving mood of half-intoxication laying both his arms round his neck; "it is clear the houseman's boy has got the upper hand of you."

"And if you did try," interposed another, "all you would gain would be a sound thrashing; and you always were very careful about your skin, Lars."

Lars bit his lip. Every word went through him like a poisonous sting, but he made no answer. The bridegroom had gone to give the fiddlers a jug of beer, and the music had stopped. Ragnhild sat hot and flushed on a bench by the wall, and Gudrun stood bending over her and eagerly whispering in her ear. Gunnar walked towards the door, and Lars followed a few steps after,— the two lads at some distance. "Now there will be sport, boys," said they, laughing.

Gunnar stood on the outer stairs, peering into the dark, impenetrable night. The storm had now reached its height; the wind howled from overhead through the narrow mountain gorges; it roared and shrieked from below, and died away in long, despairing cries. Then it paused as if to draw its breath, and there was a great, gigantic calm, and again it burst forth with increased violence. To him it was a relief to hear the storm, it was a comfort to feel its power; for in his own breast there was a storm raging too. When, ah! when should he summon the courage to break all the ties that bound him to the past? Before him lay the wide future, great and promising. O, should he never reach that future? The storm made a fearful rush; the building trembled; something heavy fell over Gunnar's neck, and he tumbled headlong down into the yard. His first thought was that a plank torn loose by the wind had struck him; but by the light from the windows he saw a man leap down the steps after him; he sprang up and prepared to meet him, for he knew the man. "I might have known it was you, Lars Henjum," cried he, "for the blow was from behind."

When Lars saw his rival on his feet he paused for a moment, until a loud, scornful laugh from the spectators again kindled his ire.

"I knew you would be afraid, Lars Henjum," shouted a voice from the crowd.

Gunnar was just turning to receive Lars when a blow, heavier than the first, struck him from behind over his left ear. The darkness was thick, and Lars took advantage of the darkness.

The flaring, unsteady light of a hundred torches struggled with the gloom; men and women, young and old, pressed out with torches and firebrands in their hands, and soon the wedding guests had formed a close ring around the combatants, and stared with large eyes at the wild and bloody play; for they knew that the end of such a scene is always blood. At windows and doors crowds of young maidens watched the fighters, with fright and eager interest painted in their youthful faces, and clasped each other more tightly for every blow that fell.

By the light of the burning logs Gunnar now found his opponent. Wildly they rushed at each other, and wild was the combat that followed. Revenge, long-cherished hatred, burned in Lars's eye; and as the memory of past insults re-

turned, the blood ran hotter through Gunnar's veins. The blows came quick and strong on either side, and it would have been hard to tell who gave and who received the most. At last a well-directed blow struck Lars in the head; the blood streamed from his mouth and nostrils, he reeled and fell backward. A subdued murmur ran through the crowd. Two men sprang forward, bent over him, and asked if he was much hurt. Gunnar was about to go, when suddenly he saw the wounded man leap to his feet, a long knife gleaming in his hand; in the twinkling of an eye he was again at his side; he wrung the weapon from his grasp, and held it threatening over his head. "Beg now for your life, you cowardly wretch!" cried he, pale with rage.

Lars foamed; he made a rush for the knife, but missing it, he flung his arms round Gunnar's waist and struggled to throw him. Gunnar strove to free himself. In the contest, Lars's foot slipped, they both tumbled to the ground. A shooting pain ran through Lars's body; in another moment he felt nothing. A red stream gushed from his side: he had fallen on his own knife. Gunnar rose slowly, saw and shuddered. The last gleam of the torches flickered, dying.

Wildly howled the storm, but over the storm arose a helpless shriek of despair. "O Gunnar, Gunnar, what hast thou done?" and Ragnhild sprang from the stairs, frantically pressed onward through the throng, and flung herself upon Lars's bloody body. She lifted her eyes to Gunnar with horror. "O Gunnar, may God be merciful to thee!"

The last spark was quenched. Night lay before him, night behind him. He turned towards the night — and fled.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE AMERICAN PANTHEON.*

WHEN Rufus Griswold built his Pantheon wide,
And set a hundred poets round its walls,
Did he believe their statues would abide
The tests of time upon their pedestals?

A hundred poets, some in Parian stone
Perchance, and some in brittle plaster cast,
And some, mere busts, whose names are scarcely known,
Dii Minores of a voiceless Past.

Time was when many there so neatly niched,
Held each within his court a sovereign sway,
Each in his turn his little world enriched,
The ephemeral poet-laureate of his day.

Ah, what is fame! Star after star goes out,
Lost Pleiads in the firmament of truth:

* See *Poets and Poetry of America*, by Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Cary and Hart. 1842.

Our kings discrowned ere dies the distant shout
That hailed the coronation of their youth.

Few are the world's great singers. Far apart,
Thrilling with love, yet wrapped in solitude,
They sit communing with the common Heart
That binds the race in human brotherhood.

A wind of heaven o'er their musing breathes,
And wakes them into verse, — as April turns
The roadside banks to violets, and unsheaths
The forest-flowers amid the leaves and ferns.

And we who dare not wear the immortal crown
And singing-robes, at least may hear and dream,
While strains from prophet-lips come floating down,
Inspired by them to sing some humbler theme.

Nay, nothing can be lost whose living stems,
Rooted in truth, spring up to beauty's flower.
The spangles of the stage may flout the gems
On queenly breasts, but only for an hour.

The fashion of the time shall stamp its own.
The heart, the radiant soul, the eternal truth
And beauty born of harmony, alone
Can claim the garlands of perennial youth.

O not for fame the poet of to-day
Should hunger. Though the world his music scorn,
The after-time may hear, as mountains gray
Echo from depths unseen the Alpine horn.

So, while around this Pantheon wide I stray,
Where poets from Freneau to Fay are set,
I doubt not each in turn has sung a lay
Some hearts are not quite willing to forget.

For who in barren rhyme and rhythm could spend
The costly hours the Muse alone should claim,
Did not some finer thought, some nobler end,
Breathe ardors sweeter than poetic fame?

Christopher P. Cranch.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART IV.

VIII.

THE very faint promise of aid which seemed to exhale from Vane's question cheered up Dorman a little.

There was a strange brightening in his dusky eyes, followed by a momentary obscuration and haziness, as though a few sparks had risen to their surface from some heated abyss, and had gone out there in a trifle of smoke. He started up and paced the room briskly for some seconds, meanwhile tightly clasping his dried-up, blackened claws across his coat-skirts, perhaps to keep his long tail from wagging too conspicuously inside his trousers, — that is, supposing he possessed such an unearthly embellishment.

"I 'll tell you what we want," he at last chuckled, with the air of a man who is about to utter a devilish good joke. "We want, first, a bill to stop the collection of interest until the loan falls due, when we will pay the one hundred and thirty millions at once, if we can. Second, we want a bill to change the government lien from a first to a second mortgage, so that we can issue a batch of first-mortgage bonds and raise money for current expenses. That 's all we want now, Vane, and I 'm sure it 's moderate."

"O, ain't it, though?" grinned Honest John, half indignant and half amused at this impudent rapacity. "I 'm sure it 's very kind of you not to ask Uncle Sam to throw in the whole loan as a present. I dare say you might get it."

"O, we 're not a bit greedy," Dorman continued to chuckle. "Well, now, to go back to business, we must have good men to help us. We want the very best. The fellows who have pushed us through so far are mainly such notorious dead-beats in point of character that they would throw discredit on a recruiting agency. We want a fresh lot, and a respectable lot. We want such fellows as Christian and Faithful in the Senate, and you and Greatheart and Hopeful in the House."

Honest John Vane pondered; he thought of his good fame, and then he thought of his debts; he thought of his insufficient salary, and of the abounding millions of the Great Subfluvial. Finally he came to the risky decision that he would just ask the way to the bottomless pit, reserving for further consideration the question of leaping into its seething corruption.

"How are you going to get us?" he inquired, in a choked and almost inaudible voice, the voice of a man who is up to his lips in a quicksand.

The eyes of the Mephistopheles of the lobby glowed with a lurid excitement which bore an infernal resemblance to joy. He had a detestable hope that at last he was about to strike a bargain with his simple Faust. There was more than the greed of lucre in his murky countenance; there was seemingly a longing to buy up honesty, character, and self-respect; there was eagerness to purchase a soul.

"We can make things just as pleasant as a financier could want," he answered, coming at once to the point of remuneration. "You don't want stock in the Subfluvial, of course. If you held shares in that and then gave it a lift, the opposition lobby would bawl about it, and the public might impute selfish motives. But we have got up an inside machine, which is all the same with the Subfluvial, and yet isn't the same. It works under a separate charter, and yet has the same engineers. It builds the tunnel, handles the capital once or twice, and keeps what sticks to its fingers. It's a con-

struction committee, in short, which fixes its own compensation. It 's a sure, quiet, rich thing for dividends. I don't know a safer or more profitable investment. We can let you into that, and you can draw your hundred and fifty per cent a year, and all the while be as snug as a bug in a rug. Will you come inside the rug? Will you stand by the great, sublime, beneficent, liberal Subfluvial? Say you will, John! It 's a noble national enterprise. Say you 'll see it out."

As Honest John Vane stared at his grimy tempter, striving to decide whether he would accept or spurn that tempter's degrading proffer, he had the air of a man who is uncomfortably ill, and his appearance was matched by his sensations. There was woful sickness in his heart; and, to use a common phrase more easily understood than explained, it struck to his stomach; and that fleshly-minded organ, taking its own physical view of the matter, electrified every nerve with the depressing thrills of bodily indisposition. He was as ill at ease and as pale as the unseaworthy landsman whom Neptune has just begun to toss in his great blanket. Moreover, he felt that he was pale; he knew that he did not present the healthy countenance of stalwart innocence; and this knowledge increased his discomposure, and made him look fairly abject.

It would be impossible, short of reiterating all the circumstances of our story, to give a complete idea of his thoughts and emotions. But we must specify that he sorrowfully blamed his wife for those follies of hers which had driven him into debt; that he cursed the widespread social extravagance which had made of that wife a pitiless, or at least an uncomprehending extortioner and spendthrift; and that he cursed even more bitterly that whole system of subsidies and special legislation which was now drawing around him its gilded nets of bribery. There were stinging reminiscences, too, of his worthy glorying in the title of Honest; of his loud and sincere promises to acclaiming fellow-citizens that he would labor tirelessly at the task of congressional reform; of his noble trust that he might establish a broad and permanent fame on the basis of official uprightness. All these things went through him at once like a charge of small shot. No wonder that his moral nature bled exhaustively, and that he had the visage of a man stricken with mortal wounds.

It must be observed, however, that his grief and compunction were not of the highest character, such as would doubtless accompany the downfall of a truly noble nature. There is a rabble in morals as well as in manners, and to this spiritual mobocracy Vane belonged by birth. The fibre of his soul was coarse, and it had never been refined or purified by good breeding, and very likely it was not capable of taking a finish. No such "self-made man" was he as Abraham Lincoln, or many another who has shed honor on lowly beginnings, and made the phrase "self-made" dear to millions. On the contrary, he was one of those whose mission it is to show the millions that they are disposed to over-estimate the qualities implied by this absurdly popular epithet. He had his good fruits; but they sprang from feeble or selfish motives, and so were not likely to bear abundantly. He did not prize virtue for its own sake, but because the name of it had brought him honor. In truth, his far-famed honesty had thus far stood on a basis of decent egotism and respectable vanity. When his self-conceit was sapped by debt and by the sense of legislative failure, the superstructure sagged, leaned, gaped in rifts, and was ready to sink under the first deluge of temptation.

In the expression with which he looked at Dorman, you could see how much his vanity was hurt. He had a stare of dislike and anger which would have caused a human being of ordinary sensibilities either to quit the room or roll up his sleeves for a fight. Like many another over-tempted person, he hated his tempter while sub-

mitting to him, and because he submitted to him. His soul, indeed, was in a confounding turmoil of contradictions, and did not work at all as the souls of accountable creatures are meant to work. Had he retained full presence of mind, he would have held back his concession to wrong until he could make a bargain, and sell his soul for at least what little it was worth. But his very first words of sin were at once an apology for it and a confession that he was not in circumstances to dictate his own price for it.

"Darius, I am awfully hard up," he said, with an abject pathos which ought to have drawn a bonus from the most griping and illiberal of the Lords of Hell. But an utterance of weakness or suffering was the last thing in the world which could draw generosity from the nondescript sinner who had come to entice him. It may be that Dorman was only a fiend in embryo, who was still awaiting diabolical regeneration, and had not even commenced his growth in the true infernal graces; but if so, he was a chrysalis or tadpole of truly abominable promise, whose evolution would be likely to fill all Gehenna with gladness, and cause it to welcome his coming with strewings of its most sulphurous palm-branches. No doubt his anthropological experience had been an advantage to him; he had absorbed all the evil that he could find in business, politics, and lobbying; he had developed to the utmost the selfish, pitiless instincts of traffic and chicane. All the law and the prophets that he knew were comprised in the single Mammonite commandment, Thou shalt buy cheap and sell dear. The consequence was that he listened to John Vane's avowal of bankruptcy without a throb of compassion. Indeed, his only emotion on hearing that cry of a stumbling soul was a huckstering joy in the hope of getting a good thing at a bargain. The cheaper the better, the more of a trading triumph, and therefore the nobler. Whoever has read the stories of those diabolical temptations which were so common in the "ages of faith," knows that Satan is anxious to purchase immortal spirits on the shabbiest possible terms. The reason is plain: a beggarly price not only "bears" the market, but throws contempt on the "line of merchandise" traded for; it exposes to the scorn of chaos the spiritual and, therefore, most perfect work of the Creator.

Dorman possessed in full measure this Luciferian humor of higgling. Discovering that Vane was in financial extremities, he inferred that he would "sell out at a low figure." He had come empowered to offer five thousand dollars for the respectability which lay in Honest John's character; but he now decided that he would throw out only the bait with which he was accustomed to angle for the ordinary fry of Congressmen. If one thousand dollars' worth of stock sufficed to land his fish, there would remain four thousand dollars for himself, a very fair commission.

"You ought not to miss this chance, Vane," he said, with the calmness of a horsedealer. "We will guarantee you ten per cent, and it is pretty certain to pay fifty, and may pay twice as much."

"Of course it will pay anything that you inside fellows choose to make it pay," answered the Congressman, with a bluntness which revealed his moral inflammation. He was in the condition of a man who is having a tooth pulled, and who cannot but desire to make a bite at his dentist's fingers.

"Well, that's so, of course," admitted Dorman, with the smile of a trickster who decides to make a merit of enforced frankness. "But it would n't do for us to cut the profits too fat, you know. We can't divide up the whole Subfluvial stock and government loan among the construction ring. We 've got to draw a line somewhere. Say a hundred per cent, now."

"Say so, if you like," returned John Vane, sullenly, meanwhile searching in vain for some pecuniary escape from this bargain, so full of risk for his good name and of humiliation to his vanity.

"Well, I say so; that 's agreed on," winked Dorman.

There was a silence now which endured through several eternal seconds. The statesman who was for sale and the lobbyist who wanted to buy him were both alike unwilling to name a price, the former through shame and the latter through niggardliness.

"There is n't much of this left," Dorman at last resumed. "Stands at one or two hundred per cent above par. It 's such a safe and paying thing that there 's been a loud call for it."

Vane made no response; he had an appearance even of not listening to the agent of the abysses of corruption. The truth is that he was beginning to recover his self-possession, and with it his faculty for dickering.

"I could let you have five hundred of it, though," continued the lobbyist, still bent upon getting his soul for a song.

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded Vane, with a glare which might mean either huckstering anger at the meanness of the bribe or virtuous indignation at being offered a bribe at all.

"Say a thousand, then," added Dorman, with a spasmodic start, as if the offer had been jerked out of him by red-hot pincers, or as if the breath in which he uttered it had been a scalding steam of brimstone. "Senators Christian and Faithful took a thousand each, and were glad to get it. Let me see; we 've had to go as high as that on some of the House fellows, too, — such men as Greatheart and Hopeful, for instance. Well, I ought not to mention names."

"Why, those are our biggest figure-heads!" Vane almost shouted, springing up and pacing the room in amazement.

"Of course they are," grinned Dorman. "The very highest sign-boards in Congress, the saints and the advocates of reform, and the watch-dogs of the Treasury! There are no men of better reputation inside politics."

"I would n't have thought it — of *them*," pursued Vane. "I knew there was a raft of fellows who took investments in things that they voted for. But I supposed there were *some* exceptions."

The lobbyist knew that there were exceptions; he had learned by dint of rebuffs that Congressmen existed who were either pure enough or rich enough to be above pecuniary temptation; but he was careful not to mention this fact to his proposed victim.

"Well, you see how it is, at last," he resumed. "You see that the candle of fame only lights up a game for money. And now what 's the use of your holding different notions from everybody else? You have n't been practical, John Vane; you 've been eccentric and highfalutin. I put it to you, as one fair-minded business man to another, is it generous or just for a capitalist to ask a member to work for him gratis? I say not. If I see an honest chance to make five thousand dollars, and you give me a lift which enables me to use that chance, I ought to allow you a share in the investment. And that 's what I do. I 've got five thousand of this inside stock ——"

Here he had another spasmodic start, which ended in a prolonged fit of coughing, as though the brimstone fumes which we have imputed to his breath were unusually dense and stifling. Of course it could not have been remorse or shame which interfered with his breathing, although the five thousand dollars which he talked of had been given him to transfer to Vane, and although his own private share of the "Hen Persuader" stock already amounted to fifty thousand. Of remorse or shame he must have been fundamentally incapable. If he felt any human passion at this moment, it must have been a peanut pedler's gladness.

"And I offer you twenty per cent of it," he continued, when he had recovered his utterance. "That 's about fair, I think, for I 've only this one investment on hand, and can't possibly attend to more, while you can dip into all the national enterprises that are going. And don't you make Puritanic

faces over it. It is n't money, you see. So help me Lucifer! I would n't think of offering money to you. It 's just a business chance. Is there anything low in a Congressman's putting his money where his constituents put theirs? Is n't he thereby joining his fortunes with theirs? That 's what I said to Greatheart, and he could n't get round it, and he took the stock."

"I 'll — I 'll take it, too," was John Vane's response, — a mere choked gasp of a response, but heard, perhaps, all through Pandemonium.

"All right!" laughed Dorman, leaping up and giving his member's back a slap, which ought to have left the imprint of a fiery hand. "Well, I 'll hold the stock for you," he promptly added, with a sly sparkle in his smoky eyes. "Just to keep your name off the books and out of the newspapers, you understand."

Our Congressman pondered for a full minute before he replied. He was no longer Honest John Vane, but he desired to remain such in the eyes of the public, and consequently he did not want the stock in his own name. At the same time he shrewdly doubted whether it would be worth much to him, if it stood to the credit of Dorman. His countenance was at this moment a study for a painter of character. There were two phases in it, the one growing and the other waning, like the new moon encroaching upon the old. In a moment you might say that it had undergone a transfiguration, though not such a one as apostles would desire to honor with tabernacles. All the guile in his soul — that slow, loutish guile which lies at the bottom of so many low-bred and seemingly simple natures — rose to the surface of his usually genial and hearty expression, like oily scum to the surface of water. His visage actually took a physical lubricity from it, and shone like the fraudful superficies of a shaved and greased pig.

"I won't trouble you to hold my property for me, Darius," he said. "I 'll hold it in my own name. Honesty is the best policy."

This last phrase was a noteworthy one. It showed that he had already entered upon the life of a hypocrite. A little before he had been a living body of honesty; now he was a vampire, but he still retained his decent carcass.

"Now, — look here, John, — *would* you?" hesitated the lobbyist, who had hoped to make the shares stick to his own fingers. "Christian and Greatheart and those fellows have n't. You see, if there should be an exposure, and this stock should be found in your name, you would n't be on the investigating committee."

"Never mind, I 'll do the square thing," replied Vane, to whom it had suddenly occurred that the Great Subfluvial and its "Hen Persuader" worked under separate charters, so that a man who held property in one might plausibly claim a right to vote on the other.

"O, well, if you insist upon it," assented Dorman, much chagrined. "If you choose to risk it, why, of course — Well, now about paying for the stock: as you are hard up, suppose we let the dividends go toward that."

"Suppose we don't," promptly returned Vane, remembering how direly he needed ready cash. "Suppose you hand me the certificates at once, and the dividends as fast as they fall in."

The lobbyist looked at his victim with an air of spite qualified by admiration. Maelzel might have had a similar expression (though not by any possibility so vicious and diabolical) when he was beaten at chess by his own automaton.

"I have caught a Tartar," he grinned. "When you turn your attention to finance, John, you show your business training. Your game is n't the safest, though. All the sly old hands, — all the fellows who have graduated in the lobbies of the State Legislatures, and bribed their way from there into Congress, — all those shysters have had the shares sold for them and taken nothing but the plain greenbacks. I see what your false bosom is made of, John,

— the fair front of honest simplicity and ignorance. It may do you, and it may not. The faster a hog swims the more he cuts his throat with his own hoofs," he added, with a spite which made him coarse. "You 'd better let me keep the stock for you."

John Vane lighted a cigar and smoked with an air of indifference.

"Well," sighed the imp, who had not bought a soul as cheaply as he had hoped, "have it your own way, then. I 'll bring the certificate to-morrow."

IX.

And now Honest John Vane had become Dishonest John Vane, and justified Dorman's contemptuous nickname of Weathercock John.

He had accepted stock in a financial enterprise, which might fairly be called a Juggernaut of swindling, on the understanding that he would grease its rusted wheels with fresh legislation, and help roll it once more through the public treasury and over the purses of the people. In so doing, he had trampled on such simian instincts of good as had been born in him, on such development of conscience as he had been favored with during his sojourn in this christianly human cycle, on resolutions which he knew to be noble, because everybody had told him so, and on promises whereby he had secured power. He had proved that, so far as he could be a moral anything, he was a moral failure. In all the miscellaneous "depravity of inanimate things" he most resembled a weak-jointed pair of tongs, such as pusillanimously cross their legs, let their burdens drop back into the coals, and pinch the hand which trusts them.

In short, he had easily fallen into the loose horde of Congressional foragers or "bummers," who never do one stroke of fighting in the battle of real statesmanship, but prowl after plunder in the trail of the guerillas of the lobby. Their usual history, as the well-informed Darius Dorman has already hinted to us, was this: they had acquired a mastery of log-rolling and bribery and stealing in the halls or the lobbies of the State Legislatures; and, having there gained sufficient wealth or influence, had bribed their way to Congress, with the sole object of plundering more abundantly. John Vane, on the contrary, had been elected by a hopeful people, going about with a lantern to look for an honest politician. He had meant to be honest; he had, so to speak, taken upon himself the vows of honesty; and now, for a thousand or two of dollars, he had broken them. He differed from a majority of his brethren in piratical legislation just as a backslider and hypocrite differs from a consistent sinner.

Can we palliate his guilt? We repeat here, — for the moral importance of the fact will justify iteration, — that he came of a low genus. It was a saying of the oldest inhabitant of Slowburgh, that "up to John's time there never had been a magnificent Vane." No more was there one now. Although some blessed mixture had clarified the family soul in him a little, he still retained much sediment deposited by the muddy instincts of his ancestors, and a very little shaking stirred it all through his conduct. Proper breeding and education might have made him a permanently worthy soul; but of those purifying elements he had been favored with only a few drops. He had risen somewhat above his starting-point, but he still remained below the highest tide-water mark of vice, and got no foothold on the dry land of the loftier moral motives. Sidling crab-like about in these low grounds, the daily flood rolled in and submerged him.

It is impossible to insist too strongly upon the fact that he had no sound self-respect and lofty sense of honor. Of that noble pride which renders unassailable the integrity of a Washington, a Calhoun, an Adams, or a Sumner, he had not laid the lowest foundation, and perhaps could not. In place of this fortress, he possessed only the little, combusti-

ble block-house of vanity. All, or nearly all, his uprightness had sprung from a desire to win the hurrahs of men who were no better than himself, or who were his inferiors. The title of Honest John (knocked down to him at such a shamefully low price as must have given him but a slight idea of its value) had merely tickled his conceit, as red housings tickle that of a horse. It was a fine ornament, which distinguished him from the mass of John Vanes, some of whom were in jail. It was a *nom de guerre*, by aid of which he could rally voters around him, and perhaps win further glories at the polls. Mainly for these trivial and merely external reasons had he striven to hold on to it, and not because he believed that reputation, self-respect, and sense of honor were precious, far more precious than happiness or even life.

Such a motive force is of course no force at all, but a mere weather-cock, which obeys the wind of public opinion, instead of directing it. Vane had now been exposed for some time to a moral breath which differed greatly from that of his hard-working, precise, exact, and generally upright constituents. In the first place he had found, as he thought, that in Washington his title of Honest brought him no influence and little respect. He suspected that it was chiefly his unwillingness to have a finger in the fat pies of special legislation which had caused him to be kept on the minor committees. He saw other members, who were as new, as untrained, and as comically ignorant as himself,— but who had the fame among the lobbyists of being "good workers," and able to "put things through," — he saw them called to positions of distinguished responsibility, far higher on the roll of honor than himself. He learned, or supposed he had learned, that many Congressmen kept Uncle Sam's eagle setting on their own financial eggs. He knew members who had come to Washington poor, and who now owned square miles on the lines of great railroads, and rode in their carriages, while he and his wife walked. For a time the prosperity of these knaves had not punctured his soap-bubble honesty, because he still believed that there was a Congressional public which condemned them, and respected him. Classing himself with Senators Christian and Faithful, and with those almost equally venerated images, Representatives Greatheart and Hopeful, he continued for a time to stand proudly in his honored niche, and to despise the rabble of money-changers below.

But at last Dorman had told him, and his necessities easily led him to believe, that he was alone in his virtuous poverty; Christian, Greatheart, and the other reputed temples of righteousness were nothing but whited sepulchres, full of railroad bonds and all uncleanness. This illumination from the secrets of the pit bewildered him, and caused him to topple from the narrow footing of his probity. He resolved that he would not be the only case of honest indigence and suffering in the whole political world. Besides, what risk did he run of losing his home popularity by accepting a few golden eggs from the manipulators of the Hen Persuader? The fact might become current news in Hell, but it would never reach Slowburgh. Was it likely that Congress would expose the interior of a thieving machine on which so many of its members had left their finger-marks? Even if an investigation should be forced, there was such a trick as doing it with closed doors, and there was such a material as committee-room whitewash.

There was still a momentous question before Vane, — the question whether he would continue to walk with the Mammonite crew, or make use of his deliverance from debt to resume his former respectable courses. The manner in which he decided it furnishes another proof of the jelly-fish flabbiness which characterized his rudimentary nature. Many a cultivated spirit tumbles once down the declivity of guilt, and then climbs back remorsefully to the difficult steeps of well-doing. But our self-manufactured and self-in-

structed hero, there he continued to stick in the mud where he had drifted, like any other mollusk, and absorbed and fattened and filled his shell, a model of stolid and immoral content.

Just in one direction — the only direction in which he had been thoroughly educated — he showed energy. At business he had worked hard and made himself what is called a good business man, sharp-sighted in detecting his own interest, and vigorous in delving for it. If in the present case he had not made a particularly fine bargain for himself, it had been because he was new to that thieves' brokerage, the lobby, and bewildered at finding himself hustled into it. But, although he had sold his virtue at a low figure, he was now determined to get the full price agreed upon. As Dorman did not bring him the promised certificate of stock, he sought him out and secured it. Next he heard that a dividend had fallen due on the day of his purchase; hence another call on his fellow-sinner, and a resolute demand for the sum total of said dividend.

"But the transfer is dated the day after the dividend," objected Dorman, who, like the rest of his subterranean kind, did not want to pay a cent more for a soul than he could help.

"Yes, I know it is," answered Dishonest John Vane, angrily. "And that 's a pretty trick to play on a man whose help you ask for. Now I want you to make that transfer over again, and date it the day on which I took the stock, and pay me the dividend due on it."

Dorman, wizened with disappointed greed and slyness, looked less like a triumphant goblin than usual, and more like a scorched monkey. His wilted visage twitched, his small, quick, vicious eyes glanced here and there anxiously, and he had an air of being ready to drop on all fours and scramble under a table. Nevertheless, as there was no resisting a lawgiver of the United States, he corrected the certificate and paid the dividend.

"I don't see how I came to make this blunder," he chattered, arching his eyebrows as apologetical monkeys do.

"You don't pronounce it right; it was n't blunder, but plunder," smiled Vane, with a satirical severity suggestive of Satan rebuking Sin.

In an amazingly short time after these solvent providences had befallen Weathercock John, all the lobbyites out of Gehenna seemed to have learned that he was "approachable." These turkey buzzards have a marvellous aptitude at scenting a moral carcass, and Vane, who did not so much as suspect that he was dead, must have been already in need of burial, and pungently attractive to their abominable olfactories. They gathered around him and settled upon him, until he might be described as fairly black with them. Gentlemen who, to be in character, ought to have had raw necks and a sore-toed gait, croaked into his ears every imaginable scheme for pilfering, not only the fatness and the life-blood, but the very bones out of Uncle Sam. It is arithmetically certain that, had every one of these pick-purse plans been carried out successfully, the Secretary of the Treasury would have had to suspend all manner of payments.

Among so many golden bows of promise, Weathercock John was able to make a judicious pick, and to find lots of full purses at the ends of them. He would have nothing to do with "national highways," because he was already highwaying it on the line of the Great Subfluvial, and did not want to become known as one of the "railroad ring." He selected the congenial case of a deceased horse, who had been killed by our troops in Western New York during the War of 1812, and who had already drawn his ghostly claim for damages through five Congresses, the amount thereof quadrupling with every successive journey, so that it had risen from $ 125 to $ 32,000. Also he pitched upon the case of certain plantation buildings in Florida, which had been destroyed by the same indiscreet soldiery while striving to defend them from the Seminoles, or by

the Seminoles while struggling to take them from the soldiery; and which, by dint of repeated "settlements and adjustments on principles of justice and equity," every settlement being made the pretext of a new adjustment, and every adjustment the pretext of a new settlement, had grown in worth from about $ 8,000 to about $ 134,000, — one of the most remarkable instances of the rise of property ever witnessed in a thinly settled country. Likewise he hit upon the grievance of a mail contractor, who, having failed to carry his mails and so forfeited his contract, now demanded (through his heirs) $ 10,000 in damages; also $ 15,000 for mail services, in addition to those not rendered; also $20,000 of increased compensation for the mail services not rendered, together with interest and costs to the amount of $15,000 more.

These, and some dozen other similar swindles, our member took under his legislative protection, proposing to put them through as such little jokers usually are put through; that is, by tacking them on to appropriation bills at the very end of the session. As for remuneration, he was fair minded enough to be content with ten per cent on each successful claim, whereas some unscrupulous statesmen extorted as much as fifteen or twenty. It is needless to say that, in view of this conscientious moderation, the lobby itself was stricken with a sense of unholy gratitude, and began to shout through its organs, "Hurrah for Honest John Vane!" You may imagine how it delighted and strengthened him to find that, no matter what villanous trick he played upon the public, he could not lose his glorious nickname. So cheered was he by this incongruous good fortune that he ventured to introduce a little bill of his own into Congress, appropriating $ 50,000 for a new cemetery for "the heroic dead of the late war," the contract for the coffins to be awarded to one Elnathan Sly, who was his own man of straw or *alter ego*.

Meantime he would have nothing to do with those visionary projects which "had no money in them." His motto was, "No Irish need apply," meaning thereby indigent applicants for legislation, or applicants who would not offer to go snacks. When an author urged him to introduce an international copyright bill, he cut short his visitor's prosing about the interests of literature by saying brusquely, "Sir, I may as well tell you at once that I don't care anything about this subject, and I don't believe anybody can make me care about it." When some simple college professors wanted him to propose an appropriation for the observation of an eclipse, he got rid of the venerable Dryasdusts by a stroke of rare humor, telling them that his specialty was Revolutionary pensions. When a wooden-legged captain of volunteers applied to him for the Slowburgh Post Office, he treated him with promises, which sent him home promptly in high spirits, and then secured the position for one of his own wire-pullers, a man who had enlisted for the war in the Home Guards.

A great change, you will say; an unnaturally sudden eclipse; an improbably complete decadence. Not so; in his inmost being Vane had not altered; only in the incrustations of life deposited by surroundings. Barring the molluscous characteristic of easy good nature, and that sort of companionable generosity which amounts to give and take, he had never been beneficent and unselfish. He had not moral sympathy enough to feel the beauty of virtue in the individual, nor intellect enough to discover the necessity of virtue to the prosperity of society, nor culture enough to value any educational instrument finer than a common-school. Considering the bare poverty of his spiritual part, indeed, our Congressman was merely a beggar on horseback; and it was no wonder that, once temptation got him faced hellwards, he rode to the devil with astonishing rapidity.

Well, John Vane fell from his respectable indigence into degradingly thrifty circumstances. He paid all the debts which he had incurred during his

abnormal, or at least accidental, course of honesty, and knew no more what it was to be without a comforting roll of pilfered greenbacks in his pocket. He hired a fine carriage for his wife, and gave her all the funds that she needed for entertainments and shopping, thereby arousing in her fresh respect and affection. Indeed, he so far satisfied the pecuniary expectations of Olympia that she no longer found the wealthy Ironman necessary to her happiness, and fell into a prudent way of discouraging his attentions. Once more our member's home was tranquil, and he happy and glorious in the midst of it. A man who can dazzle and fascinate his own wedded Danäe with showers of gold is nothing less than a Jove of a husband.

It is worth noting that Olympia had no scruples about using these unaccustomed riches, and never once asked where they came from. Had she learned that they were filched from the public treasury, would she have accepted and spent them the less freely? A venerable Congressman, thoroughly versed in all the male and female wickedness of Washington, assures me that women are conscienceless plunderers of public property, and will steal any official article which they can lay hands on, from a paper-folder upward.

At last came the end of the session. As is always the case, it was a season of wild turmoil and uproar, by no means resembling one's idea of legislation, but more like a dam breaking away. The House was as frantic with excitement and as noisy with dissonant speaking as was the tower of Babel after the confusion of tongues. Honorable members who had special bills to push were particularly active and sonorous. They spouted; they tacked on amendments; they electioneered among their brother lawgivers; they were incredibly greedy and shameless. An imaginative observer might have fancied himself in a huge mock-auction shop, with two or three score of impudent Peter Funks hammering away at once, while dead horses were knocked down at a hundred times the price of live ones, and burnt barns, empty cotton bags, rotten steamers, and unbuilt railroads went at similar swindling prices, the victimized purchaser in every case being a rich simpleton called Uncle Sam. The time, talents, and parliamentary skill of the honest members were nearly all used up in detecting and heading off the immortal steeds which were turned into the national pastures by the dishonest ones. Many measures of justice, of governmental reform, and even of departmental necessity were, perforce, overlooked and left untouched. It seemed as though the only thing which Congress was not under obligation to attend to was the making of laws for the benefit of the whole people.

In this raid of special legislation upon real legislation John Vane was one of the most active and adroit guerillas. His "genial" smile simpered from desk to desk, like Hector's shield blazing along the ranks of Trojan war. He had never smiled so before; he very nearly smiled himself sick; he proved himself the smiler of smilers. There was no resisting such an obviously warm-hearted fellow, especially as he was generous, too, offering to vote as he would be voted for. And everything prospered with him; the taxes gathered from his countrymen melted on his schemes like butter on hot pancakes; and when he left the House at midnight he was a man in "respectable circumstances."

He now had funds enough to carry the next nominating caucus in his district, and thus, with Dorman's potent aid, to make fairly sure of a return to Congress. As he had once swept the ballot-boxes as Honest John Vane, so he purposed to sweep them again as Dishonest John Vane. But is the golden calf of lobbydom to be the directing deity of our politics forever? Is no axe to be laid to the root of this green bay tree of Slowburgh? We shall see.

J. W. DeForest.

FRANCES WRIGHT, GENERAL LAFAYETTE, AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS one of ten persons to whom Frances Wright, in December of 1826, conveyed the lands of Nashoba, consisting of eighteen hundred and sixty acres, "in perpetual trust for the benefit of the negro race," my co-trustees being (besides Miss Wright's sister) General Lafayette,* William McClure, Robert Owen, Cadwallader Colden, Richeson Whitby, Robert Jennings, George Flower, and James Richardson; three of the said trustees, if resident on the lands, to constitute a quorum competent to transact business.

Cadwallader Colden was well-known, in those days, as an eminent New York lawyer and statesman, who had been Mayor of the city. Richeson Whitby and Robert Jennings were both members of the New Harmony Community, Whitby having formerly been a Shaker with a good knowledge of farming, and Jennings an experienced teacher. George Flower was the son of Richard Flower, already spoken of; and James Richardson was a Scotch physician, upright, impracticable, and an acute metaphysician of the Thomas Brown school.

Miss Wright also conveyed to us all her personal property then on these lands, — farming utensils, wagons, horses, and the like, together with five male and three female slaves; consigning also to our care a family of female slaves (four in number, I think), entrusted to her by a certain Robert Wilson of South Carolina. The conveyance of the slaves was "on condition that, when their labor shall have paid to the Institution of Nashoba" (not to Miss Wright) "a clear capital of six thousand dollars, with six per cent interest thereon from January 1, 1827, and also a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of colonization, all these slaves shall be emancipated, and colonized out of the limits of the United States by the trustees."

The Deed of Trust, with an appended declaration touching its objects, provided also for a society of white persons, "founded on the principle of community of property and labor"; but it is added, "No life of idleness is proposed to the whites; those who cannot work must give an annual equivalent." Board for non-workers was afterwards fixed at two hundred dollars a year. Members were to be admitted in the first place by the trustees; but no one was to become a member who had not lived six months on the lands; nor then without receiving a *unanimous* vote. A member once admitted was not liable to expulsion, and was entitled, in all cases, "to attention during sickness and protection in old age"; the children of members were to be educated, till the age of fourteen, at the expense of the institution.

Details were left to the discretion of the trustees, except that a school to include colored children was at all times to form part of the plan, and that no distinction was there to be made on account of color.

Miss Wright had radical views touching the personal independence of women, whether married or single; and these caused her to insert a provision that the admission of a husband as member should not carry with it the admission of his wife; nor the admission of a wife, the admission of her

* It may be well, in this connection, to remind the reader that, soon after the close of our Revolutionary War, General Lafayette busied himself in promoting the abolition of slavery in the French colonies; and that he purchased a plantation in Cayenne, gave freedom to the slaves there employed, and spent a large sum in their education.

husband: each was to be voted for as an individual.

For the rest, the general tone of the paper was temperate. "In facing the subject of slavery," said the founder of Nashoba, "it is necessary to bear in mind the position of the master as well as that of the slave, bred in the prejudices of color, untaught to labor and viewing it as a degradation. We must come to the slaveholder, therefore, not in anger but in kindness; and when we ask him to change his whole mode of life, we must show him the means by which he may do so, without complete compromise of his ease and his interests."

Also, "while acknowledging with pleasure, in the members of emancipating societies, the real friends of the liberty of man," she says that she would have placed the property under their control, but for essential difference between their views and hers "respecting the moral instruction of human beings." She adds: "Emancipation based on religion has hitherto effected but little; and, generally speaking, by the tone and arguments employed has tended rather to irritate than to convince."

Assenting to these views I accepted the trusteeship; and when, in the spring of 1827, New Harmony had ceased to be a community, I agreed to accompany Miss Wright on a visit to Nashoba, hoping there to find more cultivated and congenial associates than those among whom, for eighteen months past, I had been living. A week later my father left Harmony for Europe, expressing his regret that, because of his recent large expenditures, he could not prudently undertake, as he wished, to educate the village children free of cost; but adding that he had paid up the debts of the community, and had left in the hands of Mr. James Dorsey, then a resident of New Harmony but late Treasurer of the Miami University, three thousand dollars, as a contribution toward defraying school expenses for the coming year.

At Nashoba, where I remained ten days, I found but three trustees, Richeson Whitby, James Richardson, and the younger Miss Wright. We consulted daily, but even sanguine I had to admit that the outlook was unpromising.

The land, all second-rate only, and scarcely a hundred acres of it cleared; three or four squared log houses, and a few small cabins for the slaves, the only buildings; slaves released from fear of the lash working indolently under the management of Whitby, whose education in an easy-going Shaker village had not at all fitted him for the post of plantation overseer: these were the main facts, to which it was to be added that Miss Wright's health, which had been feeble at New Harmony, became so much worse ere we reached Memphis that she had to be conveyed from that town to Nashoba in a hammock swung in a covered wagon. Richardson informed me that during the preceding year, intent on organizing her institution, she had rashly exposed herself on horseback during the midday suns of July and August, sometimes even sleeping in the forest at night; had barely escaped a sunstroke, and had *not* escaped a brain-fever, which prostrated her for weeks, and almost baffled his skill and her sister's unremitting care. Fearing its return, he earnestly recommended a sea-voyage and a residence during the ensuing summer in Europe. Thereupon Whitby declared that, if both the sisters left Nashoba, he despaired of being able to manage the slaves: they would obey either, as their owner and mistress, and himself only when he had their authority to back his orders.

Discouraging enough, certainly! But I was then much in the state of mind in which, more than thirty years before, Southey and Coleridge may have been when they resolved to found, amid the wilds of the Susquehanna, a pantisocracy free from worldly evils and turmoils and cares, from which individual property and selfishness were to be excluded; so I adhered to my resolution, Frances Wright encouraging me to

hope that in Paris and London we might find congenial associates.

Finally, a loadstar beckoning me to Braxfield, I proposed to accompany Miss Wright across the Atlantic. She found an elderly Scotchwoman as attendant. We took a Havre packet at New Orleans, and after a tedious voyage reached France in July. I had fears even for her life, till we got fairly out to sea; but after that she gradually gathered strength, and when I left her in Paris with intimate friends, her health was, in a measure, restored.

I spent several weeks in the French metropolis. Politically, it was a period of much interest. Twelve years before, the prestige with which overshadowing talent and military glory had long invested arbitrary power in France had died out on the field of Waterloo. Louis, the corpulent and the gastronomic, —

"That Louis whom, as king and eater,
Some called *Dix-Huit* and some *Des Huîtres*,"—

had presented such a humiliating contrast to the great Corsican that all classes instinctively felt it. The reign of Charles X., the last of that dynasty which "forgot nothing and learned nothing," commencing three years before I reached Paris, had been but a succession of plots against human liberty. In 1824 the nation had been loaded down with a debt of a thousand millions as indemnity to emigrants; in 1826 futile attempts had been made to restore the feudal law of primogeniture and to muzzle the press; finally, the Jesuits had been re-established in France under the title of Fathers of the Faith, — all this during the premiership of the ultra-royalist Villèle. At a review, held three months before my arrival, by the king in person, the public discontent had broken loose, as the royal cortège approached, in loud cries of "Down with the Ministers! Down with Villèle!"

The contempt with which the common people regarded Charles was expressed without reserve. "What sort of king have you got?" said I to the driver of a fiacre, which I had hired to take me to Versailles; "do you like him?"

"If I like him?" answered the man, in a tone of disgust. "Sacre! what is there to like? He does nothing but hunt and pray to the good God all day."

It was a terse description of the royal occupations. The chase and the mass made up the business of Charles's life.

Ridicule, in France the most powerful of all political weapons, was brought to bear against the imbecile monarch. At every corner one could buy weekly journals filled with pasquinades and caricatures. A trifling incident, of recent occurrence, had stirred up all Paris just then, and furnished fresh material for fun and jest. The Pasha of Egypt had presented to the King of France a camelopard. This animal, the first of its kind, I believe, that had ever reached Paris, seemed to be the universal theme of conversation, from the most fashionable circle down to the meanest beggar. Its picture was exhibited in every print-shop window, was painted on every stage-coach. Every new invention, every fashionable article of dress, was *à la giraffe*. Its long neck and sloping body were to be seen all over the papered walls, on the ladies' sashes, on the gentlemen's pocket-handkerchiefs, nay, the pettiest retailer of gingerbread had given his cakes the same all-fashionable form.

I went to see this most popular of quadrupeds at the Jardin des Plantes. The crowd was immense, and their exclamations of delight at every movement of the creature resembled the cries of children at sight of a new toy: — "Mais, voyez-vous, elle se couche! Elle se couche toute seule! Elle est couchée! Elle reste là! Quelle drôle de bête!" and so on, in every varied tone of gratification and surprise.

The satirists of the press were, of course, not slow to avail themselves of the passing excitement. Before the animal arrived, they had circulated a news-item, stating that the king had issued an ordinance forbidding the en-

trance of the camelopard into his dominions, "parcequ'il ne voulait pas avoir une plus grande bête que lui dans son royaume." Soon after appeared a caricature representing the triumphal entry of the animal into Paris, escorted by the royal body-guards and the officers of the Cabinet; and, as it was still in every one's memory that Charles, entering Paris in triumph at the time of the Restoration, had sought to win favor by publicly declaring, "Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus," — the artist had projected from the camelopard's mouth a scroll with the words "Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'une bête de plus." All this probably hit harder than even the quasi-seditious cries of the malcontent multitude at the review. When Charles, three years later, issued decrees destroying the liberty of a press which thus assailed him, and dissolving a Chamber of Deputies who stood out against these and similar acts of tyranny, it cost him his crown.

But *the* event of this visit of mine to Paris was my introduction, by Frances Wright, to General Lafayette. Of all men living he was the one I most enthusiastically admired, and the one I had the most earnestly longed to see. These feelings had gained fresh fervor in the United States. Just two months before I landed at New York Lafayette had returned home in the Brandywine, after a year's sojourn in the land which he had aided to liberate, and by which he had been welcomed as never nation, till then, had welcomed a man.

I heard his praise on every tongue, I found love and gratitude toward him in every heart. Then, too, Frances Wright, familiar with his history, had made me acquainted with many incidents in his life not then generally known; his nice sense of honor in abstaining, during a visit to London in 1777 (just before he embarked as volunteer in the American struggle), from getting any information that might be used against England, — even declining to visit her naval station at Portsmouth; then his noble conduct to Napoleon, first refusing all honors and office at his hands; then voting against him as Consul for life, and telling him that he had done so; later, when Bonaparte returned from Waterloo, urging in the Assembly his abdication; yet finally, with a sympathy for the fallen soldier in adversity which he had never felt for the Emperor while in his pride of power, offering to procure him the means of escape to America,— an offer which Napoleon, unable to forgive old grudges, unfortunately for himself, declined.

These and a hundred other chivalrous traits of self-sacrifice and of delicate generosity had made Lafayette a hero of heroes in my eyes. And when he gave me a cordial invitation to spend a week at La Grange, adding that he would call for me with his carriage next day, I was at the summit of human felicity. The opportunity of intimacy with a man who, while yet a mere stripling, had relinquished in freedom's cause all that youth commonly most clings to and prizes! The privilege of a talk in uninterrupted quiet, during a four or five hours' drive, with a leading spirit in two revolutions! A chance of questioning one of the chief actors in the greatest struggles for social and political liberty which all history records! I scarcely slept that night; and well did the morrow — a bright day in mid-August — fulfil more than all I had expected!

My admiration and sympathy were no doubt transparent, and these may have won for me, from one of the most genial of men, a hearty reception. At all events, he devoted himself to satisfy my curiosity, with an overflowing good-nature and a winning kindness and simplicity that I shall remember to my dying day.

A few items of our conversation I still most distinctly recollect. One incident, presenting the Father of his Country in a rare aspect, ever recalls to me, when I think of it, the tender eyes and the gracious, loving manner which made the grand old Frenchman the idol of all young people who were

fortunate enough to share his friendship.

It was just before the unmasking of the sole traitor who loomed up during our Revolution, on one of the most eventful days in all that eventful period, and more than four years after the immortal Declaration had been read from the steps of the old Philadelphia state-house; it was the twenty-fifth of September, 1780. On the afternoon of the preceding day, Washington, after dining at Fishkill, had set out with his suite, intending to reach Arnold's headquarters, * eighteen miles distant, that evening. What would have happened had he carried out his intention, we can now only conjecture. † What men call chance — a casual meeting near Fishkill with the French minister, De Luzerne — induced him to remain there that night. Next morning, after sending notice to Arnold that he might expect him to breakfast, he again changed his intention, turning off to visit some redoubts on the Hudson, opposite West Point, and sending two aides-de-camp to apologize. It was while these officers were at breakfast with the family that Arnold received the despatch which announced André's capture, and caused his (Arnold's) instant flight, on pretence, to his visitors, of a call from West Point. Some hours later, Washington, arriving with General Knox and General Lafayette and finding Arnold gone, followed him, as he supposed, across the river, and, learning that Arnold had not been to West Point, returned to dinner. As Washington approached the house, his aide, Colonel Hamilton, who had remained behind, came hurriedly to meet him, and placed in his hands a despatch which, as confidential staff-officer, he had already opened, and which disclosed Arnold's treachery. Washington communicated its contents, doubtless before dinner, to General Knox, and to him alone, with the brief and significant words, "Whom can we trust now?"

The usual version is that he thus communicated the portentous news to Generals Knox *and Lafayette* jointly; but that is an error. The statement made to me by the latter, during our journey to La Grange, surprised and interested me at the time, and has remained indelibly impressed on my memory. It was this:

When Washington sat down to dinner, no unusual emotion was visible on his countenance. He was grave and silent, but not more so than often happened when recent tidings from the army occupied his thoughts. At the close of the meal he beckoned to Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then, giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the common weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette to me in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I am the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that had given rise to his excitement, and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained in his demeanor either of grief or despondency."

In the course of conversation, another incident from Lafayette's early life came up, — that outrage alike against international law and a decent

* At a house belonging to Colonel Beverly Robinson, on the opposite bank of the Hudson to West Point, and about two miles below.

† Washington, writing October 13, 1780, after commenting on the providential interference which saved West Point, adds, "How far Arnold intended to involve me in the catastrophe of this place does not appear by any indubitable evidence; and I am rather inclined to think that he did not wish to hazard the more important object by attempting to combine two events." — GORDON'S *America*, 1801; Vol. III. p. 134.

regard for humanity, — his seizure in 1792 by Austria and his confinement in the citadel of Olmütz for five years in a dark and noisome dungeon. Though his prison was shared, for the twenty-two last months, by his devoted wife, yet for more than three years previously he had been condemned to utter solitude, cut off from the world, and from all outside news, whether of events or of persons. In alluding to these terrible days, and expressing to me the opinion that a few months more of such stagnant isolation would have deprived him of reason, his characteristic thought for others rather than himself shone out. "My young friend," he said, "you will probably some day be one of the law-makers in your adopted country — "

"What, I, General? A foreigner?"

"Was not I a foreigner, and how have I been treated? If you ever become a member of a legislative body, bear this in mind: that utter seclusion from one's fellow-creatures for years is a refinement of cruelty which no human being has a right to inflict upon another, no matter what the provocation. Vote against all attempts to introduce into the criminal code of your State, as penalty for any offence, solitary confinement, at all events for more than a few months. Prolonged beyond that term it is torture, not reformatory punishment."

I told him I should surely conform to his advice; and when, seven or eight years later, I served in the Indiana legislature, I kept my promise.

Of course we spoke of the French Revolution and the causes of its failure.

"Our people had not the same chance as the Americans," said Lafayette, "because the feudal wrongs under which they had suffered for ages were far more dreadful than anything that is complained of in your Declaration of Independence; and these involved a lack of education and a political ignorance which never existed in the United States. The recollection of such wrongs maddened them, and so led to intolerable excesses. Yet, even at such disadvantage, I believe we might have succeeded if other nations had let us alone."

"Do you think that England interfered to encourage the revolutionary excesses?"

"I am certain that was William Pitt's policy; and when we reach La Grange I will give you proof of this."

"But was there not lack of harmony between those who, in the first years of your Revolution, honestly sought the public good?"

"Yes; lack of harmony and of a correct appreciation of each other's views and motives. I have often thought, since, that if, in those early days, I had justly judged the noble character and enlightened views which, afterwards, when it was too late, I learned to ascribe to Madame Roland; and if we two and the friends who trusted us had acted in cordial unison, it is possible that our desperate struggle for liberty might have had a happier end. Even as it is, it has left inestimable gains behind it. The king, you see, has failed to re-establish primogeniture. Villèle has been defeated in his attempts to procure a censorship of the press. Our people despise the weak sovereign who misrules them, and our Chamber of Deputies holds out against him. A very few years will see another revolution; and our past experience will doubtless tend to give it a wiser and more peaceful character than the last."

I may add here that, in the autumn of 1830 when these predictions had been fulfilled, I received from the General a letter giving me his reasons for acceding to the measures of the party which placed an Orleans Bourbon on the throne. A monarchy limited by the surroundings of republican institutions was all that Lafayette then thought his countrymen able to sustain. The son of one whose republican preferences had won for him the title of Égalité, himself educated from infancy in the humanitarian principles of Rousseau; an adherent, at the age of seventeen and under solemn pledges, to the revo-

lutionary doctrines of 1790; a faithful soldier of the Republic up to 1793; finally, trained from that time forth for twenty years in the stern school of adversity, it seemed as if Louis Philippe, direct descendant of Louis XIV. though he was, might here be the right man in the right place. Yet Lafayette (so he wrote to me) accepted him with reluctance, as a stepping-stone, which even then he did not fully trust, to something better in the future. "On the thirty-first of July," he added, "when I presented him to the people from a balcony of the Hotel de Ville, as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, I never said, as the newspapers made me say, 'Voilà la meilleure des républiques!'" He did but surrender his own political preferences to what he regarded as the necessity of the hour; and it is well known that a programme of government, agreed upon between Lafayette and Louis Philippe before the latter was elected king, embodied provisions far more liberal than any which were ever carried into practice during his reign. Little wonder that the miscalled "citizen king" rejoiced, as he notoriously did, when the man to whom he virtually owed his throne resigned in disgust his commission as commander of the National Guards.

The day after we arrived, the General fulfilled his promise by showing me various letters, intercepted during the Reign of Terror, which afforded conclusive evidence that the British government had, throughout France, secret emissaries, paid to originate, or encourage, the very atrocities which brought reproach on the republican cause. He kindly gave me one of these letters, which I kept for many years, but finally lost through the carelessness of a friend to whom I had lent it. It was addressed to the president of the revolutionary committee at St. Omer, stating that Mr. Pitt had been well pleased with his action so far, and that he should soon have an additional remittance for his services. Among other recommendations, it contained, I remember, this, "Women and priests are the safest persons to work upon and take into your pay."

Lafayette's beautiful country-seat is too well known to justify any elaborate description here. The château struck me as a fine specimen of the old French castle, built on three sides of a quadrangle, and surrounded by a moat which modern convenience had converted into a fish-pond. The park had evidently been laid out by an English landscape gardener, and with much taste; a beautiful lawn around the castle was dotted with clumps of trees of every variety of foliage, some of which had been planted by the General's own hand. Beyond was a farm of some four hundred acres under excellent culture. The offices, which were extensive and neatly kept, contained folds for a flock of a thousand merinos; and in the cow-houses we found a numerous collection of the best breeds, French, Swiss, and English, the latter from the farm of Mr. Coke of Norfolk. America had contributed a flock of wild geese from the Mississippi, a flock of wild turkeys, and a variety of other curiosities.

At La Grange I found various members of the Lafayette family, including a married daughter, and a granddaughter seventeen or eighteen years old, Natalie de Lafayette, next whom at table her grandfather, much to my satisfaction, did me the honor to assign me a seat. She conversed with a knowledge of general subjects and with a freedom rarely to be met with among unmarried French girls, who are wont to reply in monosyllables if a casual acquaintance touches on any topic beyond the commonplaces of the hour. She was strikingly handsome, too; and when I was first introduced to her, her beauty seemed to me strangely familiar. After puzzling over this for some time, it occurred to me that this young lady's features recalled the female faces in some of Ary Scheffer's best paintings, especially, if I remember aright, his "Mignon aspirant au Ciel." When I mentioned this casually to an English

gentleman, then a visitor at La Grange, he smiled. "Have you remarked it also?" I asked.

"I, and almost every one who is acquainted with Mademoiselle de Lafayette. Common rumor has it that Scheffer is hopelessly in love with her; at all events, his ideal faces of female loveliness almost all partake, more or less, of her style of beauty."

I had a glimpse, during my visit, of a singular phase of French life. Among General Lafayette's guests was a distinguished-looking, middle-aged lady of rank and fashion; and, after a few days, I began to observe that a young French noble, also a visitor, paid her assiduous attentions; in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner, however, and with an air of marked respect. "Is Monsieur le Marquis a relative of Madame de ——?" I asked Monsieur Levasseur, the General's private secretary, with whom I had become well acquainted.

"A relative? O no. He is, — you do not know it, then? — her *friend*." The emphasis marked the meaning, and Levasseur added: "He is usually invited where she happens to be."

"Did he come to La Grange with her?"

"Ah!" (smiling), "one sees that you are not acquainted with our usages. It would have been a great impropriety to accompany Madame. He arrived a day or two after her."

Next day the lady left for Paris; and the day after I took my departure, leaving the "friend" still at La Grange.

If we are disposed to regard such a relation as an anomaly in refined society, we may, at least, readily detect its cause. An English lady, whose acquaintance I had made soon after I arrived in Paris, told me that a few weeks before, during an afternoon visit, she was conversing in a fashionable drawing-room with the eldest daughter of the house, when the mother, who was standing at a front window, called out, "Tiens, ma fille; voilà ton futur! Don't you want to see your intended?"

"But without doubt, dear mamma. Which is he?"

"You see these three gentlemen who are coming up arm in arm?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, it is the middle one of the three; he who wears the blue coat."

As a general rule marriage is a negotiation between two families; and, "if there be no repugnance" (that is deemed the sole necessary inquiry), the young people ratify the bargain and the ceremony follows. Position in society, but still more frequently the relative wealth of the parties, stamps the suitability of the match. Quarter of a million livres ought to win and marry quarter of a million livres; and, if there be birth and beauty, ought to attract and subdue *half* a million. Purses are mated. What wonder that poor hearts, thus cheated, take their after revenge?

Young men are somewhat more at liberty than their marriageable sisters; but even they seldom choose for themselves. It is not said of a young gentleman, "He is about to marry," but "His father is about to marry him." My experience, then and later, of French life in the upper classes is, that if a young bachelor, by a rare chance, should even happen to originate an attachment, it is, as a general rule, lightly felt and soon passed over. Ere I left Paris I met at a small evening party a young Frenchman, who, having just returned from a visit to the United States, sought my acquaintance, and confided to me in the first half hour what he seemed to consider a love adventure. "It was in Philadelphia. Two months ago I loved her much, for she was, indeed, very well, one might say, quite charming. It was what is called there a good family; rich too; and the parents allowed me to see her alone several times. I think she did not regard me with indifference, and sometimes she looked quite pretty. But what would you have? My father was not there, and who can tell in what light he might have regarded it? He had always warned me against a

mésalliance. Then, after a time, I drifted into another circle and did not see her for several weeks,— de manière que la chose se passait. But I think of her still sometimes. She was très gentille, and really carried herself with a grace which one does not expect out of Paris."

All said in the easiest tone, just as he might have related to me a visit to the theatre, and made a confession that he was struck with a pretty little actress whom he met there; to a stranger, too, whom he saw then for the first time, and never expected to see again! It amazed me.

Although at that time half a century had passed since America had declared her independence, and made good her declaration, some of the inhabitants of Paris had evidently not yet awakened to the fact. Soon after reaching the city I went to have my hair cut. When I sat down, the barber, stepping back a pace or two, seemed to take a survey of his visitor.

"Apparently," he said at last, "Monsieur's hair was not cut the last time in Paris."

I confessed that it was not.

"May I ask," he then added, "where Monsieur's hair was last cut?"

"It was at some distance from here, — in the United States."

"Pardon! Where did Monsieur say that his hair was cut?"

"In the United States, — in America."

"Ah! In the colonies? Are there, then, already hairdressers in the colonies?" *

I assured him that in the United States of America many of his profession were to be found; and I hope that thenceforth he regarded us, if not as an independent, at least as a civilized nation.

I had heard, as every one has, of the politeness for which the French of all classes are famous; and I resolved strictly to test it.

On one of the crowded boulevards I saw, one day, a woman who might be of any age from sixty to eighty, sitting bowed as with infirmity, over a stall loaded with apples and oranges; her wrinkled face the color of time-stained parchment, her eyes half closed, and her whole expression betokening stolid sadness and habitual suffering. I made no offer to buy, but doffed my hat to her, as one instinctively does in France when addressing any woman, told her I was a stranger, that I desired to reach such a street, naming it, and begged that she would have the goodness to direct me thither.

I shall never forget the transformation that took place while I was speaking. The crouched figure erected itself; the face awoke, its stolid look and half its wrinkles, as it seemed, gone; the apparent sullenness replaced by a gentle and kindly air; while the voice was pitched in a pleasant and courteous tone. It said, "Monsieur will be so good as to cross the boulevard just here, then to pass on, leaving two cross-streets behind him; at the third cross-street he will please turn to the right, and then he will be so kind as to descend that street until he shall have passed a cathedral on the left; Monsieur will be careful not to leave this street until he shall have passed the cathedral and another cross-street; then he will turn to the left and continue until he reaches a fountain, after which —" and so on through sundry other turnings and windings.

I thanked the good woman, but begged that she would have the kindness to repeat her directions, as I feared to forget them. This she did, word for word, with the utmost patience and *bonhomie*, accompanying her speech, as she had done before, with little, appropriate gestures. I was sorely tempted to offer her a piece of money. But something restrained me, and I am satisfied that she did not expect it. So I merely took off my hat a second time, bowed, and bade her farewell. She dismissed me as gracefully as a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain might some visitor to her gorgeous boudoir.

* "Y a-t-il donc déjà des friseurs dans les colonies?" were, I recollect well, the very words.

From France I crossed over to Scotland. My readers already know how I fared there. I took leave of the family at Braxfield, and of Jessie, in the middle of October, and proceeded directly to London.

The most interesting person I met there was Mrs. Shelley, daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and widow since Percy Bysshe Shelley's death in 1822 of that poet: — interesting, not only because of the celebrity of her parents and of her husband, but far more for her own sake; interesting, too, because of the remarkable discrepancy which I discovered that there was between her actual character and all her antecedents and surroundings.

I expected to find Mrs. Shelley a radical reformer, probably self-asserting, somewhat aggressive, and at war with the world; more decidedly heterodox in religion and morals than I myself was; endorsing and enforcing the extreme opinions of her father and mother, and (as I then understood them) of her husband. I found her very different from my preconceptions.

Gentle, genial, sympathetic, thoughtful and matured in opinion beyond her years, for she was then but twenty-nine; essentially liberal in politics, ethics, and theology, indeed, yet devoid alike of stiff prejudice against the old or ill-considered prepossession in favor of the new; and, above all, womanly, in the best sense, in every sentiment and instinct; she impressed me also as a person with warm social feelings, dependent for happiness on loving encouragement; needing a guiding and sustaining hand.

I felt all this, rather than reasoned it out, during our too brief acquaintance; and few women have ever attracted me so much in so short a time. Had I remained in London I am sure we should have been dear friends. She wrote me several charming letters to America.

In person, she was of middle height and graceful figure. Her face, though not regularly beautiful, was comely and spiritual, of winning expression, and with a look of inborn refinement as well as culture. It had a touch of sadness when at rest; yet when it woke up in animated conversation, one could see that underneath there was a bright, cheerful, even playful nature, at variance, I thought, with depressing circumstances and isolated position.

Looking back on those days, I feel assured that, if fate had thrown Mary Shelley and myself together at that period of my life, instead of bringing me in contact with Frances Wright, the influence would have been much more salutary. I required to be restrained, not urged; needed not the spur, but the guiding-rein. Mrs. Shelley shared many of my opinions and respected them all; and as well on that account as because I liked her and sympathized with her from the first, I should have taken kindly, and weighed favorably, advice or remonstrance from her lips, which when it came later in aggressive form, from the pens of religious or political opponents, carried little weight and no conviction. I am confirmed in these opinions by having read, only a few years since, an extract from this excellent lady's private journal, written eleven years after I made her acquaintance, and which vividly recalls the pleasant and profitable hours I spent with her.

It is dated October 21st, 1838. She writes, "I have often been abused for my lukewarmness in 'the good cause,' and shall put down here a few thoughts on the subject. . . . . Some have a passion for reforming the world, others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class makes me respect it. For myself I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures; I see all, in the present course, tending to this, and I rejoice; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring injurious reaction. I have never written a word in disfavor of liberalism, but neither have I openly supported it: first, because I have not argumentative power; I see things pretty clearly, but cannot demonstrate

them: next, because I feel the counter arguments too strongly. On some topics (especially with regard to my own sex), I am far from having made up my own mind."

Then, farther on, she adds, "I like society; I believe all persons in sound health, and who have any talent, do. Books do much; but the living intercourse is the vital heat. Debarred from that, how have I pined and died! Yet I never crouched to society, — never sought it unworthily. If I have never written to vindicate the rights of women, I have, at every risk, befriended women, when oppressed. God grant a happier and better day is near!" *

She did not live to see it. Ere the clouds of detraction which then obscured Shelley's fame had fully cleared away, and the world had learned to recognize, despite extravagance of sentiment and immaturity of opinion, the upright, unselfish man, and the true poet, his widow, weary of heart solitude, had passed away, to join in a better world the husband whose early loss had darkened her life in this. She died in about twelve years after the above extracts were written.

Mrs. Shelley told me that her husband, toward the close of his too short life, saw cause to modify the religious opinions which, in his earlier works, he had expressed, especially his estimate of the character of Christ, and of the ethical and spiritual system which Jesus gave to the world. With this strikingly accords the tenor of a document first printed in the volume from which I have extracted above. Lady Shelley entitles it, "An Essay on Christianity"; yet it is, in fact, but notes, fragmentary and suddenly interrupted by death, toward such an essay, — very interesting and significant notes, however.

As to the Gospel record, Shelley's opinion was: "It cannot be precisely ascertained in what degree Jesus Christ really said all that he is related to have said. But it is not difficult to distinguish the inventions by which his historians have filled up the interstices of tradition, or corrupted the simplicity of truth. They have left sufficiently clear indications of the genuine character of Jesus Christ to rescue it forever from the imputations cast upon it by their ignorance and fanaticism. We discover that he is the enemy of oppression and falsehood; that he is the advocate of equal justice; that he is neither disposed to sanction bloodshed nor deceit, under whatever pretences. We discover that he was a man of meek and majestic demeanor; calm in danger; of natural and simple thoughts and habits; beloved to adoration by his adherents; unmoved, solemn, and severe." .... "Jesus Christ opposed, with earnest eloquence, the panic fears and hateful superstitions which have enslaved mankind for ages."

Then, speaking of him as a reformer believing in human progress, he says: "The wisest and most sublime of the ancient poets taught that mankind had gradually degenerated from the virtue which enabled them to enjoy or maintain a happy state. Their doctrine was philosophically false. Jesus Christ foresaw what the poets retrospectively imagined."

Shelley admired and hoped, rather than asserted. But the spiritual tendencies of that delicate nature cannot be mistaken. We have seen that he did not deny the "signs and wonders" of the first century; that he declared the power of communing with the invisible world to be an interesting theme, and conceived the same idea that was expressed a few years later by Isaac Taylor, namely, that "within the field occupied by the visible and ponderable universe, and on all sides of us, there is existing and moving another element fraught with another species of life." * What he needed — what so many

* Shelley Memorials, from authentic sources, edited by Lady Shelley (wife of Mrs. Shelley's only son, who became, at his grandfather's death, Sir Percy Shelley): Boston reprint, 1859; pp. 258 – 268.

* Physical Theory of Another Life. London, 1839; p. 232.

strong and earnest souls have needed — was experimental proof (if, as I believe, it is to be had) of man's continued existence, and of the reality of a better life to come.

Lacking this, he still made encouraging progress toward "that tranquillity" (to use his own words) "which is the attribute and accompaniment of power"; and the chief cause of such advance is not hard to find. After some stormy years of mistake and disappointment, though he never attained entire peace, though the tempest of prejudice still raged without, yet by his hearth, at least, were sympathy and encouragement and love. "Mrs. Shelley's influence over him," says her daughter-in-law, "was of an important kind. His mind, by gradually bending to milder influences, divested itself of much of that hostile bitterness of thought and feeling with which he had hitherto attacked political and social abuses." *

He knew and acknowledged this. In the whole range of poetry I call to mind no tribute from husband to wife that can match, in sweetness and power, his dedication to her to whom he ever looked as his "own heart's home" of his "Revolt of Islam." Uncertain as to its success, even while conscious of its merit, he lays his poem at her feet:—

"Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light."

And again, a few stanzas farther on, occurs this testimony to her benign influence: —

"Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom!"

* Shelley Memorials, 8 p. 2.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE GERMANS IN THE WEST.

THE first emigration to the United States of persons of German birth — that is, in any considerable numbers — took place immediately after the Thirty Years' War, and was a proximate consequence of that struggle. The draughts on its resources for over a quarter of a century had made Germany a very poor country, and, like all poor countries, a very undesirable place for those dependent for a livelihood on the labor of their hands, since with the capital of the country went — as even the tyro in political economy must know — the wage-fund, the support of its mechanics and peasantry. Thousands of these classes, with no alternative but gradual starvation or immediate emigration, chose the latter as the lesser evil, and turned their eyes to our shores, then as now the land of promise to the Israelites of fortune.

Queen Anne of England had promised free passage to America to those Germans desiring to emigrate thither. She expected but a few ship-loads of the exiles. Great therefore was her consternation, and that of the generous Londoners, when they saw themselves threatened by a foreign invasion. History informs us that there were at one time thirty-two thousand German emigrants, poor, ignorant, and war-worn, in London, awaiting an opportunity to embark for America. The hospitality of the English had been over-eagerly accepted; of their too willing guests only twelve thousand were carried across the Atlantic.

Such was the advent among us of the German element, — an element worthy of our best and most careful study; for we are sure that in the coming man — the future citizen of homogeneous America, an individual whose day is perhaps a hundred years in the future

—the German blood will "tell," and go far to make him what he will be.

The first German emigrants were, for obvious reasons, far beneath the German emigrant of our own times, both in intelligence and position; for whereas they came almost paupers to the country, the German who lands here to-day does not, except in rare cases, come penniless. He comes generally with the ability to read and write, and with means sufficient to support himself and his family, if he has one, until his labor shall provide him with an income. Indeed, the German who comes to-day comes relatively independent. The first colony of Germans came as hewers of wood and drawers of water, the lowest of the low, the most ignorant of the ignorant, bearing to our forefathers about the same relation that the Chinese do at present to our brothers on the Pacific Coast. Such, at least, is the view of their status taken by a countryman of theirs,* the historian of German emigration to the State of New York.

There were, however, some exceptions to this rule, and in course of time the exceptions became less rare; for with their economy and tact it was impossible that these German emigrants should long remain at the point at which they were compelled to begin. The richest man in New York city at the end of the seventeenth century was Jacob Leisler, a German, as was also — witness his name — Johann Peter Zenger, who distinguished himself in his day by his tirades on the English.

The German, never exceedingly modest in his claims and always ready to compliment his country and his countrymen, even at the expense of everything and everybody else, is enthusiastic in his admiration of Zenger. We have read, and heard it insinuated by our adopted countrymen, that Johann Peter Zenger, and not George Washington, was the real father of his country. But not only of having given us a Johann Peter Zenger does the German boast. If he gave us the founder of the Republic, he initiated, too, he claims, the struggle against slavery; for did not his countrymen, in 1688, present to the government a petition to abolish slavery in the Colonies? Nay, more: the Germans taught us the arts; they were, according to their own account, the first to engage in this country in the manufacture of iron, of linen, cloth, and paper; the first in this country to carry on agriculture and the raising of stock on really scientific principles. Indeed, could our German cousins establish all their claims, not only would Washington have to descend from his pedestal to make place for the less classic figure of Zenger, but the enterprising Yankee himself would have absolutely nothing to his credit.

It may be instructive to say a few words on the fate of the first German emigrants to this country. Part of them settled among the colonists of English descent, and part of them in colonies exclusively German, as, for instance, those of the Mohawk and the Schoharie in the State of New York. Previous to the war of the Revolution, there was not much calculated to bring them in contact with the colonists of a different origin, and they continued in their isolation, almost exclusively German, clinging to their own customs, and speaking their own language.

One of the effects of the War was to bring all classes of the population of the country nearer to one another, and to induce more friendly and more intimate relations among them. In this manner it came to pass that the Germans, who had thus far lived as if they constituted a commonwealth apart, began to feel themselves in some way related to the rest of the country. But the union of the two races was not yet complete. In one sense — not in a technical one — the fusion of the two peoples was only political. Their social amalgamation took a longer time, and was brought about by other and more subtile means.

The first step towards the complete assimilation of the German and Amer-

* Friedrich Kapp.

ican races was taken when the German gave up his own language and adopted the English. So long as they could not even exchange ideas, there was little hope that much progress would be made towards a coming together; but the young German found it to his advantage to know English; he learned it, spoke it, and was proud of the accomplishment; for among his countrymen it was an accomplishment. With the German language disappeared the peculiarly German customs, and the young German differed now from the young American only in his origin. The latter invited his young German friend to church on Sundays, and later to an evening party at his home. The young German of that time found the young American girl fairer to the eye than his lady friend of German descent, — it speaks well for the good taste of the Germans of today that they do the same, — and offered her his hand and his heart, both of which, in some cases, not to say all, were accepted; and thus love bridged over the chasm that separated the German from the American, and under God's fusing influence both became indistinguishably one. All that remains of the primitive German emigrant to our shores is a name which his great grand-children make terrible havoc of, and which their reverend sire, the early settler, could he rise from his grave, would by no possibility recognize as that which he thought it would be his to transmit. A name, and that a mutilated one, is all that is left of him. Will it be so with the Germans now among us?

The great majority — it would not be far from the mark to say all — of our present population has come here within something less than a quarter of a century, nine-tenths of all who have come being from the artisan and laboring classes, the other tenth from the middle classes, with an occasional Baron or Count — whom German and American alike declare to be generally "no count" — thrown in by way of variety.

Owing partly to political and partly to other causes, the tide of German emigration assumed, about the year 1848, dimensions altogether unwonted; and up to the present time there has been no falling off in the numbers that land from Germany every year upon our shores. Statisticians have estimated them at the yearly average of 100,000 souls, for about twenty years. There are those — German authorities — who claim that of the present population 10,000,000 are Germans and their descendants, and, as the writer takes it, descendants in the first generation, and about as much American as if born in Westphalia. In 1864 they claimed one-sixth of our entire population.

It is not easy to obtain trustworthy information as to the number of Germans in the United States. Of this we are certain, — it is very great. There are as many Germans in many of our large western cities as there are Americans; in some of them there are more. They are found scattered over the East; in the West, they are thick as autumn leaves; they cover the country and swarm in the city.

Un-American in language, un-American in education, to some extent un-American in their views; socially, and in a degree commercially, isolated from the native-born population, yet endowed with all the rights of American citizens; Americans *de jure* but not, in a sense, *de facto*, — they present an object of study, political and social, second to none that can engage the attention of the American patriot or statesman. What are they? How do they live? What are their customs? What attitude do they take toward the rest of the population? What of their future? Will they found an *imperium in imperio*, or will they be absorbed into the American body? Will they permanently affect the American character, and how?

The Germans in this country are clannish, gregarious in their instincts. It is sometimes objected to the Germans that they herd together thus; but, as we think, unjustly. What else

could be expected on their arrival? To find fault with them for not becoming Americans in a day is, to say the least, very unphilosophical; and whoever does so makes no allowance for the inevitable, and would go to law with gravitation itself.

Their quarters — and they have separate quarters in all large cities where they have settled in any numbers — are readily distinguished, so unlike are they to other quarters of the town, so un-aristocratic, so un-American, so unpretending in their architecture. The stores and dwellings wear a strange aspect. The huge German characters on the sign-boards, generally gilt or some exceedingly dazzling color, flare down on the spectator, and tell him that he is not among those "to the manner born," while the English on the same is frequently so inhumanly butchered that he feels very certain he is among no very near relations, even of the King's subjects.

The never failing lager-beer saloon opens its hospitable door to him at every step. He advances, and lager-beer saloons multiply. He advances at an arithmetical rate; but lager-beer saloons increase in a geometrical ratio. They gain upon him. He finds them at his right and his left, behind and before him. They meet him in such numbers that he begins at last, as it seems to him, to realize the infinite; for saloons are countless, and what metaphysician will split hairs, and tell the difference between the countless and the infinite? Just at this point it is that the observer is in danger of coming to a wrong conclusion from all he sees; for he is lost in wonder how all these saloons are supported, and, if given to hasty generalization, soon comes to the conclusion that either all German saloon-keepers must starve, or that all Germans who do not keep saloons must be the most punctual of tavern patrons, and the least temperate of men: neither of which conclusions, as his further acquaintance with German saloons and German saloon-keepers will satisfy him, is, owing to lack of data, correct; for German saloon-keepers do not starve, and a confirmed German inebriate is as rare almost as a German advocate of total abstinence. Our German population may, relatively, support the largest number of saloons. They by no means produce the greatest number of drunkards.

The appearance of the people is in keeping with the quarters in which they live. The men, as a rule, are large, vigorous, and handsome; the women more noticeable for their robustness than for their beauty; the children, compared with the American children, for their greater size, strength, and weight.

Here no waterfall, Grecian bend, or Dolly Varden. Here only original Teutonic simplicity and severity. Here no affected gait, no strained attention to the style of locomotion. Here men and women who seem to believe that it is more important they should walk than *how*, that they should be dressed than how; who care more to live in the present and provide for the future than after what fashion they shall do the one or the other. Here no fastidiousness of any kind, and yet nothing that can shock the most fastidious; for if there is nothing ornamental here, there is nothing here that is indecent. The Germans are a prolific race, raise large families, and enjoy doing so. Here, therefore, children swarm. Here children scream and grow large-chested; climb up piles of wood, over their father's heavy wagons, and grow broad-shouldered and muscular. Here infants drink from the fountain nature intended they should feed at; here "soothing-syrup" and the nursing-bottle are unknown. Here no effeminacy, — no effeminacy even in woman. Here the five-year-old learns sometimes to earn his daily bread, and the ten-year-old divides his time between school and work. Here men and even children who know the value of a penny, — men and children who are willing to work, who understand from the cradle that life is a struggle, who earn relatively much, and spend relatively little; who

are willing to live on beer and coarse meat and brown bread, and think it no self-denial to do so. Here, in fact, in the sternest of schools, are brought up those whom the children of Americans will have to meet in the battle of life; the men into whose hands, or into the hands of whose children the wealth and influence of the West, in less than half a century, will, in a great measure, have passed, and with the wealth and influence of the great West — which in a few years will mean more than half the continent — it may be the wealth and influence of the whole country; provided always the children of American parents are not brought up in a more Spartan-like school than they are at present, and taught that only through those virtues by which their fathers earned the competence they enjoy can that competence be preserved.

The stern early training of the young German is reinforced by the virtues he witnesses about him, economy, honesty, and industry, all of which in a high degree the German claims and obtains credit for wherever he settles.

The man works, the children work, and the women work, and work as hard as if not harder than the men; for the German, although not destitute of romance, is far from believing that woman was made to be only ornamental. Mere accomplishments go a very little way in deciding a German's choice of a wife. He inquires how well she will wear and how hard she can work, whether she can sew and cook. He has never been guilty of the folly of seeking in his wife an intellectual companion. If he is a philosopher, he does not want his wife to be one. The less she knows of syllogisms the better. Among the opponents, accordingly, of woman-suffrage, the Germans are the stanchest. Even the best-to-do Germans, men of education, professional men, expect their wives to superintend the cooking, and in many cases to do it themselves.

The wife helps her husband in all small businesses. She stands behind the counter and retails beer for him, not ceasing, however, to take care of her baby, usually a fat and rosy one, and so rugged, indeed, that a couple of hours' neglect daily could not possibly harm it; or she helps you to fit on a pair of boots or shoes which her husband has made or mended for you, perhaps sold you. The industry of the women is sometimes marvellous. The writer has known German women to walk six or seven miles to market before seven o'clock in the morning, with no burden but a dozen of eggs or a pound or two of butter, and to wait there a half day before they had disposed of it.

As a rule, the German in the West owns his own house and the ground it is built on. It may be, and generally is, a humble one, yet he is proud in the consciousness that its possession constitutes him a land owner. He plants a row of poplars before his cottage, and then the last touch is given to his manorial estate. In addition to his other good qualities he is provident, and at his death rarely leaves any one who cannot take care of himself unprovided for. It is the prevalence of these virtues amongst them that has given the Germans their reputation as good, quiet, respectable, peace-loving, law-abiding citizens, — a reputation which they certainly deserve.

These virtues are sometimes carried to that extreme where they begin to look to the less moderate American like faults. The German is so content to leave well-enough alone that he can see nothing to be gained by incessant and feverish efforts at improvement. Hence, with all his love of immediate gain, he cares little for that which is prospective, if attended with ever so small a risk. German speculation is confined to the regions of philosophy; it never shows itself in the market.

The German is quite social, that is, with his own countrymen. With them he will sit, and smoke, and drink a glass of beer or wine, never of brandy or whiskey, unless perchance he has

been Americanized in that one particular, which sometimes happens. With Americans he is more reserved. He seems to feel that between him and them there is an impassable gulf. His only intercourse with them is of a business character, and of that even he has but little. If he keeps a wholesale house, or a very large retail one, he may have a small number of American customers; otherwise, his business relations are confined to those of his own nationality. Americans are practically foreigners to their German fellow-citizens whom it is a kind of petty treason to the fatherland to patronize. Hence the German population have their own merchants, artisans, mechanics, dressmakers, and professional men.

They have their own literary and scientific societies, their own reading-rooms, their own libraries, their own theatre, and their own press, all of which compare favorably, everything considered, with similar institutions among Americans. They like a doctor of their own, and a lawyer, where they can find one. The German seems to have conscientious — it were more correct, perhaps, to say gastronomic — scruples against being physicked by an American doctor; for deep in his soul lies the conviction that no one but a German can understand the intricacies of a genuine German stomach. A Yankee dentist has no vocation to fill a German tooth, or grind at a German molar, not even to extract one from a German jawbone. But not the American doctor and the American dentist only, the American shoemaker even is not honored by his German fellow-citizen. There is a something about the American boot absolutely forbidding to him; and much as he may think of Brother Jonathan in other respects, he will not be found in his shoes.

It would not be hard to misinterpret this feature of the German character. Its existence, however, should not be attributed to any dislike of the German for the American. He may love him very well, he loves his countrymen more. And it is quite natural he should; it is but one instance in a thousand of the effects of the moral chemical affinity of race.

The German has, as might be expected, his own Church — that is supposing him to be of the class that goes to church — and, as might not be expected, his own school, to say nothing of certain institutions peculiarly his own. In religion he is either Lutheran, of the German Reformed Church, or Roman Catholic; and when he professes the creed of any of these his orthodoxy is unquestioned. The opinion obtains very extensively that rationalism, or infidelity, or some form of unbelief, is widely prevalent among the German portion of our population. There is some truth in this. Yet the vast majority of the German population, both East and West, are Christians of some kind. The best educated amongst them, however, are, for the most part, members of no Church; and of the children of German parents born in this country very many, perhaps a majority of those who receive anything approximating to a collegiate education, do not accept Christianity in any form; of these again, probably the greater number favor absolute materialism. It cannot be said that it is American modes of thought or the atmosphere of American opinion that engender this change. American thought, or its equivalent, New-England thought, has no influence on the Germans in America. Of all our authors, Emerson is perhaps the only one who enjoys any reputation as a thinker among them, and his is to be attributed in part to the fact that they claim he is only a popularizer of German speculations. The minds that form theirs are German; they read Büchner, Vogt, and Hæckel.

The German radical or the German materialist is not as fair minded as the American who entertains the same views. It were hard to find any one more positive or more impatient of contradiction than the disciple of Büchner, who assures you with Firdusi,

"Von Erde sind, zur Erde werden wir,
Voll Angst und Kummer sind auf Erden wir;
Du gehst von hinnen, doch es währt die Welt,
Und Keiner hat Ihr Räthsel aufgehellt."

It cannot be said that the German radical's science is always profound, or that he knows both sides of certain momentous questions; but he never suspects that he is superficial, or seems to care whether there is anything to be said on the other side. Christianity, in the etymological sense of the word, — in all senses, in fact, — is losing among the German population in America faster perhaps than among any other class of people in the world; and should the extreme radicals in religion — that is, those of American birth and parentage — ever attain to any political significance in the country, they will be warmly seconded by a large and growing class of Germans in the West, who, if anything, are much more radical in the matter than Americans are, or think it consistent with the most enlightened liberty to be; for whereas the American is content with the freedom to hold and defend his views, the German, owing perhaps to the atmosphere in which he was educated, is somewhat inclined to act as if no views but those he entertains are entitled to respect. He is not satisfied with dissenting from your opinion, but has, moreover, the greatest contempt for it, and perhaps for you that you entertain it.

The German's idea of Sunday is anything but Puritanic. It is the very opposite. It is for them a day of amusement. It is no unusual thing to be asked by a German on Monday morning, "Well, how did you amuse yourself yesterday?" There are those among the Germans, of course, who respect and keep the sabbath; but then there are always enough of them who do not; and to judge by the numbers in which they frequent their places of amusement on Sunday, — the parks, beer-gardens, and public-halls, — a stranger might possibly be tempted to inquire whether the Germans had any idea of a sabbath. Men, women, and children, older men with their wives, and younger ones with their sweethearts, throng these places every Sunday, and enjoy themselves, careless of what impression they make on their fellow-citizens of American origin, to whom the sound of brass instruments on the sabbath air is anything but welcome or edifying. In the cold days of winter, when the parks and beer-gardens are dreary and shorn of their beauty, the German seeks amusement in some hall instead. Here he treats himself to a compound of rather heterogeneous elements, — to music, beer, and smoke; and to all of them at once. Any Sunday afternoon in the cold of winter, you may find him, with his wife or child, or both, in some large hall, one of a hundred or five hundred, smoking his meerschaum or his cigar, sipping his beer, wine, or coffee, and listening to a selection from Meyerbeer or Beethoven. Were it summer, he would add the odor of roses to the fumes of his tobacco and the smell of his beer; for he is as fond of flowers as he is of any of these, and is never happier than when the air, trembling to the notes of the orchestra, is redolent with tobacco-smoke, the perfume of the rose, heliotrope, and hop, and he is himself in the midst of them all.

We remarked above that the German has his own school, from which it may be inferred that he does not patronize the public-school system of the country; and this inference, within limits, is not without correctness. A great many Germans do send their children to the public schools. A few of the best-disciplined schools, and of the most thorough that we know, are public schools frequented exclusively by German children; but can such a school be properly called a public school? It may, inasmuch as it derives its support from the public, that the teachers are appointed by the people, through a board of school-commissioners, and that it is open to all children who apply for admission to its classes: in all these respects it is a public school; and perhaps this is all that is required to make what is known as a public school; but it is not what the American

people understand by that appellation, since, whereas they understand a peculiarly American institution, these are sometimes peculiarly German ; for the teachers are German, the moral atmosphere is German, the methods in part German, and the language of the school, to say the least, as much German as English. When Germans can find a school of this kind, their objections to the public-school system are in part, if not entirely, removed ; and no doubt could our school system be Germanized to this extent everywhere, all objections would be removed.

The Roman Catholic German keeps his child from the public school for the same reasons that the vast majority of Roman Catholics in the country do, namely, because they claim that the schools are not sufficiently unsectarian. The Lutheran German builds a Lutheran school-house next to his Lutheran Church, and then sends his children to be brought up Lutherans. His objection to the public-school system is, that it does not do this for him. But even with the German who professes no adherence to creed or church, the public-school system is no favorite ; and that, of course, for quite different reasons. Generally — this is not the place to inquire why — much better educated than the rest of his countrymen, perhaps with all the advantages which Germans could afford for education, with a mind of his own on most points, and fully able to decide what is best for his children, he chooses rather to send them to some private institution, to one, if possible, as near in character to those of his fatherland as he can find. He objects to the employment of women in the schools. The school-ma'am is one of the American institutions least consonant with his modes of thought and his ideas of the sex and its sphere. He is of opinion, and not at all humbly, that neither physically nor mentally is woman competent for the labor of teaching. He would as lief his daughter should shoulder a musket as seek a teacher's diploma. Again you meet one who occasionally finds fault with the public-school system because it is too religious. For the Roman Catholic it has not religion enough, nor of the right kind ; for some Germans it has a vast deal too much. The name of God, or an allusion to Providence, or something else equally unscientific, in a reading book in a school, is sufficient to warn a thorough German radical of its dangerous influence on the young mind. What he wants in the way of an educational establishment is an institution in which there shall be no praying, no reading of the Bible, no allusion to a heaven or a God ; where science shall be taught without any reference to a first cause, and literature without specimens from the writings of bishops, priests, or deacons, or even from a Milton, who, though a great man and gifted with real poetic genius, was so unfortunate in his choice of a subject — inasmuch as he chose a theological one — that all he has earned is a right to be forgotten. Another reason why this class of Germans do not patronize the national system of schools is, that they look upon them as de-Germanizing in their influence, and destructive of an individuality which they are anxious to preserve.

To secure this end, that is, to avoid their denationalization, and what they think to be evils in the public-school system, they have erected schools of their own all over the country. Their teachers are generally competent, and compare very favorably with the teachers in the public schools. Their methods of teaching are the same that are followed in Germany, and the results the same, — scholars thorough and accurate in their knowledge, who are, besides, as gentlemanly, as well-behaved, and as respectful to their teachers as the children that frequent the most orthodox schools in the land. In the matter of education, at least, they lose nothing from the fact that they do not frequent our public schools.

There are branches of education, sometimes neglected by Americans,

which are attended to by our German friends with scrupulous care. We refer particularly to physical education and education in music. The German sends his little boy, and his little girl when he can, to a school of physical training, where they are exercised in calisthenics and kindred arts. The young man grows up and becomes a member of a Turnverein, or society of gymnasts. These institutions for physical and intellectual development are looked upon with suspicion by a great many people, and even by a great many Germans, as the members of them are frequently, most frequently, members of no church, and antagonistic to religion in every shape. Occasionally the best gymnasts from the various localities in the country meet in some large city, and go through competitive evolutions,—marks of distinction, honors, or diplomas being granted to those who distinguish themselves by feats of strength or skill.

The Saengerfest is peculiarly German. Wherever a number of Germans are to be found in any place, it would be very strange if a musical society did not start into being. Such societies are to be found in all large cities where there is a German population, and in many smaller ones. A German community without music is unthinkable; as well talk of a German community without a language or a brewery. The Americans soon catch the contagion. So great, indeed, is the influence of the Germans upon the taste of the Americans in this respect that we believe it possible our western cities may shortly take the lead in point of musical, as much as the eastern cities do in point of literary, talent in this country. As in the case of gymnasts, so it is with the various German musical societies. At a specified time and place they meet to try their relative musical powers; and they come from all directions for that purpose. They generally meet, of course, where their countrymen are well represented; and the occasion of their coming together is a gala-day. Evergreens adorn the streets, arches are erected in various places, devices and mottoes are abundantly displayed in prominent localities, flags, German and American, flutter from German houses, the entrance to the lager-beer saloons are made as inviting as the grotto of a nymph, German faces in extra supply are met with at every corner. The Saengerfest is held in some place of public amusement; the various societies compete and are awarded prizes according to merit.

Another "fest" is the Schützenfest in which the prizes awarded are to the best marksmen. These feasts are all good, and the American who believes in physical education and the influence of good music will be glad that they exist.

We have mentioned so many points in which the German is isolated from the American that the question, in what do the two agree, would not be impertinent. Have they anything in common? We think they have. We think that in their common adherence to the rights of humanity, and in their devotion to the principles of human liberty, they are one; that the German in America would fight side by side with the American for any broad principle of liberty or human right, for the dignity or independence or union of the country,—with this distinction, however: the American would fight for the country and the principle, the German, we think, for the principle only; that is, if the two could be separated. In other words, the German does not love America as his fatherland; he loves that which alone makes America—we do not say dear but—supportable to him,—liberty, and the opportunity it affords him to better his condition.

Although he does not mix with the American portion of the community, and has no very great love for it, he is no enemy of the American, he bears him no ill-will. That he does not mingle in American society or positively love the native American is not his fault. He cannot, and it should not be expected from him. There is nothing to bring the two together but a common adherence to a few abstract prin-

ciples,—principles which have no active opponents, and which, therefore, do not tend to cement the union of the German and American peoples as they would were they threatened from without or within.

His language, customs, education, and traditions, his daily mode of life, even, are different; hence he does not meet his American fellow-citizen as often as he would were any of these things held by the two in common. Germans and Americans cannot meet even at the same table, which, however good it may be for one or the other, never can suit both at the same time, so different are their culinary tastes. The German tells you that he can get nothing to eat at an American boarding-house or hotel; and in a German one the American assures you there is nothing he can eat. In this way it happens that not only the requirements of the head and heart, but those of the stomach even, tend to keep the two people separated; and in the process of their amalgamation, the stomach of the German must be educated to the American standard, before that amalgamation will be complete.

From all that has been said, it may be inferred that the German does not frown on or flatter the American. He gives him credit for perseverance, enterprise, and pluck, for his ability for self-government; but here ends his praise. He can tell us, on the other hand, and his less intelligent fellow-countryman learns to repeat it after him, that we, compared with the people of Europe, possess a purely colonial character; that we have produced nothing in literature, art, or science that is peculiarly American; that in the little we have accomplished, we have been imitators; he will add, perhaps, if he cares to be severe, that to this there is one exception: that the world is indebted to us for originating spirit-rapping and table-turning and Mormonism,—all of which bear an unmistakable American character.

Such being the light in which we appear to those of our German population who trouble themselves at all with speculations as to the probable future of their race in the United States, it is not much to be wondered at that they do not wish to be Americanized any faster than they can help it; that they resist the change, if Americanization means changing them into anything like what the American is to-day, east or south, or north or west. In fact, the German looks upon the invitation to Americanize himself as an invitation to forget his early associations and European impressions, to exchange the Alps for the Alleghanies and the Rhine for the Hudson; to efface Heidelberg and Berlin from his memory, and fall in love with Cambridge and New York; "to throw Goethe and Schiller into the fire, and read the Bible and Miles Standish"; to turn away from the grand old minster, and feast his eyes on ordinary houses built of fiery red brick. To hear him discourse of how much he would be under the painful necessity of giving up to become an American, you would imagine him certainly the heir, and the exclusive heir, of all the ages. He dilates on the merits of Schiller and Goethe, as if Schiller and Goethe did not belong as much to the world as to Germany, and might not be appropriated by any one who wished and was able to make them his own, in Cambridge as in Weimar itself. In fact, you might imagine that Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing were his ever-attendant spirits, forever whispering in his ear. Between him and the American alike, and the old cathedrals of Europe and its celebrated galleries of art, the Atlantic rolls; yet he speaks as glibly of them as if, by some mysterious influence, they were where he might inspect them at any moment he chose; and although his great grandfather may be the last of his kin that saw them, he, according to all appearances, knows as much about them as if he carried them all in his breeches-pocket.

But what of the future? By the very force of circumstances, and in spite of what the German wishes,

his descendants will be American. If we are ever to become one nation, a homogeneous people, the distinction of German and American must cease. The German does not like this. He does not like to be swallowed up by the great American people, body, bones, and all. He does not like to be told that he will disappear and leave not a trace behind, for he has within him the instinct of immortality.

Will he live in America in any sense? We think he will. Even at present German ideas are not without their force. It is not for us to say whether this is always for the best. Let others decide whether the German boast — that they are the born enemies of "Yankee" thought and "Yankee" ideas — is true or not, and, if true, whether for the best or not. All we aim at is to take an objective view of them, not sparing them where their faults are patent, nor caring to spare the reader who would fain find everything as he would wish it to be.

Wherever they have settled in any numbers, they hold — or may hold if they so choose — the balance of power, and it would be almost impossible to pass a Maine Liquor Law, or a Sunday Law, or if passed, to enforce it. The principle that Christianity is part of the common law is fast disappearing wherever they settle. In any question involving that point no judge, anxious for the German vote and caring more for the vote than the principle, or the dignity of the bench, would dare to affirm it.

They claim exemption from taxes for institutions professedly devoted to the combating of Christianity on the same ground that churches and schools are exempt from taxation; and there are places where it is not improbable they will carry their point. On all of which we leave it to the reader to make his own comments.

The German will affect the American community in two ways: by his blood and by his ideas. The resultant will be neither "Yankee" nor German; it will be American. The German character — there are enough of the nation among us to do it — will complement the American, and of all characters it is in some respects the one most able to do it. The American is too much taken up with the pursuit of gain: an infusion of German blood will have the effect of making him less so, but, at the same time perhaps, more saving; less abstemious in the matter of wine and beer, if this could be considered desirable, more so in that of brandy and whiskey; less given to commercial speculation, fonder of music and the drama, of flowers and of nature.

It is not probable that they will influence our form of government or our political principles at all. The mission of the Anglo Saxon race appears to be to educate men into governing themselves. Here Germany must come to school to America. Her genius is not political, however contemporaneous events may seem to favor the opposite view. Among no people are the ties of friendship and the family stronger. Among no people is political coherency less powerful. As a people, they may be manipulated by a skilful hand. Bismarck's success in moulding them in a short period into a great nation, if it proves the ability of the man, proves also a lack of political self-assertion in the people themselves. Were their political prejudices stronger, they could not have been overcome so easily. Of the thousands of Germans who have come to our shores, the late Dr. Lieber is, perhaps, the only political writer of any prominence they have given us; and of distinguished statesmen, they have not produced one. Their own most eminent writers do not hesitate to confess that, as a people, they have no political genius. They had no idea of the State until they came in contact with the Romans; and they have always considered the government as an estate, and not as a trust. We should be inclined to think that, if true to their instincts, they would in this country favor State rights, for they

have always been impatient of universal governments, ecclesiastical and civil, and a tendency to decentralization runs through the whole of their history. Hence, the small States which only yesterday were united into an Empire, — a union of which no one feels warranted to prophesy the perpetuity. We repeat it, therefore, it is only socially, and in our religious history that the Germans will act upon us; and, in the long run, perhaps, more in the latter respect than in the former. There seems to be a tendency in the German character that is anti-Christian. We recollect finding ourselves one Christmas day in the house of a venerable German patriarch, — a man with hair as white as the snow that covered the ground outside. His little grandchildren were about him, climbing his knee, and talking of the "Christ-kind," or Christ-child, who had sent them all the pretty golden fruit, and the tree that bore it, their aged grandparent the while extolling Rénan, and arguing against the existence of God. Before these children had doffed their small clothes, Santa Claus and the Christ-kind were both relegated to the mythic age of the nursery. And something like this is taking place every day among the Germans in the West.

When it is known that one of the objects of the Turnvereins is the propagation of the most radical ideas in matters of religion and politics, and that these societies are to be found in every State of the Union, something is learned of how they are affecting us in that direction. These and other influences will survive the German in America. He will go; but they, for good or evil, will remain. The German's character will not die out, but will change; his name, his feelings, his thoughts, and his aspirations will cease to be German, and, in ceasing to be German, become American; but, on the other hand, not American in precisely the signification that word bears to-day; for America, even, is not exempt from the laws which produce the vicissitudes of nations and the constant variation of national character.

J. J. Lalor.

DANIEL TREADWELL, INVENTOR.

THE name at the head of this paper is that of a man who probably has had less popular recognition than any other great inventor; yet to this comparatively unknown man the country owes the first prosperity of its railroad system; on printing-presses originating from his invention nearly all our books are printed; machines of his device revolutionized the art of rope-making as completely as those of Arkwright revolutionized cotton-spinning, and now supply the world with the best cordage; the most effective artillery of modern warfare is made upon principles which he first discovered and applied; a number of his minor inventions modify modern industry, and add to the wealth, greatness, and honor of the nation. He has fully earned the right to be associated hereafter with the other great discoverers in the mechanic arts who have given lustre to the American name.

Daniel Treadwell, born October 10, 1791, in Ipswich, Massachusetts, was a descendant from one of the earliest settlers of the town, who emigrated thither in 1638 from Oxford in England. His predecessors were hard-working and respectable farmers. His mother, Elizabeth Dodge, was a descendant of Mayor Isaac Appleton of Ipswich, and Priscilla Baker, granddaughter of Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Symonds, "a gentleman of an ancient and worshipped family from Gildham in Essex, England." She was the

second wife of his father, and died when Daniel was two years of age. "My early years were therefore," he says, "no doubt much neglected, as my father's housekeeper, however well disposed, had neither the education nor the affection required to make the most of a child, and my father, who was fifty-two years old at the time of my birth, was much occupied in the care of his farm."

On the death of his father, Daniel was placed under the guardianship and lived in the family of Colonel Nathan Wade, an old Revolutionary soldier, who was much esteemed in Ipswich, and whose care and kindness were always held in grateful remembrance. In 1800, he began his grammar-school studies at Newburyport, ten miles distant. The school, like most of the schools of that time supported by the town, does not seem to have been of a very high order; but here he received all the instruction that he enjoyed till he was twenty-five, when he began the study of French, under a teacher in Boston.

It is always interesting to observe the first indications of a genius like that of young Treadwell for any particular branch of knowledge or calling. "In 1803 the town of Ipswich," writes his friend, Mr. S. N. Baker, "purchased a fire engine, which soon attracted the attention of the schoolboys and of Daniel Treadwell in particular, who resolved to make one, which he did. When finished he announced to the boys that he would exhibit and try it during the vacation. "At the time appointed the boys assembled, and we drew it to a two-story building; we then went to work, forced the water on to the roof, and with a shout of joy pronounced it a success." Mr. Baker says of Treadwell, "He was a pleasant boy, though rather sedate, and a favorite among his schoolmates."

In 1805, when nearly fifteen, he began an apprenticeship in Newburyport to his brother Isaac, who had just gone into business as a goldsmith and jeweller. Here he remained nearly two years, when his brother failed in business, and went to New York, and afterward to Caraccas, where he became director of the mint and of the department of mining, and perished in the great earthquake of 1812.

Daniel came to Boston, and there worked with Mr. Jesse Churchill, No. 83 Newbury Street, for four years, first as an apprentice, and then as a partner in the shop and trade. During this period, as might have been expected, he applied himself to the improvement of the implements of his trade. In making silver-ware the important tool was the hammer, and with this, by a tedious process, the various articles were gradually fashioned without much certainty of the exact resemblance of any two articles intended to be similar. Treadwell, by means of swages, between which the rolled plate of silver-ware was laid, was able, with a few heavy blows or a strong pressure, to give the plate the desired form with great exactness.

"When about nineteen," he writes, "I took to geometry and algebra, and went unassisted through Euclid and Bonnycastle's Algebra. Although I could not give my mind to the works of gold and silver that I wrought, I was always attentive to the operations of machinery wherever I saw them. Before I was fifteen I had gone through the many exercises of puzzling over the problem of perpetual motion. During this labor I pursued, without aid or instruction from any one, the great principle of vertical velocities. The rediscovery or untaught perception of this principle is sometimes given as a mark of great mental force. I am induced to think it not an uncommon occurrence, and that most young men with a little more then medium talents are capable of it. Of the value of a clear, constant, and vivid perception of it to the machinist too high an estimate cannot be formed."

During the war with Great Britain in 1812, when the hard times upon which we had entered admonished the people not to indulge in luxuries of gold

and silver, his prospect of success in his trade was not good and his attention was drawn towards manufactures. An article which was much needed and of which the supply had been cut off by the war was the common screw. During the day he worked in his shop with Mr. Churchill, and the evenings he passed in the adjoining shop of Phineas Dow, a man of considerable skill and ingenuity, some ten years his senior. After some two years of this intermittent work, they invented and perfected a machine which in his specifications he describes as "a machine for making screws of metallic wire commonly called wood screws, at one operation, by water, steam, or any other power." The machine performed the operation of making the screw entirely without the aid of the hand, taking in the wire at one end and delivering a finished screw at the other at the rate of fifteen to twenty-five a minute. For this he obtained a patent, and with the aid of one of his friends, established a screw factory in Saugus. He had great difficulty in obtaining suitable wire, as there was none made in this country, and the English wire was dear and hard to get. Capital also was not abundant with the inventors, and after a while peace was made with Great Britain, when imported screws becoming plenty, the machine and the right to manufacture it were sold to persons in Philadelphia. From the multiplicity of its operations it was necessarily very complicated. It was much admired for its ingenuity, and although it did not make the fortune of its inventors, it has been profitable to others, for it contained many of the principles upon which the screw machinery of the present time is constructed.

His next invention was a machine for making wrought iron nails. This was put in operation, and made finished nails, with heads and points complete, from heated rods fed in from above. About the time it was finished and at work, an Englishman appeared and claimed priority of invention, although his machine never made a perfect nail. Mr. Treadwell declined to contend with him and abandoned the business. It would seem, however, that his invention, either as then made or with some subsequent improvements, was again put in operation, for he was employed in the profitable manufacture of nails from 1824 to 1827.

In 1816, at the age of twenty-five, worn out with anxiety attendant upon his work, Mr. Treadwell determined to study medicine. He entered the office of Dr. John Ware of Boston, and attended the course of lectures at the Medical School of Harvard University. The attractions of this profession for him were undoubtedly the study of anatomy and physiology, which in many respects are intimately connected with mechanics and hydraulics. One of his papers records an investigation, probably made at this time, into the force exerted by the heart upon the contained blood. He based his calculations upon the height of a jet of blood from one of the larger arterial trunks and the space through which the blood moved in a given time. At that early period one of his fellow-students says, "We, his friends, held him in high esteem and respect for his great scientific knowledge." After studying with Dr. Ware about a year and a half his health improved, and his mind returned to its old habit of dwelling upon mechanical problems. He abandoned the idea of becoming a practitioner of medicine, but he never lost his interest in all matters pertaining to physiology.

In 1818 he again appears as an inventor. "Aware of the fact," he says, "that the legs have a vastly greater muscular force than the arms, it occurred to me that this circumstance might be taken advantage of in the construction of mechanical instruments in which the exertion is necessarily great without a great nicety in its direction. After much deliberation I selected the printing press, as connected with one of our most useful arts, and well-fitted to illustrate the principle assumed."

Following out his plan, he invented a

press differing from the ordinary hand-press in several respects. In the hand-press the "form" of type is upon a movable carriage, by which it can be run in and out beneath the platen, — a plain piece of solid metal covering the face of the form of type, and which, when pressed down by a powerful screw and lever pulled by the arm of the workman, gives the impression. In Mr. Treadwell's press the form is stationary, and the platen, which is light and turns upon a horizontal hinge, is so counterbalanced that it can be turned on and off the form with very little expenditure of force. The impression is given by a lever which rests upon a projecting piece of metal rising from the top of the platen. This lever is connected by means of a descending rod with a treadle near the floor; upon this the workman treads with his whole weight, and thus brings down the platen upon the types with great force. The time and power lost in moving the form is saved, and the muscular effort is a step instead of a pull. To this is added a double *frisket*, — a contrivance by which the paper, after being printed on one side, without being removed, is turned and printed upon the other. This he called the "Treadle Press." It excited a good deal of interest among printers; Colonel Benjamin Russell, an old printer, and the well-known editor of the "Boston Centinel," was much pleased with it and brought it prominently forward. The same friend who had aided Mr. Treadwell with the screw machine aided him with this also. The press when finished was put in operation in Boston for a short time, and seemed so satisfactory that Mr. Treadwell determined to introduce its use, and, being desirous of visiting England, concluded to make the attempt first in that country. He reached London in the latter part of 1819. In the following year it was patented, and two or three were manufactured by Mr. Napier and put in operation. But he found that the attention of printers was directed entirely to steam cylinder presses. Monday, November 28, 1814, the London Times had announced to the reader that he held in his hand a paper printed by steam. The prospect of success did not warrant a further stay, and he returned home in September, 1820.

After examining the steam cylinder press while in England, he was satisfied that, although it might answer sufficiently well for newspaper work, a better power press for book work might be constructed by using the platen rather than the cylinder for the impression. His own invention and those of his successors have confirmed the correctness of his conclusion. Soon after his return he commenced the construction of such a machine, which was completed in about a year, being the first press by which a printed sheet — a copy of the Boston Advertiser — was printed on this continent by other than human power. The difficulties which Mr. Treadwell encountered in this enterprise may be better understood when we know that there was not a single steam engine at work in any shop or manufactory in the old peninsula of Boston, and but a single one at the foundry at South Boston. There was not a lathe to be procured large enough to face the platen, which was consequently constructed of wood.

All the motions of the press were automatic with the exception of laying on and taking off the paper. It was put in operation by a horse. Mr. Treadwell called it the Power Printing Press, and it was patented March 2, 1826. After satisfying himself of the quality of the work, and of the important saving in expense over that of hand-printing that would be made by his press, Mr. Treadwell determined, in connection with two partners, to commence the business of printing, and continue it until the printers should be satisfied that it would be to their advantage to adopt his press and purchase the right to use it. Accordingly a second machine was built, type purchased, and workmen procured,— probably with some difficulty. Journeymen were opposed to his plan; it was thought to interfere with the demand

for their services, and one of his most reliable assistants was a young woman who laid on the paper to be printed, and became quite familiar with the working of the machinery, so that going afterwards to Philadelphia with one of the presses, she taught others how to manage it. The business was carried on about two years with moderate profit; one of the principal booksellers of Boston then purchased the establishment, with the patent right for Massachusetts. During this time Treadwell received contracts from several booksellers to print works for them; and many books are now to be seen with the imprint, "Treadwell Power Press."* The opposition of the journeymen was violent and unremitting, and once when his warehouse took fire and the presses were injured, some of the journeymen were suspected of setting the fire.

Mr. Treadwell was soon after a member of the Rumford Committee of the Academy, which is charged with the duty of examining such discoveries or useful improvements in light or heat as in their opinion merit the Rumford medals. To this committee he was annually re-elected for nearly forty years.

In 1826 the Boston Mechanics' Institution was founded. Dr. Bowditch was chosen president, and Mr. Treadwell the first of its three vice-presidents. In 1827 he commenced lecturing in Boston, and gave a course before the Institution on subjects of practical mechanics. In 1829, on the retirement of Dr. Bowditch, he was elected president.

In 1815, at the request of President Josiah Quincy, then the mayor of Boston, Mr. Treadwell examined the various ponds and running waters in the vicinity of the city, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of supplying it with pure water. In the report which followed, the advantages of elevated reservoirs within the city are strongly insisted upon, both because they reserve water which passes through the mains by night when the expenditure is small, and also because they afford a perfect and more steady supply, and a stock of water in case of accident to the mains, especially during a fire. In 1871, more than forty years after this report was written, and when the wisdom of its advice had been forgotten, it was proposed to tear down the reservoirs, and cover their valuable sites with buildings. Mr. Treadwell, then an octogenarian, remonstrated vigorously in the public prints. In the following November, during a severe frost, the whole supply of water for the city was for several hours cut off. The possibility of a conflagration caused great alarm, and the fire engines were at once hurried to the wharves. Fortunately no fire occurred, but the alarm was not without benefit. The reservoirs still stand; though it is with regret that we must add that during the great fire of November 9, 1872, the city reservoir was found empty.

In 1837, under the mayoralty of Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, Mr. Treadwell was again chairman of a committee upon the same subject, and the subject of a suitable supply of water is fully discussed in the first of a series of examinations and reports which ended in the construction of the great Waterworks, opened Oct. 12, 1848.

While engaged in printing, Mr. Treadwell made many experiments with the hydrostatic press used in his establishment as to the effect of pressure on different kinds of woods when placed in the chamber of the press. He also made other experiments on the permeability of wood, and found that a pressure of 400 pounds to the inch forced water through a piece of wood endwise in a stream. Perceiving that in this way salt water or other solutions could be forced through timber, he laid before the Commissioners of the United States Navy in 1823, a plan for applying this process, which could be accomplished in a few minutes, to ship timber, as a substitute for *docking*, which requires several years.

Between the years 1823 and 1829

* Among the lesser contrivances devised by him, may here be mentioned a machine for inking types which is still in use and may be seen to-day employed in the Bank of England.

he constructed several sets of power printing presses, and put them in operation in New York for the Bible and Tract Society there, in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and Boston; and in some of these cities they were in use for more than twenty years. There is good reason to believe that no form of power press for book printing constructed since then is capable of producing better impressions or making any considerable saving in the cost of work; but some of them have an advantage in being more compact, and in working somewhat more rapidly than the original press. From the manufacture and sale of the rights of using his presses Mr. Treadwell received about $ 70,000.

In 1829, as chairman of a committee, Mr. Treadwell made a report to the Directors of the Massachusetts Railroad Association on the practicability of conducting transportation on a single set of tracks. He had already, in a short article in the "Franklin Journal," published in Philadelphia, particularly described his plan. No railroad for the transportation of passengers then existed in New England; no English railway for public use, with other than a double track, had been mentioned; the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had double tracks, and it was naturally inferred that they were essential. The surveys for the Boston and Albany Railroad had been made. Mr. Treadwell proposed for this road a single set of tracks with proper sidings at considerable intervals, fixed time of starting, and regulated velocities. These propositions he sustained with facts and sound arguments, and showed that by their adoption the transportation then required could be done as well as by double tracks, and that the same amount of capital could distribute the advantages of railroads over a much larger extent of country. The English system, on the other hand, would not only materially limit them, but would render them, in a sparsely settled country, unremunerative to the stockholders.

His system was violently opposed by another committee; it was asserted that the only proper mode of construction was "a double set of tracks, with well-constructed joining places from one set to the other, within 50 or 60 rods of each other. As to the system of fixed times of starting and regulated velocities, "nothing" they said, "in the whole range of human affairs *can* ever be thought of, to which its application would be so ruinous and destructive as to the very railroad (the Boston and Albany), now under consideration." As a consequence of this discussion, the Boston and Worcester, and the Boston and Lowell, and the Boston and Providence Railroads, the pioneer roads in this State, went into operation on the principle indicated and explained in the ingenious paper of Mr. Treadwell.

In the following October was the great competitive trial of locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, in which George Stephenson's "Rocket" definitely settled the question of motive power for railroads, and with it the necessity for the adoption of Mr. Treadwell's plan of fixed times and regulated velocities. In looking back from this time, one may say that the great primary success of the American over the English railways is in a great measure due to the adoption of the single-track system.

In 1829 Mr. Treadwell received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard College, and the same year delivered a short course of lectures to the undergraduates and University students on subjects of engineering and practical mechanics, comprising steam engines and railways. It was in this year, also, that he completed his first imperfect machine for spinning hemp for rope making. This subject took up the greater part of his time from 1828 to 1835, and comprised inventions — which formed the subject of five different patents — for preparing and spinning the hemp and tarring the yarn. These processes, which had before been per-

formed entirely by hand, no rope yarn having been spun by machinery in any part of the world, were by his invention transferred to automatic machines, with a vast saving in the cost of production, and improvement in the quality of manufacture. During the whole period he met with determined opposition from the trade of rope makers, was often insulted, and even threatened with violence.

A full description by Mr. Treadwell of this most ingenious machine, under the title "A machine called a Gypsey, for spinning hemp and flax," with drawings, may be found in the volume of Memoirs of the American Academy published in 1833. The first works were completed upon the Mill Dam in Boston, in 1832, and were capable of manufacturing nearly a thousand tons of hemp annually. In 1838 he contracted with the United States government for machines to be placed in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., where he afterwards placed eighty machines with complete tarring works. From a report made some years since, it appears that the saving to the government at the Navy Yard alone was from ten to twenty thousand dollars annually, without mentioning the benefit derived from the superior quality of the cordage. On these machines, and those copied from them and erected at Memphis, Tennessee, several years later, all the cordage for the American navy is spun; and they stand now without a successful competitor in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, as efficient as when they were first placed there forty years ago. Since their invention the character of American cordage has so greatly improved that it has become an article of export to most parts of the world; to the British Provinces, the East Indies, and even Great Britain. The machines, also, have been exported, first to Canada, and then, in 1860, to Great Britain, Ireland, and Russia, with a still increasing foreign demand. One of the inventions — the circular hatchel or lapper — is believed to be generally used wherever hemp is spun for the making of coarse cloth. With such a widespread demand, it is not surprising that the machines should find pirates and imitators, and these sprang up in all directions. The income derived by Mr. Treadwell from his power printing presses has already been stated; that from the rope machine is believed to have been much greater. It is probable that this very satisfactory result prevented him from undertaking any defence of his rights.

"In 1831," writes Mr. Treadwell, "being then in my fortieth year, I married Miss Adeline Lincoln, a daughter of Dr. Lincoln, of Hingham, who has been my faithful and devoted companion to the present time (1854), and I trust will be preserved to me to the very end."

In 1834 a new field of usefulness opened to Mr. Treadwell, when he was chosen to fill the chair of Rumford Professor at Cambridge, thus adding the office of teacher of the principles of mechanics and the practical application of them, to that of an inventor, which had heretofore chiefly occupied his thoughts. To qualify himself for the place he went to Europe in the following year, visited such public institutions as had for their object the advancement of the useful arts, and studied carefully such subjects as were more closely connected with his new duties, and also secured models of machinery and other apparatus required for the illustration of his lectures. In 1836 he returned, and went immediately to Cambridge to live, and began the duties of his professorship. Professor Treadwell says, "I accepted this place rather against my inclinations, and with the suspicion that I was not exactly suited to it. I was a stranger to college life, its associations, customs, and traditions, unacquainted with some branches of learning, especially the ancient languages, that form, and I believe very properly, a principal subject of college study. But the courtesy and kindness of the professors and officers soon relieved me in a degree from the disagreements of my false position."

His misgivings were not shared by his friends; they knew his high intellectual powers and his abilities. His lectures were remarkable for pure and choice English, clearness of description, precision in the enunciation of propositions, logical sequence of ideas, and well-selected and successful experiments. Few lecturers could surpass him in the ability to fix clearly and permanently in the minds of his pupils the subjects of his teachings. He filled this chair with great honor to the College till his resignation in 1845.

His lectures required but a part of his time, and left him free to engage in other pursuits, and he directed his attention to the making of cannon of greater strength, and consequently of greater calibre, than those in common use. Being intimately acquainted with the properties of metals and the forces to which they are subjected when used in the construction of cannon, he saw the advantages to be derived from the substitution of wrought iron and steel for bronze and cast iron. He knew well the processes of manufacture; he knew that these metals were, as usually wrought, a fibrous structure, as is clearly shown in wire and sheets of rolled iron, and that these fibres are always formed, and their strength or cohesion greatest, in the direction in which they are extended. By a short and clear process of reasoning, he showed that the resistance to longitudinal rupture of a cannon in use, as compared with its resistance to transverse rupture, can never be less than two to one, and may be much more. It was then obvious to him that, to obtain the greatest strength from a fibrous material in the construction of cannon, it should be wound around the axis of the calibre. After a few preliminary experiments, he set about constructing the machinery required to carry out his ideas. The following is his description of the process of manufacture.

"Between the years 1841 and 1845, I made upwards of twenty cannon of this material (wrought iron). They were all made up of rings or short cylinders welded together endwise; each ring was made of bars wound round an arbor spirally, like winding a ribbon upon a block, and, being welded and shaped in dies, were joined endwise, while in the furnace at a welding heat, and afterwards pressed together in a mould with a hydrostatic press of 1,000 ton's force.

"Finding in the early stage of the manufacture that the softness of the wrought iron was a serious defect, I formed those made afterwards with a lining of steel, the wrought iron bars being wound upon a previously formed steel ring. Eight of these guns were 6-pounders of the common United States bronze pattern, and eleven were 32-pounders, about eighty inches length of bore, and 1,900 pounds weight." The cylinder of metal thus formed was turned and bored, the breech closed by a screw plug, and the trunnions fixed upon a band which was screwed upon the outside of the gun. The trunnion band and trunnions were formed like the cannon, by machinery moved by the hydrostatic press. The Secretary of War, advised by Lieutenant-Colonel Talcott, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, authorized a contract with Professor Treadwell for a few 6-pounder field cannon. The Secretary of the Navy also contracted for four light navy 32-pounder cannon. After about a year and a half of most devoted and exhausting labor, and a very large outlay of money, Professor Treadwell completed the 6-pounder guns of 800 pounds weight each, to his satisfaction. Two of these were proved at Fortress Monroe with service charges fired 1,500 times without injury. "After this, one of these guns which had been so proved was fired with the following charges:

20	rounds,	3	pounds of	powder,	1	shot,	1	wad.
20	"	3	"	"	2	"	2	"
10	"	3	"	"	3	"	2	"
10	"	6	"	"	7	"	2	"

and remains entirely uninjured. There is no enlargement of the bore exceeding one one-hundredth of an inch, and

the gun is otherwise every way serviceable."

The Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, after these experiments, writes to Professor Treadwell, "I shall still say, as I have done, that your guns can be neither burst nor worn out, and refer to the facts of the various trials. No bronze 6-pounder gun ever made would withstand uninjured a single discharge of three pounds of powder and three shot. Cast iron guns are sometimes made to resist that charge, but no confidence can be placed in their safety in service."

Professor Treadwell wrote in 1845, "I have not hitherto spoken of carrying this method of making cannon to those of enormous sizes such, for example, as shall throw a shot of a thousand pounds, perhaps of many tons in weight. I can see no insuperable practical difficulty, however, to making such guns by the method devised by me. On the contrary, I can have but little doubt that further practice will lead to the fabrication of guns of these great calibres with perfect facility." For this invention a patent was granted him in England, July 5, 1844. In November, 1846, the 32-pounders were finished, and although their weight was less than 1,900 pounds, one of them bore, uninjured, a succession of charges commencing with eight pounds of powder and one shot, and ending with twelve pounds of powder, five shot, and three wads.

With these favorable results, a charter was granted by the Legislature, February 28, 1845, to Professor Treadwell and eight other gentlemen of wealth and great respectability, under the title of the Steel Cannon Company. Land was bought in Brighton, and buildings erected suitable for the successful manufacture of the guns.

In 1845 Professor Treadwell published his "Short Account of an Improved Cannon and of the Machinery and Process employed in its Manufacture." Of this he sent copies to England and France, to the respective governments, and to many officers of the army and navy in both countries. The acknowledgement of the reception of the pamphlet at the Admiralty is dated September 11, 1847. To his Majesty, the King of the French, one of the cannon was forwarded in 1846.

In July, 1847, finding that this gun sent to France had not yet been proved, he determined to go and look after its prospects there and in England. In England he made the acquaintance of Mr. Peter Barlow, through whose introduction he was admitted to the establishment at Woolwich. At that time the description of his gun had merely secured an acknowledgment of its reception at the Admiralty. Professor Treadwell then went to Paris, and there learned that the trial of his gun had commenced at Vincennes, November 9, and that it would be resumed in a few months. He then went to Italy for the winter, and returned to Paris in the spring. The proving of the gun was continued, and a copy of the report of the proving placed in Professor Treadwell's hands in May, 1848. From this it appeared that the gun had been severely tried and remained uninjured. The revolution soon followed. During this, Professor Treadwell remained in Paris, and then returned to America.

Professor Treadwell, after his return, was offered a contract for the supply of several batteries for the army. But as the navy, upon which he had placed his chief reliance, did not favor the change proposed, he was obliged to abandon his project, with a loss of over $60,000 in buildings and machinery falling upon himself and the few friends engaged precariously with him.

Professor Treadwell was thus prevented from carrying out his ideas of making cannon of large calibre. His views and method of manufacture were well-known, however, in England, through the patents already secured in America, England, and Russia, and from the printed specifications, as well as the pamphlet above mentioned, which in 1848 was translated into French by a professor in the School of Artillery at Vincennes.

"To prove that it was successful as a construction," writes Professor Treadwell to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, "I have only to say that Sir W. Armstrong, twelve years after I was obliged to abandon it, and after learning, as I fully believe, the method by which I produced it, formed his rifled cannon upon the same plan; and I defy him now, with the whole patronage of the British government, to produce a more perfect gun, so far as *strength*, *soundness*, and *finish* are concerned, than I produced seventeen years ago by private means alone. I limit my boast to the above enumerated particulars, for, as to Armstrong's inventions in rifling and breech-loading, he deserves, in my opinion, much credit for them, and I hope that I shall be the last man to deny to another all that belongs to him."

That Sir William Armstrong's guns are manufactured upon the same principles as Professor Treadwell's there can be but little doubt; for in 1863 Sir William says they are made "with a steel tube surrounded with coiled cylinders." This gun has been adopted as the most efficient arm yet produced. It is a matter for national regret that America should have thus left to England the merit of a just appreciation of Treadwell's great invention.

In 1856 he read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a memoir in which he proposes to "form a body for the gun containing the calibre and breech as now formed of cast iron, but with rods of only about half the thickness of the diameter of the bore. Upon this body I place," says Professor Treadwell, "rings or hoops of wrought iron, in one, two, or more layers. Every hoop is formed with a screw or thread upon its inside, to fit to a corresponding screw or thread formed upon the body of the gun first, and afterwards upon each layer that is embraced by another layer. These hoops are made a little — say one-thousandth part of their diameters — less upon their insides than the parts that they enclose. They are then expanded by heat, and being turned on to their places, are suffered to cool, when they shrink and compress, first the body of the gun, and afterwards each successive layer, all that it encloses. This compression must be made such that, when the gun is subjected to the greatest force, the body of the gun and the several layers of rings will be distended to the fracturing point at the same time, and thus each take a portion of the strain up to its bearing capacity."

It will be remembered that the trunnion-band upon the guns constructed in 1845 was secured by means of a screw cut upon the body of the gun and "splined" so as to prevent its starting: so also each hoop must be splined to prevent its starting. The trunnions in these last guns are welded upon one of the hoops. Cross fracture is resisted by the cast-iron body and also by the outer rings breaking joints over the inner. This gun was patented June 19, 1855. A patent was granted soon after to Captain Blakeley of the Royal Artillery, England, for constructing cannon upon this principle, using cast steel instead of cast iron for the body. No one doubts the great strength of these guns. Whitworth also uses hoops strained on to the body of all his large wrought cannon. Lastly, Mr. Parrott in this country has reinforced his cannon with hoops made of coil, on the principle of Professor Treadwell's first gun, heated to a red heat and shrunk on to the cast-iron body of the gun without screws. This imperfect and partial application of Professor Treadwell's principles has given a much stronger gun, — the only gun, indeed, that has in this country been used effectually as a rifle. Still these guns failed to do all that might reasonably be expected of them from the principle of construction. This failure may be attributed to two causes. First it will be seen that the hoops are of annealed, inelastic wrought iron. When, therefore, they are shrunk upon the cast-iron body and are subjected to a few discharges, they are expanded, and be-

ing inelastic, do not return to their first dimensions, but may remain without useful effect, so far as regards any compression of the cast-iron body or contribution to its strength. Professor Treadwell had already seen this defect of annealed wrought iron, and showed that the hoops should be cold hammered and stretched, and rendered *elastic*, and never afterwards heated sufficiently to lessen in the least degree this elasticity before being shrunk upon the body. He computed that a gun constructed in this way would be "more than twice as strong as any hooped gun ever yet constructed, of the same materials, weight, and dimensions." * Secondly, the hoops made in neglect of this principle of elasticity did not retain their places, except when the gun was light, the body and hoop gradually changing their relative positions. This, in Professor Treadwell's gun, the screw and spline effectually prevented. He laid great stress upon the accurate adaptation of the screw of the body to that of the hoop; he considered the difference between the thread of a screw cut cold and the same thread when heated, and devised a machine for making screws with slight differences to obviate this very difficulty. A model of the machine is in the Observatory of Harvard College.

From Professor Treadwell's papers, describing his gun and the principles of its construction, it is evident that it is still in advance of all others.

In 1858 we find him with an interest still unabated in the improvement of cannon. At this time he invented an apparatus for firing large guns, and at the same time effectually closing the vent or touch-hole during the discharge. The perfection of this instrument is such that a quantity of gunpowder can be fired in a hole in a steel block, not only without leakage, even for hours after the explosion, but without report. The advantages derived from the invention are: first, avoiding all wear of the vent; second, avoiding all danger from flame and annoyance from smoke; third, the certain closure of the vent while reloading the gun; fourth, the greatly increased certainty that the priming will inflame the charge; fifth, a slightly increased effect of the same quantity of powder on the shot. Soon after its invention Professor Treadwell gave a full description to several officers of the United States Navy, and also sent a description to the proper department at Washington, but received no acknowledgment. In December, 1862, he sent a model to the Emperor Napoleon III. It was carefully examined by the Emperor personally, and a special commission appointed by the Minister of War to examine and report upon its merits. A special letter of thanks was also directed to be sent to Professor Treadwell through the Consul of France at Boston.

We have briefly noticed the most important of Professor Treadwell's inventions. There are others, upon some of which he spent much time. He says of these, "I succeeded in producing machines to operate as perfectly as I promised myself in the outset; but on trial they did not give that promise of profit which alone would warrant the attempt to establish them as practical instruments in the arts." Among these was a machine for setting type, with a letter-board like the key-board of a piano, by pressing upon which the types were set. It is understood he found no difficulty in composing type, but the distribution of them was unsatisfactory, — a point at which others have been arrested. A contrivance of his for regulating the heat of a hot-air furnace is both simple and effective, and frequently used.

In reference to his inventions, Professor Treadwell writes, "It is dangerous for a man to judge of the merits of his own works, but I have always thought I have received from the public but a scant measure of credit for my inventions in spinning hemp. Few persons know that such machines ex-

* Memoirs of the American Academy for 1864.

ist, fewer still that they are of my invention. I believe that if a competent man were to compare these machines with many of the more famous inventions, understand the difficulties overcome, and the means devised for overcoming them, he would accord these inventions a very high place amongst modern machines." In perfection and utility Treadwell's Gypsey ranks with Arkwright's spinning frame; in ingenuity, it far exceeds it; and they stand side by side in the revolution they have produced in the character of their respective products.

In Professor Treadwell's inventions the material from the bale, without special regard to size or smoothness, is presented to the machine; it enters it and lies upon a belted hatchel, through which it is drawn by rollers having a constant velocity, each fibre free to be moved in the direction of its length without carrying others with it. By this the fibres of hemp are straightened and laid parallel, so that they are strengthened for spinning and in the finished yarn. If the number of fibres is too small to form a yarn of the required size, the hatchel containing the roving advances and furnishes a new supply of fibres to the rollers; when of proper size the hatchel stops; if the supply has become too great a smaller hatchel combs out the surplus. It then passes to the spinning section, where it is drawn and twisted, and wound upon a bobbin a perfect yarn. The Gypsey is automatic; it asks nothing of the workmen but to supply the material, and to join or piece a yarn if it happens to break, and of this even it takes care to notify him by instantly stopping, and does not again start until the yarn is made whole. If Richard Arkwright merited knighthood and riches, as he certainly did, for his combination in inventions already known, and their application to new processes, by which a new character is given to cotton manufacture, Daniel Treadwell deserves to be held in grateful remembrance for the originality of his inventions, the new combinations and new applications of others, and for the ardor and perseverance with which he overcame great obstacles and gave a new character to rope manufactures.

In May, 1865, Professor Treadwell received from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences the Rumford medals, one of gold and one of silver. These medals, during the preceding thirty years that the Academy had been charged with their award, had been given to but two persons; never before to a member of the Academy. To Professor Treadwell they were now given for "Certain Improvements in the Management of Heat," the particular improvements being a series of inventions by which the character of ordnance had been changed and its power immensely increased. This award was most grateful to him. It assured him that, however much his labors had been slighted by his own Government, and however much they had been appropriated by others, they were appreciated by a competent scientific tribunal, and his claims to originality fully recognized.

From 1856 to 1864, having ceased to engage in active pursuits, he prepared further papers on the construction of cannon, stimulated by the impulse the War of the Rebellion had given to this branch of manufacture. He also wrote a paper on the measure of the force of bodies moving with different velocities. These papers may be found in the Memoirs or Proceedings of the Academy. At the request of the Section of Civil Engineers, he delivered in 1855 a lecture on the Relations of Science to the Useful Arts. He also wrote several articles on the Natural Theology of Darwin's Treatise on the Origin of Species.

Professor Treadwell's health had been feeble from his early youth; he was himself impressed with the belief that he should sooner or latter succumb to pulmonary disease. In after life his health improved, but was never robust. During his most active period he had attacks which often arrested him in the midst of his labors and compelled

him to remain at rest for weeks together. During the latter part of his life he suffered from excessive pain; still he was interested in what was going on, and kept himself acquainted with discoveries and improvements. But as he grew weaker, he became subject to fits of despondency; he withdrew from his club, and went but little abroad, except for exercise in his carriage. His painful attacks still pursued him. In the night of February 26, 1872, he suffered more severely than usual, but found relief, and went to sleep. From this sleep he never awoke, and died early in the morning of February 27, in his eighty-first year. Professor Treadwell was without children; his widow survives him. In person he was of the medium height,—a spare figure, a pleasing though sedate countenance, and a bright eye. His manners were attractive but quiet; his conversation direct, clear, and instructive. He was a kind-hearted man and a fast friend.

In giving the history of his labors and inventions, and the character of his intellectual abilities, his life is written. He had a taste for English literature and was a great reader of Shakespeare; he formed his own style, which was singularly pure and simple, on that of the best writers. With regard to questions upon which his mind was made up he was positive, impatient of opposition, and sometimes aggressive. He was apt to question the perfection of machines which he examined, and to this questioning it is probable we owe most of his inventions. This habit of mind he carried into other matters than mechanics, and was inclined to doubt what could not be demonstrated. He had a vivid imagination; and when engaged in the invention of a machine, he could close his eyes and in his mind trace all its operations in regular order,—a faculty which enabled him to make rapid combinations and quickly determine their value.

Morrill Wyman.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE SEA.

THE notion that people must be happy because they have put off to sea in a boat, is a very puerile one, and, if closely considered, will be found no more capable than a sieve of containing water. Let us take a sail-boat as the kind of craft in which pleasure parties are supposed to attain the highest pinnacle of happiness. If there is no wind, the idle flapping of the sails against the mast is a sound exceedingly irritating to the hearer. Very few persons are capable of listening to this for more than an hour or two, without either getting out of humor, or putting themselves up to the mark by a free use of such stimulants as the locker may happen to contain. Should there be a breeze, a great deal of merriment is affected by the holiday people "out in a boat." They shout; they sing, "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," or some such twaddle written by designing persons to inspire the land with fudge about the water. The feminine element shrieks prettily, and poses itself for protecting arms. Presently a sea is shipped; then another, and another, and then everybody whose hat has n't been blown off and carried out into blue water uses it vigorously to bale out the boat. From that moment all is either affectation or profanity. The salt water has ruined the lobster salad, and depression broods over what really might have been a pleasure party if it had n't been donkey enough to go to sea in a boat.

Viewing the sea from a level beach, or from some lofty pinnacle of a rock-

bound coast, the sentiment with which it invariably impresses me is one of profound melancholy. One of my earliest memories is of the sea. I conjure up now the beach of the quiet little watering-place where I first became acquainted with the sad salt element. I am a deluded child again. I see before me the retrogressive crab, as it used to shock my young mind by its abnormal way of backing into the heaps of slippery seaweed. All sorts of wet and wriggling creatures — most of them excessively ridiculous in form, all of them suggestive of that cold sliminess which is so disagreeable in the toad and other terrestrial reptiles — flap and palpitate upon the purple sand, into which some of them disappear with a rapidity that is bewildering to the callow mind. It is bathing time, and I am consigned to the clutches of the 'longshore woman, whose name, as I remember, is Dolly, and who, on account of her being as black as the shoes that have just been wrested from me, and partly, it may be, from the circumstance of her head being protected by wool instead of hair, — phenomena which then dawn upon me for the first time, — appalls the chaotic little bit of mind as yet developed within me, and reduces me to the level of a mollusk. I cut my foot with the sharp edge of a razor-shell as I fight with her for the dear land. Blood trickles from the wound, and the sight of it — it is the first that I have seen — completes the shock administered to my nervous system by the sea and its appurtenances. Nothing after this can touch my befogged senses, although I am conscious of the headlong plunge into the odious brine; the gurgling of it from nose, mouth, and ears; the swallowing of it; the general sensation of drowning kitten connected with it. All these memories, and some others that need not be recounted here, recur vividly to my mind whenever I walk upon the shore of the sea.

Therefore it is that the sadness of ocean comes to me in a nature most depressing. Viewed from a flat beach especially, the endless unbroken line where sky and water meet is one of the most awful things in nature to contemplate. An extensive prairie affects the mind similarly, to a certain point; but when you are on the prairie your foot presses *terra firma*. Around you lie the discernible and familiar. You know approximately how the prairie is inhabited. It harbors the marmot, perhaps, and the badger. There may be spiring rattlesnakes coiled away beneath its grassy waves, which also afford asylum to burrowing owls. Buffaloes and Indians come careering over its painful expanse. The wapiti lifts its tall antlers there, and antelopes vanish beyond ridges that lie far this side of the horizon. But all these have little mystery about them,— nothing to perplex the mind and wrap chaos about the pineal gland. Under the surface of the sea there may be that which the eye of man never has seen, never can see. What do we know about things ten miles down in the stupendous valleys of the ocean? On land, here, the vegetation of the Alpine base is not that of its summit; the wild goat skips upon the peaks of the Himalayas, but the rhinoceros has his lair miles below. Our acquaintance with the mysteries of the deep must be absolutely and literally superficial, for we may assume that its mountain-tops alone are revealed to us, and these dimly, and that to its valleys our senses can never penetrate. All the creatures that disport themselves on or near its surface are more or less familiar to us, — the whales, the porpoises, and the sharks, that come tumbling over its undulations much in the same way that buffaloes come floundering over the waves of the prairie. The countless broods that feed on its shallow banks, and are taken therefrom to feed shallower mortals, are all within our grasp, and we grasp them. On the ledge of the iceberg sits enthroned the walrus, and we salute him as the elephant of the sea, and esteem him unspeakably for the commercial value of his ivory tusks. The huge sea-cow has no mystery for

us. We wake the harmless creature up from its bed of seaweed on the isolated rock, and having wished it a good morning, we stick spears into it, and convert it to the noble purpose of gain. The magnificent sea-unicorn, king of the Arctic waters, is no stranger to us, which is just so much the worse for *him*. We have cognizance of all these sea creatures and many more, the range of which appears to be in the upper regions of the deep; but what can we aver of the mystic realms that lie far, far down about the bases of the great submarine mountain ranges, — mountains compared with which our highest dry-land peaks are possibly nothing but mere hillocks?

There is a sea monster known to fishermen as the Horned Ray, a monster most fearful in itself, but interesting as an illustration of that which is, and a suggestion of that which may be — a veritable dragon of the sea, whose lateral fins extend like wings, and frequently measure more than thirty feet from tip to tip. This voracious fish will sometimes make its appearance among the swimmers in the surf, and, taking one under each arm, so to speak, descend with them to depths unknown. Until ocean shall have been dried up, or drained off, no human being can ever explore the strange grottoes into which this hideous man-eater glides with his prey. The great fishes and sea beasts that are known to us may be creatures of the upper deep alone, never descending below a certain depth, lest they encounter far more hideous and powerful monsters than themselves, which dwell at the bases of the marine mountains leagues farther down. One can easily imagine a polypus anchored there below in some distracting valley, of which it is the lord and tyrant, — a stupendous mass of bloated matter, grasping at everything within a circumference of half a mile, and absorbent of all living creatures under the size of a whale. In the China Sea there are bivalves — whether oysters or mussels I am not certain — the shells of which are large enough to contain a man properly doubled up. If a monster like this inhabit comparative shallows, there is no limit to one's imaginings of the bivalvular enormities at the bottom ten miles farther down. Stage carpentry has done much to familiarize people with the possibilities of the deep, deep sea; but the wildest conceptions of that fanciful art could never give us a "grotto of shells" such as may exist amid the vast rockeries of the submarine gardens, and of which we have no right to discredit the existence since we have never penetrated the region.

Some islands in the sea have that about them which is absolutely terrible to the contemplative mind. There are places of this kind in which no solitary castaway of civilization could tarry for a day ere Reason would begin to totter on her throne. It is known, on the best authority, that the birds on certain remote islands will gaze listlessly upon man, making so little of him as not to move out of his way. The shrinking of a sensitive human nature at being thus contemptuously treated by a creature no better than a goose must be very distressing. Yet worse than this are the astounding arrangements of the silly penguins, on certain islands to which man penetrates but once, probably, in the lifetime of a sea fowl. These birds are land-surveyors of high mathematical precision. When the season of incubation arrives, they lay out their villages in regular blocks, with commodious streets intersecting each other at right angles, and everything on the square. They are regularly marshalled by leaders when they go down to the sea for their three meals a day, proceeding along the streets in lines of two by two, with a sober decency not always observable in cities laid out by man. Humanity must feel insignificant, indeed, in the presence of such natures as this. The dancing bear; the comic mule of the circus; the industrious flea that dwells in amity with the accomplished poodle, — these are mere results of education, exciting no supernatural misgivings in the well-balanced mind. But there is some-

thing that makes the hair straighten and the blood run cold, in the story of the remote sea fowl, and the social science in which it equals, not to say excels, the braggart man.

Boys have commonly a strong inclination for the sea, and in this there is a wise provision of nature, seeing that, until science has done something to rid us of the great liquid barrier, we must have sailors. But the illusion of a sea life vanishes with the first voyage. There are but few sailors who do not look upon the sea as their particular enemy, by fighting which they make their living, else they would turn their backs upon it and flee. I have met with agricultural persons, in places far remote from the sea, who had once been mariners, but on whom the horrors of the sea had settled like an incubus, so that, at last, they bolted away from ploughing it, to plough more happily the steadfast, solid land. Fishermen's wives have a haunting dread of the sea. They are always gazing out upon it with bodeful eyes, and they take their little girls to gaze upon it, too, and instruct them how it is at once their friend and their foe. The only seafaring men I know of who are more contented at sea than ashore are the captains of great passenger steamships. Their position while on board their vessels is one of almost unlimited authority. The serfdom of the sea is nowhere more fully illustrated than it is in the rigorous discipline maintained by them with their officers and crews. On the "bridge," the steamship commander is a despot and a power from which there is no appeal: ashore he is no better than anybody else; and so, he swears by the sea, and tolerates the land only as a necessity to which we must all come for water and coal.

The metaphors furnished by the sea are not always of the most cheerful character. Breakers ahead remind us of passages from which few lives are exempt, and every human being is a ship, in readiness for whom there is a rock on which to split. There is a lee shore for everybody through life. The shark lurks for us on the land as in the sea. We have our quicksands, though we dwell between brick walls; and when sickness and misfortune come upon us, it delights our dearest friends to have the opportunity of describing us as a mere wreck. Consider all this, and say whether it is not very sad; and then consider how many far sadder things there are associated with the cruel sea, and how many loving hearts it has caused to "Break, break, break," forever.

When that royal old gentleman, Canute, ordered his rocking-chair to be shunted out upon the shingle, his heart was depressed with the vanity of all human things. Heads might fall at his nod, but the undertow was a thing upon which he could not put down his foot. He might write his royal autograph with the point of his umbrella on the sand, but no minions of his could prevent the next wave from washing it away. Very small must he and his courtiers have felt as they backed ignominiously away from the audacious tidal wash. It is one of the most vexatious things about the sea that it makes us feel so small as we gaze upon it. The juxtaposition of a mountain belittles us, certainly; but then the mountain is motionless, and we can climb it, and light fires on the top of it, and dig in its opulent ribs for ore. But it is the surging of the everlasting sea that makes it so awful to the mind. In its roar our voice is shattered and lost, and as we shrink from its assault we are scarcely conscious of our own existence, so ineffably atomic have we become in its presence. Truly the sea is a terrible damper for our self-conceit, and this, as I have said, is one of the most odious features belonging to it.

Very fallacious are the songs that have been written in praise of the sea. Dibdin was one of the worst deluders in this way, and herein Barry Cornwall has much to be answerable for, too. The bright gleams of the mariners' life as depicted in these lyrics, are deceptive as the phosphorescent sparkles

that follow in the wake of ships, flashing brilliantly to the eye, but eluding the grasp of the hand. Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship — "a prison, with a chance of being drowned," — has more of the downright truth in it than is contained in a bushel of nautical songs. The sophist who tried to persuade the mariner, in musical numbers, that the sea is a much pleasanter and safer place in a storm than the land was a decoy setter and a premeditating sham. There is more danger, says he, from the falling chimney pots in a city, and the flying tiles, than ever seaman is liable to encounter when out on the stormy deep. Another will sing you merrily of the stormy petrel, — a dire sea-chick that has more of calamity in its puny but perpetual hover than has the largest condor that ever swept down from a ledge of the Cordilleras to deal death and consternation among the harmless flocks below. When does the petrel take its rest, and where? The same individual, recognizable by some peculiar mark, has been known to follow a ship for many days and nights at a stretch, without resting for a moment its vibrating wings, or ceasing to patter the crests of the waves with its tiny feet. To the earnest mind there is something essentially perplexing in all this, and one is fain to solve the question at last by supposing that the petrel is either the receptacle of a soul condemned to eternal unrest for crimes unknown, or that it is the only embodiment of that perpetual motion to the discovery of which the scientific mind has devoted itself so long. So of all the sea things and sea changes about which the singers tell their tales to the marines. Jack may have come to grief somewhere about the middle of the song, but, after tearing his way through several succeeding verses, with a hatchet in one hand and a handspike in the other, he is sure to turn up all right in the end, and his cheers are heard above the roaring of the tempest as the chorus to the last verse rings merrily out. This is all as it should be, — except that it is not exactly true. Policy demands that we should imbue the mind of maritime youth with a due sense of the amenities of the sea, and of the glories that are to be derived from tossing and tumbling about upon it. The singer, therefore, who should chant the horrors of the cyclone, the waterspout, the shark, the fire in the powder magazine, the damaged provisions, the privation of fresh water, the scurvy, and the thousand other little incidents to which seafaring men are all more or less liable, would be a traitor to his country, and an object of the well-deserved scorn of all true men.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

OUR POPULATION IN 1900.

TO forecast for the year 1900 the population of that portion of the earth's surface now and probably at that date still to be known as the United States of America has been a favorite exercise for our patriotic orators, and even for that austerer race who style themselves "statisticians." A few bold spirits have indeed carried these computations unflinchingly out to the middle of the twentieth century, and have gazed full at the intolerable brightness of such figures as 1950 — 497,246,365. There have been Congressmen released from fear, who could contemplate without blinking a population of one hundred and fifty millions on the Atlantic Slope, and two hundred and fifty millions in the Mississippi Valley. But to all fainter souls the close of the century has afforded a natural and easy resting-place in their imaginative flights; and perched on the barrier which divides this much bespattered hundred-years-after-Christ from the next, they have been content with the elevation gained, declining the giddy heights to which so short a continuance, as for twenty or thirty years longer in their ascending course, would conduct them. And therefore it is, and apparently for no other reason, that the popular prophecy of our national growth has stopped at 1900, where, in the gratifying contemplation of a population exceeding that of Great Britain, France, and Germany combined, we have been content to await what the future should bring forth, holding the evil and the good of the century to be sufficient thereunto.

It has not seemed, however, to occur to those of us who have thus indulged in dreams of our national greatness, that if the perfection of the line of population for sixty, eighty, or one hundred years, according to the ratio of past growth, led to a palpable and gross absurdity, suspicion might not unreasonably arise as to the earlier course of that line; that if causes were certain to operate, at the latest, within the first few years after the beginning of the twentieth century, such causes would probably be felt in some degree, and in an important degree, prior to the close of the nineteenth century; that consequently if it was impossible that the population should rise by a steady course to be five hundred millions in 1950, it might not be as much as one hundred millions in 1900; but, on the contrary, it was in the highest degree probable that the great change which was to reduce population from its theoretical maximum as five hundred, to a reality of three hundred, two hundred, or perhaps only one hundred and twenty-five millions at the later date, would be found bringing that population sharply down from its projected altitude fifty years earlier.

As has been intimated, the sanguine view of the national future has not been confined to stump-speakers or Members from Buncombe. It has been put forth officially in more than one census of the United States, with great show of authority, and with precision, not only as to the millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions who were destined to inhabit this happy land in 1900, but also as to the hundreds, tens, and units of the fortunate population. Not a man, woman, or child was to be lost through any failure of the statisticians to carry their calculations all the way out, even to the first decimal place. If "the rule of three" showed that there were to be 100,355,801.6 persons within the United States in 1900, the presumption has, both humanely and patriotically, been taken as in favor of the fractional citizen, and the population at that date been set down at 100,355,802.

The best known of all the definite predictions in respect to the future pop-

ulation of the country are those of Elkanah Watson, who, in 1815, forecast the results of the census from 1820 to 1900. Mr. Watson's estimates are certain always to be treated with a degree of consideration, from the fact that they were made so early in the history of the country that they were verified with exactness for several successive decades, before the great inevitable change set in. The following are his figures from 1820 to 1860, in comparison with the actual results of the census.

	1820	1830	1840	1850	1860
Watson	9,625,734	12,833,645	17,116,526	23,185,368	31,753,824
The Census	9,633,822	12,866,020	17,069,453	23,191,876	31,443,321
Watson's Error . . .	— 8,088	— 32,375	+ 47,073	— 6,508	+ 310,503

Probably no social philosopher, skilled to discern beneath the variously agitated surface the deep, strong current of human affairs, ever obtained one tithe of the popular applause on account of a prediction fulfilled, which Mr. Watson received, as from decade to decade his estimates of the future population of the United States were thus borne out by the census. At each successive verification, newspaper editors laid down their pens to admire, and took them up again to write, Prodigious! That a man, a mere human being, should be able to predict fifty years in advance the number of inhabitants in a rapidly growing country, within a fraction of one per cent, seemed to those who knew nothing of statistical methods, but imagined, as ninety-nine out of a hundred persons did, that Mr. Watson obtained his results by direct and immediate intuition, wonderful, almost beyond belief. And yet, if one will be at pains to examine these much admired predictions, he will find that they were founded upon no prophetic conception of the future, no philosophical analysis of existing forms and forces, nor even upon an exhaustive study of the territorial conditions of the present and future population of the country. There was not even mathematical ingenuity displayed in the computations; no transcendental processes appear to have been employed; a school-boy's arithmetic was sufficient to have carried the scheme out to the end of the twenty-ninth century, as perfectly as Mr. Watson carried it to the end of the nineteenth. Mr. Watson himself assumed no mysterious function in the matter. His entire introduction to the estimates, so far as it concerns his method, was as follows:

"In 1810, it (the population) was 7,239,903. The increase from 1790, the first census under the Constitution, has been about one third at each census; admitting it shall continue to increase in the same ratio, the result will be as follows."

It will be seen that Mr. Watson's method was simply to assume an uninterrupted growth of population for ninety years, and thereupon to compound the population of 1810 at the rates of increase previously maintained. The whole merit or vice of these predictions was, therefore, to be found in the assumption of an uninterrupted growth. Mr. Watson simply bet nine times upon the red. Five times the red won, — a wonderful run of luck, certainly; but when we think that had nullification proceeded, as it was more likely to do than not, to secession in 1832, the estimate for 1840 would not have been realized; that had not the potato crop failed in Ireland in 1846-7, the estimate for 1850 would not have held good; that but for the acceleration of European and especially of German immigration between 1850 and 1854, due wholly to domestic causes, the results for 1860 would have been more than a million short of the estimate, we cannot but think that Mr. Watson had a narrow escape on the third,

fourth, and fifth ventures. At the sixth, the luck changed. Of the predictions for the three remaining decades of the century, the less said the better; and as the responsibility for the estimated population of the United States, 1870–1900, is shared by others, among them two professed statisticians, speaking with the advantage of forty or fifty years of added experience, we shall, at this point, drop all exclusive reference to Mr. Watson, merely remarking that in what we have said, we have intended no disparagement to his eminent services in connection with the industrial development of the country, and no disrespect to his memory. Doubtless, while he was interested in observing the fulfilment of his predictions for three successive censuses (he died in 1842), he would have smiled at the value popularly assigned to the estimates for the latter decades of the century, knowing well that the fundamental assumption was beset by so many chances as to render the remoter results exceedingly questionable.

The late Mr. DeBow, Superintendent of the Seventh Census, one of the most meritorious of the earlier generation of American statisticians, after computing the population of the United States successively on eight "distinct and more or less probable assumptions of future increase," pronounced the opinion that the figures 100,337,408 "more nearly express the truth than any other for 1900." [See Compendium of the Seventh Census, p. 130, 1.] The assumption by which this particular result for 1900 was reached would require a population in 1950 of 330,846,389, or an excess of the population of China, according to the better estimates. Whether Mr. DeBow doubted the capacity of the American people to adapt themselves to the use of dogs, cats, and mice, as food, upon so short notice, or for some other reason, he refused the leap, and, like Mr. Watson, stopped short with the nineteenth century.

Precisely what were the data taken, and what the principle of connecting them assumed, in thus forecasting the probable future population of the United States?

In 1854, when Mr. DeBow made the computations referred to, seven censuses had been taken under the Constitution, with the ascertained population following:

Year.	Population.	Positive Increase.	Increase Per cent.
1790	3,929,214		
1800	5,294,390	1,365,176	34.74
1810	7,215,858	1,921,468	36.31
1820	9,600,783	2,384,925	33.05
1830	12,820,868	3,220,085	33.54
1840	17,619,641	4,798,773	37.43
1850	23,067,262	5,447,621	30.92

Such, with the addition of the returns of immigration made to the Department of State, appear to have been the data concerning the population of the United States as a whole which Mr. DeBow used in his computations of the probable increase to 1900. It will be observed that the period 1840–1850, the last of the decennial periods in contemplation, had shown a marked decline in the rate of national increase, the per cent gain being but 30.92 against 37.43 for the ten years immediately preceding. A change so marked might not unnaturally have indicated to DeBow's mind a change in the conditions of population within the United States, and have led him to take a diminishing ratio of increase for the future. But the Superintendent of the Seventh Census would seem to have had his own reasons for believing that the causes which effected this falling off between 1840 and 1850 had already done their worst, and to have had no hesitation in assuming the ratio for that decade as the most probable rate for the immediate future. The event proved that, so far as the next succeeding decade was concerned, he was right in not anticipating a further decline in the rate of increase. On the contrary, the Eighth Census found a population of 31,443,321, being a positive gain of 8,376,059, a gain per cent of 36.31.

The Eighth Census brings us to

another and professedly an original and independent computation of the population of the United States in 1900. Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent, was, however, in general only an imitator, and not a successful one, of his predecessor's methods. In this particular case there is reason to allege something even worse than imitation. In the preliminary report of the Eighth Census, bearing date 1862, Mr. Kennedy presents what purports to be a computation of the future population of the country "based on the well-known and very correct assumption of a mean annual increase of three per cent." * Treating the ascertained population of 1860 according to this rule, however, we find that in not a single instance does the result correspond to Mr. Kennedy's table; and on placing the figures side by side with those of Elkanah Watson, for the first time while writing, we discover, much to our astonishment, that they are identical to the last unit for each decimal period until 1900, and at that point differ only by hundreds in a total of a hundred millions. We now set in comparison the estimates of Watson and DeBow for 1870–1900, placing opposite their estimates for 1870 the figures of the Census. Here

Year.	Watson.	DeBow.	The Census.
1870	42,328,432	42,813,726	38,558,371
1880	56,450,241	58,171,009	
1890	77,266,989	79,036,950	
1900	100,355,985	100,337,408	

then, at the Ninth Census, we meet the first important deflection from the projected course of population. The ascertained aggregate of 1870 falls short of the estimated aggregate by 3,770,061, according to Mr. Watson, and by 4,255,355, according to Mr. DeBow.

From the point of view occupied in either of these computations, there are three ways of regarding this failure of the period 1860–70 to realize the gain in population anticipated therein; and by consequence three methods of treating the estimated population of 1900. The first is to consider the rapid decline noted in the ratio of national increase as significant in respect to the remaining decades of the century, i. e., as due to causes certain or likely to operate in the future, in an equal, or greater, or smaller degree; and hence not only to accept the actual loss of the one decade already concluded, but to reduce the estimated ratios for the three unexpired decades. The second method likewise treats the actual loss of the period 1860–70 as irretrievable, but considers it as due to exceptional causes, which have not only ceased wholly to operate for the present, but which are exceedingly unlikely to be again experienced within the century; and in this view discounts the computed population of 1900 by just the loss realized in the single instance. The third method would be to claim for the country a recuperative power, which will enable it to repair the loss sustained, not only maintaining the assumed ratios in the time to come, but by a display of energy not otherwise to be expected, making good the deficiency of the decade 1860–70, and bringing the population of the United States up to a round hundred millions at the end of the century.

These three methods may be discussed in an inverse order. The third is easily dismissed, since it would be in the highest degree irrational in the face of a population in 1870 of only 38,500,000 to predict a population of 100,000,000 in 1900.

The second is the method most likely to receive the countenance of those who have been accustomed to indulge without misgiving in anticipations of an uninterrupted national growth. By what amount, then, must we reduce the final result in 1900, to meet the facts of 1870?

It has been shown that the ascertained population at the Ninth Census was short by 4,255,355, according to Mr. DeBow's scheme, and by 3,770,061, according to Mr. Watson's projection.

* Report. p. viii.

For the further purposes of this discussion, we will take the mean of these two sums, calling the realized loss of the decade four millions. But this is not necessarily or probably the sum by which the population of 1900 is to be reduced to meet the unexpectedly developed loss of the period 1860–70; for it is evident that the computations of both DeBow and Watson required that the four million persons thus "turning up missing" in 1870 should have been responsible for a portion of the population of 1900. This they are now ascertained to be disenabled to effect, by reason of their own non-existence at the earlier date. What loss, then, at 1900 is represented by the loss of four millions at 1870?

It is clear that, without reference being had to the longevity or fecundity of individuals, — a thing wholly impossible, especially as the individuals in this case are not to be found, — the answer to the above question must depend on the answer to the prior question, Out of what class, or classes, of persons, in respect to age, was the loss sustained? The scope of this inquiry will be most fully appreciated if we make successively four characteristic suppositions. Suppose, firstly, the loss to have been distributed proportionally among all the classes of the population in respect to age: the number of persons, on Mr. DeBow's computation, who, in consequence of the loss of four millions in 1870 will be returned by the United States Marshals in 1900 as *non est inventus*, is easily ascertained by "the rule of three" to be 9,770,431. Mr. Watson, having pitched the intermediate population at 1870 somewhat lower than Mr. DeBow, his final term is less reduced by the falling off. Taking the mean of the two, we shall still have, in round numbers, ten millions as the loss to the population of 1900 resulting from the loss of four millions at 1870.

But suppose, secondly, that the loss were wholly out of that class of persons who are in the decline of life. In this case, the loss of such a number of persons would not only not reduce the population of the country thirty years later by a greater number than their own, but would clearly reduce the ultimate population by a number much less than their own, that is, less than four millions, inasmuch as on the one hand, comparatively few of these persons could have been expected, in any probable event, to survive at so distant a date, and on the other hand, by the ordinance of nature, persons of this class cannot be expected to increase the population of the country by offspring; that is to say, the whole loss at 1870 would, under this supposition, have been out of a class the members of which, as a rule, could not be expected either themselves to survive in 1900, or to be represented at that date by descendants born, or born of parents born, after the present time.

Suppose, however, that the entire loss at 1870 had been out of the class under five years of age: the loss thereby caused to the population of 1900 would have been, not only directly from the loss of those who out of this four millions would naturally have survived thirty years later, but, secondly, from the loss of all the descendants who might fairly have been calculated on as representatives at 1900 of these four million children of 1870. These descendants, however, it should be noted, would generally be in the first degree only, that is to say, the class under five at 1870 would have become 30–35 in 1900, quite too young to have had grandchildren born to them.

But suppose, finally, that the loss at 1870 had been wholly out of the class 20–40 years of age; then the direct and contingent losses to the population of 1900 would have been very much increased, inasmuch as not only would the natural survivorship out of these four millions have been defeated, but also the survivorship out of the children who might have been born to them after 1870, and out of the children of such children; so that three generations at 1900 would be decimated by the causes which cut down the population of 1870.

Now, it is true that no cause, or combination of causes, could importantly affect by reduction any one of these general classes in respect to age, without appreciably affecting the others. All must suffer with every one, but by no means equally. War affects population differently from pestilence; the influence of immigration or emigration on the distribution of the population by ages is very marked; while social habits, going to the birth rate, may cause a disturbance far exceeding that produced by any of the agencies mentioned. It is, therefore, of importance in this connection to ascertain whether the causes that have reduced the estimated population of 1870 have affected the distribution of the ascertained population by ages in such a degree as to materially change the expectation of increase between 1870 and 1900.

Reference to the Table of Ages for the living population at the Ninth Census shows that from each 100,000 of the population there were the following number of persons living within each specified period of life, at 1860 and 1870 respectively:

Period of Life.	Census of 1860.	Census of 1870.
0 – 10	28,665	26,789
10 – 20	22,524	22,892
20 – 30	18,211	17,696
30 – 40	12,789	12,651
40 – 50	8,314	9,125
50 – 60	5,043	5,821
60 – 70	2,827	3,277
70 – 80	1,109	1,349
80 and over	351	387
Unknown	167	13
All ages	100,000	100,000

Grouping these figures into three grand divisions, we have the fact that, in round numbers, there are 1,500 more persons above fifty years of age, and 1,500 fewer below the age of twenty, in each 100,000 of the population in 1870 than in 1860. On the other hand, the class twenty to fifty holds about the same proportion to the aggregate population as at the previous census. Our space will not serve for anything like an adequate discussion of the degree in which this increase of the aged and sterile class of the population, at the expense of the class under twenty years of age, should affect the growth of population in the next thirty years; we shall content ourselves with simply pointing out the direction of this tendency. It is at least evident that we must discount the estimated population of 1900 by considerably more than the 10,000,000 which has been shown would be the loss at that date proportional to the developed loss of 4,000,000 out of the aggregate of 1870. This would bring the United States, at the close of the century, distinctly below 90,000,000, — say to 89,000,000, — were all other causes to conspire equally as heretofore to the increase of population.

This last proviso brings us at once to another method of treating the failure of the period 1860 – 70 to maintain the rate of growth characterizing the eight preceding decades of the nation's history, which is, to regard the relative decline of the last decade as due to causes certain or likely to operate in the future in an equal, or greater, or smaller degree, and to reduce the estimated ratios for the three unexpired decades of the century correspondingly. If the computations of Watson and DeBow accurately projected the line of the national ascent, according to the rates previously maintained, there was a loss of approximately four millions in the ten years under discussion. To what cause or causes was this loss due? The natural and immediate suggestion is, of course, the War of the Rebellion; but can we, on a careful analysis of known facts, maintain the position that the proper effects, whether direct or consequential, of that struggle, bloody and protracted as it was, involved a deficiency of four millions in the otherwise population of the country? This is a question most important in the consideration of the national future; and while it cannot be answered either way with absolute assurance, reason appears for believing that social forces and tendencies, not

heretofore felt, or at least not heretofore recognized, in our national life, are beginning to affect powerfully the reproductive capabilities of our people; and that these forces and tendencies have contributed in a very large degree within the last decade to bring down the ratio of increase in the native population.

The Report of the Superintendent of Census, November 21, 1871 [pp. xviii, xix; vol. in population], contains a computation of the effects of the Rebellion on the population: first, through the direct losses by wounds or disease, either during service in the army and navy, or within a brief term following discharge; second, through the retardation of increase in the colored element, due to the privations, exposures, and excesses attendant on emancipation; third, through the check given to immigration by the existence of war, and the apprehension abroad of results prejudicial to the national welfare. The aggregate effect of these causes is estimated by the Superintendent as a loss to population of 1,765,000.

There remains but one effect to be ascribed to the war in such a sense, that the war ceasing and the political and social order being measurably restored, further and manifestly new or original effects in the same direction should not be anticipated; and that is the temporary reduction of the birth-rate consequent on the withdrawal of from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand men from domestic life for an average term of from three and a half to four years. "Speaking roughly," says the Superintendent, "one half of these were unmarried men, who on account of their military engagements failed to form marriage relations. The other half were married men whose families were rarely increased by birth during the continuance of the war." Do we find here explanation of all the loss in population during the decade, not accounted for under the three heads previously mentioned? This question we can best answer by comparing the number of persons thus withdrawn from domestic life with the total number of the class from which they were taken, and comparing the period during which they were thus withdrawn with the entire term of ten years under discussion. The natural militia of the United States, i. e., the males between eighteen and forty-five, numbered in 1870, 7,570,487. Taking the middle of the war-period, 1863, the number was probably in the neighborhood of 6,600,000. Assuming therefore the largest number (1,500,000) for the average strength of the two armies, and assuming that this body of men were engaged in military service for the solid term of four years (instead of three and a half), we should still have less than one fourth the natural militia of the country withdrawn from domestic life, and that for two-fifths of the decade; so that, on these extreme suppositions, the number so withdrawn, taking time into account, would stand to the number not so withdrawn as less than one to nine; while on the supposition of a smaller aggregate number and a shorter average term, we should reach the proportions of one to twelve, or even of one to thirteen. Inasmuch, then, as births aggregating in the ten years not exceeding eleven and a half millions would have maintained the population of the United States at its numbers in 1861, and have increased that population in the ratio in which it did increase from year to year till 1870; and as this aggregate of eleven and a half million births would have been separated at the latter date by not exceeding eight and a half millions of survivors, it is difficult to believe that the otherwise population of 1870 could have been diminished by this cause to the extent of more than three quarters of a million. Adding this latter number to that number previously given as expressing approximately the losses by emancipation, by the check given to immigration, and by wounds and disease among the soldiers of both armies, we have an aggregate loss to population from the effects of the war, both direct and consequential, exceeding two and half millions.

If, then, the probable population of 1870 had been properly projected by the early statisticians of the country, there was a loss of something like a million and a half due to causes other than the Rebellion. If we shall be able to show, or, rather, if a simple appeal to the daily observations of our readers shall suffice to convince them, that these causes are likely to continue and even to operate with increasing force in the immediate future, we shall reach almost an assurance that the population of the United States at 1900 is to be brought down from its projected height as 100,000,000, not only below 90, but even to 80, 75, or it may be 70,000,000.

And, indeed, the expectation of the larger result never was a reasonable one, nor could the estimates of Watson and DeBow at any time have been justified by a comprehensive survey of the physical and industrial conditions of the country, or by reference to the experience of any race or people known to history. Geometrical progression is rarely attained, and never long maintained, in human affairs. Whenever it is found, the most improbable supposition which could be formed respecting it is that it will continue. Gibbon has shown that the further conquest is carried, the wider and the weightier become the resistance and the hostility which the conquering power is forced to encounter. So it is with national growth whether in wealth or in population. Not only do the limitations of nature become more and more stringent in reducing the rate of increase, but that increase does of itself create moral and social, not to speak of distinctly political, tendencies, which traverse its own course, and, if not strong enough to defeat further growth or accumulation, do at least make every successive gain more slow and painful. It was sufficiently hazardous for Mr. Watson, writing after the Third Census, to predict an uninterrupted and unretarded advance for as many as five decades; but it was far more hazardous for Mr. DeBow, writing after the Seventh Census, to predict the continuance of the previous ratio of increase for the remaining five decades of the century; more hazardous, because the long continuance of that ratio was an argument for and not against a change.

The change came; came later even than it had been reasonable to expect. It began when the people of the United States began to leave agricultural for manufacturing pursuits; to turn from the country to the town; to live in up-and-down houses, and to follow closely the fashion of foreign life. The first effects of it were covered from the common sight by a flood of immigration unprecedented in history. Even its more recent and more extensive effects have been so obscured by the smoke of war, that the public mind still fails to apprehend the full significance of the decline in the rate of the national increase, and vaguely attributes the entire loss of population to the Rebellion. But a close observer must discern causes now working within the nation, which render it little less than absurd longer to apply the former rates of growth to the computation of our population at 1880, 1890, or 1900. What rate will be substituted therefor, it would be futile to inquire. As the line of agricultural occupation draws closer to the great barren plains; as the older Western States change more and more to manufactures and to commerce; as the manufacturing and commercial communities of the East become compacted; as the whole population tends increasingly to fashion and social observance; as diet, dress, and equipage become more and more artificial; and as the detestable American vice of "boarding," making children truly "encumbrances," and uprooting the ancient and honored institutions of the family, extends from city to city and from village to village, — it is not to be doubted that we shall note a steady decline in the rate of the national increase from decade to decade. But it would be merely an attempt at imposture to assume that numerical data exist for determining, within eight or ten or twelve millions, the population of

the country thirty years from the date of the last census. As long as one simple force was operating expansively upon a homogeneous people, within a territory affording fertile lands beyond the ability of the existing population to occupy, so long it was no miracle to predict with accuracy the results of the census. But in the eddy and swirl of social and industrial currents through which the nation is now passing, it is wholly impossible to estimate the rate of its progress, even though we may feel sure that the good ship will steadily hold her course, and in time round the point which hopes too fond had — on the strength of a fortunate run made upon a smooth sea, with favoring winds and following floods — predicted would be reached by the blessed year 1900. This much, however, may with diffidence be said: that the best of probable good fortune will hardly carry the population of the country beyond seventy-five millions by the close of the century.

Francis A. Walker.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

CONSIDERED as an application of the old saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man, the most noteworthy product of the Centenary celebration of Alexander Von Humboldt's birth is the piece of literary patchwork edited by Karl Bruhns, and styled "a life" of the great traveller, in which four German professors have united to sketch his career, and eight more to catalogue and criticise his works, — a combination curious even in these days of literary partnership, and typical of the character of the subject. The German book was printed in three volumes last year, and the merely biographical part of it has been promptly made available to English and American readers, through a translation in two volumes by the sisters Lassell, which deserves credit for not repeating the idioms of the German language.

The first volume, compiled wholly by Julius Löwenberg, describes Humboldt's youth and early manhood, his family, education, official service in the bureau of mines, connection with the society of Jena and Weimar, projects of travel, and presentation at the court of Aranjuez in 1799; and then sketches in two monographs his journeys in America (1799 – 1804), and preparations (1804 – 1808) for publishing their results, and his travels in Asia in 1829. The second volume opens with a monograph, by Robert Avé-Lallemant, of Humboldt's sojourn in Paris from 1808 to 1827, comprising brief accounts of his scientific companions at the French capital, and references to his diplomatic services during that period; and ends with a critical narration, by Alfred Dove, of the decline of Humboldt's life at Berlin, from 1827 to 1859, including details of his association with the Prussian kings, and the conception, preparation, and publication of the Kosmos. An extraordinary list of Humboldt's writings, with which the second volume of the German book concludes, has been omitted by the translators; and they have not attempted to add or even epitomize the scientific essays of the eight professors, which form the third volume.

None of the natural defects of such a work have been remedied by the supervision of Professor Bruhns. Each compiler measures Humboldt with a different guage, and describes him by a different method. Herr Löwenberg is more enthusiastic than critical; Dr. Avé-Lallemant is uncritically statistical; and Dr. Dove is more critical

* *Life of Alexander Von Humboldt.* Compiled in Commemoration of the Centenary of his Birth, by J. Löwenberg, Robert Avé-Lallemant, and Alfred Dove. Edited by Professor Karl Bruhns. 2 Vols. Translated from the German by Jane and Caroline Lassell. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1873.

Studies in the History of the Renaissance. By Walter H. Pater. London: Macmillan & Co., 1873.

Orations and Addresses. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1873.

A Pair of Blue Eyes. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

A Simpleton. By Charles Reade. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

than enthusiastic. This shifting of standard and style is as vexatious to the reader as sudden changes of conveyance to a tourist. Löwenberg, for instance, says that, "highly gifted as Humboldt was with mental power, he was not less endowed with moral excellence"; while Dove denies to him "any perceptible development of moral culture." Nevertheless, the book is deeply interesting, and a valuable contribution to literature, for it contains much new information, and shows (especially on the part of Dr. Dove) much nice discernment. During the half century since Humboldt became a household name in the United States, the American conception of him has been derived from the effusions of popular scientists, and the fugitive correspondence of the press, and has always been remarkably vague and blindly enthusiastic. The present work, without detracting from the full measure of his glory, will do something to inform the English-reading public of the contradictions of his character, and to clarify, even if it lessens, their admiration of his virtues and achievements. And this is the more important, since he must ever be a unique and romantic figure in the history of physical science; for the almost completed exploration of the surface of the planet, and the growing tendency of the age to specialties, will render the reproduction of such a man impossible. The fact marks an epoch in the world's progess, that no future traveller can ever reveal so much of the new and strange, nor any future intellect grasp so nearly the whole knowledge of its era. Dr. Dove says truly that, "the honors profusely showered upon the author of Kosmos may, after all, be regarded merely as the homage offered by the men of the nineteenth century, proud of the grand achievements of modern science, to their own comprehensive genius, impersonated, in a manner not granted to every age, in a living representative gifted with a mind alike distinguished for power of arrangement and universality of comprehension."

One omission in Dr. Dove's summary of Humboldt's character is remarkable. He refuses to attempt a definition of Humboldt's religious faith, "leaving it," he says, "to the hyenas of orthodoxy to drag from the grave of the dead that which he, to some extent, kept concealed from himself," — an unfortunate expression, unjust alike to the memory of the dead and to the natural and reasonable desire of mankind to be instructed by the opinions of a great intellect, which was devoted, throughout a life of extraordinary length, to studying the manifestations of an Intelligence in Nature. All the world knows that the abstinence of the evangelical clergy (with a single exception) from any share in the ceremonies of Humboldt's funeral was, perhaps, its most remarkable feature; and this fact is duly chronicled by Dr. Dove, who elsewhere alludes to the assertion by "an authority otherwise trustworthy," that Alexander von Humboldt confessed to a "heresy," similar to his brother William's, in that, besides two things that passed his comprehension, namely, romantic love and music (which last Alexander was accustomed to style the *calamité sociale*), there was a third, namely, orthodox piety. Granting that the opinions of historical personages on all matters of belief are not rightful property of the public, yet a book is defective which undertakes to tell the whole story of a life, and expressly leaves its religious faith to doubtful inference. It is no definition to describe it generally as a "System of Pantheism or Naturalism," nor any excuse that the subject of the biography "held himself aloof from any attempt to reduce it to formulæ." When so much is hinted, it is better to ascertain and tell the whole. If the religious opinions of Humboldt were nowhere positively asserted by himself, they are nevertheless discoverable by any willing biographer from his criticisms of the beliefs of others. It is pitiful to see a writer who does not scruple to unveil a hundred petty instances of the sarcasm and vanity of his hero, nor even to recount all the sorry correspondence with Uhland about the Order of Merit, pretend that delicacy forbids a disclosure of his honest theory of the sustaining principle of the Universe.

— As Mr. Pater several times explains, both in the preface and the body of his work, his Studies in the History of the Renaissance do not relate merely to that period when Gothic art in Italy yielded to the reviving taste for the classic forms. The Renaissance he thinks a process so gradual, and of such vague limits, that it may be traced far back into the dark ages, when the sense of beauty first began to stir after the fall of Greek art and letters. In this he seems right enough; but it is only giving a more general meaning to a word which was specifically used before. Nothing new is established; and we doubt if the cultivated reader of Mr. Pater's

agreeable essays will learn from them to see the Renaissance in a light different from that in which it had already appeared to him; while we think he will feel that Mr. Pater has strained some points in making Du Bellay and kindred French poets active elements of the Renaissance, though it undoubtedly found its literary consummation in Winckelmann and Goethe. We do not undervalue the particular services that Mr. Pater renders the student of the Renaissance; there is hardly a page which does not suggest or present some acceptable view of some phase of the subject. Perhaps this is all that he hoped to accomplish; at any rate it is a very great deal; and his essays are written with so much toleration and decency that he might seem to be treating of anything but matters of art, which inflame controversy as nothing else but matters of religion can. Imagine a manner as unlike Ruskin's as possible, and you have Mr. Pater's manner. His essays are on the old French poem, Aucassin and Nicollette, in the gay sensuousness of which he fancies the beginning of a return to the Greek spirit; on Pico della Mirandula, the first of the Italian Platonists, who dreamed of identifying the truth and beauty of paganism with those of Christianity; on Sandro Botticelli, in whose paintings the love of unreligious beauty is manifest; on Luca della Robbia, whose place in art is midway between the system of the Greeks and that of Michael Angelo, who partakes of the universalizing tendency of the former and the individualizing tendency of the latter; on Michael Angelo, on Lionardo da Vinci, and on Winckelmann, whose relation to the Renaissance is evident, and on Joachim du Bellay, who is not so evidently related to it, though he may be claimed for it, if one likes.

One of the best of these essays is that on Da Vinci. It is constant enough to all the known facts of Lionardo's career, and where those are wanting it supplies them by reasonable conjecture, or, rather, question. Yet much is to be forgiven to all writers on art, who oblige themselves to see more in the great *chefs d'œuvre* than the honest old masters ever put there; and Mr. Pater requires clemency in this way with the rest. Here, for example, is what he writes of one of the most famous of Da Vinci's pictures.

"'La Gioconda' is in the truest sense Lionardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the Melancholia of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under the sea. . . . The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come"; and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within the flesh, the deposit, cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how they would be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded therein that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle ages with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks amidst which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen days about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly, Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

She might, but does she? There is really nothing to prove that Lionardo, who lived before the modern thought, had the old fancy in his mind. In fact, there is nothing to show that he had any purpose, save to make the most beautiful picture he could of a strangely beautiful woman. But modern art-criticism is attributive when it

supposes itself interpretative. The sight of an old painting inspires the critic with certain emotions, and these he straightway seizes upon as the motives of the painter. It *may* happen that both are identical; or it may happen that the effect produced was never in the painter's mind at all. Very likely it was not; but this vice, which Mr. Ruskin invented, goes on perpetuating itself; and Mr. Pater, who is as far from thinking with Mr. Ruskin as from writing like him, falls a helpless prey to it. Yet, as Mr. Pater deals more with the general character of the painter than with his intentions in particular works, his offence is far less than that of his original in this respect, and he does really give us an almost satisfactory impression of a genius as grand as it was fine, as profound as it was various, in his study of Lionardo.

His theory of Michael Angelo, as the last rather than the first of his kind, has also much to support it; and the idea that he is to be understood through those sculptors who went before him, and some modern authors and artists, and not through his immediate successors or his school, is quite acceptable. His "professed disciples are in love with his strength only, and seem not to feel his grave and temperate sweetnesss. Theatricality is their chief characteristic; and that is a quality as little attributable to Michael Angelo as to Mino or Luca Signorelli. With him as with them, all is passionate, serious, impulsive.... That strange interfusion of sweetness and strength is not to be found in those who claimed to be his followers, but it is found in many of those who worked before him, and in many others down to our own time, — in William Blake, for instance, and in Victor Hugo, who, though not of his school, and unaware, are his true sons, and help us to understand him, as he in turn interprets and justifies them. Perhaps this is the chief use in studying old masters."

It is Mr. Pater's delicate suggestiveness in this place and in other places that makes him useful in the study of a subject which, if you do not limit it by the exactest statement, has no limits. His Renaissance is a larger affair than the Renaissance of most writers and thinkers, but it is also vastly vaguer, and his thoughts about it partake in general of this vagueness. One follows him well pleased with his style, and grateful for his clear perception of particular aspects and characteristics; yet doubtful after all whether much that he calls Renaissance was not merely ripe and perfect Gothic in literature and art. That it is at least as much the one as the other may be safely maintained. In fact, until we come to Winckelmann, we are not certain that it is the Renaissance which we have had to do with. But Winckelmann became so truly Hellenic that there can be no question but we lay fast hold upon the Renaissance in him. Coming long after the mystical middle ages, he is no more of them than if he had gone before them with the other Greeks; and as Mr. Pater says in one of the finest passages of his book, "with the sensuous element in Greek art he deals in the pagan manner; and what is implied in that? It has sometimes been said that art is a means of escape from the tyranny of the senses. It may be so for the spectator; he may find that the spectacle of supreme works of art takes from the life of the senses something of its turbid fever. But this is possible for the spectator only because the artist in producing these works has gradually sunk his intellectual and spiritual ideas in sensuous form. He may live, as Keats lived, a pure life; but his soul, like that of Plato's false astronomer, becomes more and more immersed in sense until nothing else has any interest for him. How could such a one ever again endure the grayness of the ideal or spiritual world?.... To the Greek the immersion in the sensuous was indifferent. Greek sensuousness, therefore, does not fever the blood; it is, shameless and childlike. But Christianity, with its uncompromising idealism, discrediting the slightest touch of sense, has lighted up for the artistic life, with its inevitable sensuousness, a background of flame. 'I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and lo, I must die!' It is hard to pursue that life without something of conscious disavowal of a spiritual world; and this imparts to genuine artistic interests a kind of intoxication. From this intoxication Winckelmann is free; he fingers those pagan marbles with unsinged hands, with no sense of shame or loss. That is to deal with the sensuous side of art in the pagan manner."

And this was the true, the perfect Renaissance. But it came in a critic, it seems, and not in an artist.

— Mr. Bryant's Orations and Addresses were delivered on a variety of occasions, such as commemorative observances in honor of eminent authors and artists, the dedications of statues and institutions, and

the celebration of great public interests, like the electric telegraph, Italian unity, and the reform of city government. But the greater part of the volume into which they are now collected is filled by the orations on Cole the painter, on Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and Verplanck; and it need not disparage the rest to say that these are altogether the best. They are longer and more complete, and they form the most intelligent and intelligible sketch we have of the main intellectual and social features of our first great literary epoch. Mr. Bryant, of course, must speak of those times with something of a contemporary's slight of detail; but on the whole the reader of his criticisms (for such in a high and generous sense they are) cannot very well fail of a true conception of the period which we have called a great one. Our literature has since vastly increased in variety, and it has no doubt gained in depth and subtilety; but the men who first made it known — the Knickerbocker School, as it has been called — were masters in their art, and in their several ways remain unsurpassed. Irving is still the first of American writers in ease and grace, and if we could but lift the veil of the large popular world, which is so remote from the critic, we suspect that we should still find him first in the general favor and admiration. The publishers multiply editions of Cooper, and the translations of his works continue to introduce the American name to readers who know nothing and care nothing for our later literature. That school underwent and overcame more than any since, and gave us fame abroad when English criticism was as maliciously inimical as it is now mischievously fond. Indeed, it is doubtful if even Mrs. Stowe's great novel has made us more widely known than Cooper's romances; and it is a satisfaction to have the work he accomplished so heartily recognized by a contemporary who was himself a great part of the literary epoch of which he speaks. Mr. Bryant does not stint his praise; neither does he fail to trace the limitations, or to point out the faults of the author he praises; and whatever may be thought of his estimate of them, it must be allowed that his analyses are models of criticism, in temperance, discrimination, and liberality. The discourse on Cooper is particularly interesting, because of the approval given by a life-long journalist to Cooper in his contests with the newspapers. The press had aspersed his motives in attacking his works, and Cooper sued his unfair critics in the courts. Mr. Bryant doubted the policy, not the justice of the proceeding. "I said to myself,

'Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed!'

As he proceeded, however, I saw that he understood the matter better than I. He put a hook into the nose of this huge monster, wallowing in his inky pool, and bespattering the passers-by; he dragged him to the land and made him tractable. One suit followed another; one editor was sued, I think, half a dozen times; some of them found themselves under a second indictment before the first was tried," and he beat every one who did not retract his libels. "The occasion of these suits was far from honorable to those who provoked them, but the result was, as I had almost said, creditable to all parties: to him as the courageous prosecutor, to the administration of justice in this country, and to the docility of the newspaper press, which he had disciplined into good manners."

The orations on Irving and Halleck are of the same general character as that on Cooper, and unite biographical notices with a sketch of their times and an examination of their work. Irving's world has been kept present with us by the vitality of his writings; but Halleck's world, and that of Verplanck, are curiously lost and forgotten. One splendid dramatic lyric and one exquisite elegy are nearly all that remain of a poet who wrote satires, and laughed at fashions, and mocked magistrates, and made the town talk of him. Of Verplanck — the eminent citizen, the friend of letters, the conscientious politician — there is even less left; but if it is mournfully instructive to recall the faded glories of the poet, it is also useful to consider, in Mr. Bryant's tribute to his friend, how very little time it is since public men in New York had liberal culture, and combined social worth with popular influence. He does full justice to the valuable qualities of such a man, and he gathers with a generous tenderness the remnants of Halleck's fame around an amiable figure; but it seems to us that Irving is more affectionately touched than either of the others. One of the closing passages of the discourse on him embodies so much that is characteristic of Mr. Bryant's warmer strain in these commemorations of his old friends, and so much that is true concerning the endurance of all good literature, and its ele-

vating and consoling influence, that we cannot render his admirable volume a less service than to quote it: —

"Since he began to write, empires have risen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account; wars have been fought and ended which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; the chemist of 1807 would be a vain babbler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with the speed of light. Distant countries have been made neighbors; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow frith, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed himself with deadlier weapons; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and dashed against each other and destroyed with infinite bloodshed. We grow giddy with this perpetual whirl of strange events, these rapid and ceaseless mutations; the earth seems to reel under our feet, and we turn to those who write like Irving, for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes absolete; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men."

—No just novel-reader can complain that he (or she) has not full measure of most delicious love-making, in the very pretty story called, A Pair of Blue Eyes. In fact, there is no stint of that mental sweet (if it *is* mental), and the quality is so delicate that it does not cloy. But the author had need to lavish it with a generous hand, for he brings his romance to but a sad close at last, of which we feel it our duty to forewarn all tender-hearted readers, who do not want character, or life, or subtile analysis, but marriage, and marriage, and again marriage, in a novel. To be sure, there *is* a marriage in A Pair of Blue Eyes; but it is not the marriage of the two people who ought to marry; the author effects a compromise: the heroine marries — the wrong person, and dies. We try to carry it off lightly, but we will privately own that poor, pretty Elfrida's fate has been an affliction to us, and that we would willingly have had her innocent guile, her simple duplicity bring her to a happier if less probable end than they do. Her character is nearly all there is of the book, though neither of her lovers is drawn with a touch wanting in distinctness. Of the two, Stephen Smith, on whom she first tries her romantic and adventurous heart, is the better piece of work, his gentle, negative, constant nature being studied to admiration; yet Knight also is a genuine man, and it is not his fault if he is uninteresting in proportion as he is literary. Since Pendennis and Warrington, many personages of our calling have figured in fiction, and they have nearly all been bores; and some blight of tiresomeness seems in novels to fall upon a class who in life are so delightful. It is to be said of Knight, that he is something more than the conventional literary man of fiction; but he at no time gives us the sense of entire projection from the author's mind that Stephen Smith does, and that, in a vastly more triumphant way, Elfrida does. He remains more or less dependent, more evidently a creature of the plot; but he very imaginably serves as the object of Elfrida's adoring love, after her heart has helplessly wandered from its first ignorant choice. She is as fresh in fiction as she is lovable and natural. With all her little complexities of action, she is essentially very simple. She desires to love and to be loved, and when her father forbids the thought of Stephen Smith, she runs away with him "to make *sure*," and when afterwards she falls more profoundly in love with Knight, the sense of having first loved some one else oppresses her as a wrong to him, which she longs to have redressed by some former love affair on his part; she would like to show him how much she could forgive him, but she has nothing to forgive in that way, and this makes it impossible for her to tell of her own former engagement. She has no pride, she has only love; she has no arts save in love, and thrusts herself a helpless victim into the power of the wretched woman, Jethway, whom she had never wronged.

She pursues Knight to London, when he breaks off the engagement in the same blindly loving way that she runs off with Stephen. We cannot give any just idea of how gracefully and modestly all this pure analysis of character is managed by the author, whose knowledge we ask the reader to compare with the knowingness of Mr. Charles Reade, for example, in similar performances. The charm, the sweetness, the tenderness of the story are not excelled by its truth; and for a good, solid, intolerable bit of tragedy, we commend the close of the story as something that may almost stand beside the close of Turgénieff's Liza. The meeting of Smith and Knight, and their mutual explanations; their going down to Elfrida's home together in open rivalry, on the same train that carries her lifeless body thither, — is a passage of such gloom that a dark shadow falls retrospectively from it over all the book, and solemnizes every part of it. We shall probably not have a hand in parcelling out the laurels of posterity, but we would fain see A Pair of Blue Eyes decked with a durable leaf or two.

— A very beautiful, adorably inconsequent, empty-headed young lady, who laces herself almost to death, but abandons her corsets just in time to marry the brilliant young medical genius who forbids them, and then to bring him to the verge of ruin by her extravagance; the gifted young doctor in question, who drives his own carriage as a public vehicle at night, to repair her ravages in his fortune, who goes to sea in charge of an epileptic young lord,— epileptic, but noble-hearted, — and falls overboard, and saves himself on a raft manned by an unknown corpse with a pocketful of precious stones, which the newcomer secures and then goes mad with mental and physical suffering, and stays mad above a year, and comes to himself in the home of a good English farm wife, living in South Africa; the wicked, worthless husband of this good woman, who loved Mrs. Staines before she married, who goes with Dr. Staines to the diamond fields and profits by the doctor's knowledge of everything but human nature to carry their common findings to Capetown to sell, and then concludes to push on to England, where he reports Staines dead, wooes Mrs. Staines, and, by the guilty facility of her father, has the banns twice cried in the church, and has brought the lady to the extremity of buying a phial of poison when Dr. Staines returns and throws him out of the window, and he falls on the spikes of the area railing, and goes with a very bad limp ever after; a statuesque young noblewoman full of good offices to the Staineses, and incapable of pronouncing the letter *r*; who gets rid of dyspepsia by marrying an Irishman, an old Dr. Staines, uncle to the young doctor and every bit as miraculous (would to heaven they cured diseases as promptly and dramatically in real life as those doctors of Mr. Reade's always do!), who prescribes the Irishman; these, with a few Boers, Hottentots, lion-hunts, and a trifle of storms and child-stealing, are the simple and unambitious elements out of which Mr. Reade constructs his story of A Simpleton. Its prime qualities are uniform probability, moral elevation, modest unconsciousness of the author of any good points made, profound medical science, and encyclopedic grasp of general information. These characteristics are so conspicuous that we think it all the more our duty to call the preoccupied reader's attention to the skilful study of a lightish sort of womanhood in Mrs. Staines. The story would have been better as a play; but it is a prodigiously entertaining story.

French and German. *

It is always with pleasure that we hear of a novel by M. Cherbuliez; for, with all his faults, he has certainly the merit of being entertaining whenever he puts pen to paper, whether it be to write about German literature, or to keep us for three months in a state of fierce uncertainty about the result of some sensational novel. And we are willing to call him always entertaining, in spite of some disappointment at finding *Le Prince Vitale* and *Le Cheval de Phidias* anything but plain works of imagination. If one goes to them for information he will be entertained as well; if he goes for entertainment alone he will be disappointed. But no one will ever fall asleep over his novels. Not only is the plot puzzling enough, in general, to keep one awake even on Sunday afternoons in midsummer, but every page, every paragraph has a snap to it which is more interesting at the time than words of weightier wisdom are apt to be. Over some of his novels one is not tempted to ponder; there is no deep les-

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Meta Holdenis. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: 1873.

son to be found in such a melodramatic novel as *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel;* or if any is intended to be given, its whole effect is lost in the whirl and excitement of the story. One is satisfied with the great interest of the novel; he gets no moral instruction from it any more than from an opera. No rake was ever reformed by seeing *Don Giovanni* well given.

But there is something depressing in the sight of mere cleverness, — one is too strongly reminded of rich young men of thirty who spend their days in carving cherry-stones to hang on ladies' watch-chains, — and the more fascinated by it we are at the time, the greater is our subsequent dissatisfaction. But in some of Cherbuliez's novels we find something better than a delectation of our curiosity, namely, a careful study of character. In *Prosper Randoce*, for instance, a translation of which is announced, there is a very careful delineation of an interesting man, one of a complex nature, modified in a way that perhaps marks the present time as strongly as any. For it is the impression made by his period upon the inactive man of thought by which that period is known to posterity. A busy worker is not annoyed with doubts, — he does what is set before him without troubling himself about the meaning of hidden things; but it is his introspective brother who gazes at the reflection of the times in his own soul, and who records it for the delight of his contemporaries and the amazement of his grandchildren. We now-a-days read Goethe's *Werther* with a very definite feeling of wonder, but yet few books have ever been written that were so successful at the time as that. Its predecessor, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, again, as is well known, created an immense excitement, which is only partly explained to us by the grace with which it is written. The same man who, a hundred years ago would have bedewed *Werther* with his tears, and under slight provocation have added one to the long list of names which caused Madame de Staël to say that that book had been the cause of more suicides than any beautiful woman, would now smile at such unreserved emotion, and content himself with a vague feeling of wonder as to whether after all it made much difference if he were not successful in his love making. It is the worst thing about pessimism that it creates indifference. Such a man is painted in Didier in *Prosper Randoce.* Cherbuliez has caught an image of the times and drawn him in that book. In this his new novel he has drawn a being who, if faith can be given to older writers, is not a product of the nineteenth century alone, we mean, namely, a crafty woman.

The story is told by a young man in letters to a friend of his, a lady living on the shores of the Rhine, who asks him to visit her, and who adds to her offer the statement that she has chosen for him the young woman — a lovely creature with eyes of heavenly blue — whom he is to marry. In answer to this proposition he gives her an account of his past life, which has had the effect of putting him on his guard against the fascinations of such eyes. When about twenty-five he made up his mind, much against his plain-speaking father's will, to devote himself to painting rather than to business, and in accordance with this plan he sets out for Dresden. On his way he stops at Geneva, where he makes the acquaintance of the Holdenis family. The father is a venerable German, who very probably corresponds to the Frenchman's idea of Emperor William, inasmuch as beneath a mask of piety he hides a very dishonorable nature. He wheedles the young man, Tony Flamerin, out of the greater part of the little sum with which he had started in the great world. But before this was discovered, Tony had fallen in love with his eldest daughter Meta, who was kind to the rest of the children, who wept over German poetry, whose blue eyes attracted him, while he was kept from flagging in his attentions by the presence of an aged lover, a baron, on whom she never frowned. One fine day he finds her in silent and apparently joyous contemplation of her name as baroness, which fills him with sudden wrath, and drives him from the house. The next moment he hears of M. Holdenis's failure, and a visit to that gentleman gives the assurance that he is a swindler, and he does not derive any consolation from the texts of Scripture which the old gentleman quotes for his comfort. He leaves at once for Dresden with the scanty remnants of his small fortune, and a heart full of bitterness against the false-hearted Meta. In that new home he devotes himself to painting, and by his success he attracts the attention of M. de Mauserre, the French minister. This gentleman is in love with a woman who is unfortunately married to a worthless man, and he meditates throwing over his diplomatic career in order to

live with her in retirement, and await either separation from her husband or his much-longed-for death. Soon he yields to that plan, and in a few years we find them living in France with their daughter, a little girl about five years old, for whom a governess is needed. Much to Tony's surprise Meta Holdenis comes to take that place. She succeeds in conquering the temper and winning the love of the spoiled child, she delights them all with her singing, she makes herself invaluable to the child's mother, and Tony soon finds the iciness he had assumed melting away before her explanation of her apparent faithlessness in Geneva, and her charmingness at the time. He even goes so far as to tell her his love, but without any definite answer from her. But this young woman does not content herself with such small game, she begins to make herself of service to M. de Mauserre, artfully to flatter him, both about his youthful appearance and the possibilities of success if he were to re-enter active life; for he had, not unnaturally, been thinking in his cooler moments of what he might have done if he had stayed in the diplomatic service. Tony overhears more or less of her conversations with M. de Mauserre, and the complications of the novel grow thicker. For the reader to follow them in this brief analysis would be as wearisome as to trace a journey on a map instead of taking it one's self. It is with great skill that the author acts before us Tony's love, as well as M. de Mauserre's, the blindness of Madame de Mauserre, and the great wiliness of Meta. Meta fascinates every one; Tony knows her to be crafty but he cannot help loving her, and even in this his confession, when, naturally enough, he tries to make it out as slight as possible on his part, it is easy to see how interested he was, and partly, too, from jealousy of M. de Mauserre. At last she is beaten at every point; she comes very near marrying M. de Mauserre, but she fails. Tony frees himself, and she leaves the house. Later, Tony sees her again in the dress of a Protestant sister, decrying the vices of the French, and recounting her version of her adventures as a governess in that country in confirmation of her statements.

We can certainly commend this book as entertaining. To be sure, it has a tendency to put the Germans in an unfavorable light, but no one can imagine that M. Cherbuliez thinks all Germans are hypocrites. There are swindlers in Prussia as well as in France or America; a German was taken probably because the contrast between the saintly exterior and the evil heart within was more marked, and would be felt more strongly by the reader. At any rate, we can read it without looking upon it as a political tract. And then, no country will be able to point at Meta Holdenis, and rejoice that there are no such intriguing women within its boundaries as there are in Germany, or if there be any, it speaks highly for the craftiness of the women. But, jesting aside, every one will be interested in this picture of the wily woman. In the first place, she is really ingenious; often when men undertake to give us a representation of such a character they set before us a clumsy person with no device, who is no more to be feared than is a beetle-browed conspirator upon the stage. But Meta is fully armed and equipped, she pleases every one, not only until she is found out, but even after she is found out, which seems to be the truest touch in the description of such a person.

Then, too, the question of her moral guilt is left in a certain obscurity. There are many who judge such a character with absolute severity, they are unwilling to hear a word in its defense, and, in fact, one may very soon get into deep water in apologizing for such a fault as distinguished Meta; but she is shown to have half believed in herself, to have been able to persuade herself to whatever she pleased. There is no apology for her, nor, indeed, any perfectly satisfactory explanation of her conduct; we have simply a study of a character such as is not unknown in other parts of the globe than those in which the scene is laid. Some of the devices which Meta employs, as, for example, that of the letter towards the end of the book, are very much like the epistolary complications we see oftener in a theatre than elsewhere; but throughout the book we find Meta herself, as well as all the others, including the clear-sighted people who disbelieve in her from the first, admirably described. Especially is this true of Mdme. de Mauserre, whose simplicity and perfect honesty, as well as her confidence in M. de Mauserre, are set in broad contrast with the conduct of Meta. We see her perfect frankness and her inability to act with any deceit at a time when, if Meta were in her shoes, M. de Mauserre would have been speedily brought back to his allegiance by a little coquetry. Probably, Mdme. de

Mauserre could have easily advised any friend of hers how to act under similar circumstances, but she was incapable of acting in that way herself.

As for M. de Mauserre he is well-drawn; we see him as an ardent lover first, then somewhat regretting all the opportunities he had given up on account of the scandal of his life, and then succumbing to flattery, and open to jealousy in a very human way. Tony, without going into self-analysis, gives us a very definite notion of his own character, and shows himself far removed from dulness. "It is pretty to see," to use Pepys's phrase, the way in which he softens the account of his love for Meta, as if he were conscious, as he undoubtedly was, of the folly of his love, and that is a quality that a man finds it hard to pardon in an old love.

To our thinking, this novel is one of the best, if not the best, that Cherbuliez has yet written. But too careful comparisons are idle. Every one will find it entertaining, and from a young writer, who is so far from showing any signs of exhaustion, we are justified in expecting a great deal in the future. We await another novel from him with considerable impatience.

ART.

A SLIGHT accession to the regular and somewhat conservative and unvaried array of pictures in the gallery of the Athenæum has of late brought into fresh notice the eminent name of Copley, with which we perhaps do not commonly concern ourselves enough. The addition consists of one small and three large paintings, executed at different periods, but all fruits of the artist's English life, which, of course, was by far the most important part of his career, and loaned to the Athenæum by their present owner, C. Amory, Esq. As it chances, they differ considerably from each other in point of treatment, and we shall therefore remark upon them in their historical order. The first is the preliminary painting for the Youth Rescued from a Shark, which now hangs in the Christ's Hospital School, in London. The incident which it commemorates occurred to Watson, afterward Lord Mayor of London, who while a "sea-boy" (as Cunningham phrases it), was attacked in the harbor of Havana by a shark, and lost one of his feet before his companions could draw him into their boat. Copley, the catalogue tells us, made the voyage to England with Watson in 1776, and was attracted by the anecdote of this adventure, as furnishing subject-matter for a picture. It is mentioned as the first attempt of the painter in the historic style, and must have been one of his first ventures in London. There is a certain harmoniousness in the coloring, despite its paleness and aridity; and the figures are wrought out with more or less success. But, on the whole, it is characterized by a groping, though by no means impotent, uncertainty. Nine or ten men are clustered into an eager group, in a boat which, judged by its proportion to their size, is very much too large to be moved by the single pair of oars with which it is provided. In the water immediately in front, the wounded boy lies on his back, drawn rapidly in the direction of a very greedy, but also somewhat improbable-looking, shark, who has his mouth wide open in unmistakable readiness for the youngster. We confess to a want of knowledge in the matter of shark-anatomy, as well as in that of the physical aspect of these monsters; but we nevertheless cannot help feeling that Copley must have drawn this crude prodigy from some private reservoir of his own imagination. Of the water surrounding the boat and filling the harbor of Havana, we can speak with certainty as being wholly inadequate, and indicative of lack of study on the painter's part. Even in his rudest sketch, the master of sea and sky cannot so depart from the abiding laws of form in wave and cloud as Copley does here. But among the figures in the boat, the two in white shirts who lean over, endeavoring to grasp the hurt swimmer, and he who stands at the bow, in the act of delivering a death-blow to the gaping shark, are refreshingly vigorous. They tell upon the eye more strongly, perhaps,

for the very contrast which subsists between their brisk though unripe strength and the feebleness of the surroundings. We do not know how far Copley improved upon this first draft in the finished work; but the general conception is good, and might develop well were it not for the unmistakable defect in the artist's notions of sky and water. The truth is, Copley was not strong in "history," nor even in accessory landscape. His most important undertakings in the way of historical painting, namely, his Death of Lord Chatham, and the Arrest of the Five Members of the Commons, derived a large part of their importance from the fact that they contained accurate portraits of all the chief personages of the House, at the epoch when the events commemorated in those works occurred. But the whole interest of such a collection of portraits, under pretext of some particular event, is literary, rather than pictorial; and, moreover, in the representation of a great occurrence, where some special action demands notice, concentration of attention must be more difficult, when so many separate claims are put forward by the effigies of distinguished minor actors. It is for this reason that a work of portraiture pure and simple, from the hands of Copley — such as the picture of his own family, which we next come to — is more valuable to us than either of the historical paintings we have mentioned; for even their elaborate portraiture could not carry them through, and, as Leslie said, there were "too many figures *to let*" in them. In this Family Picture we have Mrs. Copley and her children, with her father, Mr. Clarke, — the consignee of that precious tea from which the first brew of rebellion was extracted, by mixture with salt-water, — and Copley himself in the background, leaning against a pillar, and looking a little sad and cynical. A somewhat flimsy landscape is seen through a wide aperture at the back; but the complexion of Mrs. Copley, seated against this ground, on a crimson sofa, and attired in a lustrous blue silk, is marvellously clear and perfect. The children, too, are rendered with a happy charm that is irresistible. The father's heart must have been most fully given to this work, for the little people burst upon us with a dewy freshness of countenance and a sturdy, tumultuous joyousness of expression such as painters seldom succeed in investing their children with. The flesh-tints are all laid on with the greatest care, evidently, and with a corresponding result in beauty of appearance. If Copley was exceptionally laborious in his mode of work, he was rewarded for his pains by great and exceptional triumph in the rendering of color in the human face. Here are faces which he moulded into mimic being nearly a hundred years ago, and they bloom before us still with all the pure perfection of enamel, enhanced by a softness, and an aspect of actual physical porous structure, which it would be difficult to surpass by the exhibition of any modern portraiture. There is, however, a "spottiness" in the picture as a whole (owing to the lack of a side-light, which should balance the strong illumination of the faces from the front, as it at present exists), which gives to the flesh-portions something of the appearance of being about to fly forth from their less forcibly executed surroundings. We fancy something of the same effect is seen in the Red Cross Knight, on another wall, in which the painter's son, Lord Lyndhurst, and two of his daughters appear at a more mature age. It is rather singular that the artist should not have learned, by this time, to redress this preponderance of the flesh-tints. In all probability, he bestowed too small a degree of care upon draperies and so on, to ensure the equilibrium between these and the more brilliant flesh, after the lapse of years. In Saul reproving Samuel, which is the third of Mr. Amory's pictures, we find, to be sure, a great advance in the historical style upon the Youth's Rescue. But this is chiefly in the manifestation of academic discipline, which had now been at work some twenty years upon Copley. We do not like the blue mail of the warrior, holding the blue-white horse on the right, nor the red drapery of Saul, the red banner above him, and the rosy cloud behind, in the centre; followed by a deep black cloud on the left, and Samuel in dark dove-color and blue, with a yellow scarf. But the drawing is good and vigorous. In those days, if a man made an unsuccessful picture, he was at least at considerable pains to do so. Lady Jane Grey refusing the Crown, painted in 1809, is skilful and dignified, slightly cold, and in one or two points stiff, but really a fine achievement. Perseverance and determined industry, applied to a genius not naturally inclined to this kind of painting, led Copley to this eminence.

SCIENCE.*

DOCTOR YOUMAN'S International Scientific Series promises to be an admirable collection of popular treatises. Dr. Edward Smith, well known to physiologists for his many careful researches in vital statistics, has given us a volume here on Foods, not unworthy to rank with its forerunners, and promises to follow it up by another on Dietaries. The present work courts comparison with the Lectures of Professor Letheby on the same subject, published a year or two ago. Both are full of information of a sort useful to everybody; but while Letheby's book enters a little more fully into the physiology of digestion, and has a chapter upon dietaries, Dr. Smith's work is ampler and more practical in its account of particular articles of food, is more simply and clearly arranged, and, when its companion volume is added, will no doubt supplant the earlier and (then) the smaller work. Each kind of food is treated by itself; and its mode of cultivation, the common impurities and adulterations to which it is liable, and the different manners in which it may be prepared, with their respective merits, are successively described. This makes quite a fascinating sort of hotch-potch to take up and read for half an hour; and as it is hard either to criticise or to give an account of the "general drift" of a book composed almost wholly of separate facts, we are reduced to noticing a few points at random. Liebig's extract of meat, for instance, which is so largely consumed, and still believed by the public to be nutritious, is reaffirmed by Dr. Smith to belong solely to the class of stimulant condiments. "There is but little left in the extract to nourish the body, and the elements which it really possesses are salts, which may be obtained otherwise at an infinitely smaller cost, and the flavor of meat which disguises the real poverty of the substance. . . . . It should be classed with such nervous stimulants as tea and coffee, which supply little or no nutriment, yet modify assimilation and nutrition. Used alone for beef tea, it is a delusion."

Under the head of horse-flesh, he says that, considering that the poorer classes in England "strongly object to eating anything which is regarded as of inferior quality or rejected by their richer fellow-citizens, it is really useless to bring the subject before public attention in this country," — a mode of dealing with the matter which may be practical; but in a book designed to enlighten public opinion, one looks for a touch more of the enthusiasm of reform. In speaking of pork, too, he might well have devoted a few lines to refuting the vague prejudice against it which is so common in this country, but for which few can give any reason beyond the fact that it contains trichinæ and "measles," and took longer to digest than other meats in the fistulous stomach of the celebrated St. Martin. This latter undesirable quality, Dr. Smith says, is due to the hardness of the muscular fibres, which need more mastication than those of other meats.

Under the heading of wheaten flour, he compares the value of meal made from the entire grain with that from which the outer particles have been sifted, and justifies popular prejudice, which insists on sticking to its loaf of fine bolted flour, in spite of the warnings of that numerous school which believes that salvation depends on "Graham" flour. Both he and Professor Letheby give the palm for composition and digestibility to "seconds" flour, which is of the degree only once removed from the finest. The coarser qualities, which contain more of the hull, are, it is true, richer in gluten and in salts, but are, as Voit of Munich has recently confirmed, less completely digested. The indigestible part of the bran excites the bowels so much that a part of what otherwise would be absorbed is carried off with it. So Graham bread makes a less instead of more economical food for the poor. For many, to whom the superiority in economy is unimportant, it is, however, no doubt the better article. And we may say, in passing, that few people know by experience whether Graham flour suits them well or ill, for few have tasted it finely ground and made of the best wheat. The stuff usually sold by that name is made from wheat unfit to make white flour, and often has had extra bran added to it. The best

* *Foods.* By EDWARD SMITH, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By H. HELMHOLTZ. Translated and edited by E. ATKINSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

Graham flour certainly has not that inferiority of flavor which our author ascribes to it; and there are some observations on the improvement of children's teeth under its use which may make one suspect that its whole alimentary history is not disposed of when we have found that most of its nitrogen is wasted in the bowels.

After all, not physiological analysis, but the rough verdict of long practical use, where one could get true *comparative* data by it, would be perhaps still our safest guide, if we must needs have one exclusive guide in dietetics. We are led to this remark by Dr. Smith's articles on tea and alcohol, in which his conclusions are in large part inferences from the *direct* physiological effects of the fluids when taken in. Thus, because tea largely increases the amount of carbonic acid exhaled, he considers it favorable to "vital action," whilst his verdict is as unfavorable to gin, brandy, and whiskey, because they diminish the same excretion. And because the alcohols do not exert their maximum effects in a precisely corresponding way on the different functions which are influenced by them, he says they "disturb" the vital harmony, and hence are bad. But who is not aware how small a portion of the facts these are, and how great is the set of secondary and tertiary changes set in motion by these primary ones, of which we know nothing accurately, but which, in the question of the *chronic* advantages or disadvantages of the beverage, become the most important elements? Dr. Richardson, in an article against alcohol of which our author quotes a part, makes a great point of the waste of energy it produces by accelerating the heart-beats; and goes into a sensational calculation of the amount of work in foot-pounds which one may thus throw away. But is not exercise good? and do we not throw away in exercise an immense amount of work in quickened heart-beats? It is very likely that Dr. Smith's thesis against alcohol is true in the main, though his indiscriminate laudation of tea is undoubtedly false. But in either case, most of the reasoning from physiological analysis of the effects is crude, shallow, and really unworthy of the physiology of to-day.

A good instance to enforce our own point of view is to be found in the chapter on milk, in which observations are quoted to show that children fed on "condensed milk" though they grow very fat and look uncommonly healthy, are yet slow in learning to walk, and show no power to resist disease. Now, condensed milk only differs from ordinary milk by the addition of sugar. We know nothing of the effects of sugar which should make us expect beforehand such a result from the use of the milk. Indeed, on Dr. Smith's principles, it ought to be a most beneficial addition, for its power to increase the respiration is extraordinarily high.

But the vice we speak of is characteristic, not so much of the present author as of the mode of treating such questions which still prevails nearly everywhere, and which is certainly but a half-way house towards the true one.

— It is perhaps not too extravagant praise of Helmholtz, now Professor of Physics in Berlin, to say that he is the greatest scientific genius now living. He has touched no subject without breaking new ground in it. The whole science of acoustics may be said to have been renovated by him. His great work on physiological optics will always be a model of the profound and thorough way in which one man may exhaust a subject. Though not professedly entering into psychology proper, the elaborate study he has made therein of our visual perceptions forms perhaps the most really important contribution to psychological science of our generation. One hardly knows which to admire most in this work, — the mathematical originality, the ingenuity of mechanical contrivance and experiment, the genius for patient observation and subtile interpretation, or the power of large constructive thought which gives unity to the whole. He is, perhaps, most popularly known by his invention of the ophthalmoscope, that instrument for seeing into the interior of the eye, which has transformed oculistic medicine. He was the first to study muscular contraction by means of recording instruments, and the first to measure the velocity of the nervous current. When we add that his other scattered investigations in physiology, electricity, and mathematics would fill a long list, and that he is one of the four independent discoverers of the principle of conservation of energy, we need say nothing more to justify our opinion that this translation of his popular essays is an important addition to English scientific literature. Two of the essays are *résumés* of his researches on sound and vision, two on the correlation of forces, two on the general relations of physical science, one on

glaciers, and one — a very interesting one — on Goethe as a scientific investigator.

We have not space for any detailed account of the separate papers. We will merely note, in passing, how the author's study of the eye, made with no reference to the theory, of evolution, corroborates that theory, and discredits the old Bridgewater-treatise doctrine of the eye being the most perfect of optical contrivances. "It is not too much to say," he writes, "that if an optician wanted to sell me an instrument which had all these defects, I should think myself justified in blaming his carelessness in the strongest terms, and giving him back his instrument." He then explains that "*as our intelligence uses* the eye and interprets its faulty data, it is quite sufficient to its function." A sensible man will not cut firewood with a "razor," and a more perfect eye would be a superfluity.

It is interesting in this day of philosophic disintegration to know the general philosophic attitude of such a man as Helmholtz. He is very sober and reserved in his utterances. But in his paper on Goethe there is a passage which we may quote. After showing how Goethe, the poet, sought in nature the direct and transparent sensible expression of the spiritual, and so went astray, he goes on: "The natural philosopher, on the other hand, tries to discover the levers, the cords, the pulleys which work behind the scenes, and shift them. Of course, the sight of the machinery spoils the "beautiful show," and therefore the poet would gladly talk it out of existence, and, ignoring cords and pulleys as the chimeras of a pedant's brain, he would have us believe that the scenes shift themselves or are governed by the idea of the drama. . . . . But we cannot triumph over the machinery of matter by ignoring it; we can triumph over it only by subordinating it to the aims of our moral intelligence. We must familiarize ourselves with its levers and pulleys, fatal though it be to poetic contemplation, in order to govern them after our own will; and therein lies the complete justification of physical investigation, and its vast importance to the advance of human civilization."

POLITICS.

WE have deferred hitherto saying anything about the rising, as it is called, of the farmers against the Western railroads, in the hope of being able to get from the various conventions and their platforms some idea as to the political intentions of the movers in the matter. The movement has now gone on long enough to give the spectators a clear notion of its origin and causes, and the public are in a position to judge of its merits. Of course nothing is more common in the history of politics than the adoption, by bodies of men organized for a given purpose, of a new and unexpected policy. The Granges, Patrons of Husbandry, and Farmers' Associations may adopt some plan at some future time which will give a wholly different look to their movement. We speak of it as it is now.

There seems to be in the public mind a grave misapprehension of the character of the operation known in the West as farming, which has done a good deal to create irrational sympathy for the farmers. The Western farmer is, as a rule, a man who has emigrated from the East in pursuit of wealth; and, so far from representing the sacred cause of oppressed labor, he is himself in nine cases out of ten an employer of labor, or, in other words, a capitalist. He is just as necessary to the world as the man who drives his reaping-machine for him, or as the man who transports his grain to market for him, but not more so. He is very far from being a yeoman, and in fact very much nearer being a speculator. His quiet farm is an establishment, containing from a few hundred to a few thousand acres, which he leases or owns, the funds not being generally a handful of gold dollars, the hard-earned savings of his father's lifetime; on the contrary, his funds are to a great extent credits, the Western farmer being a borrower quite as much as the Western railroad. He is not,

as a rule, any more God-fearing or law-fearing than any of the rest of us. He is not bound to his farm by strong local affection and old traditional feeling; on the contrary, he would as lief farm a thousand acres in one place as another, provided he can make enough from the soil to pay interest on his outstanding paper, and obtain a fair profit himself. He is, in short, a gentleman who goes into the business of producing grain from the earth for the same reason that other gentlemen embark their funds in the production of iron and coal from the earth, and still other gentlemen manufacture cotton and flax into cloth. He is as much entitled to pursue this occupation as they are theirs; but there is no more reason for sympathizing with him in his hard lot when he is unsuccessful in money-making than there is for sympathizing with one of the shareholders in a Lowell mill or a Pennsylvania coal or iron mine when his hands are on strike. Sometimes they make, and sometimes they lose money; and whether they make or lose is a question depending partly on prudence, partly on chance, partly on the state of the market, partly on the condition of the weather; in fact, on precisely the same causes which determine the profits of the railroads themselves.

There is the best possible evidence — the evidence of men who have seen it with their own eyes — that within the past year or two the farmers have been producing too largely, or, as we might almost say, speculating for a rise on a falling market. Two years ago there was already a glut. Along some of the lines leading to the Atlantic coast there were stacked thousands of bushels of grain, waiting for a market. In other places farmers had begun to burn their grain for fuel. Meanwhile the situation of the railroads was not much better. When it is said that the average net earnings of all the railroads in the country is 5.20 per cent on the actual cost, and 3.91 per cent on their capital stock, the reply may possibly be made that this does not represent the state of the case in Illinois; indeed it does not, because in Illinois there are only four railroads paying regular dividends at all, and only one as much as seven per cent. This seems to show that if, as the farmers assert, the railroads have been making such enormous profits during the last few years, they must have been frightfully defrauding their stock and bond holders, and it is these oppressed capitalists who ought to make common cause with the down-trodden agricultural population. No such movement has yet been heard of, though, speaking seriously, there is much antecedent probability that whatever railroad directors have enriched themselves unlawfully during the past few years have done so through robbery of those who placed them in their position of trust, and gave them their opportunity for fraud, rather than through oppression of those whose voluntary contributions support the roads. For freight, though truly enough in one sense a transportation tax, is in another sense something quite different from any tax; it can be collected only so long as the producer or shipper chooses to pay it. If he find it unprofitable, he will not pay it; he will either change his business or his residence, and thus still further diminish the income of the railroads. This fact is probably better known and more keenly appreciated by the railroad-men who assess and levy the transportation tax than by any one else in the country. The first thing any railroad has to do is to calculate at what rate freight will be shipped, and at what price it will not be shipped. On the other hand, if a body of directors wish to commit frauds, there is always stock and there are always bonds to do it with. How many railroads have we seen within the past few years, with thousands of dollars' worth of stock of a nominal value in the market, on which no one ever dreamed of receiving a dividend, but which was used solely for the purpose of managing the roads! No attempt is made in the case of these roads to collect freight enough to pay dividends. The freight is collected as it can be; the idea that any sensible fraudulent director would endeavor to increase his freight rates to a point which he knows to be exorbitant, when it is perfectly open to him to issue a notice of the usual kind, announcing that, owing to circumstances connected with the purchase of some new line, or the lease of some old line, or the building of locomotives, or for some other time-honored reason, it has been deemed advisable not to declare any dividend for the past six months, is utterly monstrous. If we take the most fraudulently managed road in the country, — the Erie, — we shall see how plain this is. The Erie Railway has some $ 100,000,000 stock in the market, issued in great part by Fisk and Gould. No serious attempt has been made to pay dividends on this, except in one case, even

since the "reform directors" took possession; they, it is true, declared a dividend of three and one half per cent. A dividend of three and one half per cent on the earnings of eight or ten years, however, may safely be considered as tantamount to no dividend at all; so we may safely say that the Erie Railway pays no dividends. It must be obvious from this that the managers of the line have not been obliged to make any attempt at an exorbitant increase of freight rates for the purpose of paying dividends. Somebody undoubtedly has been defrauded; but it is also an undoubted fact that those who were defrauded were the old stockholders, at home and abroad. It was these old stockholders, too, who felt themselves defrauded, and who formed committees and passed resolutions, and employed counsel, and ejected the corrupt management. We heard nothing in those days of the oppression of the farmers in the interior of New York and farther west. It will be admitted that the Erie frauds may well serve as the type of any frauds that have been committed in railroad management throughout the country during the last few years; and we see that the people defrauded by them, or at any rate the people who thought themselves defrauded, were not the people who paid the transportation tax.

Very little can be said in favor of the railroad management of the country. Railroads are managed according to a system which enables directors to make enormous fortunes, at the expense of those whose interests they are bound in honor and equity to protect; and if the object of the farmers' movement were to secure the greater responsibility of directors, or to bring to justice directors already known to have engaged in frauds, we should cordially sympathize with it. But, as we have seen, the movement is directed against that already oppressed class, the very stockholders who are now said to be so swindled by trustees. What is to become of the 5.20 per cent on the cost, and the 3.91 per cent on the stock, now paid to these unfortunates, if they are to be subjected on the one hand to "raids" from directors, and on the other to "raids" from the State legislatures is easy to see.

Besides the stockholders and the farmers there is another class of people whose interests are closely connected with the management of the railroads. In all the discussion which has been going on about the Granges, the Transportation, and reasonable rates of freights, very little has been heard about the rights of passengers. The Illinois law, if we remember right, does include passenger fares, but this branch of the subject attracts hardly any attention. If there is any class which railroads have an opportunity to impose upon, however, it is the travelling public. There is no class, certainly, to whose personal convenience railroads have paid less heed. They have been shut up in ill-ventilated cars, they have been seated in uncomfortable seats; they have been delayed, hustled, wounded and killed in great numbers. For this maltreatment many suits at law have been brought, and usual damages recovered. We have never heard, however, of any loud complaints on the part of the travelling public that the fares charged by the railroads were unjust. There have been suggestions that laborers' trains might be run at low rates; but these suggestions, even, did not come from the laborers, but from official students of the railroad question. This strange apathy on the part of the travelling public we can only explain in one way: that of a general belief that the roads understand the business of establishing rates of fare better than any one else; they know what rates passengers will pay, and what rates they will not pay. The control of the roads over the passengers is much more close than any which they can ever establish over the farmers. They depend far more on freight than on travel, and, besides, this cause of the producers is one easily made a common cause; mass-meetings and associations of passengers, like the Granges and Farmers' Associations, are very unlikely things. Before the roads seriously impose on either passengers or farmers, however, they will first squeeze their own stockholders' purses dry.

In order to understand the farmers' movement thoroughly, it is necessary to take into consideration, not merely their supposed grievances, but also the means they have taken to remedy them. Their resolutions have been multitudinous, but their actual operations can easily be enumerated. First, they have formed themselves into various organizations known as Granges, Patrons of Husbandry, and by other names (it is wholly immaterial for our present purpose what distinctions as to objects and methods there may be among them), and have announced their determination, first, that railroad

charters must be controlled by State laws; second, that freight charges must be determined by the State itself, and not by the railroads; third, that they must be determined on the *pro-rata* principle; in the fourth place, they have carried the contest into the legislature of one State, and secured the passage of a law establishing a freight schedule in accordance with their views; fifth, they have elected a judge of the Supreme Court in the same State, who announces that he will decide in any case arising before him that the railroad charters are subordinate in all cases to State law, and that the freight law of Illinois is constitutional.

The proposition that railroad charters must be controlled by State law seems fair enough, until we know what it means. When we find that it means the control of the charters by State law in the teeth of the Constitution of the United States guaranteeing the inviolability of contracts, we see that the proposition strikes a direct blow at all constitutional rights; for even if, by elaborate regulations, the technical objections can be overridden, the fundamental objection remains. A charter is a contract between the company and the State, and if the State has reserved no right of regulation, the company has under the contract full powers within the limits of what is reasonable. This has been decided over and over again by the Supreme Court of the United States, and fifty inferior courts. If at this day it is to be disregarded by some transparent hocus-pocus of a board of railroad commissioners, we may as well give up all idea of having any law regarded that conflicts with the interest of the majority for the time being.

The determination of freight charges by the State on the *pro-rata* principle has been tried in Illinois, and has proved a complete failure. The law was hardly passed when loud complaints were made on every side. Its effect was a general increase of rates.

The election of Judge Craig to take the place of Judge Lawrence on the Supreme bench of Illinois has been so widely commented on in the press that it is hardly necessary to say anything here. That Judge Craig was elected for the express purpose of deciding cases against what he knew to be law, and that this is an attack upon the independence of the judiciary quite as dangerous as the election of men like Barnard or Cardozo in New York, — so much is generally admitted. Whether Judge Craig had or had not already pledged himself in advance to the railroads seems to be still in doubt.

To sum up what we have said: the farmers' movement declares itself a movement on the part of an oppressed class to redress its wrongs by honest reform of the abuses of which it complains. It is in reality a quarrel between producers and carriers as to profits. It is characterized by a great deal of ignorance; for it attempts to saddle the railroads with the blame properly belonging to the farmers themselves for their imprudent over-production; and besides this, it mistakes the misfortunes which their imprudence has brought upon them for the result of impositions which have really been for the most part practised on the people with whom they are quarrelling; it also displays the same ignorance in the development of the monstrous idea that a modern State legislature is a body competent to manage the complex business of a railroad; and it has manifested a profound contempt for law, justice, and honesty in its openly avowed declaration of an intention to intimidate the judiciary into unjust and illegal decisions.

These are all the facts from which at present we can make inferences as to the future of the farmers' movement, and the question which has been agitating many people's minds during the summer, — whether the new party of which we have heard so much for the last few years, is to find its foundation in this movement. It seems to us perfectly safe to say that, unless some violent change takes place, the farmers' rising will come to little or nothing. The foundation of a party depends upon other things than the assemblage in public places of large numbers of men, excited by a temporary depression of business, for the purpose of denouncing monopolies, "salary-grabs," and iniquity of all sorts. No great party has ever been formed without some definite policy and some definite practical method of attaining that policy. The Republican party desired to exclude slavery from the Territories, and the means were very simple, for they consisted of gaining the control of Congress. The Democratic party was founded on a theory of government which, though erroneous, was popular, had been elaborately thought and written about for a generation or more, until its ideas had permeated every mind, and, indeed, become part of the mental constitu-

tion of the age. On the other hand, the Labor party, as it calls itself, has never been able distinctly to let the world know either what it wants or how it wishes to attain what it wants. One labor-reformer desires to throw all the possessions of the capitalists into a common fund and divide it *per capita;* another wishes all "industrial corporations which refuse to adopt the co-operative principle at once abolished"; another wants his trade made into an hereditary caste. A few years ago we heard a great deal about the Labor party. It was rising in its might, and very soon it would have control of the country. It has done nothing of the kind, however, and will probably in the future do less than in the past. To take another instance, the Prohibitionists, who have indeed a definite aim, have never been able to discover any means of securing it. They have had, year after year, local triumphs in one State or another, and there was at one time some talk of a national Prohibitory party. The movement, however, makes no effect on national politics, because it is impracticable.

The farmers are in the same position. They are filled with a vague dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, and a vague notion, derived principally from reading newspaper editorials on railroad frauds, that the railroads are to blame for it. They accordingly set to work to remedy their troubles by attacking the judiciary for having rendered a perfectly just decision, and then turning to the legislature, they secure the passage of a law which aggravates all their evils. More than this, they propose to hand over to this same legislature the absolute control of railroad management,— a business which any one can see no legislature knows anything about. Under these circumstances, we can only regret the apparent probability that the farmers' movement will come to nothing. Even if it should obtain a temporary control of some of the Western States, its chances would not be improved, for it has undertaken to accomplish what it cannot accomplish. Its action may lead to a great deal of anarchy and confusion, may injure the business of some roads and build up that of others, but it cannot make the production of wheat profitable where it is unprofitable, nor is it likely to attract very deep interest in that part of the community which, being at a distance from the scene of action, looks on impartially.

That this should be so is undoubtedly a pity. Any party which could really bring forward an intelligible scheme of railroad management would establish distinct claims upon the gratitude of the country. But it is a thousand times better to leave such matters to be governed by the laws of trade, and managed by those who have made them a special study than that they should fall into ignorant and incompetent hands, for the sake of wholly unlikely reforms which the change may by some magic produce.

The Prohibitory movement, the Labor-Reform movement, and the Woman-Suffrage movement have all three been marked by one peculiarity, which has often been noticed,—the prevalent feeling that all evils can be cured by legislation. It is not very difficult to see how this fallacy sprang up. The legislature having been looked upon down to the middle of this century as the body which stood between the people and the oppressors of the people, — kings, emperors, and other autocrats, — a habit of mind was generated which made it natural to continue to look in the same direction. Popular bodies had meantime become time-serving, ignorant, and corrupt; but to these facts no sort of attention was paid. Any demagogue who discovered a crying evil anywhere in the social order was certain to assure his constituents that, if they would only send him once more to Congress or the legislature, he would certainly repeal it. The people were willing enough to believe his promises, forgetting that reformers of the popular kind, that is, agitators, are very indifferent to methods, provided the noise goes on. The foes of what is known as rum were assured that the legislature should pass a law which would drive every rum-seller out of every State. The Labor Reformers were promised a legislative enactment which should make them all capitalists; and the Suffrage Reformers were assured that the physical, mental, and moral equality of man and woman should be soon made a palpable fact by its insertion in the statute-book. It is pretty evident to most people these promises were specious. The farmers will find, in the same way, that legislation is no panacea for natural evils; it merely aggravates them.

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GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART V.

XII.

THREE YEARS LATER.

THREE years are a long time to look forward to, but how short they appear when once they are past! That this was Ragnhild's experience, she half reluctantly confessed to herself, as in the third spring after the long remembered Berg wedding she wandered with her flocks to the mountains, where the old saeter cottages stood ready to receive her. And still, how wretched had she been in the first months after he had left her, how slowly and miserably had the days crept along! She had said that she would never more be happy, and happy she had not been; but time, the healer of all wounds, had also blunted the sting of her sorrow. She no longer thought of Gunnar with pain or regret; for her faith in him was great, and as the echo of his many and, as she now thought, wonderful words rung in her memory, she was even at times filled with an heroic devotion which made her strong to bear many a hard struggle which was to come.

Lars seemed to have grown much gentler since the affray at the wedding. He had been obliged to keep his bed for months, and it had even for some time been doubtful whether he was to regain his health at all. Of marriage there had been little said of late; and if people had not known both Atle Henjum and his sister so well, they might have supposed that the whole plan had been abandoned long ago. But Atle had been waiting for a favorable moment. This he now believed to have come; Ragnhild was composed and cheerful, Lars again as strong as ever, and, to make everything complete, the fishery had yielded this year nearly twice as much as usual, so the widow would be fully able to make a magnificent wedding, and that without touching either bank-book or the silver dollars on the bottom of her chests. Lars had accordingly set out again for a visit to Rimul; and had he come an hour earlier, he would probably have found Ragnhild at home. Now he came in vain.

The little cottage at Henjumhei

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looked cheerless and desolate since Gunnar had gone. The rock still stood frowning over it; the overhanging birch-trees still shook their yellow flower-dust upon its roof, and wafted their spring breath in through the open windows; the brisk river had not yet ceased to shower its cold spray over its walls; and yet, if you happened to enter, you would hardly have said that it was the same cottage you had seen years ago. There sat old Gunhild on the hearth, and spun early and late, spun and spun day after day, and never tired. Never tired? Perhaps if you looked more closely, you would find that three years had wrought great changes in old Gunhild. She is no longer the cheerful, vigorous woman she used to be. She talks very little now, for she has no one to talk with. Thor was always a man of few words, and now they are fewer than ever. Moreover he spends all his day in field and forest; and when he comes home late at night, hungry and tired, it is only to sit down in the fireside corner and there smoke on in silence, until sleep comes and makes the silence deeper. They had heard from Gunnar only twice in the three years he had been gone. In the first letter, which came some six or seven months after his departure, he had told them of his nightly flight from the valley, of his long wanderings and many hardships before he reached the capital and was finally admitted to the Academy of Art. The second letter was filled with enthusiastic praises of his friend Herr Vogt, a young man who was studying at the University, and who, from the time of their first meeting, had never ceased to shower upon him new tokens of regard. Time and daily intercourse had now ripened their intimacy into the warmest and sincerest friendship. Vogt was the son of a wealthy clergyman, who lived at some distance from the city, and Gunnar had received repeated invitations to spend his vacation at his home, which, however, for some reason or other, he had declined. He had hitherto made his way by giving lessons in drawing, and by selling his sketches and compositions to illustrated papers. About Ragnhild he wrote not a word.

Strange it may seem that, in spite of Gunnar's success and happiness, his grandmother mourned him almost as if he had been dead. "Was it not what I always said, Thor, that that picture business would be sure to lead the child astray? But you never would listen to me, you Thor, when I told you to set the boy to honest work. There is no blessing in stepping beyond one's own station, my father used to say; and sure enough, there can come no lasting blessing from it either, Thor."

"It is often hard to tell where one's station is," Thor would answer.

One day he had been helping the girls to get the saeter cottages in order; and as there were a hundred things to do, and he the surest hand to do them, time had slipped by unnoticed, and the sun had already risen before he was on his homeward way: for sunset and sunrise follow close in each other's track in the month of midsummer. As he passed the parsonage, he saw the old pastor walking in his garden, with slippers and dressing-gown, and a long-stemmed meerschaum pipe in his mouth.

"Good morning, Thor," said the pastor, with a friendly nod.

"Good morning. The pastor is early on foot to-day." And Thor pulled his red, pointed cap from his head and held it respectfully in his hand, while the pastor addressed him.

"When one gets old one cannot always sleep at pleasure; and when light and darkness are no longer the distinctions between day and night, one is often tempted to get up both in season and out of season, according as wakefulness or weariness bids. In sleepless nights, however, I always have something to go by. As soon as I hear my hens cackling in the yard, I know the hour, and then there is no longer any question about staying in bed."

"I think the pastor once told me," observed Thor, taking a few steps forward, and leaning over the railing,

"that he was always a light sleeper. And when a man has so much in his head as we know the pastor has, it is no wonder that he finds little time for rest."

"But how with yourself, Thor? Age seems to be gaining on you fast. You do not look half as vigorous as you did a few years ago."

"One has to take things as they come." Here Thor paused, raised his head abruptly, and looked full into the pastor's face. "I suppose every one has his share of troubles," he added, rather hurriedly.

"Come in, Thor," and the minister opened the garden gate; "come and sit down with me on this bench here. It is a very long time since we had a good talk together."

Thor entered and took a seat at the farther end of the bench.

"I do not wish to intrude on you," continued the pastor, striking a match on the bench, and proceeding to light his pipe, which during the conversation had been neglected. "I have no intention of being inquisitive; but as your pastor, I might perhaps be able to bring you aid and counsel in the sorrows and troubles which beset you." Although thus invited to speak, Thor for some time remained silent, while the minister, with eager sympathy, watched the struggling emotions in his rugged features. It was not Thor's habit to speak; sympathy and confidence were quite unknown things to him.

"Pastor," he broke forth at last, and his voice trembled as he spoke, "you may remember Gunnar, my son. God knows I miss him very much."

A peasant's mode of thought is simple, and simple is his way of uttering it; but the minister saw through Thor's rough speech into the deep, loving nature beyond.

"Thor," said he, "I do not wonder that you miss your son; I confess, I often miss him myself. But then we must believe that God knows what is best for us all. And as regards Gunnar, I can give you great proofs that God holds his protecting hand over him. It was not for nothing I called you, as you passed. Only look here!" The pastor pulled a letter and a newspaper out of his breast-pocket, and handed both to the peasant, while kindness and triumphant joy beamed forth from his countenance. "But wait a minute," continued he, "perhaps I had better take the paper, and, if you would like to listen, I will read you something that may possibly interest you."

"I am not very good at letters," answered Thor, quietly. "I should like much if the pastor would be kind enough to read."

The other unfolded the paper and began: "The gold medal of the Academy of Art was this year awarded Mr. Gunnar Thorsen Henjumhei, from the parish of T—— in Bergen Stift; and a stipend for two years of foreign travel, to which this prize entitles him, will be conferred on him from August 1st, prox. Never, since the earliest days of the Academy, has an opportunity been afforded us of expressing a heartier approval of its decisions than on this occasion. Mr. Henjumhei is evidently a genius of no ordinary scope, and we dare confidently to predict for him a place among the stars of the first magnitude, on the northern horizon of art. This is certainly much to say, but not too much; for even the slightest glance at his Hulder (now on exhibition in the Academy) will convince the beholder that here is one of the favored few whom Nature has truly admitted into her confidence. Judged, however, by the strictest rules of art, the Hulder is not perfect, and perhaps far from perfect. But it is not conventional perfection we ask from our young artists. Mr. Henjumhei's Hulder possesses qualities compared with which, we had nearly said, even perfection would be of small account. The Hulder, in spite of imperfect foreshortenings and unwieldy drapery, is all instinct with the native fire of genius, and glows with a life which neither rules nor teachings could impart. The weird grandeur of the

tradition could never have found a happier and more poetic expression than in those unfathomable, inward-looking eyes, in the harmoniously dramatic gesture of the raised hand, suggesting the idea that she is listening to some word or sound which, we feel sure, none but herself can hear, —

> 'To the breathless, anxious secret
> Which ever must rest untold.'

And again, the light, sportful airiness, the deep, nameless longings, which, as they are blended in our popular superstition, give such a rich charm to this legendary being, — these are traits which the artist can well feel and express, but are of too subtile a nature for the critic to dissect and analyze. She is, as the ballad expresses it, 'the grace of the sunshine to the fir-tree's grotesqueness wed.'

"Before closing our notice, we shall in confidence relate, what a bird has sung to us, namely, that Mr. Henjumhei caught the inspiration for his Hulder from some fair damsel in his native valley, to whom the picture in some points is said to bear a striking resemblance. If true, we will hope, in the interest of art, that he may soon find the charm to bind the wayward sprite. For, in sooth, he is a youth of whom any damsel, yea, old Norway herself, may justly be proud."

The pastor's incorrigible pipe had again gone out during the reading. While lighting it, his eyes were firmly riveted on his listener. Thor sat immovable as a statue; but a tear trembled in his eyelid, and stole down his weather-furrowed cheek.

"Good by, pastor," said he, rose quickly, and went.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when Thor saw his cottage peeping forth between the light birch-trees. The night must have been very damp: every tiny leaf and sprig was hung with glittering dew-drops, and as the sun smote them they played and sparkled as from a luminous life within them. Thor looked up, took two steps backward, shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed again. For fifty years had he lived in that cottage, and how many a time in those years the sun and the dew had lent it their beauty! To him it was as if to-day he saw it for the first time, at least since those early years he had struggled so bravely to forget. On the bench before the door sat his old mother with her knitting-work. "Poor thing," muttered he, "she wants to do everything for the best. But well for the boy that he was stronger than his father, or rather that a stronger hand came in between him and us. 'A youth whom old Norway herself may justly be proud of,'" added he musingly. "I knew well there was the right mettle in him."

Then, of course, Thor hastened to his mother with his news, that she might also know and share his joy. No, his joy was one which none but himself could feel, and none but his God should share it with him. So he wandered down toward the river, seated himself on a large moss-grown stone, where a heavy-browed fir stooped out over the rapids, and watched the strong, tumultuous life of the whirling waters.

The sun already stood high in the heavens, when old Gunhild, lifting her eyes from her knitting, and adjusting her spectacles, which had slid down to the tip of her nose, saw her son coming up toward the bench where she sat. Her quick eye caught the change in him. A calm, trustful happiness pervaded his whole being, and beamed forth from his countenance.

"Son," said she, "I should say that you must bring good news from the saeter."

"So I do, mother," replied he, "and from farther off too than the saeter."

"Thor," cried she, dropping her knitting in her lap, "has the boy come?"

"Not that I know," said Thor, "but here, let him speak for himself." And he took the letter out from his inside waistcoat-pocket, sat down at his mother's side, and broke the seal.

"No, no," demanded she, "let me look at the seal, let me see the address and the postmark."

"Mother," said Thor, laughing, "one would suppose you were ten years old. Now come, let us read together; and when I can't make it out, then you shall help me." The letter was written on a large sheet, folded together without envelope, in the old fashion. The father glanced down the whole sheet, turned over on the next page, then to the first again, and finally began: —

"My dear Father and Grandmother — "

"The blessed child, the blessed child!" interrupted the latter, already wiping her eyes with her apron, and nodding her head.

"Hush now, you must please be quiet for a minute."

"My dear Father and Grandmother: — Hurrah! here I stand, with the gold medal in my hand, and my head dizzy with the glorious thought of two years of foreign travel. Alone did the poor boy set out in quest of his beautiful princess, and long was the way. Perhaps even his father and his mother, and every one he loved, sent him, if not a curse, at least a pitying smile or a shoulder-shrug, for company on his journey. They knew nothing of his princess, and cared to know nothing. But the boy knew her, and knew that she was to be his. Many strange creatures did he meet on his wanderings. Both Necken and the Hulder, and numberless Trolds, large and small, sat waiting for him along the wayside, some to help him, others to do him harm. O, if you could have seen the Hulder of my heart! She it was who taught me the way to the mountain. Now I can discern the luminous path that leads to the castle, where sleeps the beautiful princess.

"An hour ago I stood with some twenty others in the vestibule of the Academy, awaiting the final declaration of the prizes. My heart was now in my throat, now in my boots, and everywhere else, except where it ought to have been. The stairs and the square were crowded with people, and we twenty culprits stood there, heated and anxious or shivering, according to each one's particular temperament, but struggling hard to look unconcerned. The rest is to me like a dream. I only know that I rushed out desperately, hugged to my heart the first man I happened to meet, which fortunately was Vogt, and now I sit here trying to make you believe that all this is not a fleeting vision, but true and sober reality.

"I need not write more, for I shall soon be with you. In two days I shall start on a pedestrian journey with Vogt, for the purpose of studying our great mountains and glaciers with my new eyes. Vogt will visit the parsonage. His father, who is a clergyman and an old college friend of our pastor's, once spent some time in our valley, and, I believe, knows the Henjum people quite well. Promise me, however, that you will tell no one but yourself that I am coming. I have my own reasons for wishing it to be a secret. How happy I shall be to sit once again on the hearth in our cottage and hear once more grandmother's old stories; for grandmother must tell them all over again! My affectionate greetings to you all, father, grandmother, the birch-trees, and the old cottage.

"Your son,

"GUNNAR THORSEN HENJUMHEI."

"Heaven be praised," sobbed Gunhild, who towards the close had found ample use for her apron, — "Heaven be praised for all its dispensations, both good and evil. Yea, God knows we have mourned enough for the blessed child. And now he will come again. O, yes, I knew he would come home again, I always knew it! You well remember what I used to say to you, Thor. 'Thor,' I would say, 'the boy will soon find — '"

But Thor had already betaken himself to the river, where he still sat poring over his letter, and reading it half aloud to himself; while Gunhild indefinitely continued her soliloquy, with only the pines and the birch-trees listening.

XIII.

Rhyme-Ola's Message.

It was of course not long before the rumor of Gunnar's great good fortune spread through the valley, from one end to the other, and as rumors are wont to do, expanded on its flight into fabulous dimensions. Among the first whom it reached was Rhyme-Ola, and it is doubtful if Thor Henjumhei himself rejoiced more in it; but Rhyme-Ola had his own way of showing his emotions; on this occasion, it is said, he danced, laughed, and wept, and on the whole behaved so that people thought he had gone mad. The next thing he did was to appoint himself the sole authorized bearer of the message; and, beginning at the eastern end of the valley, he wandered from farm to farm and from cottage to cottage, proclaiming the great tidings.

Old Gunhild Henjumhei had grown quite lame and stiff of late years, and had not been able to move about much. But as next Sermon-Sunday approached, she began making extensive preparations in the way of arranging and increasing her wardrobe.* For to church she would go on that day, she said, whether she should have to creep or to walk. "And my best red striped skirt, which has lain so long at the bottom of my chest, I shall then put on. For I want to look my best, for the blessed child's sake. And if I were you, Thor, I certainly should have a new jacket made before Sunday. You have worn this quite long enough now."

Thor, after some faint resistance, had to yield the point. And the Sermon-Sunday came. Most of the people had already arrived, and stood in scattered groups, talking by the wall or in the church-yard, when Thor came slowly marching in through the gate, with his old mother leaning on his arm. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked straight toward the church door. But Gunhild protested, "Wait a moment, Thor," demanded she, half aloud, "I am an old woman, you know, and cannot trot along as fast as you, perhaps, would like. Let us rest a little here, as other people do, to greet friends and neighbors." Thor had again to yield, though this time rather reluctantly; for to him, the attention they attracted had no part in the joy he felt for his son. Not so with Gunhild; she was not loath to receive her due share of the public notice. They stepped into the small paths between the graves, and walked over towards the southern gate where the women were standing. There they stopped, and Gunhild leaned against the white stone fence. Four or five elderly women came up to speak to her. Two of them were gardmen's wives. Thor withdrew to join the crowd which stood nearest. All eyes were turned on him as he approached.

"Well met, Thor Henjumhei," broke forth a chorus of voices. "And thanks for last meeting," added two or three men, reaching him their hands.

"Well met," said Thor, shaking hands round, "and thanks to yourselves. A goodly number of church-folks today," continued he, "more than I ever remember to have seen in harvest-times."

"A pastor like ours is well worth hearing," replied a tall, grave man, who stood next to him.

"They say your son has come to great honor in the capital, Thor," cried a high-pitched voice from the opposite side of the crowd. It was Peer Berg, the father of the "Wild Ducks."

"About the honor, I know but little. He has struggled bravely, and has had the luck with him, God be praised."

"The rumor goes that the king himself has spoken to him, and promised to send him to Roman-town and German-land," ejaculated one, who evidently made some pretensions to a knowledge of geography.

"If that were true, I should most likely have heard of it," was Thor's reply.

* One minister in the distant valleys of Norway is often the pastor of two or three parishes, and officiates at different times in different churches. Thus only every second or every third Sunday may be a "Sermon-Sunday."

"Is it not true, either," asked Peer Berg, "that he gained all the biggest gold and silver pieces in the Ca-Ca-Camedy, or whatever you call it, and that all in one rub?"

Thor answered something, but "the iron tongues of the steeple" spoke with a mightier voice; the air quivered as with full-throated song, and he listened, and forgot what he was about to say. The crowds broke up, and scattered; and with slow and solemn tread the people drew toward the church-door. Soon the church-yard was almost deserted; the entrance-hymn was already streaming out through the open windows, when Thor and Gunhild had reached the door. Then a pretty young girl, in her Sunday dress, with rich, sunny hair, came quickly up to them, looked rather shyly around her, and seized Gunhild's hand, and shook it. "I also wanted to shake hands with you," said she, dropping her eyes, and looking on the ground. For a moment she stood still, holding her hand, and hesitating, as if she wanted to say something more, then again dropped it, and vanished through the open door.

"Bless the child," said Gunhild, "she certainly had something on her heart."

The girl was Ragnhild Rimul.

Walking home from church that same Sunday, Ragnhild met her mother's brother, Atle Henjum. He was just coming down the hillside from Rimul, and had probably been paying Ingeborg a sabbath visit. He gave her a friendly nod as she passed. There was nothing unusual in Atle's going to see his sister; and still, without knowing why, she felt strangely oppressed after having seen him. And then that nod; he usually took no notice of her whatever. When she gained the Rimul gate, an unaccountable anxiety took such possession of her that she had to stop to compose herself before entering. The yard looked scrupulously swept and clean, as it always did on Sundays; but to-day it bore a most distressing air of awkward, self-conscious stiffness. On the stair-case of the stabur, or store-house, sat her mother feeding the poultry, but as Ragnhild felt, evidently waiting for her to come home. As she came within sight, Ingeborg rose and beckoned to her. The poultry knew her too well to mind her presence. Only the cock laid his head on one side, and looked up at her with a knowing air, as if to make her understand that he was well aware of what was coming.

"What was the text to-day?" asked Ingeborg, as her daughter stood before her.

"About the Pharisee and the Publican," answered Ragnhild.

"And what did the pastor say?"

"Well, I could hardly tell, but it was uncommonly fine everything he did say."

"Much church-people?"

"A great many." Ragnhild was still standing in the yard, her mother a few steps up the stairs. She fixed a strange, searching glance on the daughter, and that firm decision in the lines about her mouth gradually relaxed into an anxious, quivering doubt.

"Ragnhild," said she suddenly, "you do not tell half of what you think." Ragnhild raised her large, innocent eyes in wonder, but as they met her mother's a deep blush stole over her cheeks; bewildered, she dropped her hymn-book and handkerchief, and quickly stooped down to recover them. It was a good while before she found them.

"Ragnhild," said Ingeborg, with an unusual tremor in her voice, "come into the stabur here, child, and let me speak to you." And she opened the heavy iron door, and Ragnhild followed. It was a large, spacious apartment, lighted by a few small, barred openings high up on the wall. All around the room stood bins, filled with grain of various kinds, and from the ceiling hung, in long-continued rows, hams, and pieces of smoked and salted beef. But what especially attracted the eye were three huge chests with vaulted covers, elaborately carved and painted, and exhibiting the likenesses

of mermaids, dwarfs, trolds, and other fabulous creatures. Through all these fanciful surroundings could clearly be traced the shapes of four or five letters, probably the initials of some long deceased ancestor or ancestress of the Henjum and Rimul families. The widow took the young girl's hand, and led her up to within four or five steps of the chests.

"Daughter," said she, solemnly, and pointing to the middle one, "can you read those letters?"

"L. A. S. H.," whispered Ragnhild.

"And those other letters underneath," continued the mother.

"R. S. D. H."

"Do you know what they mean?"

"No."

"Ragnhild, Ragnhild," exclaimed the mother, dropping her hand, and with arms akimbo placing herself right in front of the culprit, "do you mean to say that you do not know the names of your own grandmother and grandfather?"

Ragnhild remained silent.

"Then," continued Ingeborg, indignantly, "it is high time that you should know them. Those letters above stand for the name of my father, Lars Atle's Son Henjum, and the letters underneath stand for the name of my mother, from whom you were called, Ragnhild Sigurd's Daughter Henjum. It is strange that her father's name also was Sigurd. For now, as you know, those names will soon again be united." Ragnhild stared in hopeless bewilderment on the ominous letters, as if but dimly divining their hidden meaning. Seeing that she had failed to make herself understood, Ingeborg quickly drew a large bunch of keys out of her pocket, and opened the three chests. Then she raised the covers, and without delay disclosed their hidden treasures. There were silver spoons, with large crowned balls at the end of their handles, curiously wrought brooches, and silver breast plates, a fine, glittering bridal crown (an heirloom from immemorial times), heavy, snow-white linen for table-cloths, sheets, and female apparel, all covered with a perfect maze of elaborate embroidery, skirts and bodices of darker and brighter colors, and numerous other articles, such as ancient wealth and family pride hoard up from generation to generation. While the widow sat deeply engrossed in the contemplation of her riches, and with evident satisfaction surveyed, unfolded, and displayed every separate article, Ragnhild stood still aghast, gazing in mute astonishment. Now and then her features lighted up for a moment at the sight of some rich garment or ornament, but soon again were overcast, as by coming evil. Having finished all her preparations, Ingeborg beckoned her daughter to come nearer.

"Child," said she, passing her arm round the young girl's waist, and dropping her voice into a gentle whisper, "do you know to whom all these things belong?"

"They are yours," murmured Ragnhild.

"No, child, they are no longer mine. I have no heir but you and all that has hitherto been mine is now to be yours." And she raised her head, and gazed into the daughter's countenance to see if she were not overpowered by such a prospect. But Ragnhild's features betrayed no pleasurable emotion; a shade of painful disappointment flitted over the mother's face; she ran her hand across her forehead, and stooped forward as in deep thought. Then suddenly a new idea struck her.

"Come, child," said she, "let me see how this bridal crown will fit you. It is a beautiful crown. I have worn it once myself, and my grandmother and my great-grandmother before me." So saying, she placed the crown on Ragnhild's sunny head; the latter smiled faintly, and mechanically submitted to her mother's strange freaks.

"And then this bodice, and this breast-plate," cried Ingeborg, with renewed hope, "they will fit you within a hair, and be so becoming." Ragnhild made no motion to accept the proffered gifts; she stood as if petrified.

"Mother," said she, at length, "pray tell me, what does all this mean."

"What does it mean?" asked the widow astounded, dropping the breast-plate in her lap. "Well, I thought you were old enough to know what it means to put on a bridal-crown. However, the case is simply this. My brother Atle Henjum, while you were still a child, asked your hand for his son Lars. To me, of course, nothing could be more desirable than to see you, my only child, so honorably matched and so well cared for. Therefore, I gave my consent. It was this I wished to make known to you to-day. Atle Henjum has been here this morning, and has renewed his offer. He wishes the wedding to take place soon, and I have long been of the same mind. You are no longer a child now, but a grown woman. At twenty I was married myself, and it is my belief that that is the right age to marry."

The words hummed and buzzed at Ragnhild's ears; she heard them, but they were to her only so many sounds, without any special import. Now they seemed to come floating from far away, sometimes to ring piercingly through her torpid senses, and then again they receded into a dim distance. She marry Lars Henjum? She certainly had heard some parish talk about that long ago — O, yes, so very long ago, she thought now; for the idea was as strange to her as if she had never heard it. And Lars, how ugly he looked to her, with his broad, ox-like brow and dull, staring eyes. And her thought grasped despairingly for Gunnar; for in all the fairy-winged dreams which had risen from her soul in the summer stillness, he had been her lord and hero.

"Well," continued Ingeborg, having still received no answer, "you now know my will. It can certainly not be any great surprise to you. But with regard to the time, and some few other things, I should like to know what you think."

There followed another long, painful silence. Ingeborg stared, she knit her brow; a deep crimson shot over her face, even up to her head-gear.

"Ragnhild Rimul," cried she, with rising indignation, "if you have so far forgotten your birth and your mother's name as still to remember that wandering beggar and vagabond, whose shame —"

"O mother!" implored the girl, and burst into tears. But the widow,— she clasped her hands over her forehead, pressed them convulsively against her temples, stooped down, and hid her face in her lap; and a heavy, struggling moan was the last farewell to a mother's life-hope. When she again lifted her eyes Ragnhild was gone.

The maids wondered much that day what had become of the house-wife. They searched the house, the barns, and the fields, but they searched in vain. Toward evening they found her again, sitting in her accustomed seat at the south window, and the old silver-clasped Bible lay open before her. But no one durst ask when she came or where she had been. She glanced up whenever the door-latch moved, then again bent over her Bible.

What were your thoughts then, Ingeborg Rimul? Why did your stately figure stoop, as you staggered from the stabur over to the house, hardly able to bear the burden of your self-wrought grief? And when you opened the Holy Book and sat down to read its well-known pages, why did those words, given to console the afflicted, refuse to comfort thee? Ah, Ingeborg Rimul, it was not the Word of God that was foremost in your mind that night. No, you remember still how your wayward thoughts wandered back to a time which you had long vainly striven to forget. And that moon-lit summer-night returned to your memory, when you sat under the birch-tree at the river, and your golden head rested lovingly on his bosom. Ah, if he,— if Thoralf Vogt had known of all the weary, sleepless nights that followed those days of bliss; if he could have counted the tears that flowed from your eyes, Ingeborg Rimul, before your faith and your hopes were crushed, — then you thought he would not have given you up so easily.

But you have changed much since those days. Then your faith in man and God was strong, for you loved as only a nature like yours can love. But, as I say, you have changed much; now you think you can repair one sin by adding to it another, and a greater one: you sacrificed your own happiness, now you offer upon the same altar the life of your child, Ragnhild, your only daughter.

XIV.

At the Parsonage.

"What should she do, where should she go?" These were Ragnhild's first thoughts, as after a short flight upward through the birch-grove, she sunk down under a large drooping tree, hid her face in her lap, and wept and wept, and could never weep out her trouble, for the more she wept the more she felt the need of weeping. And the slender birch-boughs waved and trembled; then a faint rustling would steal through the fluttering leaves, as if the tree were trying to hush its own emotion. Hard by stood a steep, half-moss-grown rock, over which the water came trickling down in slow, strange, forest-like silence; and a clear pool underneath peered upwards with its calm gaze. But Ragnhild wept, — wept until the tears dimmed even her grief, and she at last hardly knew why she was weeping. Her thoughts had wandered far that day, no wonder they were weary. Hush! what a song-rich soul has the northern forest! And its life itself, — what a full-swelling tide of melody. But that was not the voice of the forest. She raised her head, wondered, and listened. A strange, soft crooning seemed to grow out of the silence, and then fade into silence again. Suddenly the thought of trolds and elf-maidens flashed through her mind. She sprang up and ran, until she plainly heard somebody calling her name. She paused and looked timidly around. There sat Rhyme-Ola upon the rock swinging his ragged hat in one hand, and a bundle of papers in the other. It was plainly the papers he wished her to see; for as she hesitated, he flung his hat away, and again waved them towards her.

"Ragnhild," cried he, "was it not what I always used to say?"

Ragnhild took a few steps toward the pool, smoothed her hair, and washed off the marks of her tears; then by the aid of a small birch and some juniper bushes, climbed the rock to where Rhyme-Ola was standing.

"It was the very thing, I have always said, Ragnhild," repeated he, as if he were taking up the thread of a conversation, which had been broken off a minute ago.

"What is it you have always been saying, Rhyme-Ola?" asked Ragnhild, astonished, as, flushed and panting, she gained the singer's lofty haunt.

"Take a seat, make yourself at home," said he; "I am going to tell you all about it."

She dropped upon a stone and sat looking expectantly into his face.

"You remember," resumed the other, "how often I used to say that the valley would hear of him when they least expected it."

Ragnhild had no recollection of such a prophecy on the part of Rhyme-Ola, but, hardly knowing what he meant, she answered musingly, "O — yes," then, suddenly throwing herself forward, added in breathless haste, "And what have they heard of him, Rhyme-Ola?"

"Look here, Ragnhild," cried her companion, gayly, "if you have not heard strange things before, you may be sure you will hear them now. It was only what I always said; but nobody would believe me, not even you Ragnhild."

"Yes, yes, I *do* believe you," exclaimed the girl impatiently. "Only pray tell; what is it you have heard?"

Rhyme-Ola took one of the papers he held in his hand, unfolded it, and handed it to Ragnhild.

"You will find something there," said he; "I can't read, you know, so I can't tell you where it is. The pastor

told me it was there. He gave me the papers yesterday, and I promised him to carry them to the judge for him; for they two keep the papers together. But I have been keeping them to show them to you, Ragnhild, for I knew that, next myself, there was nobody in the valley who would care more to see it."

She did not seem quite to catch his meaning; she opened her mouth, and the question she was about to ask — well, she did not exactly forget it, but it just vanished on her lips, and she did not know what had become of it. So she sat there only gazing on Rhyme-Ola, but said not a word.

"Well, well, Ragnhild," said he, visibly disappointed, "if you don't care to read it, I am sure I sha'n't urge you." And he reached his hand out to take the paper back again; but she snatched it, then sprang up, and down she ran over the steep hillside, so loose earth and boulders came rumbling after in her track.

"Ragnhild, Ragnhild, don't you hear, it is the pastor's paper," cried Rhyme-Ola. A heavy boulder with a fierce rush dashed against a huge-stemmed fir. That was all the answer he got. A minute after he saw her light figure vanish in the dense birch copse below.

Since the time of her confirmation, Ragnhild no longer slept in her mother's room. Up stairs in the eastern gable of the house, a little chamber had been fitted up for her, and a very pretty chamber it was. It was five years now since she was confirmed, and still the girlish pride she took in her little bower was as fresh as the first day she entered it. She had spent so many happy hours up there. The furniture was perhaps scanty enough; but it was all, if not more than she required. Near the door stood the large painted chest in which she kept her wardrobe; then a bed in the wall, which, however, no one could see, unless when the trap-door was opened through which she entered it; but the door was generally open, and the snow-white sheets, the sheep skins, and the rag blankets which Ragnhild herself had woven were always in such perfect order that she hardly would mind if you stepped near and took a look at it. The walls, which had retained their natural tint of the wood, were decorated with a small looking-glass, a colored print of Prince Gustaf, and the following verses painted in red letters, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bed: —

"May the good God look on me,
Keep my sleep from evil free;
Cleanse my soul from sin and shame;
So I sleep in Jesus' name.

"Thou hast waked me, God, from sleep;
Thou this day my feet wilt keep.
Glad to labor I arise,
Under thy protecting eyes."

When Ragnhild woke up the next morning, her first thought was the newspaper, which she had hid under her pillow; but the wish she made when she did it, she would not for any prize have told to living mortal. She again examined the paper, read the article through, word for word, to assure herself that it was all true, and that she had not merely dreamed it. The words "art" and "artist" struck her singularly; Gunnar was an artist, it said. What was an artist? She had some faint notion that his pictures might have something to do with it, in fact, she knew they had; but the word was strange to her, and she had no very definite idea of what it meant. She rose and went with one of the maids to the cow-stable to milk the two cows they kept on the home-pasture, then helped in scouring the milk-pails; but still the word "artist" haunted her, and would let her have no peace. She must find out what an artist meant. Suppose she asked Thor Henjumhei? No, that would never do; he might suspect more than she wished to betray. But the old pastor, — he was the very man; learned was he, so he would be likely to know, and a better man to come to in trouble there never was. It never had happened before that Ragnhild had forgot her work or left it half done; but this morning it

did happen. Ingeborg opened her eyes wide, when she saw her spring out of the gate with her Sunday skirt and bodice on, and lightly dance down the hillside towards the river. "Well, well," muttered she, glancing at the half-scoured milk pails on the hearth-stone, "if that were what *I* had taught *my* daughter! But when one stone loosens and rolls, then the whole heap will be sure to follow. Alas!" added she, with a sigh, "I am afraid that child will do me but little honor."

It was a clear, sunny summer morning. In the pastor's study windows and doors were thrown wide open, and the sunshine glinted through the blooming apple-trees in the orchard into the little room, where the the worthy clergyman sat at his desk poring over some documents connected with the poor fund or some other equally distracting matter. Again and again he allowed his pipe to go out, turned the papers over and over, and scratched his head in a kind of comic despair whenever a new difficulty presented itself.

A slight knock at the door called the pastor's attention from his papers; he glanced up, and saw a fair young maiden standing in the hall waiting to be admitted. He rubbed his glasses, put them on his nose, and looked at her.

"Ah, Ragnhild Rimul!" cried he, agreeably surprised. "Come in, my child. You are very welcome. You do not at all disturb me; you need have no fear of that. Come in. How is your good mother?"

Ragnhild in the meantime, after having made a deep courtesy to the pastor, had found a chair at the door, where she sat down, modestly looking on the floor without saying a word.

"And your good mother is well, my child?" repeated the old man. Ragnhild stammered something to the effect that her good mother, when she saw her last, was enjoying her usual good health. The pastor expressed his gratification at so desirable a state of affairs, and hoped that the daughter also was enjoying the same blessing. Now, here was a chance for introducing her question, but Ragnhild felt so bashful and embarrassed that she could do nothing but twirl and twist the corners of her apron, and hardly knew herself what she wanted to say. Indeed, she had talked frankly with the kind old man so many a time before, and had never felt the least hesitation. She had always had the most unbounded reverence for him, and had been used to think that, next to God, there was none who knew more than he. To-day was the first time she had anything she wished to hide from him; and it was this which made her heart sink, as her eyes met his. In this minute she had a vague sensation that he already must have discovered her secret, and she was ashamed of herself for ever having wished to keep it from him. He saw her embarrassment, and tried to come to her assistance; but she heard nothing of what he said. Then he also was silent, and although she still sat gazing on the floor, she could feel his eyes fixed steadily on her. She must speak. And she summoned all her courage, gave her apron a desperate twist, and, in a voice half choked by the tears, suddenly broke out:

"Would n't father please tell me what it means to be an artist?"

And with a powerful effort, she swallowed her tears and tried to look unconcerned.

"What it means to be an artist?" said the pastor, with ill concealed astonishment. "My dear child, what have you got to do with artists?"

"Well, I just wished to know," answered she boldly, but pressed her hands against the chair, and set her teeth firmly the moment she had spoken; for, in spite of the warmth, they seemed alarmingly disposed to clatter.

"An artist? Well, to be an artist is to be engaged in the study of Art, whether it be Architecture or Music or . . . . . But perhaps you will have some difficulty in understanding —"

Ragnhild certainly had difficulty in understanding, which he, in fact, did not wonder at. And mistrusting his

own information on the subject, he arose, pulled a large volume of his Encyclopedia out from the book-case, and without further introduction began to read. But one regiment of big words marched up, followed by another of still more promising dimensions, until at last even the pastor despaired, and shut the book in disgust. Having put it back in its place, he went up to Ragnhild, stopped in front of her, and looked at her in wonder.

"My dearest child," said he tenderly, "if you are in trouble or distress, be assured that I shall be glad to do anything in my power to help you. You know you can trust me, child, do you not?"

That was too much for a poor overburdened heart. "Father," cried she, "I am so unhappy," and a shower of tears nearly choked the confession, "I love Gunnar so much. I always did love him. But mother does n't like him, and she calls him a beggar and a vagabond, and that hurts me so much. For you know he is no vagabond, father, and not a beggar either."

"Yes, dearest child, I know. A nobler and worthier youth our parish never bore."

"That was what the paper said too," sobbed she, — "and then it cannot be any sin to love him, can it, father?"

The pastor made no answer. She stayed her weeping, and lifted her tear-filled eyes on him imploringly. It was not in his power to resist.

"No, child," said he warmly, "it is no sin to love. And," added he, after a moment's pause, "if ever a youth was worthy of a maiden's love, he is."

"O, thank you, father!" cried she, "for that was the truest word —"

Your mouth ever uttered, was what she was about to say, but suddenly remembering that that would not be a proper thing to say to her pastor, she restrained her joy, and after some hesitation continued: "I was so afraid that I might be wrong! but now, when I know that you also think what my love for him had early taught me to think, I shall never more be in doubt. . . . . And if you would please tell my mother so, she would also learn to think differently, for she would believe you, father, although she would no one else."

The pastor folded his hands on his back under his dressing-gown, and began walking briskly up and down on the floor. There was no denying that his sympathy for the poor girl was strong and heartfelt; and he now suddenly discovered that he had allowed his warm heart to run away with his judgment. Of course, he was not ignorant of the Henjum and Rimul marriage scheme, and even if he had been, it would be unpardonable in him as a minister to encourage a daughter to rebel against her mother's wish. "Alas!" sighed he, "I always find myself running into this kind of scrapes. How often shall I suffer, before I learn? And what is now to be done?" A thought struck him. Ragnhild was well versed in her catechism; he could refer to no higher authority. So he stopped again before her, "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother," said he, slowly and solemnly, "that it may go well with thee, and thou shalt long live in the land."

This done, he again resumed his walk, and having found a new argument, again stopped.

"He that honoreth not father and mother —"

His eye met a sweet, puzzled look in her innocent face, and he had not the heart to go on. Then a faint smile flitted over her features, for her quick eye had already told her where his sympathies were in spite of the stern words of the law. It is, indeed, inconceivable where she found the courage to say what she did say, and she often thought so herself afterwards, but as the answer came to her, she had already uttered it before she had time for a second thought.

"Thou shalt obey God," faltered she, "rather than men." It struck him singularly to have the ignorant peasant girl meet him so promptly on his own ground. It was now his turn to look

puzzled. He dropped down in an easy-chair at the desk, laid his hand on his forehead, and sat long as if in deep thought. Ragnhild, fearing her presence might be unwelcome to him, arose and walked towards the door.

"I hope you will excuse me if I have disturbed you, father," said she; "farêwell."

"Stay, child, stay," demanded he, without changing his attitude. And she remained standing at the door, looking at him, and wondering what he could be thinking. And the silence lasted a long while, until at length she feared he had forgotten her altogether. She took a few steps toward the writing-desk, made a deep courtesy, and said:

"Father, I think my mother will miss me, if I stay longer."

Then he arose, grasped the hand she reached him, and with warmth and earnestness said:

"Ragnhild, if you have failed to get the help and the advice you might justly expect from me, as your pastor, you will not think that it has been from any unwillingness on my part, or from indifference to your welfare. Perhaps it rather was because I felt too much for you both. But the matter you have mentioned to me to-day is one in which no human helper will avail you. Therefore pray to God, that He will help you, and act then in accordance with what your own conscience tells you to be His will, and you will never go astray. And now, child, may God bless you. Farewell!"

Ragnhild would have thanked the old man if she had been able. As it was, she could only falter a faint farewell, and hurry out into the clear, sunteeming morning. He went to the window, lit his pipe for the twentieth time, and saw her skipping down the road past the little white church, until the forest and the distance hid her from his sight.

"Ah, yes, yes," murmured he, "it is the old, old story."

H. H. Boyesen.

THE HOME-LIFE OF SALMON PORTLAND CHASE.

THE complications of our political system often rob our greatest men of the privilege the poorest of their constituents enjoys, — a permanent abiding-place. The caprice with which a public favorite is sent first to Washington, and then, perhaps, remanded to his State capital, and then despatched to a foreign post of duty, makes it sometimes impossible that he can call any one spot his home. Under this disadvantage Mr. Chase labored, as one of so varied a public career must have done. When just about of age, he chose Cincinnati as a home and a starting-place. The recollections of his life there, when a boy, are known to have decided him in this choice; but it was a preference the wisdom of which he never afterwards doubted. Indeed, he often said in his later days, that, were he a young man, with his "life to live over again,"— that was his invariable way of putting it, — he would go still farther West. At Cincinnati he lived through the first struggles of a poor, young lawyer's life, which was marked with peculiar embarrassments and vicissitudes, — the exciting slavery controversies and the fights for liberty in the courts, in which he bore himself so well. In 1849 his election as United States Senator broke in upon a life which had now become busy and prosperous, and placed him in an arena no longer bounded by the lines of his own State. In 1855 there was still another transfer, when Ohio demanded his services in the governor's chair; and it is still the pride of

Ohioans, that Governor Chase was the first to take up his official residence at Columbus, and by this, as well as other means, to make his office something more than that of "a big Justice of the Peace." But this residence was of short duration. Being elected Senator a second time in 1860, he took his seat in the following year, and, after serving two days, became Secretary of the Treasury. From this time until the close of his life, Washington must be considered as his home. There was a lapse of only a few months during which he was not officially a resident there; so that for the twelve years that passed between the opening of the conflict he did so much to bring to its successful issue, and his death, he was a resident of the capital. He still, however, retained his citizenship in the State of his adoption, and up to the last few years went home to vote, — a duty he urged upon others by speech and letter as well as by example.

During the latter years of his life, but before his paralytic attack, a yearning came over him, as it comes to so many lovers of Nature, to renew his old acquaintanceship with her in some retreat guarded from the busy sights and sounds of a city. The spot selected for his country home was necessarily near enough to town to permit daily and convenient attendance at Court, and yet was distant enough to withdraw him from bustle, and retired enough to shelter him from intrusion. It was no inconsiderable domain either; its fifty-five acres came to be dubbed familiarly "the duchy." It lies about two miles from the city, directly north of the Capitol, and has long been known as a tract which it was proposed to turn into a summer residence for the President, at least one resolution to this effect having been introduced into the Senate before the war, with the design, it is said, of placing the new Executive mansion where the house of the Chief Justice stood. This house, though built many years before, could hardly have been fashioned more to his tastes. Its dimensions were so generous that its building is said to have been interrupted for a time by lack of money, the father of the future owner admitting that he had "agreed to pay for a house, but not," said he, "for a capitol." It is a plain, massive, three-story brick house, with nothing of modern architectural frippery about it; a house of ample halls, broad staircases, lofty ceilings, elaborate and old-fashioned mouldings, and walls that might stand for centuries. But its site is its chief beauty. It rises boldly from the brow of a hill, which slopes rapidly down in front and on both sides. On either hand, the ground descends to rise again in hills, over which the Chief Justice spent many an hour in leisurely walks. In front, it falls abruptly down and rolls away towards the Potomac, between two gentle ranges of hills; this defile, widening as it advances, opens full upon the city, with its houses glistening clean and white in the sun, while the Capitol, in simple majesty, is the vanishing point of the picture. It is a most beautiful view and, unromantic as it is, has all the moods wilder scenes are so rich in. No vicissitude of storm or cloud can rob it of its beauty. In the mist and haze of morning, the bright, full glow of noon, the thickening gloom of dusk, it still held its charm; and, in all its phases, the Capitol, in which so much of the life-work of the veteran statesman had been done, was the centre around which the landscape seemed to group itself. In this beautiful spot he lived happily, free from care, though not from labor. He set himself, with all the eagerness of a convert, to learn the ways of farmer-life, watching with an enthusiast's care the advance of his fruits and crops, walking daily over his little territory to inspect its condition, and often pushing into the woods and out on the hills beyond. It was a simple and unostentatious life, with nothing to mar its quietude.

Mr. Chase's private life few men came to know; comparatively few were allowed to enter it. It was quiet, and its seeming uneventfulness was due as

much to the severe simplicity of his tastes as to the limited size of his home circle. But no one whose privilege it was to penetrate it could fail to observe at work the secret processes which made his life so fruitful in results. Mr. Chase's abilities, without what a few knew to be his systematic habits, would have made him successful; his methods, without his abilities, would have gained him distinction, if it be true that genius is mostly hard work; but his abilities, aided by his habits, made it impossible that he should fail. He gained his official stations — certainly the last two and greatest — simply by force of what seemed to be his inherent powers, for he knew little of the ways of politicians, and was incapable of the arts of chicane; but it would be robbing such a life of half its virtue for example and encouragement, should we overlook the well-planned and well-accomplished labor which charcterized it from beginning to close. First among his methods, he himself placed punctuality and system. He was as true to engagements as he was to his promise in everything, and showed the same alacrity in keeping an appointment with some one who was dependent upon him as with one of high social dignity. It was his pride to be at his post at the hour of duty, whatever it might be. He was never late on the Supreme Court bench until one morning last winter, when his watch was the real offender. And in this, as in everything else, while he demanded nothing from others he would not do himself, he exacted a rigid fulfilment of duty. He had no charity for late-rising, tardiness, or shiftlessness. He was always a strict economist of time, and fixed, with a rule that knew little variation, the periods at which his day should begin and end. In his work, system was a necessity. His habit of preserving and arranging papers, acquired no doubt in public life, he continued and expanded in private matters as well. He seldom destroyed anything, whether letter, pamphlet, book, or circular. This methodical habit has made his collection of political papers one of great value. It is a storehouse of much of the vast uncollated and undigested history of the times in which he lived. Pamphlets, reports, speeches, newspaper cuttings, miscellaneous collections of all kinds indicate his provident turn of mind. His diaries he kept with great minuteness and care, and continued them even when it had become a labor to hold his pen. They cover the whole period of his active life, and, though there are sometimes short gaps in them, they form, in connection with his other papers, a circumstantial personal history, which is equalled by that of few men in our annals. Locked in these treasure-houses is much of the secret and momentous history of war times, which may some day make or mar the fame of many a man, living and dead. One of his wise habits, exhibiting his characteristic caution, was that of requiring every proposition of any kind that was submitted to him to be made in writing. A proposal in relation to his farm; the dimensions of anything and everything; the smallest account, — must be carefully stated on paper. This was invariable with him. Good as his memory was, he never relied upon it when he could do otherwise, and would even require his secretary to take short-hand notes of a neighbor's conversation, to retain his information upon farming topics. Among the manifestations of his careful and philosophical study of politics are old quartos in his library, in which are recorded votes and majorities in the different States, an instance of the compilation of year-books, long before such things were the product of every metropolitan press. Of course, in the crush of public business, he used other hands than his own in his necessary work, but he wrote himself with great rapidity and ease, though with a corresponding loss in legibility. His writing, when in health, was a peculiarly elastic, delicate, and almost fanciful hand; after his paralytic attack, when for a length of time his pen was a burden, his hand was shorn of its curves, and became

plain and heavy, though still elegant. At this period it was very condensed and minute, and occupied little more space than printed letters. His desk always exhibited characteristic order. He had no toleration for looseness or shiftlessness in such matters, and was a very martinet over his writing materials. Everything was to be in its proper place, and everything had its proper place assigned it. These things are only worthy of mention as indications of the character of the man. The order of his desk was but a type of the order he enforced on larger fields.

To his system and promptness, he added the great quality of perseverance. He was an unflagging worker, though often desultory. Although he sometimes forsook one line of labor for another, and then perhaps abandoned that for a third, he invariably returned to the first, and completed, either immediately or after an interval, anything he had set himself to do. He had the power of continued, persistent, and unremitting labor, which superficial and untrained workers could not follow. When in the Treasury, midnight and early morning often found him at his desk; and with all the weight of the hazardous and critical transactions of those times bearing upon him, he could still work when secretaries and clerks broke down. It has often been asserted, and with a great show of truth, that the strain of body and brain to which he was here subjected, and which he was too conscientious not to meet, first impaired the strength which gave way in 1870, never to be fully restored. But on the other hand, there are those who believe that the sudden dismantling of power and privilege which followed his retirement, and the cessation of the engrossing, exciting work of the war, first set in motion the great reaction. There can be no doubt that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln had a marked influence upon him. Those who carried the news to him evidently lacked words to describe the horror which they saw come over him. He was in bed, reading, as he generally did, his prayer-book by the light of a little candle; and upon the mind sinking into quiet after the labors of the day, and filled with thoughts of devotion, came the news with a rude and terrible shock.

At the period of his accession to the bench, as at every other, fidelity was his characteristic. He was thorough in all things, and demanded thoroughness from others. And to the inflexibility with which he maintained this high standard must be ascribed the final cause which broke down his great physique. At the time of his appointment as Chief Justice he had grown somewhat unused to legal methods, and deemed intense application to his books necessary for the renovation of his knowledge. Twelve hours a day are said to have been devoted to reading, and the only exercise of the day was an early walk around Judiciary Square. After some years a slight decrease in flesh was noticeable, and the decline in his health which set in terminated in the attack of paralysis. On his return to the bench, it was soon seen that his old conscientiousness had not deserted him. He assigned to himself a full share of the cases before the Court, and listened to no remonstrances as to the quantity of work he was undertaking. It was, perhaps, the unwillingness of a once vigorous worker to acknowledge himself unequal to his accustomed tasks, but it also resulted from his strict impartiality. Still, the statement so frequently made since his death — that for some years he had found it necessary to abstain altogether from continued mental labor — is absurdly untrue. The old power was gone, but there still remained sufficient to have equipped a number of younger men. The fidelity which placed him again on the bench kept him there through labors of which there is very little general comprehension. A seat on the Supreme Court bench involves no easy life. Sitting daily from eleven to three, hearing the dryest and most abstruse legal argu-

ments ; meeting on Saturdays in "conference" for the same number of hours, and going through the discussion of cases argued during the week, the ballot upon them, and the assignment to some judge of the preparation of the opinion ; the reading and acceptance or rejection of opinions already prepared; crowding into the intervals of time that remain during the week the research and writing which the preparation of these elaborate opinions involves ; and the absorbing and imperative social observances which no man of high official position can hope to shirk, — this means unremitting occupation that taxes the energy and ingenuity of the strongest men.

It is one of the least pleasant thoughts connected with the close of Mr. Chase's life that it should have been sometimes clouded by malice or thoughtlessness. There sometimes came to him through stray newspaper paragraphs, or chance gossip, some evidence of the caprice of that cheap republican gratitude which endures only so long as the public's faithful servant is of use, and which, when there is a falter in the hand that was once so strong and ready, demands his dismissal. But it is to the credit of the American heart that most of us remembered the services of Salmon P. Chase, and that, as a people, we dwelt on the memory of this arduous and unselfish life while, perhaps, here was a newspaper gossiping about the "succession," or a lawyer grumbling because a case was delayed. These things, when they pierced the barriers solicitous relatives and friends raised around him, could be seen to affect him deeply, though he never confessed it. But he bore no malice for them. It was with no bitterness, then, but with a shrewd and kindly smile, that he sometimes said, when his health was inquired about, — "I 'm not very well, but I 'm a great deal better than some people wish I was."

He seemed to gain in physical strength as time passed, but during the last few days that he sat in Court a sudden weakness surprised him. His walk was not so firm ; his breath hardly lasted the ascent of Capitol Hill, which his feet had trodden for a quarter of a century. His voice was weaker ; his manners, always considerate, but sometimes abrupt through nervousness or illness, became gentler and kinder every day. His very silence was benignant. On the last day the Court was in session, he relinquished his place to his venerable friend and associate, Judge Clifford, and remained seated at his side, for the first and last time in his life, resting his head all day upon his hand. What thoughts oppressed him, or what shadow of the disaster so fast approaching drew its pall over his spirit, no man may know. In a little more than a week from that day his body lay in that very chamber robed in a more awful dignity than it had ever worn in life.

As the smallest details in the histories of great men are of value, a few words about the daily routine of Mr. Chase's life may not be uninteresting. He was always an early riser, and he took a short walk or spent a few minutes over his books before breakfast. The morning prayers he read with solemnity, first gathering about him all the inmates of his house, down to the humblest domestic. From the breakfast-table he went, when Secretary, directly to the Treasury ; when Chief Justice there still remained an hour or more before it was necessary to leave for the Court. This was spent in his library in the preparations of his opinions, in writing or dictating letters, in interviews with friends, or leisurely perusal of the morning paper. He invariably walked to the Capitol when the weather permitted. The stretch from Edgewood to the Capitol was one that would have discouraged many a younger and more vigorous man ; it was over two miles of rough road, exposed in winter to the full sweep of cutting winds ; but the coldest morning, blowing fiercely at that, never dismayed him. Leaving the bench at three, he generally returned in his

modest one-horse carriage. The evening was passed in study, reading, conversation with friends; in the season, he could hardly escape a party or a reception. His amusements were few and simple. At one time, chess occupied a portion of almost every evening. Croquet he was very fond of, and played with the same zest when his hand had lost much of its strength and precision. The sight of cards was intolerable to him; he would not suffer their presence in his house. Backgammon was one of his favorites, and he would often join in some children's game with as much delight as the children themselves.

His will was his great power. This faculty in him, probably more than any other, contributed to his success. It was dominating and indomitable; it yielded to no man and to no force; its persistency was measured only by the length of the task to be accomplished, and its firmness increased with the weight of interests that depended upon it, and while it no doubt shortened his life, it again prolonged it. The tension of the war was wonderfully sustained, the strong will ruled triumphant over the strong body; but it was a strain which could not last forever. Then followed the intense application to books and work which succeeded his accession to the bench, and the combined weight soon began to tell. All through these exciting and arduous periods he held himself firmly to his post. Then came the great shock that prostrated him, and first set the term beyond which he could hardly endure. At this, the will turned to repair its own ravages.

All its old force was now bent in the opposite direction of recovering his health. His food, his hours of rising, exercise, retiring, his continuance at work were regulated with precision and the rules inflexibly kept. By this careful ministering, he slowly brought himself up to comparative strength, and finally fairly lifted himself upon the bench. It is a question whether his wisest course would not have been to pass the rest of his days in quiet; and there can be little doubt, from a number of his expressions, that, had Congress passed a law permitting the retirement of Judges at sixty-five upon their salaries, he would have seriously considered the wisdom of such a step. He certainly at one time felt an interest in legislation looking to that end. But while he was on the active roll, he was too proud to seem neglectful of his work, and too conscientious to receive even the disgraceful stipend the Republic doles out to her servants, without rendering what equivalent he could. That was rendered scrupulously to the very last; and, considering the faithful industry of his whole career and the height and nobility of that memorable life and figure, there was, after all, something fitting in the sudden crash with which he went down.

He was intellectually strong rather than quick. The characteristics of his mind were all practical rather than showy, and there was so little of display and so much of caution in its action that it sometimes seemed a little slow; but its decision seldom needed to be reversed. His memory was always good, and in early life seems to have been remarkably retentive. His imagination, whether he repressed, or because he hid its workings, seldom discovered itself. Its graces seemed almost out of place amid such massive machinery. His reasoning powers were great by nature and education. They were bold and creative. His mind knew no grooves.

Few who ever saw Mr. Chase would need to be reminded of his personal dignity. It was the natural expression of a man who was conscious of his great abilities and who unconsciously thus shadowed them forth. Its naturalness was evinced by its continuousness. Mr. Chase at home in his library was very little different from the Chief Justice on the bench, save that he had parted with his gown. He could not have left his dignity behind him with that solitary symbol of

his office if he had wished; it was as natural to him as its reverse was sometimes to others. This presence, which was inseparable from him or any conception of him, seems to have surrounded him from the first. His very schoolmates felt it, and his associates on the bench were not free from its influence. It was a badge of superiority that all men seemed to acknowledge. His appearance fell with a hush on crowds. Such an order-compelling faculty made him a superb presiding officer. His masterly conduct of the Impeachment Trial is too much of a household story to need description; its impartiality, kindliness, firmness, and dignity can be seen even through the dense medium of the verbatim reports. In the slightest parliamentary details he required those who did not feel the solemnity of the proceeding in which they were engaged, to appreciate it. Neither in public nor at home did he permit any neglect of the observances due himself, and he resented any such negligence with spirit. An incident illustrating this occurred also during the trial. One of the most prominent of the managers put a question of considerable length to the Senate, which the Chief Justice requested that "the Honorable Manager put in writing." But the latter took no notice of the request. The Chief Justice quietly repeated it: "It will be necessary to reduce the question to writing, in order that it may be submitted to the Senate." The pertinacious talker still went on, and then came the burst he might have expected: "Does the Honorable Manager *refuse* to put his question in writing?" It was an emphasis to which no italics could do justice. General Butler sat down as if he expected never to get up again.

Whatever may have been the degree of decorum preserved in the court-room before Mr. Chase's accession to the bench, it certainly suffered no diminution after that time. The relations that exist between the court and the bar are of the most cordial and respectful character, and render possible the dignity and good will that distinguish them both. No better indication of this can be found than the impressive opening of the session each day, in which the solemn procession of robed judges, greeted with respectful silence by the bar and spectators standing, marks the place as one of the last refuges of judicial dignity. There was something grand in the inspiration that seemed to seize the Chief Justice as he led in this distinguished little band. His form was braced with a sudden energy, his eye grew brighter. As he stepped upon the daïs, weak as he sometimes was, he towered proudly above those on either side. A glance to the right, then to the left, both Court and lawyers bow, and the monotonous tones of the crier announce that the Court is open. But to this uneventful life there were sometimes diversities. And while the bar was treated with the utmost consideration, on the other hand no laxity of demeanor was permitted. It is related, though I do not know with what accuracy, that the Chief Justice once rebuked a lawyer openly for a certain gaudiness of attire, and requested him, when again appearing, to present himself in more sober garments.

Mr. Chase's physical proportions, aided by his natural presence, made him a man to be reverenced and feared, and men almost invariably did fear him. Only those who knew him well could throw off the feeling of constraint which his mere presence seemed to put upon them. Not that he was ever guilty of assumption; he was as little conscious of exerting such an influence as they were able to resist it. Men who had held positions of trust under him for years in the Treasury never rid themselves of this feeling. Neither in private nor in public life was he ever called by any name other than his own, if we may except that of "Old Greenbacks," which was current for a time; and even this expresses in a rough way something of the popular reverence for him. But this was an exception; there was something too statuesque in his proportions to admit of

such familiarity. In private life, his dignity was tempered with affection, but was never absent. In public life, the enthusiasm that heaps endearing diminutives on its favorite, and insists perhaps on the privilege of contracting his first name, turned none of its boisterous regard upon him. He was popular indeed; the beaming faces of Ohioans when they met "Governor Chase," and the applause that burst from the galleries of Tammany Hall when that historic half-vote was cast, were sufficient proof of his abundant popularity; but he was a political leader and never a party protégé. His natural reserve gave him with some the reputation of being a very cold and unsympathetic man. There could not have been a greater mistake; but whatever his feelings were, he often hid them and wrapped the cloak of his reserve about him.

The dramatic surprises of our politics are many, and Mr. Chase's first election to the Senate was one of them. It lifted him from a comparatively modest position into the broad light of national prominence; but after that time his advance was a steady progress, and reached its culmination at its close. He was a veteran in work and experience when some who afterwards gained greater honors were obscure and untried. He was famous and trusted when all of our later Presidents were unknown and unhonored. From his first appearance in politics, he touched elbow to elbow with the first men of his time, and it is in this eventful series of companionships that the greatest public loss will be felt. There have been few lives so woven into the web of our later history, — few that so stretch through, color, and strengthen every part. Yet, notwithstanding this power of stamping his name indelibly on the hearts and minds of the men of his day, he was himself not a man who made friends, in the ordinary meaning of that expression. The very qualities which made him popular with the people were perhaps those which in private life would not draw men to him. His dignity gained him the favor of the masses, while the reserve which accompanied it did not always attract confidence, and his presence often overbore less confident men. Such intimate friends as Mr. Chase made were lasting and faithful, but their number was comparatively small; the rest of his acquaintances really knew little of his private life and character. The ordinary intercourse of official duty did not give them an insight into his inner nature, the secrets of which were reserved for a chosen few, who found in him a genial heart and ready hand.

The judicial habit of his mind was marked, though he sometimes seemed to think differently. He said more than once in a half-joking, half-serious way, "When I get on my thinking-cap and go to work at these cases, I try to be judicial, and think I am; but I don't feel much like a judge at other times." Whether this was a playful self-depreciation or not, it was unjust. He was always impartial. The equipoise he manifested in public matters was not assumed for public view. In the smallest personal concern, he was just as anxious to do exactly what was right and best as in the decision of a great question; if he went wrong, it was an error of the judgment and not of the heart. And this was remarkably displayed in his judgment of men and of their frailties. The broad range of his comprehension took in every connected circumstance. His charity was boundless; and while there was never anything like cynicism in his nature, age had mellowed and not hardened his heart. He was as impartial in judging men who had injured him as men whom he had never known. If he had done any man injustice, he was always ready to acknowledge it; and a similar advance from one by whom he had been wronged never met with a repulse. Sometimes, in the whirl and perplexity of public business, he would address some one with less than necessary consideration; many such he pursued with notes of apology, for he

was always the first to discover that he had been hasty. These were trivial injuries, but they were almost the only ones he was ever obliged to redress; for he was so even and so considerate that it may be boldly denied that he ever intentionally did any man a wrong in his life. An invisible robe of justice always encircled him. He was without bitterness, and those who built schemes upon his resentments often found themselves without a standing-place. But he was by no means callous; his exquisitely sensitive spirit felt every attack, however slight. The deeper the wound, the greater, therefore, the magnanimity which forgot it.

Those who believe that the greatest men are the most sensible of their own defects will be glad to think that Mr. Chase's modesty was one of the signs of his greatness. There was no subject about which he talked less than himself; he rarely or never referred to himself or his history in any way. There have been few men, with so much to remember, so little given to reminiscence. Not only would he seldom volunteer recollections, but it required the greatest skill even to draw them from him. His modesty as to the accuracy of his judgment led him always to speak carefully, and with provisos, where men of a tenth of his intellectual weight were dogmatic. It showed itself as much in his frankness in confessing lack of knowledge of various subjects as in anything. He had none of that pretentiousness which claims all knowledge as its own. Even when questioned on subjects with which he might be expected to be familiar, his plain answer was, again and again, "I don't know."

In conversation he was both impressive and fascinating, both accurate and brilliant. He was never what is known as a conversationalist; never talked for effect, never strained the capacity of his auditors. And while his talk was often on that safe middle ground which requires neither sparkle nor erudition, it was always bright and picturesque, overflowing with illustrations drawn from books and from observation. His conversations had no mannerisms, for it was never his wish to divert thought from the subject to himself.

His learning was derived almost entirely from books, for he cannot be said to have been a student of the external world, and seemed little versed in the lore of human nature. He often said that, when a boy living in the country, his whole mind was drawn by his hunger for books to study, and that he cared little for the beauties of nature, though in later life he was an enthusiastic lover of them. His ignorance of men — for such it seemed to be — was most strange. It is the deliberate estimate of some of those who knew him best, and an opinion expressed to him during his lifetime, that he knew little "of human nature," as the phrase goes. Men's motives seemed hidden from him; an appearance of goodness would seem to him to be genuine, while to most others it was but a thin disguise. He had the habit of belief in men, in their sincerity, their purity of purpose, and, a hero himself, could indulge in hero-worship. His faith in men to whom it had once been pinned, sometimes remained unshaken long after disclosures and disgrace had befallen them. This charity, conspicuous in some cases, was no doubt often due to his knowledge of the cruel uncertainty of a good name in politics. Though his record is purity itself, he had been often and bitterly assailed, and knew on what slight foundations accusations often rest, and how less stalwart men might fail in the brave and unqualified proof of innocence. And yet this trustfulness often had something pathetic in it; it was almost childlike in its innocence. An amusing circumstance in connection with this was a correspondence that took place a number of years ago between Mr. Chase and a friend, now a leading journalist. This friend had prepared a biographical sketch of Mr. Chase, in which this very opinion, or one very much like it, was stated at length, and before its publication it in some way

reached his eyes. To this point he took exception, and wrote his friend a long letter, as the friend afterwards said, "to prove that he knew something about human nature." It is an evidence of the sincerity of that conviction, that even Mr. Chase's protestations did not shake it in the least. And yet it is almost enough to disprove this theory, to consider his appointments in his various positions. The men whom he chose almost invariably did their work well. He seemed to possess the sagacity that fits men to their places. His hand seemed to know the instrument it needed and how to use it. But, of course, its touch could not always be true. Some of his Treasury appointments turned out ill as many appointments of other secretaries did; but which man would stand, and which man would fall in those troubled times, it was beyond human foresight to know. Those of whom you had expected most would squander in an hour the accumulated reputation of a lifetime.

To say that Mr. Chase was morally courageous would be a mere truism. When he thought he had discovered the path of duty, he followed it to the end, caring not whither it led him or what dangers beset it on either side. A young lawyer declaring himself against slavery in the midst of a society drawing its life from slavery; a man accepting office at the hands of his opponents in the hope of bringing them to his views; a Senator resisting almost alone the cohorts of slavery at the national capital; a Secretary upholding our arms with unflinching and splendid faith in their final success; a Chief Justice sitting unmoved amidst the fiercest storm of political passion our history has known, and, later, passing official disapproval upon his former acts, — these are a few of the hasty glimpses one catches of him. This moral courage was always with him. There was nothing like social cowardice about him. He would never distort an opinion or swerve a hair's-breadth from the truth, for fear of consequences. The peaceful pursuits of a civil life did not render necessary any great display of personal courage; but it is at the same time interesting to note how much of a bent his mind had towards military affairs. With the aid of General McDowell, who had been one of his bitterest enemies and came out of the ordeal of 1861 perhaps his warmest admirer, he framed Orders No. 15 and 16, which were promulgated in May, 1861, the one regulating the enlistment of volunteers, and the other, of regular regiments. His counsel was constantly sought in such matters by the President and Secretary of War; and it is stated that the interests of the three great border States, Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, were placed for a time under his control. During his term as Secretary, his first after-breakfast duty was the careful study and comparison of his atlases and the papers; and he is said to have been as well acquainted with the positions of the troops in the field as any member of the government. It is a matter of which it is not yet time to speak definitely, but history will show, unless I am greatly mistaken, that at least one important capture of the war, the renown of which has been added to another name, was effected under Mr. Chase's orders, written either in his own hand or in that of a clerk at his dictation. During the dark days of the conflict his composure steadied hundreds who were around him. On the day of the first battle of Bull Run, a noted English correspondent spoke of him in substance as the only member of the government who preserved his balance; during the second battle of Bull Run his courage was still more remarkable. There was a veritable panic in Washington; but through all the confusion, the Secretary transacted business quietly and systematically, his coolness unimpaired by the consternation of those around him. Some one asked him, "Mr. Chase, what do you think will come of it?" His reply was, "I trust in God's providence." And during the Impeachment Trial, when he was the object of bitter and unsparing

denunciation from all sections of the country, he was as composed in mind as if presiding over the most monotonous term of the Supreme Court. Every day the newspapers thundered at him; old friends denounced him in speech and in conversation; and almost every day his mail brought him letters threatening his life. These were read, and after being laughed over quietly consigned to his waste-basket. Being a civilian, he was perhaps without that acute sense of his danger that impelled a certain prominent actor in that trial to throw himself upon the public for protection, and read his one threatening letter to his immense audience.

Humor seemed to be a little developed characteristic with him. The marvellous ramifications of the modern joke afforded him but little amusement; it was never an easy matter to make him laugh, but at the same time his enjoyment of broad humor was often hearty and genuine. And yet he seldom told a story without spoiling it. An instance of this he once related himself in rehearsing old scenes with a friend who had been his ally in many a political campaign. In making a stumping-tour together, they had used a peculiarly apt and good story in common, and, to divide it fairly, told it on alternate days. He added, with a grim smile, "B—— always made the people laugh, but I never could." Although extremely sensitive to ridicule, such as newspapers might sometimes attempt, he now and then would tell a good story against himself; and one of the most amusing of these was an incident of his administration as governor of Ohio. During his first term, a man of weak mind had killed a neighbor, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but, on the urgent representations of many citizens, was pardoned by Governor Chase. Soon after, the hot contest for and against his re-election began; and on election-day, while the vote was being closely watched by excited partisans, the pardoned man presented himself at the polls with a Payne ticket in his hand. "What!" exclaimed some one in astonishment, "are you going to vote against the man who pardoned you?" "O, Chase has pardoned too many scoundrels!" was his ready reply. Mr. Chase had no very great fondness for comic literature, and still less when it was discussed or read at what he considered inappropriate times. Probably no more prominent instance of this could be given than the first Cabinet meeting at which he was present after the Emancipation Proclamation had been drafted. He came expecting to aid in the transaction of important business, and saw Mr. Lincoln take from his desk a copy of Artemus Ward, and heard him gravely read, as if by way of whimsical contrast to the vital business awaiting discussion, a chapter for the benefit of his assembled counsellors. Mr. Chase, in relating the incident, said in a quiet way that he lost patience at it, and probably his disapproval was not unexpressed.

His style in writing was concise and chaste. He wrote carefully, plainly, and accurately. In his official documents it would be hard to find an unnecessary or meaningless word. He was the most remorseless editor of his productions, and would erase line after line and page after page; his legal opinions, models of clear, good English, would sometimes be rewritten, by his own or another's hand, four or five times before they attained the degree of brevity and clearness requisite to secure his approval. A manuscript opinion which he had just corrected often looked more like a music-score than a legal document. So far did he carry this pruning process that some of his opinions, as they stand in the later volumes of Wallace, seem almost bald and insignificant; the brief statement of facts with which they were generally prefaced being separated, leaves the opinion proper of very modest length. But the verbosity of judges and lawyers was something he lamented and strove to correct. And to this feeling is due not only the brevity and terseness of these opinions, but

another striking peculiarity, — the almost entire absence of law terms. The opinions are for the most part as intelligible to those who are ignorant of the law as to those who are versed in it. This simplicity was not only in accordance with his straightforward style, but was the result of constant care and watchfulness. Not only were Latin terms banished so far as possible, but he abjured even the comparatively unoffending and popular particle, "said." His own will is the last and most convincing instance of this habit. It makes a number of bequests, and covers something more than a page of letter-paper, written in a liberal hand.

Of strictly literary productions, he cannot be said to have left any of an enduring nature. He wrote verses, both in early and later life, translations of Martial, verses upon a friend's name, odes and sonnets, but they are to be regarded simply as recreations. There were also articles which he contributed to the Western magazines and to the North American Review; and there still remain among his papers manuscripts of brief historical studies and translations from French financial works. Perhaps the latest of his writings, which is interesting on that account, was the introduction to the new edition of Edward Livingston's works, written but a little more than a year ago at the request of Mrs. Livingston Barton, whose death so soon followed that of Mr. Chase. His political writings were many and varied, and marked by brevity, clearness, and force. The address of the antislavery convention at Columbus, Ohio, in December, 1841, which Vice-President Wilson says gave "cohesion and impulse to the new organization"; the call for a Free Territory State Convention at the same city seven years later; the platform of the Buffalo Convention of the same year; the letter to the Hon. B. F. Butler of New York, proposing the formation of an independent Democratic party; the platform of the Pittsburg Convention called in pursuance of that idea; the appeal to the people in 1854 against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; the letter of May, 1868, to the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, — are the most prominent of this remarkable series of political papers. Their influence on the history of the country can hardly be overestimated. Among the brief passages from his pen, destined to immortality, is the noble closing sentence of the Emancipation Proclamation, — a sentence without which it would have lacked the dignity of a righteous deed done by a religious people. Mr. Chase had a peculiar facility in compressing into a few words a popular principle or sentiment, and despatching it on its errand as a watchword. Perhaps the most famous of these was the phrase, "Inauguration first, adjustment afterwards," which, during the critical days between Lincoln's election and inauguration, stood at the head of loyal newspaper columns and expressed the sentiment of the undivided North. Most of his private letters exhibited so much of his habitual condensation that they were often comparatively uninteresting, and he certainly seemed to be wanting in the knack of details that make up the charm of letter-writing. Yet he often wrote beautifully. A friend who had lost an only son would receive a letter he would cherish to his dying day; to a worthy cause in need of encouragement and impetus, he would send ringing words of cheer. He could "cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."

He was all his life an omnivorous reader. It was in his desultory reading as a boy that he found the pleasure in the company of a law-book which finally decided him in the choice of his profession. He never seemed to have read in pursuance of any plan, except perhaps on some few particular subjects, but to have followed his inclination. A comprehensive knowledge of the world's history acquired in early life served him mainly to the end, for he found little time to make additions to it, except through the medium of

newspapers and transient publications; and in this way he maintained an accurate knowledge of European politics. In biography, Boswell was his only favorite; though, among contemporaneous works, Lamon's Life of Lincoln he esteemed as a faithful attempt at the portraiture of its subject. Essays and writings of the terse, epigrammatic kind seemed to please him; but fiction did not satisfy his appetite, and he had comparatively little acquaintance with it. Among the English poets, Milton was his favorite, and was often quoted; among the Latin, Horace stood first, Virgil next. The former of the Latin poets he read constantly during the later years of his life, keeping it generally by his bed and reading it often far into the night. I would not feel justified in repeating an apt quotation he made from one of the Satires in reference to what is known as the "back-pay" enactment of the last Congress, had he not been so unreserved in expressions of his opinion to members of that Congress, and had not his views found their way into the public prints. It was during an afternoon walk, while discussing what seemed to him the indifference of the supporters of that measure to public opinion, that he recalled the lines,

"Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simul ac nummos contemplor in arca."

It is an instance of the readiness with which his mind could turn from one subject to another and his unflagging industry, that he found time, in all the wearing and multitudinous duties of the Treasury, to revive his study of French, and spend a portion of every day in reading in that tongue.

A peculiarity derived both from the strength of his religious convictions and his innate refinement was his abhorrence of profane swearing and profane swearers. He must be a bold man who would swear twice in his presence; the rebuke of his angry eye would shame the coolest or most flippant man into silence. Once, while Secretary, a visitor of great political influence used some profane expression in conversation with him. He turned on him. "Mr. ——," said he, "you may swear in the presence of other men, if you choose, but you sha' n't swear in mine." On another occasion a man of still higher political position, but coarse manners, opened the conversation with a string of profanity. Mr. Chase said nothing; but the contempt and indignation exhibited in his manner soon froze the tongue of the rough Westerner; and, hardened swearer as he was, he stopped short in his confusion, and left the room without another word.

In religious matters, Mr. Chase's reserve closed his lips,—a silence which was seldom broken. A strict observer all his life of all religious requirements, he never made dogmas or rites the subject of discussion. Occasionally, with some intimate friend, he would speak reverently and cautiously "of things invisible to mortal sight"; but such confidence was very rare. He had a firm and abiding faith in the great fundamental truths of the Christian religion; and, bearing his belief in his breast, proclaimed it only in the rectitude of his walk in life. He had little thought for denominational lines, and was entirely without sectarianism; in this sphere of opinion, as in every other, he was distinguished by the broadest catholicism.

While nothing that I might say could add to his renown, I can at least bear testimony to the spotlessness of his life. The breezes that rustle around his tomb these sweet autumn days are not more pure than the air in which he lived. Into that calm and healthful atmosphere came no rude or tainted breath. In hours of the greatest freedom, I never saw anything, or heard anything, or heard of anything that was not in accordance with the strictest rules of morality and courtesy. To those that knew him, such a disclaimer may seem not only unnecessary but out of place; but to those who did not, such an example is too rare and fragrant to lose. Great as were his achievements, his home was the greatest of them.

Demarest Lloyd.

THE SONG-SPARROW.

IN this sweet, tranquil afternoon of Spring,
While the low sun declines in the clear west,
I sit and hear the blithe song-sparrow sing
His strain of rapture not to be suppressed:
Pondering life's problem strange, while death draws near,—
I listen to his dauntless song of cheer.

His shadow flits across the quiet stone:
Like that brief transit is my space of days;
For, like a flower's faint perfume, youth is flown
Already, and there rests on all life's ways
A dimness; closer my beloved I clasp,
For all dear things seem slipping from my grasp.

Death touches all; the light of loving eyes
Goes out in darkness, comfort is withdrawn;
Lonely, and lonelier still the pathway lies,
Going toward the fading sunset from the dawn:
Yet hark! while those fine notes the silence break
As if all trouble were some grave mistake!

Thou little bird, how canst thou thus rejoice,
As if the world had known nor sin nor curse?
God never meant to mock us with that voice!
That is the key-note of the universe,
That song of perfect trust, of perfect cheer,
Courageous, constant, free of doubt or fear.

My little helper, ah, my comrade sweet,
My old companion in that far off time
When on life's threshold childhood's winged feet
Danced in the sunrise! Joy was at its prime
When all my heart responded to thy song,
Unconscious of earth's discords harsh and strong.

Now, grown aweary, sad with change and loss,
With the enigma of myself dismayed;
Poor, save in deep desire to bear the cross
God's hand on his defenceless creatures laid,
With patience,—here I sit this eve of spring,
And listen with bowed head, while thou dost sing.

And slowly all my soul with comfort fills,
And the old hope revives and courage grows;
Up the deserted shore a fresh tide thrills,
And like a dream the dark mood melts and goes,
And with thy joy again will I rejoice:
God never meant to mock us with that voice!

Celia Thaxter.

LITTLE FOUNTAIN OF SAKANOSHITA.

"THE honorable gentleman is fond of beautiful scenery."

"Very fond of such scenery as this."

"Ah! He will find it much better as we go forward."

"Indeed!"

"Truly, among the mountains it is surprising. May I ask where the gentleman will stop to-night?"

"It does not matter; anywhere in this neighborhood."

"Has he (*dana san*) heard of Sakanoshita?"

"Never."

"Clearly not. Nobody — no foreigner — has ever visited it. At least none has ever stopped there."

"Is it remarkable?"

"Noblest sir, it is wonderful. Not because I live there; no, in truth. It is the universal report. Everybody will say the same of Sakanoshita."

"Then how far are we now from it?"

"One ri and eighteen cho."

"That is, about an hour and a half in time. Very well, we will stay there, I suppose."

"Thanks; really many thanks. It will not be possible to regret it. There is nothing like Sakanoshita."

This conversation took place at three o'clock in the afternoon — a brilliant August afternoon — in a pretty village on the road from Kuwana, the northwestern port of the Bay of Isse, to Oötsu, at the southwestern extremity of Lake Biwa; which ancient thoroughfare anybody may easily find upon a good-sized map of Japan. My informant and adviser was one of the lads who drew my *jin-riki-sha* (man-power-carriage), — a species of vehicle which, first seen in Yedo in the fall of 1870, had, in less than two years, come into universal use in every part of the country where the roads were sufficiently level to render it practicable. It is little better than a cushioned chair upon a pair of wheels; but, compared with the old-fashioned *kago* which it has displaced, is a triumph of luxury and convenience. By its aid the discomforts of travelling in the interior, except among the mountainous regions, have been almost entirely banished.

My leading "power-man" had for some time been attracted by the attention I had given to the growing beauties of the landscape, and had from time to time offered such passing information as it was in his power to bestow, with the simple freedom which among the humbler Japanese is never aggressive, and almost always welcome. On the other hand, his cheery humor, and the slight outward superiority to the average of his fellows which he exhibited had recommended him to my notice at moments when I was not engaged in contemplating nature on a larger scale. He was an excellent specimen of his class, stalwart, alert, and full of a natural, easy grace. Many a Japanese workingman is a very fair Apollo between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and after that he becomes a respectable Hercules. If European and American painters and sculptors want masculine models which they will not need to idealize, they may import them in abundance from this country, and from nowhere else, in these days, that I am aware of. This runner of mine was, apparently, a little over twenty, and, besides possessing all the good points of an antique statue, with vitality thrown in, had certain distinguishing marks, not likely to escape observation. His costume was primitive enough, but his waist-cloth, instead of being plain, as is generally the case, was of fanciful red and blue stuff; and, which was very unusual, he wore cloth *tabi*, — half shoes, half socks, — and not the customary rough straw sandals. From these trifling indications,

I gathered that he had a soul above the sordid considerations of his craft; and as I observed that he was occasionally addressed by his comrades, half satirically yet not with evil humor, as *date-sha*, or dandy, it was clear that, in spite of the limited capabilities of costume which he enjoyed, he had won a certain social fame in his humble sphere. And I afterward discovered that, among the simple mountaineers of Isse, he was quite as clearly the glass of fashion as he was indisputably the mould of form.

Before we started forward from the wayside cottage, I questioned him further: —

"Is there a good inn at Sakanoshita?"

"Many, sir, many. It was once a famous resting-place. In the old days it was almost always filled with noble lords. Yes, there are many inns, but there is one more excellent than all the others."

His listening fellows chuckled, upon which he grew extremely red, but with confusion rather than with anger.

"And which is that?" I asked.

"The Fuku-ya," he answered, glowing from his waistband to the extremest point of his shaven crown, — the most comprehensive and unbroken blush that I ever had the opportunity of beholding.

The others laughed aloud, and he himself broke into a smile.

"Why do they laugh?"

As he gave no immediate answer, his partner for the day came forward and explained: "*Dana San*, he says 'the Fuku-ya,' because it is there that Koïzumi dwells."

"Indeed! then who is Koïzumi?"

"Koïzumi is the daughter of the house."

"She is a friend of mine," added my pleasant colloquist, who had recovered his equanimity with characteristic rapidity.

"A very pretty girl, no doubt."

"*Sayo de gozarimasu!*" assented the entire body of jin-riki-sha men in emphatic unison.

"Come, this is really interesting," said I; "we will certainly pass the night at Sakanoshita, and we will assuredly establish ourselves at the Fuku-ya; and if we are fortunate, we will make the acquaintance of Koïzumi. That is settled. Forward — *Hayau!*"

We soon reached the edge of the mountains, and commenced an upward course which threatened to calm the impetuosity of some of our draft-men. But my young adviser seemed insensible to fatigue, and his spirits rose with the physical ascent. No amount of hard labor can ever conquer the good-humor of a Japanese workman, and as we drew near our destination the entire party burst out into loud cries, and increased their pace until they had whirled us almost headlong to the gates of a stately but somewhat time-worn *Yado-ya*,* at the entrance of which, summoned doubtless by the approaching tumult, stood the landlady and her household, smiling and bowing as if our arrival had been the one ardently hoped-for event of their existence.

A few minutes later we were lying on the soft mats of the best apartment — the daimio's room, we were explcitly informed — that the inn afforded, and gazing with genuine delight upon one of the loveliest scenes that this land of beauty contains. But it was still early in the day; and as the journey had been less exhausting than usual, an exposition of activity fastened itself upon me. I announced a determination first to investigate the culinary resources of the establishment, and next to explore the village. I do not now pretend to deny what I did not then affirm, that a willingness to get a glimpse of the vaunted daughter of the house had some share in urging me forth. As I passed slowly through the kitchen, scrutinizing its appointments with, I flatter myself, well-affected earnestness, I observed a rosy-cheeked young girl, engaged in rapid discourse with my favorite runner. Well, she was certainly pretty enough; there was no danger of disappointment in

* Inn: literally, shelter-inclosure.

that direction. My presence was at first unnoticed, and I was greatly entertained to hear the manner in which I was heralded by the enthusiastic and imaginative youth. "A very noble gentleman," he declared; "a gentleman of the highest possible foreign rank; a great lord; a celebrated officer of the government; a mountain of dignity and a river of affluence; one thousand riyos a month, no less, I know it and have seen it, have seen it with these eyes"; and an infinite deal more to the same fanciful effect. He was enjoying his brilliant fictions to such an extent that I had not the heart to interrupt him, and passed out by a side passage, leaving him to the benefit of the impression he was endeavoring to produce by wildly exaggerating the importance of one of the guests he had introduced to the house.

A short ramble, a wholesome plunge into a mountain stream, and supper from imported tins, wound up the chapter of that day. Then, early bed, and sound repose, in spite of casual and not wholly inanimate interruptions. Dreams soothed to gentle images by the music of a hundred brooks and myriads of chirping *semi*, whose voices are heard only in the forests of Japan.

Such a breezy, hearty, radiant next morning. A morning suited to the place. The very day, of all summer days, for a tramp over and about the valley. The young jin-riki-sha man should be our guide. Let him appear. What ho — and so forth!

We had not risen, but thus early was the plan of the day determined upon. Again we shouted, but no familiar voice was heard in response. Presently, however, a sliding door was pushed aside, and a pair of bright eyes — the eyes of Koïzumi — looked in upon us.

"By Jove!" exclaimed my travelling companion, whom I have discourteously omitted to mention until this moment, "what a nice girl!"

"Hum; tolerably," I answered, with crafty dissimulation; but the cold corroboration was not received with composure.

"Why, she is a little beauty!" said my friend, with unnecessary emphasis.

"Yes, I suppose so," I remarked, continuing to dissemble, like the deep conspirator of a melodrama; "where is my charioteer?" I added, addressing the new-comer, who still stood at the half-open door.

"Ah, Yamadori," she replied; "does the gentleman want him?"

"So, Yamadori is his name. I say, Jaudon, did you ever hear anything like it? My jin-rika-sha fellow calls himself 'Mountain Bird,' and his sweetheart, here, is 'Little Fountain.'"

"Very appropriate."

"Well, Little Fountain, we do want Yamadori, we want him instantly."

"Extremely sorry, gentlemen, but he has gone back to Kamayama."

"What, gone back? Why, I must have him. Who is to take us on? Besides, he has n't been paid."

"O, he spoke about the payment, and said if the *dana* would give it to me to keep for him it would be all the same. And, any way, Yamadori could not go on with you. He takes travellers only from Sakanoshita to Kameyama and back."

"What nonsense! As to the payment, it is a trick, and he does not believe it will be the same. He thinks your smiling face will get him a double fare. Well, truly, I will not pay at all. I will pay nothing. I will even go and complain to the Nanoshi" (village magistrate).

The girl laughed merrily. "Nanoshi knows what Yamadori is obliged to do." Then she grew preternaturally grave. "But, with regard to the trick, we are incapable of it."

"Of course, of course, Little Fountain; I am joking, but at the same time I am very angry. I like Yamadori, though I did not know his name; and I wanted him to show me everything about this valley to-day. 'T is a pity he did not speak to me about going."

"'T is a pity the gentleman did not

speak to him about staying. A traveller wished to start this morning at sunrise. Not a wealthy traveller and high officer like you, but nevertheless — And I am glad you like Yamadori. Everybody likes him."

"Except Little Fountain," I suggested.

"Except me, certainly. But he will be back to-night."

"O, will he? I say, Jaudon, do you hear that? He will be back to-night."

"And we shall be in Kioto, I hope," replied my ambitious friend.

How long and how earnestly I labored to dissuade him from pursuing the journey with such violent haste, I need not here recount. He did not mind a day, he declared, provided it was to be devoted to a purpose; but here was a proposition to surrender twenty-four valuable hours to utter idleness, with the prospect of an equal delay to follow. It would not do; his mind was made up. For my own part, I was as fully resolved to linger. In the first place, I had been scorched so long on the Tokaido that I wanted a day or two of shady rest. In the next, I wanted to see more of this charming valley, which was unquestionably the most beautiful spot I had encountered, even in Japan. In the third, I wanted to confer upon a particular subject with Yamadori; I have always had a passion for picking up good-looking servants in various parts of the land, and I meditated luring this brisk mountaineer to my distant home in Yedo. Lastly, there was that about Koïzumi which promised innocent entertainment, as well as opportunity for acquiring facility in the dialect of the old provinces, which I suddenly discovered was essential to the complete enjoyment of a visit to the ancient capital of the realm.

So we parted cordially, I promising to push on to Kioto within three days, — a promise which, as I had no purpose of keeping it when I made it, there could be no possible wrong in breaking. At nine o'clock I was left alone, so far as the society of my own countrymen was concerned, in the heart of Japan. And alone I remained, I may as well here give notice, for seventeen consecutive days.

As the morning advanced I took measures to establish confidential relations with the members of the family, with the view of making myself as familiar as might be with the surroundings. From the beginning Koïzumi was of infinite service to me. She was solicitous for my comfort, and expressed concern lest I should be disturbed by fleas. I admitted that their presence had already become more than a matter of suspicion on my part, whereupon, in a burst of candor, she declared her satisfaction that I had not questioned her on that point the evening before; "because, of course, I should have had to say there were no such things connected with our house." When pressed to disclose why the necessity for deception had existed then, and disappeared to-day, she said it was evident that I had determined to remain awhile, so it was useless to disguise the truth any longer. But I was not to suppose that they were very prevalent, or that carelessness was the cause of their coming; they would begin to thrive when houses grew old and chambers went long unoccupied. "And we have very few visitors now," she added, with a sigh. In fact, I very soon learned that no stranger had stopped more than a single night, either at this house or any in the hamlet, for many months past.

While I was gathering in all this and other information, I was carefully recording in my mind the various details of the little maid's personal appearance, and greatly regretting that I had no mastery of the pencil, to fix the recollection more worthily and surely. There was no exaggeration in my friend's eulogiums. She was a little beauty; though why he said "little," and why I echo him, I am not altogether sure. Little for a Japanese, she probably was not. I should say her height was about five feet. In fact, not to deceive anybody, I happen to

know that it was exactly five feet, and that is considerably above the feminine average in the East. But we six-footed foreigners get easily in the way of applying diminutives to the gentle daughters of this land, and I have not yet heard that they are offended at it. Koïzumi was five feet tall, with a lithe and slender figure, and, being a working-girl, although the "daughter of the house," had a freedom and a grace of movement which the "quality" do not always possess, chiefly, I think, because of their wrapping themselves so tightly all the while in their close-clinging robes. Naturally, there are no figures more perfect than those of the Japanese young women. The children, up to the age of fourteen, or as long as they have the free use of their limbs, are models of symmetry. About that time they begin to fasten long garments about their hips, the effect of which is to impede their gait, and give them an awkward shamble. In course of time it does worse, and interrupts the development of their legs and thighs. Among the laboring class, an additional misshapening is accomplished by the practice of carrying burdens, from an early age, upon the back, for the support of which broad straps are passed over the shoulders and crossed in front, pressing directly upon the breasts. When a Japanese girl reaches the age of sixteen without having undergone either of these processes of deformity, she is a wonder to the eye and remains so until twenty-five, or possibly a little later. Then she ceases to charm, for a certain period, in any way excepting by her manner, and that is generally preserved to the last. But as she grows old she has a chance of becoming quite delightful again. There is nothing nicer than a dignified and white-haired old Japanese lady. She is always happy, for she is always much respected and cherished by her youngers, and at a certain age the natural high-breeding of the race appears in her to attain its crystallization. Whatever her station in life, she is almost always sure to suggest an idea of ancient nobility, and to be surrounded by the atmosphere of an Oriental Faubourg St. Germain.

My heroine's middle position in life at once relieving her from heavy drudgery and emancipating her from the perpetual constraint of fashionable dress, was thus favorable to her aspect, viewing her from our settled stand-point. I have no doubt that if her own secret convictions could have been detected they would have been found unflattering, at least to the extent of believing that her freedom from the pinched and contracted gait of the majority of her countrywomen was a disadvantage, and not a charm. Of course we are all aware that no similar caprices of taste ever reveal themselves in the Western world. Koïzumi's private griefs, however, if she had any on the subject, did not concern me. Her possible fancies could be overlooked, so long as she herself remained so agreeable a fact. As to her countenance, it was of the best Japanese type, — that type which defies ethnologists and outfaces the Mongolian theory with noiseless but convincing argument. Her complexion, though dark, was luminously clear; eyes round and flashing in animation, drooping and "long-drawn out" in quietude; firm but sweet-tempered mouth, with teeth within, the thought of whose chance future blackening made one thrill with horror; nose not too severe in regularity, and somewhat resolute chin; dimples *ad libitum*, by way of relief to any passing shade of sternness; face of exact oval shape, set off by piquant little ears, the lobes of which did not detach themselves, as those of our race generally do, from the cheek; the whole, of course surmounted by a combination of the capillary fantasies of her nation, and presenting altogether such a picture as I hope, to put it with extreme mildness and moderation, I may live to see again.

Having extracted in a short time a large amount of local information from my quick-tongued little hostess, — she was as voluble as she was vivacious in all other respects, — I sauntered abroad

to make practical use of it. But in this I was not altogether successful. The villagers overflowed with politeness, but were too much occupied with their usual avocations to go far out of their way to serve me. The children made the conventional pretence of timidity, and perhaps really felt it in this case, the sight of a foreigner being a remarkable, and to some of them an unprecedented experience. So I presently found my way back to the Fukuya, where I set about inquiring, with some impatience, when my Mountain Bird would return to his roost. Koïzumi and her mother were very sorry, but he was not expected before the evening. As I showed signs of increasing dissatisfaction, I was requested to explain the particular duty I wished him to perform, as it might lie within their resources to supply a substitute. When I explained that what I needed was a guide to all the notable places of the neighborhood, the household brightened visibly, and Koïzumi *mère* hastened to assure me that although there really were no notable places about Sakanoshita, yet the whole locality was as familiar to all of them as to Master Yamadori. Singly or collectively they were at my disposal. Stay, she would go herself.

"But, *Obasan* (aunty)," I interfered, "with your age and domestic responsibilities, I could n't think of putting you to such inconvenience. Possibly some one of the young people, now — "

"To be sure; there are Takewo and Amegawa, and then here is my daughter; but she is a child and might be troublesome."

On reflection, I concluded that the child would not be troublesome, — not oppressively troublesome, — and after a brief delay for hiru-gohan (the noon-meal), we started forth, Koïzumi enraptured at the prospect of exhibiting the beauties of her home, and I at once contented and expectant.

Undoubtedly she was a better pioneer than the Bird would have been; not only more agreeable, but practically better suited to my purpose. She was an enthusiast, full of sympathy, and, although she had always been a home-keeping maid, had anything but homely wits. Suzuka Yama was the name of the mountain in the lap of which Sakanoshita * nestled, and before nightfall we knew most of its open roads, and a few of its more secluded pathways. When Yamadori came in with high-pressure speed and spirits, a little after sunset, he heard with intense satisfaction of the temporary engagement into which his sweetheart had entered, and, without being consulted, approved its indefinite extension. He entered voluntarily into a commercial statement of the case. If he remained at home to pilot me about the country, he could expect no better reward than that which he might otherwise gain in his normal pursuit; whereas the assumption of the charge by Koïzumi would prove an additional source of revenue, quite unlooked for, and tending to expedite connubial projects, the fulfilment of which was still undefined in the obscurity of the future. But at this development of thrift the matron became grave, and said that the honorable guest was entitled, by every tradition of hospitality, to the free command of all that she or hers could offer; and Koïzumi looked a little ashamed, and threw a reproachful glance at her swain, who, seeing that his speculative boldness had betrayed him into an indiscretion, went away and hid himself for upwards of an hour.

It was, however, subsequently settled that the young man should continue to exercise his calling, and that Little Fountain should complete the work she had commenced, of instructing me in the geography of her district. Three days were sufficient to enable me to proceed on my explorations alone, with no danger of getting lost, and after that time I gave myself up to unrestrained mountain and forest revelry. It is a melancholy thing that words, at least such words as I can invoke, are so incompetent to reproduce

* Saka-no-shita, — "Under the Hillside," or "Beneath the Slope."

the living beauty of this radiant Japanese scenery. There is nothing like it. I see no opportunity of even a suggestion by comparison. One charm is its endless and often abrupt variety. Another is its vivid and comprehensive clearness, due to the marvellous purity of the atmosphere. But what I find most winning of all is its quality of familiarness. No matter how infinite its wonders and glories, you may feel yourself on friendly terms with it from the first moment, and are never afterward repelled or dismayed by any sense of rigorous austerity. There is none of the cold severity which at times chills the generous influences of Switzerland. The gloom of bleak or barren grandeur is very rare, for the ruggedness of the mountain-tops is softened by verdure rising almost to the summits, — the desolation line being higher than in Europe or America. The character of the landscapes seems to be like that of the inhabitants. The valleys are always smiling to receive you, and the bamboo-crested hills are always nodding a welcome. I do not think it would be possible, for any length of time, to maintain perfectly easy relations with the Alps. Who would venture to take a liberty with Mont Blanc? But there is not a peak in all Japan with which you might not, at sight, exchange a good-natured jest; excepting, perhaps, Fuziyama, which, with all its feminine gentleness of demeanor, has a reputation for solemn majesty and lordly supremacy to sustain, and frowns upon frivolity or license.

Sakanoshita represents all that is most bewitching in Japanese life. It has no startling accessories, like the torrents at Nikwo, — one of which plunges from a lofty lake over a precipice one seventh of a mile in height, — and is guarded by no Vulcan's giants like those which hover about Hakone; but it is crowded with natural fascinations which, if not altogether so stately, are far more captivating. The people are Utopian: simple, affectionate, spirited, and ignorant, rather than innocent, of crime.* It was a pleasant fiction with them to pretend that the presence of a stranger added a new interest and vitality to existence in the valley; and it was a pleasant fact with me to take it all for granted. Day after day passed along, the calmness of life diversified only by an occasional impatient note from my friend in advance, who, with every artifice of persuasion endeavored to drag me forward. But I was too thoroughly at my ease to stir. Perfect contentment, for one unbroken week, was the prevailing sentiment of the little circle in which I moved, — I lazily, the Obasan maternally, Yamadori gallantly, and Koïzumi coquettishly contented. Not a ripple on the surface of our satisfaction with ourselves and one another.

At the end of that period, I fancied that I detected slight indications of change. Nothing ominous, certainly not menacing, but still noteworthy to an observer of the fluctuations of rustic temper. They first exhibited themselves in a reluctance, on the jin-riki-sha runner's part, to undertake long journeys from home, unexpected returns, at hours antedating those announced and agreed upon, a tendency to superfluous personal finery, wholly at variance with the economic principles of the head of the hostelry, and a fictitious exuberance of manner which contrasted disadvantageously with the previous accustomed spontaneity. Koïzumi's attention being called, one day, to these trifling phenomena, she assumed a droll expression and withdrew to a corner conference with a

* The chief magistrate was always eager to make me acquainted with the details of his office. I asked, one day, to see the district jail. "We have no jail," he said, dejectedly, and seemed quite downcast at the absence of an institution which might have afforded me a moment's interest. "But what do you do with the people who misbehave, who steal, for example?" I asked. "Nobody ever steals," he replied, with a longer face than before, as if it had occurred to him for the first time that the existence of theft was an indispensable element in a finished state of society. What he said was perfectly true, and, to this day, it is true, throughout the interior of Japan. In the open ports, where foreign customs are gradually making their way, this accessory of Western progress is, to some extent, understood.

cousin of her own sex and age, in which interchange of soul giggling predominated. It did not appear to concern me at all, nor should I have attached any significance to Master Yamadori's wavering moods, but for a circumstance that brought them directly under my attention. Near the Yado-ya was a fine little river in which I was accustomed to amuse myself every afternoon, stray villagers sometimes looking on, with no particular purpose, from a bridge above. On one occasion Koïzumi was among the spectators, and in the evening she greatly terrified me by proposing that I should teach her to swim.

I assured her that it would be altogether too difficult; that, in fact, it was impossible.

She could not understand that at all. "You can swim better than anybody," she was pleased to say.

"Undoubtedly," I answered; "but it is one thing to know how to swim, and another to know how to teach others to swim."

Koïzumi accused me of sophistry.

"And moreover," I urged, "I do not speak Japanese well enough, as you ought to be aware."

Koïzumi politely intimated that that was absurd, and added that it was immaterial to her whether she acquired the art of natation upon the Japanese or English system. She had no anti-foreign prejudices. There were no edicts against adopting Western science to that extent, at least, and mere bathing was not necessarily baptism.

"Here is Yamadori," said I; "he will teach you by and by, after you are married."

She tossed her pretty head. "When I want anything, I want it immediately."

"Well, he will teach you any time you like, then, I suppose.

"Yes, certainly," assented Yamadori, with eagerness; "I will teach you immediately."

"That is nonsense, Yamadori; you do not know how to swim yourself."

"Koïzumi, it does not matter," he retorted; "I will learn to-morrow, or the next time I go to Kuwana. I will go on purpose."

But destiny decreed that the young enthusiast should not see Kuwana on the following day, or for many days to come. He started at an early hour, with a "fare" for Kameyama, promising to return at three o'clock, by which I understood him to mean, from recent experience, a little after noon. On this occasion, however, he was better, or worse, than his word. I had been wandering in the afternoon with my pleasant companion, carefully avoiding all streams of suggestive magnitude, and came out, toward sundown, upon the main road, where, to the amazement of both of us, Yamadori presently appeared with a most dejected visage, entirely alone, dragging no wagon behind him.

"Why, my lad, what is the matter?"

"Where is the *kuruma* (vehicle)?" said Koïzumi, who, though on affection bent, had yet a frugal mind.

Yamadori sat down in the middle of the Tokaido, resting his weight upon his heels, which is the common attitude of Japanese repose, and began to cry.

"Come," said I, "this will not do. Koïzumi, tell him to get up and speak."

She responded by sitting down, likewise, in the middle of the Tokaido, upon her heels, and crying in obligato.

"Well," said I, much bewildered, "if there were only one of you going crazy, I might be successful in consoling. Under the circumstances I shall leave you to console each other."

This was because I felt convinced that something really serious must have happened, according to their measurement of seriousness, and that I should be doing them the best favor by ostensibly making light of the mysterious catastrophe, and giving them an opportunity for comforting communion. At the same time it made me very uneasy to see my favorites

overcome by such an unusual excess of emotion. Except through the imagination, a Japanese is not easily moved to a display of grief. He will mourn over the sorrows of a hero of romance and utterly dissolve before theatrical representations of human woe; but in the affairs of his own life he is apt to be a stoic.

I went back to the inn alone, and sat in the gateway, waiting for the return of the young couple. It was not long before they reappeared, but they did not immediately enter the house. After a little low conversation outside, Koïzumi turned and came in-doors alone, while Yamadori moved on toward the upper end of the village.

"Well, my child," said I, as she passed me, "if you can tell me what the matter is, pray do. Tell me whenever you like."

She looked anxiously at me, paused a moment, then shook her head, and went in, out of sight.

Presently she reappeared, and knelt down very submissively, — which, I should say, is a form of courtesy, and not of humiliation, — and said she hoped I would excuse her if she had been rude, but her heart was very heavy.

"Poor Little Fountain!" said I; "but if you do not tell me what it is, how can I help you?"

"So I would willingly, and I wish to," she replied, "but Yamadori says I must not."

Of course, the instant I heard this, I became abnormally eager to know, and determined to use every effort to that end; so I hinted with sarcastic bitterness that, oh! if she thought I was not her friend, and if Yamadori was disposed to forestall his matrimonial authority to the extent of shutting her out from the sympathy of the world, and she was content to suffer such tyranny, there was nothing more to say, and I would go and pack my portmanteau at once, — which was about as cruel a thing as I ever did in my life, and for which I was punished, as soon as I saw the piteous expression of her face, by a conviction of meanness that made me long to inflict upon myself the Japanese penalty to which Yamadori had been driven on the second night of my sojourn, and withdraw to inaccessible solitudes.

She looked at me intently for an instant and then, with a sigh, said that I misunderstood her, and also misunderstood him. But she could tell me a part of the misfortune; in fact, all about that. There was only a small something connected with it which she was forbidden to divulge. And then the worst of it came out. In hurrying to get back to Sakanoshita before his time, Yamadori had run too rapidly around a dangerous corner, had upset his jin-riki-sha over a rocky ledge, and broken it to irremediable smash.

"Is that all?" I asked, composedly.

"All!" she cried, and her eyes actually opened to that extent that they became oval in the wrong direction, that is perpendicularly, — "all! Is it not enough?"

"But he was not hurt."

"Hurt, no; he is not the man to cry because he is hurt. But the jin-riki-sha."

"Ah, there was a passenger."

"I do not know. I believe so. I forget."

"And was he hurt?"

"How should I know? It is the jin-riki-sha that we are thinking of. Almost new; it cost fifteen riyos at the beginning of the fifth month."

"I see," said I, endeavoring to enter into her view of the subject, "and he cannot buy another."

"Buy another! *Oya, oya!* How could he ever buy one? Did you think it was his? O, no, sir, Yamadori is very poor. He has never had fifteen riyos in his life, not all at once. All the jin-riki-shas in Sakanoshita belong to the merchant Sakurai, the wealthiest man of our town, the Nanoshi; Yamadori has gone now to tell him. What shall we do?"

Gradually it dawned upon me that in a sequestered little community like

this, where trade had hardly ever been known, where husbandmen wrung their subsistence from the soil with ceaseless labor, and where industry was of necessity so slightly rewarded that the daily wages of the most assiduous toiler could not exceed half a bu, or about twelve cents, an accident like this which had befallen the lad might be nothing less than a calamity. As I was turning this new phase of the business in my mind, and trying to fix upon some appropriate observation, I remarked, casually and indifferently, and with no definite purpose of any kind, "What on earth made him run so fast?"

"Ah," said Koïzumi, shrinking back, "that is what I am not to tell you."

It is extraordinary how a habit of despotism will grow upon us. I had been exercising unlimited sway over this establishment for several days to my own complete satisfaction, and apparently to that of the inmates. Having been monarch of all I surveyed, I resented the idea that there should be any my right to dispute. So, although it is not exactly pleasant to confess it, I drew into my shell again. I made no further allusion to portmanteaus, not having the pluck to risk a second reproachful gaze from these great sorrowful eyes. But I said, with considerable asperity of tone, "Why, Koïzumi, will you not tell me?"

"I cannot. He would be angry."

"Who, Master Yamadori? I should like to see him angry with me!"

"No, no; not with you, but with me. He would only be ashamed with you."

"Why should he be ashamed, then?"

"But that is what I must not say."

"Listen to me, Koïzumi. I really want to know."

"Truly, I cannot."

"Listen to me, I say—"

"I will ask him, and if he permits me—"

"If you will not listen to me, there is an end to everything. Never mind about asking him. Tell me all about it before he returns, because I want to think of some plan by which you shall be able to make it all right for him without any delay."

"It is very kind, and I thank you; but I cannot."

"As you please," said I, in dudgeon, and walked out of the gate and began to climb the hill. I suppose I was firmly convinced at the time that my urgency was solely in my little friend's interest, and that I alone was aggrieved by her dauntlessness, while she suffered nothing from my persistence.

The Nanoshi lived at the upper end of the village, and, as I drew near his house, Yamadori issued forth, still in deep discomfiture. He looked shyly at me, and seemed disposed to avoid my side of the road. Being still huffily inclined, I made no effort to check his homeward progress. Influenced by a new idea, however, I walked straight to the Nanoshi's door, and, summoning a servant, sent in a message requesting an interview. In an instant the worthy elder was on the threshold, profusely hospitable and polite, and proposing tea and biscuit with an eagerness that would not be denied. This exactly suited my sudden purpose; a moment later I was seated in the midst of his abundant family, exchanging broadsides of compliment with the entire group.

After this inevitable prelude, I proceeded to the object of my call. The Nanoshi was good enough to give me the freest information concerning the matter in hand. The jin-riki-sha business was not without its hazards, as Yamadori's mishap had proved. An operator, even upon so humble a scale as his own, ran serious risks. By careful management he had accumulated four of these costly vehicles, during the past six months, and now one of them, the most recent of the lot, had been sacrificed. Of course it was not the boy's fault; he knew that, and was not disposed to be hard upon him, but what could he do? One fourth of

his wheeled capital destroyed by carelessness; at least he supposed it must be carelessness, for he could not get any satisfactory explanation of the cause of Yamadori's excessive haste. Yes, he had kagos, a dozen of them; but kagos were only used now for crossing the mountain toward Lake Biwa. Nobody would think of using them on level ground in this age of progress. It would cost him two months' profits to get another kuruma, for people were mistaken in supposing him to be a man of superfluous means; he was only prosperous according to a village standard, and even when he should get one, could he venture to confide it to a young man who had that day shown himself unworthy of so grave a responsibility?

I asked if Yamadori had ever before been found wanting.

"That he has not," interposed a brisk young lady of twenty, who sat in a corner; "he is the best boy in the province."

"My daughter is forward," said the Nanoshi, "but, making certain allowances, she is just. Yamadori has hitherto been above reproach."

"And he is very popular and swift," added the young girl, "and brings in as much money as any two of the others."

"I was about to say so," remarked her father, "in language not less convincing though possibly less violent."

"I should think, then, Master Nanoshi, that you might venture to stand by him again."

"Since the gentleman is good enough to be interested in him, I would willingly do so; but I cannot afford to purchase another jin-riki-sha within less than two months, and certainly I cannot dismiss one of my men who has done no wrong, to accommodate another who at least has been awkward and unskilful."

"Meanwhile, he may starve," said the impetuous advocate in the corner.

"Nobody starves in Sakanoshita," said the Nanoshi, severely; "such a thing would be a sorrow to the people; it has never been heard of and never will be."

I began to fear that the energetic young lady would injure my cause, but felt grateful nevertheless for her support. "Can nothing be done?" I asked, after a minute's pause.

"I might put him upon a kago," said the old man, reflectively.

"A kago! and give him a hump," exclaimed the daughter.

"A hump on the shoulder is better than emptiness in the belly," said the worthy magistrate; "I can do no better. I wish I could, for I like the lad, as everybody does."

"I am obliged to you, Master Nanoshi, and especially obliged to your amiable daughter. Yamadori will be pleased to learn that he has had so charming and effective an advocate."

The young lady came forward to the light and revealed a countenance the gratification in which was unmistakable. I was pleased at having produced an agreeable effect, and determined to improve it. "And Koïzumi, too, will be very thankful," I added. But this, alas! was a failure, an unquestionable anti-climax. The young lady's face grew as long as one of her own sleeves, and her brow as dark as the obscurity from which she had emerged. "I suppose the kagos are too good for him, after all," she remarked, and turned away pettishly. In taking the last extra step I had clearly put my foot in it. Nothing, however, could be gained by prolonging the conversation, and observing that I was glad to have the Nanoshi's promise, I formally withdrew, wondering a little, but not much, at the daughter's variable temper.

They keep early hours in Sakanoshita. I saw nobody but a servant when I returned to the Fuku-ya, and heard nothing of the absorbing topic until next morning, when, as I was dressing, Yamadori presented himself, and begged to know if I could listen to him for a few minutes. I told him I should be very glad, and he came in, but was even more embarrassed than

he had previously appeared. After several false starts he began, with many halts and hitches, to say that Koïzumi had told him I wished to know the reason of his ruinous haste the day before, and that, though suffering from profound mortification, he was prepared to inform me. I instantly became unreasonable and autocratic again. "I do not wish to hear it," said I, "except from Koïzumi herself; she offended me by refusing to tell me yesterday, and I cannot suffer any such evasion as this." To my surprise, the lad seemed much relieved, and went hastily away to report my determination.

I did not see the little delinquent, as I chose to stigmatize her, for an hour or more. At last she came, looking prettily penitent, and declared herself ready to submit to my commands in all things. Whereupon, like most despots under similar circumstances, I became extremely gracious, called for tea and jelly, and invited her to be as confidential as she pleased.

"Now that Yamadori has consented," she began, "I am ready enough. But it is a very little thing. He would much rather have me tell than be obliged to do it himself. You may laugh at him, but I hope you will not be angry."

"Very good, Koïzumi; for your sake I will not be angry."

"And, after all, I am the one that is really to blame."

"As to that, Koïzumi, we shall see."

"The truth is —" Giggle.

"Well?"

"He was hurrying home —" Many giggles.

"Go on."

"Because he was afraid you would be teaching me to swim." Countless giggles.

"Bless us!"

"Yes; and what is more, he is —"

"What?"

"Jealous, and has been for several days."

"Koïzumi, this is very dreadful."

"Is it, indeed? I know little about such things. But I hope you are not angry."

"No, Koïzumi, I am not. That is, not exactly angry. Certainly not with you, nor yet with Yamadori. But — on the whole, you are a good and faithful little girl. I have a great regard for you. Your obedience to your betrothed is extremely praiseworthy. I should have liked it just as well if you had not told me at all."

"But, dear sir, you insisted."

"So I did. And what is to be done now, I wonder?"

"Well, there is something else to be said, and this is indeed difficult. The other was nothing, it was only Yamadori's fancy; but now, truly, I am almost in despair."

"Koïzumi," said I, "it does not appear that the result of my endeavors to force you to betray confidence has been eminently happy; if your betrothed has again forbidden you —"

"Yes, he has forbidden me."

"Then say no more; I excuse you."

"He has forbidden me, but that is nothing."

"You amaze me. How can it be nothing to-day, when yesterday it was everything?"

"Gentle sir, it is wholly a different matter. To begin with, a great deal of time has passed since yesterday. Next, Yamadori then forbade me on his own account; he thought you would never forgive him; whereas now he forbids me on my own account, because it is entirely my own affair. Finally, if I can get courage to speak at all, I do not propose to trouble myself about Yamadori's permission."

The rural simplicity of Sakanoshita maidenhood was evidently getting beyond my sphere of comprehension. I prudently said nothing.

"You know, sir," said Koïzumi, — and there could be no doubt about the sincerity of her anxiety this time, — "that the Nanoshi is very rich. I must tell you, also, that he has an itching palm.* He is doubtless irritated

* Lest any should suspect me of embellishing the vernacular, let me observe that "an itching palm"

at the loss of his property, and Yamadori is sure to be dismissed from his employment. But the Nanoshi has a great respect for treasure and station. Now I have had a thought, that if a noble officer in the service of the government, and one of such wealth that figures cannot measure it, would consent to intercede for him, the stern magistrate and merchant would be merciful. O dear sir, pray do this for poor Yamadori, and forgive the presumption of the rude girl who trembles while she asks it."

"Little Fountain," said I, "you are a good girl. I said so before, and I see no reason to alter my judgment. But I understand that rank and riches are needed to exercise the influence you speak of. Now, the truth is, that I have neither."

"O sir, Yamadori told me —"

"That I had one thousand riyos a month. I know he did, but it is not true. He is a fine romancer. Here, I will show you my passport; you shall know all about it."*

"It is not necessary, since you tell me so. But what does it matter? Yamadori has told everybody the same, and the whole village thinks it is true."

It appeared, then, that I was not to attribute my influence with the Nanoshi wholly to my power of personal persuasion. Perhaps it was all the better; any way I could offer some reparation for my bad treatment of the young girl, if that were really all she wanted of me.

"And this is all, Koïzumi, that you have to ask?"

"That is all; I am only afraid it is too much."

"You are quite sure there is nothing else you wish me to do?"

"Why, what else can there be?" she asked, with genuine perplexity.

"What else, to be sure?" said I, dismissing my suspicions. "Very good, my dear, you may set your mind at rest."

"You will do it?"

"I have done it. I saw the Nanoshi last night."

The grateful little thing tried to laugh, and not to cry, and failed in both efforts. "O Yamadori!" she screamed, "come here and thank the gentleman, for I have no words to do it."

Yamadori was not far distant, not beyond her call. He came slowly and sheepishly, and, in consequence of an hysterical incoherence into which his sweetheart immediately fell, remained insensible for a while to the brightened prospect of his situation. When at last it broke upon him he was much moved, but only said, "I am sure that the gentleman would not have done this for me if he had not forgiven me for my folly."

"And me for mine," said Koïzumi.

As it was distinctly obvious that the girl had done nothing but exactly what was best all through, this seemed an illogical proposition. But she was determined to be pardoned jointly with her swain, and laid so much stress upon it that there was no escape, and I was compelled to pronounce a solemn absolution, in the approved style of the ancient and honorable English comedies.

For the remainder of the morning I abandoned myself to revery. A few additional words had shown me that Yamadori was ready enough to accept the inferior occupation of kago bearer, though Koïzumi, like the magistrate's daughter, was troubled about his shoulders, and promised to make him a nice, soft pad. I began to ask myself the question why, although I was not a high officer with one thousand monthly riyos, I could not go out of my way to practically smooth the difficult course of this village love. I certainly felt deeply

is a common Japanese figure of speech; not the only one, by scores, that is identical with familiar idioms of Western tongues.

* For what earthly purpose they do it I cannot say, but in granting travelling passports to an employee, the officers of the government insist upon introducing all possible particulars of his private life, — his age, birthplace, occupation, and even the exact amount of his salary. Yamadori had heard this sum named at some of the stations where my permit had been examined, and, for reasons before mentioned, had magnified it out of all reason.

interested in the young people. But if that circumstance were to stand as sufficient justification, there would be nothing to hinder me from going about and proffering material assistance to thirty-two millions of people, that being the aggregate population of Japan, according to the last government census. It is rather a perilous precedent to give way to one's impulses of profusion in this country, the temptations are so frequent and powerful. For nearly two hours I reflected, and then announced a journey. Two of the Nanoshi's ablest jin-riki-sha men should that afternoon convey me to Kameyama, fifteen miles distant, where I could pass the night, and return the next day, at my convenience.

This was sufficient to constitute an event in our circle, and you may be sure that I threw as much mystery about it as I could, expressly to heighten expectation. I admitted that I had a project, and an important one, but declared that nobody should know what it was, or whom it concerned, until my own time of disclosure. Yamadori regretted that he should not have the privilege of assisting in drawing me, and Koïzumi begged me not to remain too long away, lest the Nanoshi should extricate himself from the spell of my influence and retract his promises. I played Alexander, affected to nod, and intimated that as I had taken the affairs of the universe under my control, no person need concern himself as to the results. That night I slept at Kameyama.

The next morning, having paid my runners, and notified them that they need not wait to take me back, I visited the quarter of the carpenters and wagon manufacturers. This town is not without a reputation for the neat and substantial vehicles it produces, and after a little search I found a capital double jin-riki-sha, — firm, compact, not too heavy, and refulgent with red lacquer. Half an hour of tolerably tough bargaining put it in my possession at a reasonable sum. Long before noon I was on my way to the mountains again, this time propelled by strangers. Our arrival in front of the Fuku-ya created a sensation. Yamadori was up on the hill, at the kago depot, but he soon came running down to learn the cause of my strange action in sending home the other kuruma without an occupant.

"We were afraid you meant to remain away a long time," said Little Fountain.

"Some of us thought you were dissatisfied with the way in which the jin-riki-sha was managed," said Yamadori.

"The jin-riki-sha was well enough pulled, although your hand was wanting, my lad; but the weather was warm and uncomfortable, and I fancied a larger one to come home in. So you see — "

"Truly, that is a majestic piece of work," he replied, inspecting the new vehicle with the appreciative eye of a connoisseur.

"Do you like it?" said I.

He examined it closely before answering. "I have conceived a better one," he finally remarked, "but I never saw one so good. Perhaps there are none finer in Tokio?" he added inquiringly.

"I am glad you like it," said I, "for it is yours, Yamadori." And I precipitately retired from mortal view, in imitation of a certain effect I had often admired in melodramas.

For several minutes I was allowed to be alone. Then the daughter of the house peeped into my room and regarded me silently with an expression that confused me not a little.

"Come," I exclaimed, "say something, you stupid girl."

"I understand well that the gentleman does not wish to hear too many thanks," she answered, "and I could not talk about anything else. Koïzumi's heart is very full."

"Nonsense, you silly child! — and all about a two-wheeled cart. What does your sweetheart say?"

"O, Yamadori, he is crazy with delight and fear."

"Why with fear?"

"He thinks that the Nanoshi may

make a claim on the kuruma or its earnings, in return for that which he lost."

"I do not think that will be possible, unless it was in his agreement that he should make good all accidental losses. But it can be easily arranged. I can give the new jin-riki-sha to you, my dear, and you, I suppose, will not refuse to lend it to him, if he behaves himself."

So that little business was comfortably settled, the Nanoshi, moreover, declaring that nothing would be further from his designs than to interfere harshly with the young man's unexpected prosperity; only, as he had shown himself generously disposed, when his good-will had seemed important, he thought that Yamadori ought to take a new proposal from him into favorable consideration, and this was nothing more nor less than that, instead of attempting an injudicious rivalry in so small a field, they should unite their capital and form a kuruma partnership, Yamadori's acquisition, together with his strength and agility, to entitle him to two fifths of the profits of the business, and he to pay three fifths of the cost of the next jin-riki-sha purchased on joint account. I thought so too, and said to Koïzumi that I imagined her view of the old gentleman's character had been hasty, and that if his palm itched at all it was to perform deeds of benevolence and nothing more. But she did not take very kindly to the alliance, though she would not oppose it. As to Yamadori, he thought it was the most superb opening that could be dreamed of. The affair I considered was virtually accomplished, and, precisely as it had been a week before, beatitude seemed to reign universal and supreme.

We know what often happens to the best laid schemes of all animals, low and high. In less than forty-eight hours, portentous signs began to manifest themselves, this time from a novel quarter, which presently assumed a highly ominous form. It was no other than Koïzumi, who now departed from the even current of her usual placidity. She ceased to smile, was petulant without apparent cause, and once or twice was bitter in repartee. In consequence of which it became proper for me to interfere again.

"Koïzumi, come hither; you are in new trouble."

"I?—not at all. I care nothing, however much he may misbehave."

"So, Yamadori is in mischief once more. Tell me, is he jealous still?"

"Sir, he was never jealous. It was a deception. How could he be jealous when he has cared nothing for me all the while?"

It was more and more evident that I must have a finger in the pie. "I am determined that you children shall not make yourselves miserable," I declared; "let me know at once what has happened."

"In this case, sir," she said, sitting down beside me, "there is no remedy. Yamadori has deserted me."

"Deserted you? Impossible. He was here this morning."

"O, he continues to come, but he has deserted me, all the same! We have quarrelled desperately."

"It must be a capital sight to see you try to quarrel, Koïzumi."

"I can do it if I wish. I have called him such names,—but nothing like what he deserves. If you would only teach me how to talk to him in English."

"To swear at him, I suppose you mean."

"To swear at him, yes." *

"Koïzumi, I will undertake that task if it is really necessary. Now, explain everything."

Gradually I made myself master of the facts. They did not look well for Yamadori. He had shown himself fickle. Either his heart was not constant, or the new jin-riki-sha had got into his head. I found that the Nanoshi's daughter, who had interested

* It is impossible to be profane in Japanese. The language contains nothing in the way of violence. The strongest terms of objurgation are "fool" and "beast," and they are very rarely heard,—except from the lips of foreigners.

herself so warmly in his behalf, had for a long time been suspected of a hidden partiality for him, which it would have been hopeless to openly display; but that since the young man had suddenly become a capitalist, she had felt free to hang out signals that could not be mistaken by the slowest of perceptions. The father had not shown himself averse, and Yamadori was rapidly giving way to the flattering influence. My little girl was quite convinced that her lover was as good as lost.

"This is incredible," said I, "it is monstrous. I have seen her. She is not nearly so pretty as you, and I am sure she cannot be so accomplished."

"It may be so, sir; but I think that you foreigners place more value upon good looks than we do. Nobody ever said much about mine before you came here; and accomplishments go for little when they are not joined to wealth."

"But you, Koïzumi, should be a person of distinction. You are the daughter of the first yado-ya in Sakanoshita, and you will one day be the mistress of it. That is a position. Why, the Nanoshi's house is not half so large as yours."

"That is nothing now. I have heard that when the great daimios used to pass through, in former years, we were well to do; I can just remember those days. We had twenty servants then. It is very different now, as any one may see."

"He is blind, he is an idiot."

"No; he is not an idiot, but he is *date-sha*, and his vanity is the strongest part of him. He cannot resist the temptation to make himself the first man of the village."

"I will speak to him, directly."

"That would never do. I am very fond of him, but I could not be happy if he were forced to return to me against his will. No, sir, you are very kind, and I am wretched, but you must not try to help me in this."

"What is to be done, then?"

"I will think about it all the afternoon; I will go to Inari-sama,* and perhaps something will come to me."

Koïzumi's complaint was easily verified, and that without any direct questioning. Strolling forth, I found the inconstant at the jin-riki-sha house, inspecting the stock, oiling, polishing, and repairing here and there, and chatting at intervals with his aged partner's daughter, who was continually "happening in" from the dwelling-house, on the most transparently fictitious errands. The minx had actually the effrontery to thank me for my present to Yamadori, who heard her without being abashed in the smallest degree; at which, fearing to derange Koïzumi's plans — if she should form any — by a premature explosion, I walked away in silent indignation.

Returning to the inn, I found the maiden I had left forlorn in the hands of the barber, who was erecting a marvellous structure upon her head. She had a *samisen* on her knee and was practising jubilant melodies. Here was a new surprise. Had the wind changed again?

"I have an idea," whispered Koïzumi, getting up and following me. "Inari-sama has inspired me. I hope it will do, and I am sure it will, if you will help me."

"I will do anything you like."

"Mountains of thanks. Yamadori will be here this evening as usual, or if he is not I shall send for him. I shall have many things to say to him, most of which will not be true, but that makes little difference."

"The end justifies the means," said I.

"I don't understand that," said Koïzumi, "but I shall tell a great many fibs, all of which came to me this afternoon at the temple. What I wish to ask is, that you will not contradict anything I may say."

"Very good; I will contradict nothing."

"And you will support me if necessary?"

* Inari-sama is the fox deity, whose temples are in high esteem among young lovers.

"Ah, that is serious; and I am in the dark."

"O, there shall be no harm! Inari-sama is responsible." And she laughed merrily, as if confident, in anticipation, of success.

"I suppose I must trust Inari-sama, for the sake of his disciple," said I.

"My mother approves, and will also assist me."

"Good; you make me very curious."

"By and by, sir, you shall see and hear everything. To tell you now would spoil all."

At seven o'clock in the evening I was requested to visit that part of the house in which the head of the family resided, where I found a considerable gathering of neighbors, seated in a hollow square, with little boxes of refreshments before them. They bent forward to salute me as I entered, and then silently resumed their tea and pipes. This was obviously a ceremonial reunion of some significance. For a moment I thought that a reconciliation had taken place, and that I had been summoned to assist at the nuptial party. But the fact that Yamadori was not present invalidated this conjecture. Inasmuch as I knew nothing, and yet was expected, according to Koïzumi, to appear to know everything, I maintained a discreet silence. An elderly lady volunteered a recitative, and a younger one vouchsafed a dance, at the end of which the truant stalked in, not a little overcome by the unaccustomed brilliancy of the scene. He understood it more readily than I.

"Why, this is a farewell," he said, "who is going away?" And, answering himself, "It must be the noble gentleman. Truly, this is a sorrow to Sakanoshita."

Koïzumi, who was tightening the strings of a *samisen* as he entered, here interrupted him with a merry song, then popular all over Japan, the refrain of which was "Jin-riki-sha abunai" ('ware jin-riki-sha), in the selection of which I detected mischief. Having finished, she turned to Yamadori, and said in her most musical tones, "Yes, we are going, and within two days. We are very glad you have come."

"'We'! Domo, domo! May I ask who are 'we'?"

"The *dana-san* and myself," said Koïzumi, gayly and unblushingly.

Yamadori let fall an exclamation of astonishment in ten syllables, while I rose to remonstrate; but a quick glance from the principal actress in the comedy reminded me that I had pledged myself to acquiescence in all that she might aver. Certainly I had not bargained for this sort of thing, but I was bound not to hazard the success of my heroine's plot, whatever it might be, to say nothing of the personal interest I felt in its development.

"The gentleman has decided to increase the number of his servants at Tokio, which his magnificent income of one thousand riyos a month enables him to do without limit. He is so good as to say that nobody else in the empire can put on buttons or repair his wardrobe as well as I can. Therefore, we proceed at once to Kioto, stopping one day at Lake Biwa in order that he may teach me to swim."

"Is this really true?" faltered Yamadori.

"*Sayo de gozarimasu*," corroborated the assemblage.

"And is your mother going with you?"

"Foolish boy. Who would take care of the Yado-ya? Besides which, she has no desire to travel, and is too old to learn to swim. Sit down, Yamadori."

He collapsed in a daze, looked stupidly around, and sighed heavily.

"You ought to be very glad," said an old gossip; "it will be a great relief to you."

Yamadori looked fiercely at her, said nothing, but swallowed cups of hot tea with rapidity.

"And now, Yamadori," continued the young girl, with such singular sweetness that I made sure a *coup de grâce* was coming, "we shall be sorry to incommode you, but I shall naturally

require my jin-riki-sha. If you will bring it to-morrow, I shall be obliged."

"Your jin-riki-sha?"

"Yes, the new one."

Yamadori started to his feet. "Why, it is mine!" he exclaimed; "I am going to add it to the Nanoshi's lot, and we are to do business together."

"O no, my friend!" said Koïzumi, in softer and more melodious accents than I had ever heard from her lips, "it is mine, and was given to me. I only promised to lend it to you, when I found it convenient. My generous benefactor and master remembers."

"To be sure I remember," said I, glad to be able to support her truthfully in one statement.

Yamadori stood motionless and very pale for a moment. "I have been a brute," at last he murmured: "now I am properly rewarded." And he turned away trembling, and departed without saying good night.

Then came Koïzumi's hardest trial. She was obliged to remain hours later, and keep up the semblance of festivity, for the numerous guests had no conception of the unreality of the scene in which they were taking part. She had confided in nobody but her mother.

After it was all over she came, wearily and timidly, and asked if I thought it would succeed.

"If it does not, young woman," said I, "you have put me into a pretty position. You may well say that you got the idea from Inari. You are a fox yourself."

"Of course, sir, I have taken a great liberty, but truly, I was desperate; I am so fond of him. I was convinced you would not consent if I told you my plan beforehand, and so —"

"You played Inari with me."

"Forgive me."

"O, I don't care, if it does not fail!"

"It will not fail; it has succeeded already."

"How can you know that?"

"Inari tells me so."

"It did not take long, the following morning, for us to arrange the closing act of the drama. Yamadori came about ten o'clock, and deposited the vehicle which had been his delusion and destruction before the gate. His expression was not one of penitence; he seemed to have fallen beyond that, into complete hopelessness. But it was not my cue to relieve him too suddenly.

"Your jin-riki-sha is here, Koïzumi," he said; "you will find it no worse than when I took it. I should have brought it earlier, but I had to look at the springs, and oil the wheels, and put on a new nut at this side."

"That is very thoughtful of you," said I.

He saluted me gravely, but made me no answer.

"I hear you are going to-morrow," he resumed, turning to Koïzumi.

"I believe so," she answered; "the *kami-san* (lady of the house) will be happy to see you whenever you choose to come, but I suppose you will amuse yourself best with your friends at the Nanoshi's."

"I do not think the Nanoshi would receive me now; and if he would, I should not go there. Nobody in Sakanoshita will ever see me after you depart."

"What do you mean, Yamadori, and where will you go?"

"It does not matter, and I do not know; but I cannot stay in this place."

"Yamadori, I hope you do not think I have treated you ill."

"You, Koïzumi! you have never shown me anything but kindness."

"Look here, my lad," I put in, "since you are going to quit this place, why not come along with us? or, if you wish, you can take any road you like best, and meet us at the Eastern Capital. My house is large enough and I am always getting new servants."

"I see that the gentleman is always getting new servants," said Yamadori, still overlooking me, and addressing Koïzumi; "though, by the by, I told you a falsehood when I said his income was a thousand riyos. Never mind.

He is very good, but I cannot go with him to Tokio."

"Come, Yamadori," said I, relenting a little before the stipulated time, for, although he had undoubtedly behaved badly, he was suffering torments for it, and in his last new attitude he was manly and honorable, "I believe, after all, that you cannot bear to part from Koïzumi. Perhaps she is willing enough not to part from you; but when you began it, which you certainly did, she was perfectly free to look out for herself. Now you seem to take it greatly to heart; if she is willing to have compassion on you, I will not be hard. She may stay if she chooses, and our contract shall be void. But I make two conditions. You must marry her immediately, and the jin-riki-sha and any other things I may give her must be hers forever. I leave you to decide the matter between you." And then I hurried away, knowing well that it was already decided in both their minds before I had finished speaking.

That night there was another feast at the Fuku-ya, — a genuine wedding jubilee. Almost all Sakanoshita was there, even the Nanoshi. His eldest daughter was prevented from attending by a trifling indisposition. In the midst of the proceedings Koïzumi made opportunity for a few words with me.

"I do not know when I shall venture to tell him the truth," said she, "probably never. But I do think that after it is all over I may safely say that the kuruma shall be his."

"You are a foolish little girl," said I, "but you shall do as you please."

It was time for me to close my holidays among the mountains. The long vacation was nearly over, and I had yet the old metropolis to see. Two days later I started westward. Koïzumi gave me a little wallet, which she had worked with her own hands, and which I use to this day. She regretted that her poverty prevented her from offering a worthier gift, but she could not have thought of anything prettier or more serviceable. Yamadori bestowed upon me one of the ingenious paper lanterns of that district, which can be folded and carried in the pocket. He testified his devotion in two other ways. First, on the back of the jin-riki-sha he painted my monogram in brilliant colors, copied from an envelop which Koïzumi picked out of a packet for him, and, alluding to it as my "crest" (mon), vowed that it should always shine there in remembrance of me. Next, although wholly unused to the work, he insisted on bearing one end of the pole of the kago in which I was carried toward Oötsu.

I promised that I would certainly return to Sakanoshita during the next semiannual recess, and I meant to do so when I said it. But something else turned up, as it always happens, and I suppose it is a question if I ever see the place or them again. Once in a great while I receive little scraps of letters from them. They say that they are happy and do not forget me."

E. H. House.

THE GOD OF PEARL.

SEEKING, they found beneath the rippling blue
Of a great Eastern Lake, a rough, harsh shell,
Whose pearl-lined doors, unfolded, gave to view
Great Buddha's image, carved and fashioned well
Of radiant pearl. The priests of Buddha tell
That "God who fills all nature, this can do."

How came it there? You unbelievers smile,
Whose Buddhas other guise and semblance take.
Yes, it is true, it came through priestly guile;
They, in their generation wise, did make
The heavenly virtues of the shell to wake,
Their God to glorify and man beguile.

Through what fierce pangs, or by what secret throe,
The shell's strange owner could such wonders do,
They did not know, nor can I, wiser, show
What spirit stirred, what stream of life ran through
The creature's veins, as, day by slow day, grew
The white pearl mist o'er the lead god, aglow

With soul of flame and fire and leaping blue.
The means were false, but clearly the thing said,
That "God is everywhere" is always true.
Yet, as the pearl still holds a lovelier red
In some new-glancing light to flash, instead
Another meaning in my fancy grew.

For once, I counted it an alien thing,
Into my life thrust by some hard, blind fate,
This new, deep sorrow, loss, and suffering,
Which limits all my powers, and seems too great
For that life's compass to embrace; yet, "Wait!"
The legend said, and this new light did bring.

If, through my suffering, God's image grow
To beauty in my heart, I can be still
Content that none my secret task should know,
Content that all should reach my meaning ill;
Or day and night its single purpose fill,
And life be dimmed that the new glory glow.

I may not know when sorrow's crown is won,
Nor say, "Behold, my slow-wrought gem is bright."
Some other — Death, perhaps — holds to the sun
The darting splendors of its fire-thrilled white.
For, you remember, that to give it light
The shell was broken. — Well, the work was done.

Ellen Frances Taney.

INTERESTING PEOPLE WHOM I MET IN LONDON.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE have been, in all ages, men destined to be celebrated who have been called upon to bear up, for long years, — fortunate when it was not for life, — under professional contempt and popular ridicule. Among the number are Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. Half a century ago phrenology, claiming to be a science, was refused admission as such into accredited scientific circles.

I have had occasion elsewhere to express the opinion that the growth of a new-born hypothesis resembles that of a human being. During its infancy its suggestions carry small weight. It is listened to with a slight smile, and set aside with little ceremony. Throughout its years of nonage it may be said to have no rights of property, no privilege of appropriation. Proofs in its favor may present themselves from time to time, but they are not deemed entitled to a judgment by the common rules of evidence. They are listened to as fresh and amusing, but they have no legal virtue ; they obtain no official record ; they are not placed to the credit of the minor. An infant hypothesis is held to be outside the limits of human justice.

Thus, as late as the year 1827, had phrenology been treated. But its very novelty had an attraction for me ; and when, in the autumn of that year, I met Dr. Spurzheim at the house of Mr. Martineau (father of Harriet), I listened to him with eager attention, and expressed to him in strong terms, ere we parted, the deep interest I had felt in his conversation. He smiled, and cordially invited me to visit him in his studio. When I called he gave up to me an entire forenoon, and seemed to take good-natured pleasure in showing his collection of casts and skulls, and in explaining the first principles of his system. His candor, modesty, and simple methods of illustration impressed me at once in his favor. How devoid of pretension, how free from all dogmatic assertion, was the Master, compared to some of his half-fledged disciples whom I have since met !

He brought me the cast of a head, having taken the precaution to cover up the features with a cloth, and asked me what character I should assign to the original. I answered readily that I should suppose him to be a wise and intelligent man. Then, with similar precaution, he produced another bust which, at a glance, I pronounced to be that of an idiot.

"You are right in both cases," he said. "You see, then, that, without any previous research, you instinctively detect the extremes. I pretend to nothing more, after years of careful study and the examination and comparison of many thousand skulls, than to be able to detect, in detail, some of the minuter indications of human character."

But, though his mode and manner won me ; though I perceived also that he was anything but a man of one idea ; though I knew it was admitted, on all hands, not only that he was an excellent anatomist and physiologist, but that his analysis of the mind — the division of its powers and attributes into the various propensities, sentiments, perceptive and reasoning faculties — evinced a careful study of mental philosophy ; yet in that first interview I was able to assent only to a few general deductions : as that the frontal organs correspond to the intellectual powers ; the sincipital, to the moral sentiments ; the basilar, to the lower propensities. I could follow him when he went on to affirm that when the mass of brain contained in the basilar

and occipital regions is less than that contained in the frontal and sincipital, the man, as a general rule, is superior to the average of his fellows; though it is to be conceded that too great a disparity indicates a lack of animal energy, — often a serious deficiency. Nor did I dissent from his opinion, that, take the average heads of mankind, savage and civilized, in our day, the basilar and occipital masses of brain exceed the frontal and sincipital: a fact, it seemed to me, to which my good father was not wont to give sufficient heed.

The theory of craniology, however, in its details, struck me, on this first presentation, as vague and fanciful; and when Dr. Spurzheim, as I took leave of him, said that if I would call on him again he would give me a chart of my head, I resolved, in partial satisfaction of my doubts, to try an experiment; and since one purpose of an autobiography is to furnish to its readers materials for a thorough acquaintance with the autobiographer, I shall here chronicle the result of that experiment, at expense, it may be, of incurring the charge of egotism.

There was at that time in London a Mr. De Ville, a lecturer on phrenology, a man of limited literary and scientific knowledge as compared to Spurzheim, but an industrious and critical observer, who had made the best collection of casts and skulls in England, larger even than that of Dr. Spurzheim himself. To him I went; and finding that he furnished to visitors, for a moderate compensation, a written statement of their cranial developments, I asked for mine. As soon as I received it, I went straight to Dr. Spurzheim to pay him my second visit; obtained the promised chart from him also, without showing him De Ville's, and brought both home to compare them. They coincided much more nearly than I had imagined they would.

The degrees of comparison indicated were five: 1. Predominant; 2. Large; 3. Rather large; 4. Full; 5. Small. I have before me Spurzheim's estimation, with De Ville's added in parentheses whenever there was a variation of opinion, which I here copy: —

1. ORGANS PREDOMINANT.

Benevolence.
Conscientiousness.
Adhesiveness.
Causality.
Comparison. (D. V., 2.)
Firmness. (D. V., 2.)
Love of offspring. (D. V., 2.)
Love of approbation. (D. V., 2.)
Locality. (D. V., 2.)
Eventuality. (D. V., 4.)

2. ORGANS LARGE.

Ideality. (D. V., 1.)
Constructiveness. (D. V., 1.)
Individuality. (D. V., 1.)
Form. (D. V., 1.)
Destructiveness. (D. V., 3.)
Amativeness.
Self-esteem.
Language.
Size.
Imitation. (D. V., 3.)

3. ORGANS FULL.

Acquisitiveness.
Melody.
Secretiveness. (D. V., 5.)

4. ORGANS MODERATE.

Caution.
Hope. (D. V., 2.)
Veneration. (D. V., 2.)
Calculation. (D. V., 3.)
Combativeness. (D. V., 3.)
Time. (D. V., 3.)

5. ORGANS SMALL.

Inhabitiveness.
Marvellousness.
Color.
Wit. (D. V., 4.)

Thus, with a range of five figures indicating size of organs, it will be observed —

That thirteen out of the thirty organs examined correspond to a single figure.

That thirteen more differ a single figure only.

Therefore that there are four organs only, out of thirty, as to which the variation is more than one degree out of five, while only one of these differs more than two figures.

Four organs were set down by both examiners as dominant; namely, Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Adhesiveness, Causality.

Five were set down as very large by Spurzheim, but as large only by De Ville; namely, Firmness, Love of Offspring, Love of Approbation, Comparison, Locality.

Three were set down as very large by De Ville, but as large only by Spurzheim; namely, Ideality, Constructiveness, and Individuality.

At home, before visiting De Ville, I had questioned my conscience and set down, as honestly and accurately as I was able, my own estimate. It corresponded, in a general way, to the above, except that I had not felt justified in naming more than one organ (Adhesiveness) as predominant, and had rated the others which were esteemed predominant by Spurzheim and De Ville as large only.

I incline to the opinion that Spurzheim was right in giving me somewhat more Firmness and Comparison, and somewhat less Ideality and Constructiveness than De Ville; and that, on the other hand, De Ville was right in giving me somewhat more Hope, Veneration, and Form (especially Hope), and somewhat less Imitation and Locality, than Spurzheim. As to Eventuality (the only organ in which there was a variation of three figures), I think the truth lies between the two.

The substantial accordance between these two charts of character gave me somewhat increased confidence in the phrenological mapping of the skull. The fact that the character thus ascribed to me was a good one may very likely have tended to influence my judgment in the same direction. The readers of this Autobiography, if I live to complete it, will have the means of judging, to a certain extent, how far the two best phrenologists then in England succeeded, or failed, in deciding correctly in my case.

I am afraid that if the above should fall into the hands of some good people with conservative tendencies, who know me by report only, it will weaken their faith in Spurzheim and De Ville's sagacity as phrenologists. I speak of those who may have thought of Robert Dale Owen as a visionary dreamer, led away by fancy into the region of the marvellous, there to become an advocate of the wild belief that occasional intervention from another world in this is not a superstitious delusion, but a grand reality. To such persons the assertion in which both these observers unite — namely, that Causality, or the reasoning power, is a predominating faculty in my brain, while Marvellousness is one of its smallest organs — will appear incredible.

When I come to relate, as I propose to do, the origin and progress of my connection, many years later in life, with the Spiritual movement, there will be means of judging whether my opinion touching intercommunion between two phases of human existence is based on logical premises, or is due to a love of the marvellous, outrunning practical experience and sound discretion.

Here I am reminded that, some thirty years before I myself held this opinion, I came in contact with a noted person who suffered severely, a few years after I saw him, for entertaining somewhat similar views. I am not sure whether it was during the visit to London of which I am now writing or during a previous visit in 1823, that I accompanied my father to hear a remarkable sermon from a very remarkable man.

Few of the present generation think of the Rev. Edward Irving except perhaps as a superstitious enthusiast; yet, with all his eccentricities, he was a man eminently worth knowing and listening to. Educated to the Scottish Church, his powers as a public teacher, brilliant at once and logical, were first discovered by Dr. Chalmers, whose assistant he was for three years. With-

in a few months after he was called to the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, London, he became the most popular preacher of his day. Tickets of admission, by which alone outsiders could have a chance to hear him, were eagerly sought after; and the two which admitted my father and myself were obtained as a special favor. The highest nobility, the most eminent men of science, literary and fashionable celebrities, famous beauties, judges, distinguished barristers, noted members of Parliament, all pressed in crowds to his weekly services. We found every street that led to his church literally encumbered with stylish equipages; and though we had gone early, it was with great exertions that we penetrated the excited throng, barely in time to get seats.

But we were rewarded. The personal appearance of the speaker at once arrested my attention. Over six feet high, limbs and body finely proportioned, the ample forehead surmounted by a mass of jet-black hair, parted in the centre and dropping in curls on his shoulders; the features regular and expressive, especially the piercing dark eyes (their effect somewhat marred, however, by a squint); a stately bearing, and a majestic style of eloquence, such as might befit an apostle, conscious of a mission from on high; gestures sometimes, indeed, *outré*, even fantastic, yet often startlingly emphatic,* — everything about him was strange, strong, telling. The man himself and his wierd aspect at first engrossed one's thoughts; yet when he fairly warmed to his subject, and the stirring tones of a voice at once persuasive and commanding gradually asserted their magnetic power, one forgot the speaker and all his peculiarities, listening, not to the words, but to the thoughts, fiery and earnest, — thoughts, one instinctively felt, that had their origin down in the depths of conscientious conviction.

Wedlock was the theme; and it was treated by comparing with the true marriage of soul and spirit the fashionable espousals, based on mercenary motive and worldly calculation.

First he portrayed, in terms which lost none of their force by quaint old turns of expression, the self-forgetting devotion of two faithful hearts. "They see through a sweet glamour," he said, "yet what they see is more real than all other sublunary things. How fair and pleasant are they to each other, yea, altogether lovely! All that is blithe and beautiful upon earth is the interpreter of their love. The voice of birds echoes it. The flowers, fresh with heaven's dew, are its expounders. 'I am my beloved's' (the virgin saith), 'and my beloved is mine.' Her desire is unto him by day and night; in dream her soul waketh to his image. He counts his life as nothing for her sake: the world of happiness is where she is; he has none other. Everything about her has an unutterable charm. Her eyes are dove's eyes and they overcome him; her breath is like the zephyr that has swept the spices of Araby. Yet there is between them a mutual enchantment far deeper, more holy, than any idolatry of person. When they stand up at God's altar, invoking on their young affection ecclesiastical blessing, the inner cry is, 'O thou whom my soul loveth!' It is a mating of the spiritual and the eternal. The Church but records vows long since plighted in the heart of hearts; and there is a transcript of the record in Heaven's chancery. God looks down, well pleased; for his children have fulfilled his law."

Much more in the same strain he said, and then he paused. I awoke from the spell which his words had cast over me, to a consciousness of the breathless silence that had settled down on that vast, dense audience. Every eye was strained on the speak-

* The story ran that, ere he left Edinburgh, he was wont to rise in the night, pluck the blanket from his bed, cast it around his person after the fashion of a Spanish mantle, and study gestures and declamation by the hour before a large mirror. Who knows what ambitious visions of future distinction may then have been passing through the young Scotchman's mind?

er, and for the moment I realized, what I had heard said, that Irving's face, in some of his moods of benignant majesty, recalled certain ideals of Christ, as rendered by the old masters. But the moment after the likeness had vanished. The benignity was gone, replaced by a glance of scorn and reprobation. When he first resumed, his tones were passionless and stern, kindling, however, as he went on : —

"Sometimes God has to look down on feelings and doings far other than these. I see two men, hard-eyed, parchment-faced, seated over a table, in a large, dingy office, amid dusty tomes and time-stained documents. They are doctors of the law. I hear them debating of moneys, stocks, securities, estates in tail, messuages, settlements. Each is driving a hard bargain with the other. They dispute, they wrangle, they recriminate. Of a surety their clients must be adversaries, disposed to sue each other at the law and take coat and cloak and whatever else they can clutch. Nay, I am deceived! They seem to be gambling agents, adventuring heavy stakes ; for I hear the advocate of one party casting birth and station into the scale as weighty considerations ; while the counsel for the other offsets these with cash in bank and great expectations contingent on a life that has already stretched out to threescore years and ten.

"What is it all about? Ah! it is a terrible desecration of sacred things. It is a laying of sacreligious hands on that which is holy as the ark of the covenant, even upon human love, — love, brighter than hope, greater than faith ; love that is more precious than rubies, fairer, in its purity, than the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley. Two immortal souls are waiting, ere they decide the greatest of all life questions, the issue of that miserable squabble over earthly hoards. If the hagglers who represent them can only agree, two young hearts may be allowed to set about trying whether they can manage to take a fancy for each other ; or whether, dispensing with fancy as a vain thing, they will suffer to be uttered the solemn declaration that God himself has joined them together until death. Have they forgotten that He hears and sees them?

"Let rank and fashion take thought, ere it is too late! Is not the heart of every creature God has made a little temple dedicate to him, consecrate to his worship? But what shall be done unto those who profane the dwelling of the Most High, — money-changers in the Holy of Holies? When God's Son walked the earth, what was the fate of such, at his hands? They were cast out, —*cast out!* Christ drove forth, as malefactors, those who bought and sold in the Temple, saying: 'It is written, My house shall be made the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

Some of the words, as they linger in my memory, I have given ; but the voice, the gesture, the ardent, fearless bearing, as of one having authority, cannot be transferred to paper. I heard, through the death-like stillness with which the closing denunciation was received, the rustle of rich silks, as if their owners stirred uneasily on their seats.

Irving's hold on the public mind was afterwards lost almost as suddenly as it had been won. Certain remarkable phenomena, purporting to be words spoken under supernatural influence, sometimes in English, sometimes in forms of language unknown, appeared in his congregation, were accepted as real and reported by Irving himself to Fraser's Magazine. They were, doubtless, similar in character to what are now termed spiritual manifestations.

Thereupon this once celebrated preacher not only forfeited his popularity, but was deposed, on a charge of heresy, by the Presbytery of Annan, his native place. Yet so sound a thinker as Baden Powell expresses, in his paper among the Oxford Essays, his conviction that the phenomena in

question, though not miraculous, were genuine.*

I met, in London, several members of a very remarkable family, possessing, I think, more practical ability, administrative and deliberative, than I have ever since found united in any one household; a family deserving well of their country, and every member of which has since made his mark, in one department or other; the Hills, formerly of Hazelwood, Birmingham.

At that time Rowland Hill, afterwards to become one of the benefactors of his race, had removed from Birmingham and was engaged, with one or two of his brothers, in an educational enterprise at Bruce Castle, a handsome country-seat six miles from London, with extensive pleasure-grounds. There I visited them, and found some seventy students. The institution was admirably conducted, as indeed everything was which they undertook; and I remember wishing that more of England's aristocratic mansions might be similarly transformed. A few days afterwards I met the barrister of the family (Matthew) at the Strand Club, a debating society to which he belonged; and listened to an admirable and thoroughly practical speech by him in favor of "The Co-operative System of Political Economy," that being the subject of the evening's debate. No allusion was made to my father, nor to any of his peculiar opinions on theology or ethics; and, young as I was, I saw how wisely Mr. Hill managed his case; refraining from mixing up a great industrial question with any extraneous matter; thus evading prejudices and evoking a decision on the simple issue he presented.

It was ten years later that Rowland Hill brought before the public that scheme of cheap postage with which his name is indissolubly connected, and for his services in connection with whichhe was created a knight, — a distinction often bestowed for trivial merit, or no merit at all, but never more worthily conferred than on him: a paltry reward it was for eminent desert.

Some great inventions have two aspects; they speedily influence moral and social, as well as physical advancement: others, for the time, affect only the material progress of the world. Of this latter class was Arkwright's (spoken of in a former paper), which revolutionized the mode of producing all the textile fabrics in the world. Of the former class is the steam-engine. While it drives the vast cotton-mill, or drains the deep mine, it is a physical agent only; but as locomotive on the railway track, it becomes a civilizing agency of wonderful power, bringing human hearts and minds nearer to each other. So of Morse's invention, which tends to knit and unite the social fabric. Steam and the electric wires probably saved to us our Pacific possessions as an integral part of the Union, at a time when there was serious risk of disruption, not between North and South only, but between East and distant West.

But, aside from local effects, the influence of rapid intercommunication is ever wholesome and beneficent. It has been said, and I incline to believe, that, in the next world, our wishes will correspond to locomotion; we shall be where we desire to be. While the earth-clog of the body clings to us, it must always be an element of isolation, but an element that weighs upon us less and less, as the ages pass. In modes of transit we have outgone the race-horse at his utmost speed; we may be approaching the fleetness of the carrier-pigeon. In the transmission of thought, bird and racer are already left behind at illimitable distance.

Similar in character was the reform brought about by the clear brain and untiring persistence of Rowland Hill.

* "The matter," he says, "was closely scrutinized and inquired into *at the time*, and unprejudiced and even sceptical persons were fully convinced that *certain extraordinary manifestations did occur*." (Italics in original.) He thinks "they were, in some way, to be ascribed to natural causes as yet, perhaps, little understood." — *Recent Inquiries in Theology*, p. 122.

Whether, when I met him at Bruce Castle, he had conceived the idea of postal reform, I cannot say; so far as I remember, he did not broach it to me; but I know he communicated the details of his plan to Robert Owen, before the public had an inkling of it, and that my father gave him, not only encouragement in words, but essential aid.

It created an entire revolution in the English post-office system, relieving letter-writers, on the average, from more than nine tenths of the cost of correspondence. Its success was marvellous, far exceeding the sanguine expectations of its author; and that success was even greater in its social than in its economical aspect. Sir Rowland told me, I think in 1860, that the number of letters then yearly posted in the twelve miles square which then constituted the London postal district, and addressed to persons living within that district, was equal to the entire number of letters that had been posted and delivered annually, only twenty years earlier, throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. The practical result, in a social aspect, was that friends and acquaintances had been induced to converse by letter at least ten times as often as before.

One can say of Hill's postal system — what cannot be said of a hundred other advances — that it resulted in even greater benefit to the poor than to the rich. A shilling, formerly the common postage for a single letter, was the sacrifice of nearly a day's wages for a common laborer; but Hill enabled him to send twelve letters for the same amount. And in this case the gain was secured without any attendant injury or risk. Railroads and telegraphs fall into the hands of gigantic corporations, with much power, indeed, for good, but with possibilities for grave evil, both financial and political. Then, too, a factory system, which brings hundreds of young children together, in one vast, overheated building, offers us, it is true, cottons and woollens at a low rate; but, in the Old World especially, holds childhood's health and well-being at rate as cheap. The children, in many manufacturing districts, like the young nomadic swarms in the courts and alleys of our great cities, have no child's life; neither fresh air, nor bright sun, nor joyous game, nor any of the gay fancies or exuberant spirits or vaguely blissful life-dreams that haunt happy youngsters who can roam field or forest at free will. I remember well how my father mourned the change which, after forty years' absence, he found in his native place, Newtown. It lived in his recollection humble and homely in its ways, but cheerful and care-free also. No factory bell calling little children from their beds at daybreak; village ways and village freedom. In those days they had taken all things easily. Saturday was, by common usage, a holiday, when half the population, young and old, had been wont to gather on the public green, to watch the good old game of fives (now crowded out by more ambitious novelties), played against the high and wide blank wall of some public building hard by. But with the lapse of years there had come a shadow over the place. He found it a busy, bustling, manufacturing town, producing beautifully figured Welsh flannels; but no holidays, no village games, no childhood life of glee; wealthier, no doubt, by statistical returns; for census-takers do not register content, nor freedom, nor rural mirth.

Goldsmith's lines have a wider range of truth in England to-day than when he wrote them: —

> "Those homely joys that plenty bade to bloom,
> Those calm desires that asked but little room,
> Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,—
> Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,—
> These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
> And rural mirth and manners are no more."

Thus, if Rowland Hill's postal reform has done less extended good throughout the world than the agencies of steam and electricity, it has, at least, been good unmixed with evil; no drawback of overgrown wealth or power, often abused; no oppression of chil-

dren; no gain for the rich at expense of the poor: and all that goes for much in a world where evil hangs on the skirts of good, and where we have ever to ask ourselves, each time that the tree of knowledge, shaken, drops its fruit, whether mankind, for the time being, have been the gainers or the losers thereby.

I made the acquaintance, during this visit to London, of one of those celebrities, appearing from time to time, who are a riddle even to their best friends, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, author of the Improvisatrice, the Troubadour, and many minor pieces which appeared occasionally (under the signature L. E. L.) in the (London) Literary Gazette, then edited by Jerdan. Her poetry was usually characterized by deep feeling, sad and romantic; and it had won her for the time a brilliant reputation, albeit it has scarcely outlasted the age in which she wrote. She and Thomas Moore were, in my early youth, my favorite poets; and I had read, I think, almost every line she ever published. Great was my amazement when I met the writer! Pretty, careless, it seemed, lively, with just a touch of flippancy in her manner, she took pains to disclaim all tender or profound emotion; speaking jestingly of everything that savored of enthusiasm, and declaring that whatever of sentimental appeared in her poetry was but a dressed-up copy of what others had felt and expressed, and had never actually come from her own heart. The real things, she was wont to say, were good dinners, nice suppers, handsome apartments in busy London (far preferable to the dull country!), an equipage, and all the appointments of distinguished society. I was reminded of her many years after, by a stylish young lady to whom I was introduced one evening during supper, at the La Pierre House in Philadelphia (famed for its larder), who said little until she had tasted a smoking dish which the waiter had just set before her; but then she thawed out, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Well, this world *is* worth living in after all, as long as such tenderloin steak as this is to be had in it."

But though Miss Landon thus sought to make herself out a mere worldly character, I do not think that she really was so. She remained to the last the cherished favorite of a circle of warm and devoted friends; but selfishness does not win and retain for itself the love and devotion of those who see it and feel it for years in daily life. She gave me the impression of a dejected woman, whose heart had been wronged, and who thought to face it out, by deriding the dreams she had failed to realize. I do not believe that she was devoid of the devoted affection she had so often and so charmingly portrayed. As Maria Edgeworth has somewhere said, genuine feeling is seldom successfully counterfeited; the tone of simulated emotion is pitched either too high or too low, as deaf persons bawl or speak in a whisper.

I think Miss Landon's mocking spirit was the result of some bitter, unacknowledged disappointment in early life. Here and there, in her writings, the same spirit crops out, as in some lines the concluding stanzas of which, as I remember them, read:—

"The neck of the peacock,
The iris's dyes,
The light in the opal,
The April day skies,—
Would they be lovely,
As all of them are,
But for the chance
And the change that are there?

"Breathe no vow to me,
I will give none of mine;
Love should light in an instant,
As quickly decline.
His blushes, his sighs,
Are bewildering things;
Then away with his fetters,
And give me his wings!

Miss Landon was but twenty-five when I met her. Her after story was a sad one. At the age of thirty-six she married a Mr. Maclean, who had been appointed governor of a British settlement on the coast of Africa. Bulwer (not then Lord Lytton) gave her away. At the wedding breakfast a

large number of literary celebrities were present, and more than one of these took occasion to express, in flattering terms, their high appreciation of the amiable and talented lady from whom they were now, alas! about to part, perhaps for long years. In reply the bridegroom rose and, in the coolest tone, said "he hoped Mrs. Maclean would deserve these encomiums." Years afterwards, Bulwer, relating the circumstances to an intimate friend,* added: "Imagine what a shock it must have been to us! The poor bride turned pale as a sheet; and not a guest at the table but deplored her fate."

It is inconceivable how any man, with the slightest pretension, one need not say to conjugal affection, but to the common amenities of social life, could have uttered the coarse, unfeeling words. When one reads that, after the lapse of a single year, the wife died at Cape Coast Castle and was buried on a rude African shore, one need not credit a vague rumor which had a certain currency at the time, that she hastened her escape from a wedded lot too hard to bear. Grief, isolation, and an unhealthy climate, acting on a frail body and a sensitive nature, sufficiently account for premature death.

A shudder went through the literary circles of London when her fate was announced, — a shudder, and probably a sigh of relief and an application (one word changed) of a well-known line,

"After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well!"

I spent some very pleasant weeks in London, making the acquaintance of George Combe, whose work on the Constitution of Man had recently been published, and with whom I remember I had a long argument on what I deemed his unqualified optimism, as there set forth. I should agree with him now better than I did then. I had previously made the acquaintance of his elder brother, Abram, a man not inferior in talent to the rest of that remarkable family, and whose early death was a loss to the world. Pickersgill, the artist, then at the height of his reputation, I met several times; and his daughters, at that time from fifteen to twenty years of age and equally intelligent and amiable, interested me exceedingly. Pickersgill expressed to me his intention to paint a full-length portrait of my father; but this intention was never, I believe, carried out. James Mill, the political economist, I saw once or twice; he seemed to me equally cold and logical. I regretted much not to be able further to cultivate the acquaintance of these and of many others whose names have escaped me.

Despite their shortcomings, I like the English. Theirs is not the highest character, but it has noble elements, — energy, earnestness, hardihood, directness, great power intellectual and practical.

It is not the highest. It falls sadly short of Christ's standard, as set forth, in a moment of inspiration, by converted Paul. We cannot say of the typical Englishman, that he suffereth long and is kind; that he vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up, seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; nor yet that he beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Like us, their legitimate descendants, the English exhibit a self-sufficiency somewhat of the Pharisaical stamp, which thanks God that it is not as other men, or even as these French, Spaniards, Italians. They overlook the fact that less sturdy races have their compensating qualities, and that they themselves would have been vastly improved if a portion of the geniality and light-heartedness of the Southern temperament had fallen to their lot. As it is, they are estimable rather than amiable, and their perceptions of justice are quicker than their emotions of mercy.

Yet, withal, there is a ring in the

* From whom I had this anecdote.

metal of the English character, like that in some verses of Charles Kingsley, — verses which indicate one of the influences that may have tended to make the writer's countrymen the *plucky* race they are : —

"Let the luscious south-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'T is the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.
. . . . . .
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come! and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood,
Bracing bone and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!"

There is a bluff good-humor about them, too; and even an English mob, if the Viking blood be not too savagely stirred, has a rude sense of fair play. It is to be admitted, also, that though the aristocratic classes, with traditional haughtiness, deem the world and its chief seats their own by divine right, — or, as a witty Frenchman* has phrased it, because they had taken the trouble of being born, — yet a certain nobility of character often shines through the exclusive cloud. The *noblesse oblige* — elsewhere too often a dead letter — shows as a reality among the better portion of them. George III. introduced General Arnold to Lord Balcarras. "What, Sire, the traitor Arnold?" exclaimed the indignant noble, turning away and rejecting, even at the bidding of royalty, the fellowship of dishonor.

The English have not the dash, the *élan*, of the French. They do not rush impetuously to reform, as did the French revolutionists of 1789. But when they do make a step in advance, they have the solid habit of *belaying*, as sailors say, — of holding on to all they have got. They would have made more rapid progress in practical reforms than they have but for their stiff persistence, especially as regards the training of the influential classes, in the old ruts. It is Dugald Stewart, I think, who says (I quote from memory): "The learned foundations of Europe are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they serve to indicate the velocity with which the rest of the world is borne past them."

Oxford and Cambridge turn out thorough classical scholars, excellent mathematicians; yet that goes but a little way toward qualifying a man for public service, legislative or executive. Still, for all, we would ourselves be obliged, perhaps, to go back a generation or two to find, save in exceptional cases, statesmen to match the best among England's leaders, in sound judgment, breadth of view, and yet more in probity above suspicion. The well-known pamphlet put forth by Alexander Hamilton, in which that statesman frankly confesses a grave transgression, to rebut the false imputation of dishonest meanness in his public capacity, has its bright as well as its dark side. Without extenuating his fault, we may admire his high sense of pecuniary integrity, — a sense that is lacking — alas! in how many — among our politicians of the present day.

In alluding to the English universities, I am reminded of a story that was related to me in London, at the time of which I am writing, by a gentleman who assured me that the incident happened, substantially as I give it, a few years before. I hope it may amuse some of my readers as much as it did me.

A Tale of English Mail-Coach Days.

An English gentleman of true John Bull proportions — weighing some eighteen or twenty stone — had occasion to

* "Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places: tout cela rend si fier! Qu'avez vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître, et rien de plus." — Beaumarchais, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, Acte V., Scène 3.

travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he usually did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good-tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and, peering into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements, its owner said, with a smile, "You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. It will greatly oblige me if one of you will kindly move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young law-student, "possession is nine tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"O, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother; it's ungraceful as well as uncomfortable; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner." And he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart-looking youth with a simper on his face, — a clerical student who had hitherto sat in a revery, possibly thinking over his chances of a rich benefice in the future. "Will you accommodate me?" he asked; "this is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with mock gravity; "some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth." And his companions roared with laughter at the "d—d clever joke."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he mastered the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure, to the fourth, "Are you also determined that I shall lose my place; or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Ay, do, Tom," said his lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do!" replied the student of medicine. "In a dissecting-room, he'd make an excellent subject; but in a coach, and this warm weather, too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygeine, and a practice to which I have a professional objection."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him. 'T would be as

much as my place is worth." And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, bid the hostler shut the door, and sat with upraised whip, listening for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry the horses, as if they recognized the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's dilemma afforded a polific theme for merriment during the whole stage.

Meanwhile the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers got out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman, "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of the sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?"

"Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then, hostler, open the stage-door. In with you! And, d' ye hear? be sure to take the two middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gen'lemen; come on!"

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coachee? What confounded joke is this! Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads; you're entitled to your places. My lord, the two middle seats, through your action and that of your young friends, are mine; they were regularly taken and duly paid for. I choose that two *protégés* of mine shall occupy them. An English stage-coach is free to every one who behaves quietly, and I am answerable for their good conduct; so mind you behave, boys! Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat; pray take the corner one."

"Overreached us, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry you mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name."

"We cry quits, worthy Mr. Blythe."

"You forget that possession is nine tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these lads to their seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *locum tenentes*, if that be good law Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to suffer our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I 'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be ye don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "I 'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal!" said the disciple of Æsculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with a gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed; the worthy sons of the university made up, among themselves, the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage and only three seconds less than three minutes at the next was enough to try the patience of a saint; that it was!"

I left England in November, 1827, to take up my permanent residence in the United States, accompanying my father, who sailed for New Orleans. Ascending the Mississippi, I spent several weeks at Nashoba; satisfied myself that Frances Wright's experiment there was a pecuniary failure; received a letter from my father, urging me to come to his aid in settling matters at New Harmony; obeyed the summons, and succeeded in enabling him to get rid of certain swindlers to whom he had given unmerited confidence; spent the summer of 1828 chiefly in editing the New Harmony Gazette, and toward the close of that year engaged in an enterprise which many may deem Quixotic, — reasonably enough too, perhaps.

In those days I had not before my eyes the fear of that French poet who, looking to comfort and an easy life, and thinking these to be best assured by letting other people alone, declared,

"Que c'est une folie à nulle autre seconde
De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde."

I saw what seemed to me grievous errors and abuses, and must needs intermeddle, hoping to set things right. Up to what point I succeeded, and how far, for lack of experience, I failed, or fell short of my views, some of those who have followed me thus far may wish to know.

But here ends the first portion of my life, during which my home was in the Old World and in my native land. These were the tentative years, the years throughout which I was proving all things and seeking for that which is good. Up to that time I seem to myself to have been but threading my way; and I thought I had found it. I had energy, moral courage, eagerness to render service in the cause of truth, and a most overweening opinion of the good which I imagined that I could do, in the way of enlightening my fellow-creatures. It needed quarter of a century more to teach me how much that intimately regards man's welfare and advancement, moral and spiritual, had till then been to me a sealed book; to bring home the conviction that I stood but on the very threshold of the most important knowledge that underlies the civilization of our race.

Dating from the period which this Autobiography has reached, guided by such experience as I then had, my life was to be in the main a public one, active and stirring. Hereafter I may be able, life and health permitting, to relate the more interesting of its varied experiences; the scene being chiefly in our own country, but sometimes on the continent of Europe.

If these shall be received with the same kindness with which I gratefully acknowledge that the press — and let me hope the readers of this magazine — have accepted the preceding chapters, I shall not regret having undertaken what is a somewhat perilous task, — the writing of a book chiefly filled with talk about one's self.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE RETURNER.

O EARTH, earth, earth, upon thy breast,
Thy tender breast, I lay my head,
Here, where the leaves of gold and red,
All summer ripening in the sun,
Their day accomplished, one by one,
With but the tremor of a sigh
Unclasp their hands to flutter down,
Upon thy faithful heart to die;
'Mid trailing vines and grasses brown,
O earth, dear mother of us all,
Here, where the noiseless shadows fall,
Grant thou the weary wanderer rest.

The quails' far piping, loud and clear,
The blue jays' wrangle in their tree,
The cricket chorus, thin and high,
The soft, warm wind's low lullaby,
Shall mix and murmur in my ear;
The winged blossom of the air
In crooked flight shall waver near;
The timid rabbit, stealing by,
With wide wild eyes will look at me;
The mantis clasp his hands in prayer.

Thus let me lie, while o'er me go
The eastering shadows wheeling slow;
The moon up-climbing still and white,
Her dreamy spell will o'er me throw,
And in the awful depths, a star
Will gaze upon me from afar.
Thus, musing on the wistful skies,
That brood above me tenderly,
O sleep, O sleep, seal up my eyes,
O deeper stillness, steal from me
My pulses, softly as you may;
As through shut lids the yellow light
Grows gray and dim, so let the fires
Burn low and low and die away,
Till watching, one should scarcely say
When the last flickering tongue expires,
And sleep has yielded room to thee.

Thus, thus, O mother of us all,
From whom we are, in whom we cease,
Receive again the life you gave,
And here, where braided shadows fall,
Let the Returner find a grave,
And in thy breast, eternal peace.

H. E. Warner.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART V.

X.

WHAT were the prospects of Weathercock John in the face of that terrible scrutiny of political character, a new election?

He had now served two years in the honorable Congress of the United States, after such a fashion that, could he have had his deserts, he would have served ten more in jail. But — as the mountain brigands of Greece and the municipal highwaymen of New York can both testify — it is not the custom of some communities to execute justice upon criminals, so long as injustice is procurable for love or money. Moreover, our ignominious member had thus far been able to keep that cardinal eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out." He was still worshipped by the simple and lowly masses of his district as Honest John Vane; and, furthermore, he had store of that golden oil which is one of the best of all lubricators for the wheels of political fortune.

Thus, instead of going to the treadmill and becoming an object of reverential pity to sentimental philanthropists, he went into a canvass for reelection at the head of a faithful flock of baaing adherents, who did not see how he had led them through the brambles of needless taxation, and who were so bewitched with the instinct of following a bellwether that, had they discovered all of Vane's ignorance and rascality, they would not have deserted him. Not that he bought the popular suffrage with money, or could do it. Thanks be to the remaining mercy of Heaven, few freemen as yet sell their votes in Slowburgh. Having no feculent system of special legislation to rot them with its drippings, they are for the most part of sounder morals than the adventurers who contrive to represent them. But there were wirepullers to be conciliated, oratorical forums to be hired, posters and ballots to be printed, vote-distributers to be paid. Vane's tithes from his relief and subsidy bills covered these expenses nicely, and to the entire satisfaction of an enlightened and moral constituency, fond of economy in national legislation, and boastful of the honesty which a republic is supposed to generate.

Of course he found the franking privilege as useful as if he had never denounced it. He was almost grateful in these campaigning days for the congressional insignificance which had disenabled him from reforming that abuse. A so-called secretary, whom he had left in Washington with several thousand "franks," sold one half of those autographs as his own perquisite, and deluged Vane's field of labor with the other half. Every mechanic in Slowburgh got a report on agriculture, and every farmer got a report on manufactures. The speeches which the so-called secretary had written, and which our member had obtained leave to print in the Congressional Globe without preliminary delivery, fell in such abundant showers throughout the district that it was a wonder they had not been foretold in the almanac. The Washingtonian assistant, by the way, must have been a fellow of some ability; he managed this system of political irrigation not only with vigor, but with judgment. For example, among all the public documents with which he fructified Slowburgh, there was not a single copy of the Report on the Corruption of Members of Congress. It was judicious, certainly; for had we been brought to remember the infamy of Matteson, we might not have been so happy in voting for Vane.

There was, indeed, one ugly week, when it seemed as if the torches of our nocturnal processions burned blue, and we almost feared to look at our candidate lest we should see signs of unworthiness in his face. Certain lobbyists, who had not been able to get what they thought their allowance of eggs out of the Hen Persuader, set afloat vindictive stories to the effect that that wonderful financial machine was nothing but a contrivance to corrupt Congressmen into voting favors to the Great Subfluvial, and that its retaining fees had been pocketed by some of the most famous champions of our party, such as Christian, Greatheart, and Honest John Vane.

These charges were picked up and used for ammunition by a brazen opposition which was as deep in the mud as we were in the mire. Every shot spread consternation through our array. There was danger lest we should set up the Gaulish war-cry of *Nous sommes trahis*, and either flinch from the polls or vote a split ticket. Even the political priesthood of wirepullers, who stood about Vane as the Scotch Presbyterian elders encompassed Leslie, began to doubt whether it would not be well to make another nomination. But in the end this select and tried synagogue (of Satan?) decided to stick to their candidate and to patch up the rents in his ephod. They began by denying flatly that he owned any Hen Persuader stock, or any other property connected with the Great Subfluvial. Next they set a committee over him to prevent him from avowing such ownership. This committee guarded him all day and put him to bed at night; it went before him like a cloud and behind him like a darkness, keeping him constantly shrouded in non-committalism; it held interviewing reporters at a distance, or whispered evasive answers to their questions. Never was a Grand Lama or a Roi Fainéant more completely secluded. Only a deaf-mute, with all his fingers amputated, could be laid under such a conversational embargo.

This inspired discretion had its reward; various providences arrived to favor it. Good and true men perceived that the whole air was full of "campaign lies," and naturally inferred that this story about the Hen Persuader briberies was one of them. Moreover, it was soon "nailed to the counter" by positive and public letters of denial from Christian, Greatheart, and other implicated seraphim. Of course, such men would not prevaricate, we argued, and considered the charges entirely refuted. And now we justified Weathercock John; we imputed his silence to the conscious rectitude of a worthy soul; we said that he had done rightly in treating slander with unresponsive scorn. Thus reassured, we went in a solid phalanx to the polls, and triumphantly sent our special legislator back to Congress.

Nobody was better pleased with the victory than Darius Dorman. It was, by the way, somewhat of a satire upon our human joy that such a "burnt-eyed nigger" of the pit, such a mere field-hand in the earthly plantation of Lucifer, should have shared it. The moment he heard the result he looked up Vane and congratulated him in forms and liturgies of profanity not often heard above ground.

"It is a triumph of the good cause," he continued, with so sarcastic a grin that our heavy-witted member thought him either impertinent or crazy; "and, by the infernal hoofs and horns, the good cause needed it. If we had been beaten, the Great Subfluvial would have been smashed to make way for some other national enterprise. As it is, I think we can keep things whitewashed, and perhaps head off an investigation altogether."

"An investigation!" exclaimed Vane, his genial smile falling agape with dismay. "Do you think there will be an investigation?"

"You may bet what soul you have on it," declared the lobbyist. "Just as sure as the party believes those charges to be false, it will demand an overhauling of them, of course, to confound the opposition."

Our Congressman saw the point, and seemed to feel it in his marrow. "If they look this thing up," he gasped, "what 's to become of me?"

"I don't know and I don't care," responded Dorman, with a frank brutality which made Vane resolve not to quarrel with him; "what I want to know is, what 's to become of me? Here I have all my results and my materials of labor in those two companies. If the Hen Persuader is called on to refund to the Subfluvial, or if the Subfluvial is foreclosed on by the government, I am a poor devil for certain. Well, we are in the same boat; we must pull together. If you won't expose my fashion of doing business, I won't expose your share in the profits of it."

Vane answered in his non-committal fashion; he said nothing, and he did not even look at his guide and ruler in sin; but he gently nodded his assent.

"I always meant to pay you for that stock," he continued, for he was very anxious now to make friends with this Mammon of unrighteousness. "I 'll settle with you for it some day, Darius; I 'm a little short now. This election, you know."

"O, yes, I know," Dorman grinned epileptically. "It has cost us both a good bit of money. Well, take your time about it; pay me when it comes handy. I can trust your honesty, John, under the circumstances."

The Congressman turned away, full of an inward wrath, but placid, meek, and sleek on the surface, for his tallowy nature did not come easily to an open boil. He was angry at the lobbyist for his sarcasm; he perfectly hated him for that avarice and hardness which would not give a receipt for payment on those shares, without the money; but he must not and would not quarrel with him, so brotherly is the communion of Satan!

For once Dorman was correct in a prophecy. The recollection of the "Great Subfluvial slanders" rankled in the soul of an honest and truth-loving nation. After the election had been carried and the country duly saved from its quadrennial crisis, it seemed just and necessary to put calumny to open shame, and thus rob it of influence in the future. Virtuous constituencies and a press which at least spoke the words of virtue clamored for an investigation which should vindicate the innocence of Christian, Greatheart, and Company, and put their lying accusers in the pillory. "We want justice done you," cheerfully shouted a believing party to its demigods, streaming piteously with the rotten eggs of the Hen Persuader. It was in vain that these revered fetishes whispered to their confidants that justice was precisely what they were afraid of, and interceded with such divinities as they believed in to save them from their friends. In vain did a sadly wise Congress endeavor to amuse and pacify the country by throwing overboard that precious tub of abuses, the franking privilege. In vain did Weathercock John set his daily organ to celebrating and imputing to himself a reform which he had so long promised and which he now so unwillingly conceded. The popular whale took no notice of a plaything which at any other time might have diverted it for years, and continued to thrash the political ocean into foam with its rushings and plungings after investigations.

Amid this commotion John Vane rowed about in his cockle-shell of a character with all the agility that terror can give. He was so accustomed to value himself on being honest that the thought of being publicly condemned as dishonest was almost as dreadful to him as it would have been to an upright soul. So oppressive was his wretchedness that he craved not only help but also sympathy, that favorite consolation of the sorrowful feeble. He was in the spiritual state of certain weak-minded murderers, who cannot sleep of nights until they have told some friend the particulars of their crime. So entirely had the backbone been taken out of him that he could not hold himself erect in the pres-

ence of his wife, but wilted upon her slight shoulder for support. It was an abject confession of decrepitude; for he had learned to consider her as totally lacking in practical sense, and there were impatient moments when he thought of her as merely a lively dunce. But now he must have pity, though it came from a peacock.

"I 'm afraid there 's trouble a brewing for us," he said, one evening, shaking that perplexed head of his which had been the admiration of his constituents, and which certainly looked large enough to hold all the problems of state.

"What 's the matter now?" asked Olympia. She did not think of trouble to the nation, nor of trouble to her husband. The only idea which occurred to her was that perhaps there was a scarcity of money, and she might be called on to give up the honors of housekeeping and put on the disgusting humility of lodgings. It was also a little disagreeable to her, this way that John sometimes got into of coming to her with his grievances, and trying to ease his own mind by burdening hers. It was hardly more pleasant than having a dog make a bed for himself on the skirts of one's lilac silk. She possessed in large measure that unsympathy, alleged by some writers to amount to hostility, which certainly does exist to some extent between the sexes. Her world was very different from her husband's world, and she did not much care to have him take an interest in hers, nor did she want at all to worry about his. That the two spheres had any intimate connection she could rarely perceive, except the masculine one ceased to radiate gold upon the feminine one.

"Well, the matter is this stupid outcry for investigations," sighed John, loosening the cravat about his somewhat pulpy throat, as if fearful lest it should make a hangman's circle there.

"What investigations? Who is to be investigated?" demanded Olympia, who was as ignorant of the whole matter as if she were an inhabitant of some celestial world where investigations were not needed, or of some infernal one where they were of no use.

"Well, it 's a secret," the special legislator continued to drawl, talking about his misdeed unwillingly, but unable to stop talking about it. "However, I suppose it 'll all be out before long. I thought I might as well prepare your mind for it," he concluded, feebly hoping that she would say something to prepare *his* mind.

"Well, *what* is it?" asked the wife, distinctly foreseeing trouble for herself, and becoming therefore deeply interested.

"O, I thought I told you," answered John, whose scared conscience had been babbling at such a rate that it seemed to him as if he had made audible confession of his whole iniquity. "Well, it 's something about this Great Subfluvial Tunnel under the Mississippi, from the Lakes to New Orleans,—great national enterprise, you know. You see, it was a pretty heavy thing for Simon Sharp and the other boss stockholders to carry, and they had to get some additional assistance from Congress, and to do that they gave some of the members stock,—or rather sold it to them," he added, doubting whether he could trust even his wife with all the truth. "Well, some of the newspapers are charging that this is bribery and corruption, and are bawling for an investigation and making a row generally, as though it was anything new, by George!"

"Have *you* got any of the stock?" inquired Olympia. She saw that the subject was a sore one to her husband, but she was not much in the habit of sparing his feelings, and so was able to come promptly and squarely to the point.

"Not much," replied John, loosening his cravat once more. "Only a thousand."

"That is n't much," said the wife, rather scorning him for not having received more. "Why don't you sell it and get it off your hands?"

Vane made no answer. Of course,

selling the stock would not hide the fact that he had owned it, nor shield him from ugly questions as to how he came to be possessed of it. But it seemed useless to try to explain this to Olympia, women were so irretrievably dark-minded in business matters.

"Does it pay anything?" she asked, merely guessing from his silence that the property was profitable, and that therefore he did not wish to part with it.

"About fifteen hundred a year," confessed the husband, with a sheepish air; "or maybe two thousand."

"Two thousand!" exclaimed the modern Portia, who, as a legislator, was even more "self-taught" than her husband, and consequently more unscrupulous. "Why, you must n't think of selling it."

The statesman gazed at his privy counsellor in despair. She could not grasp the situation, and he might have known that she could not. To appeal to such a woman for advice and consolation in great trouble was much as if a drowning man should trust to a raft made of millinery.

"It 's all very well to talk that way, as though it was as easy as A B C," he answered, quite out of patience with the straw which he had clutched at to so little purpose. "But supposing this costs me my seat? Supposing I get expelled for it? Then you 'll understand, I reckon, that it 's of some consequence, and not so very handy to manage."

Olympia perceived that dulness was imputed unto her, and she felt very angry at the injustice. She knew that she was not dull; nobody ever hinted such an idea but her husband; other men complimented her for her cleverness, her social powers, etc.

"Then what did you get yourself in such a scrape for?" she retorted sharply. "You need n't blame me for it; I did n't do it."

"Yes, you did," insisted John, and with much truth. "I got into this very scrape to raise money for your housekeeping and receptions and carriages and all those other confounded ruinous things that you could have got along just as well without. And, by George, the whole fol-de-rol nonsense has got to stop!" he exclaimed, his long-continued excitement over the threatened investigation bursting up in an explosion of domestic wrath. "We don't keep house this session. And we don't stay here at the Arlington, neither. We go back to a boarding-house; and we go to parties afoot, too. The omnibus ain't running this session," he added, with a bitterly jocose allusion to "omnibus bills," and their profitable loads of special enactments. "Shoe-leather will have to do our travelling. It 's all the turn-out that I can pay for."

Of course there was a scene. Of course Olympia did not surrender her woman's right to luxury without a tearful and little less than hysterical struggle. But John Vane, rendered pitiless by terror concerning his political future, was for once master over his own household. He made arrangements that very day for leaving his fine rooms in the Arlington and going into lodgings. At first sight, his economy seems unnecessarily hard, in view of the fact that he still had several thousand dollars left out of the illegal gleanings of the last session, and thus was a richer man than when he first came to Washington. But this money had gone into the purchase of a new patent in refrigerators, and he could not realize on it without sacrificing a very promising business chance. Moreover, he saw that in the present public excitement about "jobbing" legislation, he must forego its emoluments for a time, and thus diminish his income. Finally, it seemed to be absolutely necessary to put on the guise of poverty, if he cared to preserve his repute for honesty. All these things he explained to Olympia, in a discreetly vague way, remembering the while that she might be just goose enough to go and cackle it abroad, but anxious, nevertheless, to make her contented with him.

"You see, we *have* been going it rather strong on style," he added. "Ten thousand dollars a year is a

pretty tall figure for four persons, two of 'em children. I suppose we got into that way because other people set the example," he concluded, not wishing to be hard on his wife.

"If we could only have the rooms on the first floor, I could stand it — for a while," was the response of the insatiable Olympia, a pathetic tear fringing her long and really lovely eyelashes. "They are only fifteen dollars a month more, and then we would have a nice parlor, or at least a decent one."

"That means dinners, I s'pose," grinned Vane, testily. "Big dinners and little receptions."

"Do you want to shut me out of the world altogether?" was the desperate cry of this persecuted wife.

"Now look here; I *would* do it, — I would if I could," groaned the weak monster of a husband. "If I had a thousand dollars of capital loose, I 'd spend it that way, or any way to please you."

"Why don't you borrow?" was the suggestion of a helpmeet whose ideas of a loan did not extend so far as the repayment. "I 'm sure I have gentlemen friends who would be willing to lend you something."

Although she said "friends," she was thinking of Senator Ironman, and her husband easily divined it. Should he be angry at the suggestion and reject it with self-respectful scorn? Well, he was not so sensitive as he had been when he came to Washington; somehow or other he did not care so much about the look of things and the name of things; on the whole, he could not feel indignation, or at least none to speak of. Indeed, his disintegration of moral sentiments had gone farther than that stage of indifference which simply allows things to take their own course. After meditating for some time over his wife's advice to borrow of her friends, he decided to follow it.

"It would be better to let Ironman lend me the money than to run the chance of his lending it to her," he reasoned. "And then I can tell him that I am hard up, and give him a hint to let other people know it. By George, it 's a queer position for an old business man to be in," he added, with a mixture of chagrin and amusement; "I never thought once that I should come to want to be considered bankrupt."

XI.

WHEN the Honorable Mr. Vane was shown into Senator Ironman's library, his usually pink face wore that pallor which anxieties will bring, especially when they are accompanied by discontent with one's self.

The equally pink, though bony and narrow visage of the senator also lost some of its natural color as he advanced to welcome his visitor. It was, by Jove, very queer, he thought, that Vane should drop in at that time of day, just after a fellow's breakfast, as though he were an intimate friend. The two men, we must understand, were not fundamentally fond of each other, as is often the case with two men who admire the same lady.

"I don't altogether fancy Vane," the senator had confessed to his familiars. "Now Mrs. Vane is a magnificent creature, thoroughly well bred and well educated,— that is, enough so for society, you understand,— a whole-souled, splendid, dazzling woman, and — and as jolly as possible. She 's a woman that shows well in a dance or anywhere. By Jove, she 's a stunner, that woman is. I don't know another lady in Washington that could wear crimson roses in her hair without looking faded. She becomes a bouquet superbly, and, by Jove, I love to give them to her, — she shows one off so! But Vane is another sort of animal altogether. He is rather — rather — in fact, rather *dull*," judged the great man, hitting on the right word at last. "And just a little low, too," he added. "Don't always speak the best grammar. One of your heavy, self-taught men," he explained, forgetting that his own father had begun life as an hostler. "Low man on the whole; in some points *very* low — and *dull*."

So you perceive he did not admire his visitor, not as much as Slowburgh would have expected. But there were other causes for the Dundreary perplexity which now winked from his pale eyes and crisped his limited forehead. He had noted Vane's unusual ghastliness, and the circumstance alarmed him. What had the man got on his low and dull mind? Was he going to say anything disagreeable about the Ironman bouquets and carriage-drives and other marks of esteem accorded to Mrs. Vane? The senator was so eager and hurried in his expressions of amity and welcome that he fairly stuttered.

"Mr. Ironman, I just dropped in to talk about this Great Subfluvial row," commenced our member in a slightly paralytic voice, for he was at least as much agitated as his host.

"O, — O, indeed!" answered the relieved dignitary of the upper house. "Sit down, sit down," he went on, smiling as cheerily as if the subject were an entirely delightful one. "Had your breakfast? Just as lieve order you up something as not. Say a devilled kidney now. Well, take a glass of sauterne then, or a cigar," he urged, forgetting that John was a teetotaler and a non-smoker.

"I don't use either, thank you," said Vane, holding on to what habits of virtue he had left, though he wanted a glass of wine sadly. "Well, — about this affair, now: do you think there 'll be an investigation?"

"Yes, O yes; *such* a row about it, you know; can't help coming to one; bad for those fellows that are in it," prattled the senator, either forgetting that the bulk of his own fortune had come out of the lobby, or remembering with satisfaction that it had been harvested years ago.

"With closed doors, I s'pose," hoped Dishonest John.

"Don't know about that, by Jove!" and Ironman shook his statesmanlike head. "You see we don't *want* them open; but now and then we have to give in to the newspaper fellows; there 's *such* a row about it, you know! I 'm afraid some fellows have got to go overboard," he added, much consoled by the thought that the fellows in question would be out of his way. "You see, when a man is found out, it 's bad for him."

"Well," sighed Vane, after a long silence, "*I* may have to quit Washington, then.'

The senator opened his eyes. So Honest John Vane was "in it," was he? It was curious, by Jove; and he wondered he had n't thought of it before, and then wondered how it was that all those honest fellows ended so badly. But these ideas were almost immediately chased out of the confined boundaries of his mind by the reflection that, if Vane left Washington, his wife would go too.

"By Jove, that 's bad," he broke out. "By Jove, that won't do. We can't spare you and Mrs. Vane. My wife won't know what to do," he explained, "if she loses Mrs. Vane."

The heart of Mrs. Vane's husband grew a little lighter under these acknowledgments of her importance to the Ironmans.

"Look here! something might be done, you know," continued the senator, thinking harder than he had been accustomed to think since he left school. "I 'll run around, myself, among the House fellows, by Jove! I 'll ask 'em if something can't be done."

In another instant he had an inspiration. "Look here! Put you on the investigating committee! You need n't investigate your own case, you know. That 's it; I 'll try to get you put on the investigating committee. It 'll help you with the people, — clear up your record; don't you see? And then, if the doors *can* be kept shut, why, you do that, you know. Just the very idea!" he concluded, quite happy over his unexpected attack of shrewdness.

"I 'm *afraid*," confessed John Vane, still retaining a little grain of conscience, and rendered timorous by

it, "it's a *leetle* too bold for me, — with this stock on my hands."

"I don't see why that should hinder," stared the experienced senator. "Of course you bought the stock (it's the inside stock, is n't it?) without knowing that it was hitched on to the Great Subfluvial."

"But I have n't paid for it," sighed Vane. "That's the awkward part of the business. And that is partly what I dropped in to see you about," he concluded, his face turning crimson with shame.

"How much?" asked Ironman instantly. He understood that a loan was wanted, and he was willing to make a moderate one; in fact, glad to do it.

"A thousand par," explained our fallen great man.

"O, that's nothing!" laughed the millionnaire, highly amused that Vane should have sold his honesty for so little. "Let me lend you enough to cover it. How much will you have? Say fifteen hundred, now. Here," he continued to laugh, as he went to his safe for the money to hide a bribe, "this trap is always open to a friend. I've had too many good dinners and pleasant evenings at your house not to call you by that name."

"I hope you'll call often," mumbled John Vane in a stifled voice, as he pocketed the greenbacks. "We shall always be delighted to see you."

He felt driven to utter these commonplaces, but he could not return thanks for the loan. He had a bitter feeling or suspicion that he was not under obligations to Ironman, and he was so far from being grateful to him that he positively hated him. It was a satisfaction to him, after he had got into the street, to look back at the house menacingly, and mutter, "You won't see your funds again in one while, old fellow, if you ever do."

This speech of his, by the way, is one of the circumstances of his life from which we can most accurately take his measure in regard to delicacy of feeling and sensitiveness to dishonor.

His next business was to hurry to Dorman's office, and announce that he had come to settle for "that stock."

"What's the damage?" he asked, not at all alluding to the damage which his soul had received.

"How much do you propose to pay?" replied the lobbyist, his smoky eyes giving forth sparks of commingled satire and greed.

"Why, par, of course," said John Vane, a little alarmed. "That's the figure we talked of when I took it."

Dorman skipped about the room and rubbed himself violently, much like a man who discovers that he has a hornet inside his clothes.

"It's been worth three hundred all the while," he exclaimed. "I could have sold it for three hundred the day you got it."

Now Vane could not pay three hundred, nor two hundred, without great inconvenience. Moreover, he was a bargainer born; a bargainer, too, by life-long habit, and valued himself on it. He was as proud of his instinctive, functional, and inevitable dexterity in a dicker as a crab is said to be of walking sideways. So, although he was afraid of Dorman, he resolved to show what he called the spirit of a man, and to resist this low attempt at extortion.

"Look here, Darius, that won't go down," he remonstrated. "The stock may have been worth three hundred once, but it ain't worth it now. People don't want it any more than they want shares in a broken bank with stockholders liable. I'll bet a cookey" (John Vane was not a sporting man, and did not mean to bet anything), — "I'll bet a cookey that you can't sell my share, nor anybody's share, for a hundred. But I'll give that for it, because I agreed to and like to stand by my word," he concluded nobly.

"O, very well, anything you like!" grumbled the corruptionist, who saw that he must relinquish his plan for getting back a part of the price which he had paid for a soul.

"And I want a receipt dated back to day of transfer," continued Vane.

"Of course you do," grinned Dorman. "You want it very much indeed. Well, if we give you one, what can you do for us?"

"O, well, I don't know," drawled John, who by this time had caught that easy jog-trot of manner which was his bargaining gait. "You 'll need a good deal done for you before the thing is over," he added, picking up the morning Chronicle and pretending to read it. "If I was in the right place," he continued, after a little, "of course I could help you more or less." After a further perusal of the Chronicle, he resumed, "By the way, I met Ironman just now, and he gave me an idea which might work well for you, providing it would work at all."

"Nice fellow, Ironman," smirked Dorman. He guessed immediately that Vane had been drawing on the rich senator for money to pay for the stock; and he wanted to stop him from making use of that resource, for he wanted him poor and in his own power. "Eccentric person in some respects," he went on; "but genial, generous fellow."

Either because there was offence in these remarks, or because this black little creature's breath had some pungent quality, Vane suddenly turned away his head and had a slight spasm of coughing, like a man who has caught a whiff from a lucifer match.

"Yes," he assented presently, looking rather glum. "Well, what was I saying? O, I know (and by the way, this is between us), he suggested putting me on the committee of investigation!"

Dorman laughed so violently that Vane could not help joining him. The peachblow face of the Congressman turned crimson, and the sombre visage of the lobbyist turned almost black, so apoplectic was their merriment. There was also a sound of other hilarity, not so distinct and therefore all the more singular, about the office. There were faint but audible chuckles in the walls, along the lofty ceiling, and under the floor.

"What is that?" asked Vane, looking about him with a merely earthly and rather stolid suspicion of eavesdroppers.

"O, nothing that need interrupt us!" smiled Dorman. "This used to be a dwelling-house, and had the name of being haunted. Curious noises about it, you observe; perhaps from subterranean passages to the devil knows where, perhaps nothing but echoes. Well, John, I like your plan. Here is your receipt for payment, dated back to day of transfer. Give me one thousand, — no interest from *you*. We are friends, John, forever," he concluded, with a peculiar accent on the last word.

"I hope so," answered Vane mechanically. "O, by the way, where is Sharp? I want to see him about this."

"Yes, you 'd better see him," said Dorman, who was counting his bills, all miser again. "You 'll find him at home."

Mr. Jabez Sharp, the member from the old Whetstone State, was, it must be understood, the real head of the Great Subfluvial corporation, and also of that interior manifestation of it which we have called the Hen Persuader. As Vane hurried toward this honorable's house, he met that eminent and venerated, but just now grievously slandered statesman, Mr. Greatheart. The two could not pass each other without a moment's discourse. By the way, there was a vast deal of mysterious, muttered conversation going on just now among Congressmen. They had a subject in common, a subject of terrifying interest to only too many of them, the subject of this approaching, unavoidable investigation. You could scarcely turn a corner without discovering a couple of broad-backed, thick-necked, and big-headed gentlemen leaning solemnly toward each other and engaged in such cautious, inaudible communion that it seemed as if they were speaking only through their staring eyes, or by means of some

twitching of their noses. The number of these duos, the noiseless gravity with which they were conducted, the usually swollen configuration of the performers in them, and the stupefied astonishment which was depicted in their faces, all reminded one of those numerous, solemn meetings of toads which may be seen after a shower.

Mr. Greatheart was not physically such a man as you might have expected from his heroic name. There was not a line about him, either in the way of muscle or expression, which could suggest descent from that stalwart knight who guided Christiana through the Dark Valley. He was short and squab in build, with a spacious, clean-shaved, shining face, huge red wattles of cheeks hanging down over his jaws, and a meek, non-combatant, semi-clerical mien. A bacchanalian cardinal, who should lately have turned Quaker, but lacked time to get the Burgundy out of his complexion, might wear a similar physiognomy. There was conscience in this visage, but there was also spiritual pride and animal propensity, and perhaps other evidences of a nature not yet made perfect. Good people who believed in him knew him as a man whose public career was famed for spotless, and whose private life had been smirched here and there by innuendo.

Just now the Honorable Greatheart was evidently in low spirits, not to say in a bewildering funk. Recalling our batrachian simile, we might describe him as a toad who looked as if he had eaten too many ants and got the dyspepsia. In real truth he was ready to call on mushrooms to hide him, and on molehills to cover him. His condition was a sorry one, much sorrier than John Vane's. He had pocketed Hen Persuader stock, and then had publicly and positively denied the fact, either to save his own reputation from the charge of bribery, or to lighten the party ship over the breakers of the election. Now there was to be an investigation, and the ownership of this malodorous property would be traced to him, and he would be convicted of lying. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances a reputed saint should have somewhat the air of a reptile?

"Glad to see you, Vane," he murmured, shaking our member's hand fervently, for he was a cordial man when in adversity. "What do you judge to be the prospects about an investigation?"

"Sure to come on, I hear," answered John, who was much cheered by the results of his interviews with Ironman and Dorman, and remembered that he might yet sit in judgment on Greatheart.

"So I understand," sighed that stumbled worthy, his wattles drooping still lower and taking a yellowish tint. "Ah well! we may suffer severely for this error. I conceive now, Mr. Vane, that it was an error. Yes, it was a really terrible mistake," he went on conceding, for he was in that mood of confession which gripes unaccustomed misdoers under the threatenings of punishment. "A blunder is sometimes worse than a crime, — that is, worse in its consequences. And circumstances are such in Washington that the best-intentioned of us are occasionally beguiled into very sad blunders."

"In spite of everything that we can do," eagerly affirmed Vane, classing himself of course among the "best-intentioned."

"Very few men are really fit for Congress," pursued Mr. Greatheart, in a certain preaching tone which was natural to him, he having once been a clergyman. "I sometimes feel that I myself ought never to have come here. I had neither the pecuniary means nor the stoical character to grapple with the protean life of Washington. It is too full of exigencies and temptations for any human nature which is not quite extraordinary. The legislative system alone is enough to kill us. As long as these subsidy bills and relief bills are allowed, no man ought to run for Congress who is not a Crœsus or a Cato. A poor fellow *will* get into

debt, and then the lobby offers to help him out, and it is very hard to refuse. The whole arrangement is terribly severe on men of small means."

"Just so," feelingly assented Vane, who heard his own decline and fall narrated, and was moved to compassion by the tale. "It 's too bad on us. Either the whole system of special legislation ought to be done away with, or else we ought to be allowed a regular percentage on the appropriations we vote, and the thing made business-like."

"That — that is a bold idea," smiled Greatheart, apparently not disapproving it. "Are you thinking of proposing it?"

"O, no!" exclaimed John, drawing back bodily in the earnestness of his negation. "I suppose it would cost a fellow his re-election."

"I suppose it would, unless he represented a very stanch district," said Greatheart. "I don't know but one man who would dare advocate such a plan. I think — if you have no objection — that I 'll mention it to General Boum."

And so these two penitents, who were ready to resume thievery as soon as they could get free from their crosses, bade each other a sad good morning and parted.

Next John found Mr. Sharp, and was received by him with razor-strop smoothness, as that well-oiled gentleman received everybody who could vote on his schemes.

"Do take a seat, Mr. Vane, — take a seat without ceremony," he begged, meanwhile softly handling his visitor by the arms, much as though they were glass ones. "Let me offer you this easy-chair. You honor me by accepting it. I thank you kindly."

Vane had an instinctive desire to look at the sleeves of his overcoat. It always seemed to him, after Mr. Sharp had fingered him, as if he must be greasy.

"I am exceedingly glad to see you here," continued the Whetstone representative, gazing as genially as he could at our member through his cold, vitreous eyes. "I had begun to fear that I was under such a cloud of misrepresentation and obloquy that my old friends would not come to call on me. This great enterprise, which I have had the honor to foster a little, according to my poor measure of financial ability, has been terribly abused and maligned. A national enterprise, too! a thing not only beneficial, but absolutely necessary to the country! The noblest scheme ever indorsed by the wisdom of Congress! What *do* people mean? What does the *press* mean? What is this investigation *for*? I am completely bewildered."

"It 's giving the stock to Congressmen that has made the row," answered Vane, who judged that they might as well come to the point at once.

"O, *that* is it?" grinned Mr. Sharp, with an air of getting light in the midst of really discouraging darkness. "I am glad you have explained it to me. I should have expected it from a man of your clearness of vision. I thank you kindly. Well — as to that matter — why, that is simple. I put the stock where it would do the most good to a good thing."

"Just so," nodded Vane, meanwhile thinking what nonsense it was for Sharp to be talking gammon to *him*. "But you see — Well, never mind about that now; we may as well get to business. There is sure to be an investigation."

"Exactly," answered the Whetstone member, sloughing off his coating of "soft sawder," and coming out as hard and bright as a new silver dollar.

"And I have a smart chance of being put on the House committee," continued John.

Mr. Sharp opened the dark-lantern of his Puritanic visage, and let out a smile which contained all the guile of all the pedlers that ever sold wooden nutmegs.

"Mr. Vane," said he, "are your arrangements about that stock of yours completed to your entire satisfaction?"

"I have paid Dorman for it and got a receipt that will do me."

"Mr. Vane, do let me hand that money back," pursued Sharp, fumbling in his desk and producing a package of bills. "It was a trifling mark of private amity and sincere esteem. I never meant it should be paid for. Dorman is an able business man, but has n't an idea beyond trading. I insist, Mr. Vane, on your taking back your money."

"Well — from that point of view — since you will have it so," smiled Dishonest John, pocketing the bills.

"Want any more of the stock?" inquired Sharp, with a cunning twinkle in his half-shut eyes, as if he saw a way to recover his thousand dollars.

"No!" answered Vane, not less promptly and positively than if he had been offered a ladleful of pitch from the infernal caldron.

"My dear sir, we are at your service," bowed the financier. "Anything that we can do for you, call on us. Of course you will have all our influence towards putting you on that committee. *Must* you go? So obliged for this call! Let me open the door for you. Thank you kindly."

XII.

THANKS to the labors of solemn Mr. Sharp and of worldly Mr. Ironman, our member soon had a fair prospect of getting on the investigating committee, supposing always that there should be such a nuisance.

But the nearer he came to this post of responsibility and honor, the more it looked to him as though it might turn out a whipping-post, at which he would stand with exposed shoulders and bleeding cuticle. If he as a judge should be able to close the court-room doors, and keep out not only spectators but also the witnesses in the case, all might go famously well, at least from the Satanic point of view. But if, while pretending to examine into the little games of others, the same kind of cards should be found up his own sleeves, he would be ruined beyond hope of re-election. The sad state of a boy whose pockets are full of fire-crackers in a state of crackling and scorching ignition would be but a feeble image of such a disaster. In these days he vacillated as rapidly and disagreeably as if he were astride some monstrous shuttlecock, or were being seesawed by all the giants of fairy-tale land. His pulpy pink face wore an air of abiding perplexity which rivalled that of his Dundrearyish friend Ironman. At times it seemed as if its large, watery features would decompose entirely with irresolution, and come to resemble an image of strawberry ice which has been exposed to too high a temperature.

Meantime the spectre of investigation advanced, and its pointing finger renewed his sense of guilt. The approach of punishment always enlightens a sinner marvellously as to the heinous nature of his sin. Even the Devil, when visited by the hand of sickness, perceived that he had led an evil life, and hungered to withdraw from a world of temptation and thirsted to take holy orders. Just so John Vane now discovered plainly once more that he had been pocketing bribes and swindling the public treasury, and that these were very wrong actions. If he had never truly had a conscience before, but had regulated his conduct by the consciences of others, he at last possessed one of his own. Indeed, it appeared to him a very large one because it was sore, precisely as a man's nose seems large to him, while yet tender from a fisticuff. From one point of view he was an honester John Vane than he had ever been, inasmuch as terror and remorse made him intelligently honest with himself.

Before he could decide to accept a position on the committee, he must be sure that Sharp & Co. would conceal his ownership of their stock, and he called on Dorman to obtain a positive promise to that effect. It is wonderful, by the way, how rogues in distress will trust each other's word, even when each knows by experience that the other is a confirmed liar.

"Look here, Darius, the more I stir

up this business, the worse it looks to me," he groaned from the summit of a state of mind which almost raised him to the moral altitude of a penitent thief.

Dorman responded by groaning over his end of the burden, which naturally seemed to him much heavier than Vane's; each of these invalids, like the majority of commonplace sick people, wanted to talk of his own malady and symptoms. Still, there was a sort of fellow-feeling between them, such as even small-pox patients have for each other. Dorman no longer purposed financial vengeance upon Vane for getting his stock at par and paying no commission. Nor was Vane sensibly embittered against Dorman, although the latter had made a large fortune out of the Subfluvial, while he himself had only pocketed a beggarly thousand or two.

"It's the cursed unfairness of the thing that yerks me," the lobbyist complained. "Now is n't it too bad that the public should want to haul our job over the hottest kind of coals, when ever so many other jobs just like it ain't spoken of?"

We must remark here, what the reader has doubtless already noticed, that there was something disappointing in this creature's conversation. While his person and demeanor reminded one of the supernatural castaways of the lake of fire, his discourse was insignificantly human and even smacked of a very low down sort of humanity.

"And here I am in it, for almost nothing," sighed Vane, returning instinctively to his own case. "What sort of a story are you going to tell, Darius, if they put you on the stand?" he presently inquired.

"O, I would say anything that would do the most good," grimaced the lobbyist. "But Sharp means to let out a few facts; that is, if they crowd him. You see, Sharp unluckily has a character to nurse. I dare say, too, he thinks he can stop questions by showing that he means to answer them," added Dorman, who always imputed the lowest motives.

Thoroughly scared by this information, Vane resolved to keep off the committee. He went home in the dumps, wished he had never gone into politics, and meditated resigning his seat. Perhaps he would have taken this wholesome step, but he was moved first to consult Olympia about it, and she flatly refused to resign.

"I won't agree to it, — no, never!" she exclaimed, rustling in all her silks with indignation. "Why, I have just fairly got into the best society, and there are all the receptions to come, and the inauguration ball! and the winter is going to be *so* gay!"

"O — well," stared John, who had not thought to look at this side of the medal; "but we must stick to boarding, if we do stay," he capitulated on conditions. "I tell you, the winter ain't going to be gay in Congress, and there won't be much money lying around loose, and we *must* skimp."

Before many days he found cause to pluck up his courage a little. He learned that Slowburgh considered him innocent of evil, meaning, of course, that half of Slowburgh which had voted for him. The committee of a certain association sent him an invitation to lecture before it, and promised that "the appearance of his honest face on their platform would be the signal of frantic applause." Furthermore, certain newspapers remarked that, although John Vane was suspected of owning Hen Persuader stock, he had at least not denied such ownership, and commented upon the fact as an unusual exhibition of uprightness and manliness — in a Congressman. These things revived his confidence so much that his mind was able to work. He saw his game clear before him; he must get in a "long suit" of frankness. There was a little trick, which, if skilfully and luckily played, would give him such a repute for veracity and for just intentions that all the caverns of the Great Subfluvial could not swallow it. What this happy thought was we shall learn presently.

Meantime the excitement of the men

outside politics increased. That vast, industrious, decent American public, which wirepullers usually regard as having no more intelligence or moral principle than one of the forces of nature, showed unmistakably that it possessed much political virtue and some political sense. The discovery that the so-called slanders against its favorites were, in all probability, verities, only made it more determined that those slanders should be investigated. The steady tempest of its righteous indignation scattered good seed through Congress, and produced on that upland of statesmanship a promising nubbin or two of conscience. An investigation was ordered, at first under hermetically sealed conditions, but the popular storm soon blew the doors open.

The rest we mainly know; the whole alien world of monarchies, empires, and despotisms knows it; the capacity of republicanism for honest government is everywhere being judged by it. In every civilized land on this planet, thoughtful souls are seeking to divine, by the light of these dolorous revelations, whether it is possible for a democracy to save itself from the corrupting tyranny of capital. Within our own borders sadder spirits are asking which is the most alluring spectacle, — a free America falling into squandering and bribery, or a monarchical Prussia ruled by economy and honesty.

We know how it fared with Christian and Faithful and Hopeful and Greatheart and other venerated statesmen who had turned more or less into the ways of Achan and Ananias. Anxious to clear themselves of an ugly charge, and trusting that the chief manipulator of the Hen Persuader would be willing to bear their sins in return for their services, they had flatly denied having taken any golden eggs out of his abstracting machine. But this disclaimer left Mr. Simon Sharp under the imputation of putting said eggs into his own pocket, and so plundering his partners in the enterprise of making the national hen lay on indefinitely. Being a man of exact arithmetical instincts, and of inveterate, ingrained business habits, he revolted from such an unfair allotment of the dividends of dishonor, and insisted that every one should take his own share and no more. To the astonishment of everybody, he told a story as straight and searching as a ploughman's furrow; and we will venture to say that no American was proud of the unexpected skeletons which it turned up. There was a time when every fair political reputation reminded us of the Arabian oil-jars, each one of which held a robber; when it seemed as if we should have to concede that our legislative temple was but a den of thieves, sadly given to lying. It was a new and perversely reversed and altogether bedevilled rendering of the Pilgrim's Progress into American politics; it was much as if Bunyan had at the last pitched *his* Christian and Hopeful into the little lurid hole which led from the gate of Zion to the pit. Nothing could well be more subverting and confounding and debilitating to the moral sense, unless it might be to see silver Demas and filthy Muckrake welcomed by shining ones into the Holy City.

And something similar to this last marvel was not wanting. Weathercock John carried out his plan for getting up a new and revised edition of his character as Honest John Vane. He let Sharp and Ironman go on working for him, declaring that he was the most upright creature on this footstool, and recommending him as fit to investigate the very claims of saints to their crowns. But when his name was read as a member of the committee, he rose and requested to be excused from serving.

"My reason is simply this," he said, calmly turning his honest face and dignified abdomen towards every quarter of the house; "I own stock — to the amount of one thousand dollars — in the corporation in question. I will offer no explanations here and now as to my motives in taking it, because those motives will doubtless be demanded of me by the committee of in-

vestigation. I shall be happy to appear before it, but I cannot conscientiously be a member of it. I trust that the House, and you, Mr. Speaker, will excuse me."

The Honorable Sharp looked icicles from his arm-chair, and Dorman looked coals of fire from his rear corner. But as our member sat down there was a general murmur of perfunctory applause, and by next morning he was newspapered all over as "Honest John Vane."

Still, he was not out of danger. As the rain of fire and brimstone into the Congressional Sodom continued, and especially when the blazing flashes of investigation began to light on his own combustible garments, he was in a state of mind to flee into the mountains and dwell in a cave. When he appeared before the committee, he did not look much like one of those just men whose mere presence can save a wicked city. Moreover, Sharp and Dorman testified against him to the full extent of their naughty knowledge. Nevertheless, Vane came out of his furnace without much of a singeing. He exhibited Dorman's receipt of payment for the stock, and triumphantly remarked that "the document spoke for itself." As for the thousand dollars which Sharp had refunded to him, he said that he had always regarded it as a loan, and stood ready to repay it. As for the singular profitableness of the investment, — well, he had expected that it would bring him in something handsome; it was his habit as a business man to invest for a profit.

He tried to raise a smile here, turning his genial visage from one to another of the committee, with an almost pathetic effort at humor. But the sad synagogue of investigators did not smile back; it had been engaged that morning in digging graves for some of the fairest reputations in politics; for once a body of Congressional Yoricks could not appreciate a poor joke.

"What we mainly wish to know," hummed and hawed the worried chairman, "is whether you were aware, at the time of purchase, that the Hen Persuader was a branch of the Great Subfluvial corporation."

Weathercock John was in dire trouble: if he said "Yes," his character and career were ruined; if he said "No," he was a perjurer. It cost him many seconds of penal meditation to hit upon that happy dodge known as the *non mi ricordo.*

"Gentlemen, I will frankly confess that I did not inquire so closely as I perhaps should have done into that point," he answered, remembering distinctly that he had not inquired into it at all, but had been told all about it by Dorman. "I did, however, know that the two companies were acting under different and independent charters. It seemed fair to infer that investing in one was not the same thing as investing in the other."

It was done. Congressman Vane had found his own way out of his entanglements. The committee-men were ready to rise and salute his escape with benevolent cheers. How in the name of political human nature could they want to find guilty their brother lawgiver, brother worker in the party traces, and, perhaps, brother sinner in special legislation? They bowed him away from their operating table with a look which said plainly, We rejoice that we shall not be obliged to amputate your able and honored head, Mr. Vane.

Only a few people remarked on the shallowness of this show of innocence. Here was stock sold at par which was worth three hundred, which on the day after purchase paid a dividend of sixty per cent, and, only a few weeks later, forty more. How could a legislator and business man doubt that it was a swindle? How could he fail to divine that Mr. Sharp's Hen Persuader was but an adjunct of Mr. Sharp's Great Subfluvial?

But the public, — the great, soft-hearted American public, — that public which has compassion on every species of scoundrel, — which tries murderers under jury restrictions war-

ranted to save four fifths of them, — which cannot see one condemned to death without pleading with tears for his noxious life, — that forgiving milk-and-water public was as mild in its judgment as the committee. It magnified our dishonorable member for not lying, and exalted his name for not committing perjury. What a pity, said this lamblike public which was so bent on getting itself fleeced to the skin, — what a pity that our other shepherds could not have used the shears with a steadier hand and avoided snipping off their own fingers! In contrast to these unlucky and somewhat ridiculous bunglers, what a straightforward, workmanlike, admirable creature was "Honest John Vane!"

And so he escaped all exposure that could injure him in the eyes of a community of humanitarians, and all punishment that could hurt a man whose conscience lay solely in the opinions of others. Even the Subfluvial people did not follow him up vindictively; they admired him so much for his ability in sneaking that they could not hate him; moreover, they considered that he might still be useful. Not long after Vane's escape from the committee, he held with Dorman one of those friendly colloquies which rogues are capable of when it no longer pays to quarrel.

"What a horrid scrape Christian and Greatheart have got themselves into!" observed John, with cheerful self-complacency. "Why could n't those fellows have told a straight story?"

"Half-honesty is cursed poor policy," smirked the lobbyist. "After all, those chaps are the cleanest-handed of the whole gang. They wanted to make an actual investment, — something that would show like a fair business transaction, — just to ease their consciences. The real sharpers took greenbacks and kept their names off paper. Do you suppose that the committee is raking up the Subfluvial to the bottom? Why, our very first move, the mere getting our charter through, cost us half a million. We have paid out hundreds of thousands to men against whom we have n't a particle of proof beyond our own verbal statements."

"Exactly," nodded Vane, who had long since heard as much. "Well, do you mean to swear in these things?"

"Of course we don't," Dorman chuckled. "We know enough not to kill the goose that lays our golden eggs."

"So much the worse for the Greatheart lot," inferred Weathercock John. "They will have to go out, I suppose."

"Don't you believe it," scoffed the lobbyist. "I can tell you exactly how this thing is sure to come out. There will be a one-legged report, — somebody giving bribes, but none of the takers guilty of being bribed, — like a gambling case in which only one of the players is a gambler. Then, if the public excitement keeps up, a couple or so will be picked out as scapegoats, to bear off the sins of the congregation. This report will be so manifestly unfair that it can't help rousing opposition. As soon as it appears a debate will be arranged. All the old war-horses will gallop up and down among charges, counter-charges, precedents, and points of law, raising such a dust that the public won't be able to see what is going on. When the dust clears away, it will be found that nobody is expelled. The two scapegoats will be almost expelled, but not quite. It will be like the pig going through the crooked hollow log and always coming out on his own side of the fence. Then the wirepullers at home will take a hand in the job. All the convicted chaps will have receptions got up for them in their districts, and be whitewashed all over with resolutions expressing unshaken confidence. *You* won't have any reception, John. You are not far gone enough to need such vigorous treatment. Your case is lobby varioloid, instead of lobby small-pox."

Vane felt somewhat offended at this plain speaking, for it is a curious fact that he had not lost his self-es-

teem ; but, looking at matters in his habitual profit-and-loss way, he decided that wrath would bring him in nothing.

"Take care of yourself, Dorman," he said, with a tranquil good-nature which did him dishonor. "If I owned a million of your style of property, I should n't feel rich. There 'll be suits against your inside corporation."

"I 'm out of it," replied the lobbyist, flashes of cunning dancing about his sooty eyes, as sparks run over the back of a foul fireplace. "I have failed."

For the life of him, and notwithstanding the long-faced decorum which sham honesty requires, John Vane could not help laughing. The fact that a financier should declare himself bankrupt the moment he saw himself in danger of being called on to refund his swindlings did not strike our self-taught legislator as a very disgusting exhibition of rascality, but as a very amusing bit of cleverness.

"But you 're going to hang round here, I hope," he added, unwilling to lose a trickster who had been helpful, and might be so again.

"No, I am going *back*," said Dorman, in a tone which would have been significant of forebodings and horrors to any soul less carnal than a spareribs. His face, too, was strange ; it had an unusually seared, cindered, and smoke-stained look ; one would have said that the cuticle was drying up with inward heat. If that scorched envelope had cracked open, and the creature within had bounced forth in some different hide, or in a raw-head-and-bloody-bones state of nudity, there would have been no great cause of wonderment. But Congressman Vane saw nothing remarkable ; he simply inquired, with calm, oleaginous interest, "Going back *where?*"

"Where I came from," grimaced Dorman, and disappeared abruptly, either by stepping briskly around a corner, or by slipping under a flagstone.

Not in the least disturbed by this singular circumstance, and, indeed, altogether failing to perceive anything noteworthy in it, Weathercock John marched on majestically to the Capitol, and commenced his day's work of statesmanship.

Well, there he is still, a lawgiver to this tax-burdened people, and ex-officio a director of its finances. As soon as he has recovered from his present slight scare, he will resume his labor (the only legislative labor which he knows much about) of enacting the national revenue into the safes of huge corporations and into the hats of individual mendicants, for the sake of a small percentage thereof to himself. Can nothing be done to stop him, or at least to shackle and limit him, in his damaging industry? Can we not wrest from him and from his brother knaves or dunces this fearfully abused privilege of voting the public money for other objects than the carrying on of the departments of the government? Can we not, for instance, give the President a right of absolute veto, not to be outflanked by any majority of needy or unscrupulous or ignorant lawgivers, over all subsidy and relief enactments? Can we not even withdraw altogether from Congress the power of aiding corporations and schemers out of an income which is contributed by all for the equal benefit of all? Can we not also provide that, if a man has a claim for injuries to property against the United States, he shall prosecute that claim only in the courts?

Such men as John Vane will inevitably find their way in numbers to the desks of the Capitol. Better and wiser men than he will be corrupted by a lobby which has thoroughly learned the easy trick of paying a hundred thousand out of every stolen million. Nothing in the future is more certain than that, if this huge "special-legislation" machine for bribery is not broken up, our Congress will surely and quickly become, what some sad souls claim that it already is, a den of thieves.

J. W. DeForest.

THE RAILROADS AND THE FARMS.

THREE men meet in a room in New York. They are not called kings, wear no crowns, and bear no sceptres. They merely represent trunk lines of railway from the Mississippi to New York. Other points settled, one says, "As to the grain rate; shall we make it fifty from Chicago?"

"Agreed; crops are heavy, and we shall have enough to do."

Business finished, the three enjoy sundry bottles of good wine. The daily papers presently announce that "the trunk lines have agreed upon a new schedule of rates for freight, which is, in effect, a trifling increase; on grain, from forty-five to fifty cents from Chicago to New York, with rates to other points in the usual proportion." The conversation was insignificant, the increase "trifling." But to the farmers of the Northwest, it means that the will of three men has taken over thirty millions from the cash value of their products for that year, and five hundred millions from the actual value of their farms.

The conversation is imaginary; but the startling facts upon which it is based are terribly real, as Western farmers have learned. The few men who control the great railway lines have it in their power to strip Western agriculture of all its earnings, — not after the manner of ancient highwaymen, by high-handed defiance of society and law, the rush of swift steeds, the clash of steel, and the stern, "Stand and deliver!" The bandits of modern civilization, who enrich themselves by the plunder of others, come with chests full of charters; judges are their friends, if not their tools; and they wield no weapon more alarming than the little pencil with which they calculate differences of rate, apparently so insignificant that public opinion wonders why the farmer should complain about such trifles. Yet the farmers have complained, and, complaining in vain, have got angry. When large bodies of men get angry, the results are likely to be important, though they may not always prove beneficent. The farmers' movement threatens a revolution in the business of transportation, if not in the laws which protect investments of capital. It seems strange, no doubt, to those who do not know that a change of one twentieth of a mill per one hundred pounds, in the charge for transportation per mile, may take hundreds of millions from the actual value of farms. It can neither be comprehended nor intelligently directed, without a full understanding of the conditions under which agriculture exists in the Northwestern States, and of the power which the railway has exerted and still wields for the development or destruction of that great industry.

About 150,000,000 bushels of wheat, 11,000,000 tons of hay, and 1,012,000,000 bushels of cereals are annually produced by eleven States, having in 1870 a population of 14,283,000. In this statement, as in the term "Northwestern States," when used in this article, Kentucky and Missouri are included with the former free States of the Mississippi Valley. Had these States consumed in proportion to their population, there would have remained a surplus of eighty-one million bushels of wheat and five hundred million bushels of cereals. Though the consumption *per capita* is greater of cereals other than wheat in this region than in the whole country, over two hundred million bushels of grain are received yearly at seven chief points of shipment from the West, while a large quantity besides goes directly to consumers at the East and South, without passing through either of these cities. Probably eight million tons of grain, besides hay and other products of the farm, go forth from

this fertile region each year in search of distant markets.

Because the surplus is so enormous, distant markets control in a great degree the price of the whole crop. As the water behind a dam never rises far above the level of the overflowing sheet, so the prices of products largely exported do not rise much above the export price, less cost of transportation to the port of shipment. That this is true of wheat, of which we export about one sixth, is well known; of other grain and of hay we export comparatively little, and yet the surplus at the West is so large, and the demand at the East for consumption or shipment so essential to a profitable sale of the crop, that the Eastern markets rule prices, not only of the quantity forwarded, but of the entire product. A very large proportion of the corn crop is consumed at the West. Yet the average of monthly quotations for the three years 1869, 1870, and 1871 at New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, the difference per bushel and per cental, and the summer rate for freight per cental from Chicago and Cincinnati to New York all in cents compare as follows: —

	Price.	Difference. Per bu.	Per ct.	Freight Rates.
New York,	87 2-3			
Cincinnati,	64 2-3	23	41	41
Chicago,	62 1-3	25 1-3	45 1-5	45

Thus even in corn, the average rate for three years at these three markets corresponds exactly with the summer rate of transportation between them.

In spite of wide fluctuations, "corners," and local disturbances, the tendency of Western markets is to approximate closely during any term of years, to the rates at which the surplus of products of the farm can be shipped to and sold in Eastern markets.

Consequently, an increase of one cent per bushel in cost of transportation ordinarily costs the Western farmer one cent per bushel in the selling price of his crop. Neighborhood consumers, millers, produce merchants, cattle-feeders, do not ordinarily pay more than the price fixed by Eastern quotations less the rate of transportation, because they know that millions of bushels all around them must find a market at the East, or be wholly lost.

Cotton was "king," only because it could bear transportation, its value being great in proportion to its bulk. Hay would wear the crown, if, instead of one cent, it was worth twenty cents a pound. Crops differ very widely in their dependence upon cost of transportation, and hence the question of transportation affects the Southern and Southwestern States much less than the States of the Northwest. Wool excepted, Northern crops vary in value from about ten cents per pound for wheat, to less than one cent for potatoes. But tobacco is worth eight, sugar ten, and cotton nineteen cents a pound. Transportation of cotton one hundred miles by wagon (at twenty cents per ton per mile) would cost only one nineteenth of its value. Carriage a like distance would cost about half the value of wheat, and more than the whole value of potatoes or hay. At three cents per ton per mile, by railroad, the entire value of potatoes (at fifty-four cents) would pay for transportation 600 miles; of hay (at twenty-two dollars a ton), 733 miles; of wheat ($1.24 a bushel), 1,377 miles; of tobacco (eight cents), 5,533 miles; of sugar (ten cents), 6,666 miles; and of cotton (nineteen cents), 12,666 miles. Even in the palmy days of Southern agriculture, the building of railroads was regarded with comparative indifference by the people of that section; and, for the same reason, the contest between the farm and the rail is mainly confined to the Northwest.

Unable to raise Southern crops, the farmers of the Northwest must raise products peculiarly affected in value by the cost of transportation, or relapse into a patriarchal form of industry, and derive their only profit from flocks and herds. The value of animals for food is limited by the demand for consumption. All the animal food required by States which do not produce enough for

their own use — in value about forty millions, or one tenth of the entire consumption — could be supplied by a single State. Texas now has one seventh of all the neat cattle in the country, and the difference in cost of transportation from Texas and from Northwestern States is more than compensated by the difference in cost of land. No large increase in the production of animals at the Northwest could be profitable, unless the people of this country should continue to eat very much more animal food. Wool bears transportation a long distance, but, again, the demand is limited; the entire value of wool consumed, not of our own production, is less than that of the wheat alone exported. Meanwhile Texas, New Mexico, and California will soon supply wool in such quantity that the growing of sheep for wool alone must become even less profitable than it now is in the Northwestern States.

The Northwest not only must produce cereals, but must produce a surplus. The hope that growth of manufactures may create a sufficient "home market" in the farming States is cherished by many, in complete disregard of necessary conditions of manufacture, or the ratio of production to consumption of agricultural products. The average consumption of wheat is four and seventy-six hundredths bushels *per capita;* and of all cereals, including the quantity fed to animals, thirty-six bushels *per capita.* If it were possible to gather up all the hands employed in all the cotton mills of the United States and deposit them in a single county in Iowa, either one of fourteen counties in that State now produces more wheat than all those hands could consume. All the hands employed in all the factories and shops of the United States, if added to the present population of Illinois, would consume less than half the surplus of cereals now produced by that State. A mill of 273 hands on every farm of 100 acres of wheat would only suffice to consume the wheat which that farm would produce. Until hands in manufacturing establishments eat very much more than they are able to do at present, and manufacturers establish themselves without regard to natural facilities and resources, the great agricultural States will continue to produce a surplus of cereals. The costly exchange of products between farms and factories widely separated supports a class which consumes nearly half as much as do the hands employed in manufactures. In the year 1871, about thirty-nine per cent of the wheat grown in this country was consumed by farmers and those dependent upon them; about eighteen per cent by persons employed in manufactures and those dependent upon them; about eighteen per cent by those engaged in personal and professional services and others dependent upon them; about eight per cent by persons engaged in trade and transportation and their dependents; and the rest, about seventeen per cent, was exported. The surplus of cereals in the Northwestern States, therefore, is not the result of accident or mistaken whim, but the inevitable consequence of fixed laws. Increasing density of population and cost of land steadily drive the larger operations of agriculture to regions more remote from the great centres of population, manufactures, and commerce, and to fresher and cheaper lands. New York produces less wheat and less corn than it did twenty years ago. The cost of moving the ever-increasing surplus of agricultural States, over a steadily increasing distance, to points where it is needed to supply an ever-increasing deficit in production, is a condition of the growth and prosperity of agriculture in this country which it cannot escape.

An increase of five cents per one hundred pounds in the cost of transportation from Western States to New York or other Eastern markets is equivalent to three cents a bushel on wheat, two cents and eight tenths on rye and corn, one cent and six tenths a bushel on oats, and (allowing for con-

venience forty-nine pounds to the bushel of barley and buckwheat, laws of different States varying widely) two cents and four tenths to the bushel of barley or buckwheat. At these rates, supposing the change in rates to affect the whole crop of all the Northwestern States alike, the loss in value to the farmer upon the crop of 1871, as given in the latest agricultural report, may be thus stated: —

	Quantity produced.	Loss in Value.
Wheat	149,600,000 bushels	$4,488,000
Corn	690,900,000 "	19,345,000
Hay	10,915,000 tons	10,915,000
Oats	153,789,000 bushels	2,460,000
Rye	6,625,000 "	185,000
Barley	10,019,000 "	245,000
Buckwheat	1,694,000 "	41,000
		$37,679,000

This loss of over $37,000,000 in the selling price of the products of 44,375,100 acres cultivated is about eighty-four cents an acre. It is a loss, not of valuation, but of the yearly income or profit upon which valuation is based. The actual value of land for farming purposes is that sum upon which the net profit of the yearly crop will yield a fair interest. At seven per cent interest, whatever reduces the net profit seventy cents per acre reduces the actual value of the land $10 per acre. Hence the loss of $37,679,000, in the yearly income from certain lands, is equivalent to a loss of $538,271,000 in their actual value. Such is the result of a "trifling" change of five cents per cental in rates of freight!

It is true, the farmers of the eleven States are not affected in the same degree by a general change in rates. For the effect upon the value of land depends upon the number of bushels produced to the acre. The average yield of different crops to the acre in different States, for the four years 1868–1871 inclusive, and the effect of a change of one cent per one hundred pounds upon the average value of land employed in growing each crop in each State, are stated in the following tables: —

AVERAGE YIELD OF DIFFERENT CROPS.

(Hay in tons and hundredths; other crops in bushels and tenths.)

	Wheat.	Corn.	Rye.	Oats.	Barley	Buck't.	Potato.	Hay.
Ohio	14.0	40.4	14.2	31.9	24.4	15.1	90	1.32
Kentucky	8.9	29.2	11.0	22.1	19.1	17.6	74	1.28
Michigan	13.9	32.8	16.7	33.7	28.9	17.3	103	1.31
Indiana	12.1	33.1	14.5	28.2	23.7	16.1	76	1.32
Illinois	11.7	32.7	16.2	30.9	23.0	16.1	79	1.37
Wisconsin	13.5	33.8	15.8	33.7	26.6	18.6	86	1.36
Minnesota	14.8	33.2	18.5	35.0	25.1	19.4	109	1.40
Iowa	12.7	36.2	18.1	35.3	27.0	20.5	111	1.58
Missouri	13.6	32.5	17.0	29.9	25.4	21.0	96	1.50
Kansas	16.2	33.8	21.6	32.6	24.8	17.9	134	1.56
Nebraska	14.7	34.1	19.8	36.3	28.4	19.6	106	1.56

Effect upon value of land per acre of a change of one cent per one hundred pounds in value of crop: —

	Wheat.	Corn.	Rye.	Oats.	Barley.	Buck't.	Potato.	Hay.
Ohio	$1.20	3.20	1.13	1.46	1.05	1.70	7.71	3.71
Kentucky	.76	2.33	.88	1.01	1.23	1.33	6.34	3.57
Michigan	1.19	2.62	1.53	1.54	1.21	2.02	8.83	3.71
Indiana	1.03	2.65	1.16	1.29	1.12	1.62	6.51	3.71
Illinois	1.00	2.61	1.29	1.41	1.12	1.61	6.77	3.85
Wisconsin	1.16	2.70	1.26	1.54	1.30	1.66	7.37	3.85
Minnesota	1.21	2.65	1.48	1.60	1.35	1.75	9.34	4.14
Iowa	1.09	2.89	1.45	1.61	1.43	1.89	9.51	4.43
Missouri	1.02	2.60	1.36	1.37	1.47	1.77	8.23	4.28
Kansas	1.39	2.70	1.73	1.49	1.25	1.73	11.48	4.43
Nebraska	1.68	2.73	1.56	1.66	1.37	1.98	9.08	4.43

From these tables, the effect of any change of rates of transportation or of price, upon lands employed in growing either crop in either State, may be readily calculated; also, the profit on every one hundred pounds of each crop necessary to yield seven per cent interest on any value of land per acre; also, the effect of any change in rates of freight per ton per mile, the distance to the controlling market being known. Thus, from a farm nine hundred miles from New York a change in freight rates of one nine-hundredth of one cent per one hundred pounds, or one forty-fifth of one cent per ton, per mile, will affect the value of wheat land in Illinois one dollar an acre. It is easy to see, also, that there are limits within which only these effects follow, fixed, on the one hand, by the lowest cost of raising any crop compared with its value at a consuming market, and on the other hand by the cost of land.

But within those limits, as far as the price of crops is controlled by distant markets, all the profits and even the very existence of agriculture depend upon the rate charged for transporting its products. It is not strange that the owners of land and producers of grain regard with constant apprehension a power which may at any moment affect the value of a thousand million bushels of cereals, and of forty-four million acres of cultivated land. Even if a change of five cents per cental does not affect the whole crop so much as three cents per bushel in price, it may take away all the profit, — all the reward of a year's labor. And the same power may also raise rates even more at pleasure. The farmers have been taught that the cost of transportation depends upon the will of a few men, and varies with their agreements or quarrels. The *quondam* pedler of Vermont fell out with Vanderbilt, and their quarrel was worth, during the year 1870, one fifth of a cent per ton per mile to the farmers; $9,000,000 on the crop of wheat alone, if it had all been shipped at the reduced rate. In July, 1872, somebody raised the rates from the West five cents per cental. His act cost the farmers millions of dollars. Is it strange that our greatest industry grows restive under fluctuations which it can neither foresee nor comprehend? Elsewhere the world moves. The beneficent progress of civilization in other lands is toward cheaper transportation and better wages for the producer. Russia pushes railroads through her vast territory, in order that her subjects may obtain at the Baltic and Black Seas better pay for their industry. We cannot maintain sufficient private markets of our own, nor force upward prices in those great markets of the world upon which ours depend. If, while the world makes transportation cheaper, we make it more costly, the loss will be our own.

This the farmer believes we are doing. He declares that others, who stand between him and the consumer, amass great wealth, while pinching economy barely saves him subsistence and does not keep him from debt. His beliefs, as to the cause of existing evils and the best remedy, whether correct or not, will soon take the shape of laws. He has the votes. Before that power, legislators drop like leaves shaken by the autumn wind. Governors, politicians of all grades, crush each other in their hurry to seize the new standard. Lawyers who do not forget the Dartmouth College case already find themselves ineligible to the judiciary. Has not this same generation set its heel upon the Dred Scott decision? Reverence for judicial precedents is a dam which floods have carried away. Restraints devised by founders of our government no longer bar the people from their will. We have trusted all power to the majority. If its opinion is in error, we have but one remedy, — that freedom of discussion which remains the only safeguard of our institutions.

There are always cowards enough to shout with the majority, right or wrong. But the times now demand men who can tell a majority wherein it is wrong, and by what measures its just aims may be reached. Progress toward cheaper transportation has in fact been arrested. The evil can be removed only by removing the cause. But mistaken remedies will not only fail, they will inflict upon agriculture itself the gravest disasters. By diminishing the cost of transportation, the railroad has made agriculture possible in a large part of the Northwestern States. The extension of railroads has given to the farmers a great part of their wealth, and the natural alliance, a blessing to both, cannot be broken without great disaster to both.

Far away from all the great markets of the world, separated from the consuming States of the Atlantic coast by a thousand miles of distance, with rivers not yet bridged and mountains not yet tunnelled, the vast, rich prairies which now form the chief wealth of the Western States, if left to depend upon natural channels alone, must have

remained in great part untouched by plough, and occupied only, like the pampas of South America, by enormous herds of cattle. Cultivation of land would indeed have been possible along the Mississippi and its tributaries — our great "inland sea" — and near the shores of the lakes. But transportation from these inland regions, by a route long, circuitous, and open only during a part of the year, would have remained very costly but for the sharp competition which railroads created. Meanwhile the cost of hauling by wagons, about one cent per one hundred pounds per mile, would have limited the cultivation of the soil to narrow strips of land along the lakes and navigable streams. It is instructive to note, in the census returns of 1840, how the population of Western States had clustered about such channels. A small quantity of grain, shipped from New Orleans to Atlantic ports, was borne down the river in flatboats; but the entire receipts at that point in 1840 were 63,015 barrels and sacks of wheat, 482,523 barrels of flour, 278,358 sacks of corn, 152,965 barrels of corn in the ear, and 42,885 barrels and sacks of oats. In 1838 wheat sold in the interior counties of Ohio for thirty-seven cents per bushel, and corn for ten cents, and just seventy-eight bushels of wheat were shipped from Chicago. The entire movement of grain eastward from the Northwestern States, by lake and canal in 1840, embraced 595,142 barrels of flour, 1,004,561 bushels of wheat, and 71,327 bushels of corn. The cost of transportation from Buffalo to New York was $10 per ton; before the opening of the canal it had been $100. In the interior of Ohio the chief business was the fattening of droves of hogs and herds of cattle, often driven thither from farms still more distant, there to be wintered and recuperated, prior to the long journey over the mountains to the Atlantic States.

At that time there were only 117 miles of railroad west of the mountains, 59 in Michigan, 30 in Ohio, and 28 in Kentucky. During the next decade 1,237 miles were built, but still in 1850 not a single line had opened unbroken communication to the seaboard. The detached roads, subsequently consolidated as the New York Central, were interrupted by breaks which compelled passengers to change cars five or six times *en route*, and bound by such conditions regarding payment of canal tolls as amounted to a virtual prohibition of the transportation of through freight. J. Edgar Thompson, then chief engineer, now president of the Pennsylvania Central, had located its line over the mountains in 1849, but connection with the Portage road was not made at Johnstown until August 25, 1851. The Erie was not opened from Piermont to Lake Erie until April 22, 1851. The Grand Trunk was not opened until 1853; and the Baltimore and Ohio did not reach Wheeling until that year; while the Atlantic and Great Western of Georgia first made connection between the waters of the Tennessee and the Atlantic during the year 1850. Thus, twenty-three years ago, no railroad from the sea had reached the lakes or crossed the mountains. The magnificent accomplishment of that day was the "great national road," from Washington via Wheeling, Columbus, and Vandalia to St. Louis, along which the tide of emigrants rolled toward Western homes, blessing the government for thus reducing their journey to one of several weeks. Even by the fast four-horse coaches, the mail took longer to reach Wheeling than it now takes to reach San Francisco by the "national road" of later days. All the railroads then built in the West were merely subsidiary to the lines of water communication.

But 1,354 miles of such railroads west of the Alleghanies had already increased the shipments of grain by lake and canal, so that in 1850 the receipts of all grain, flour included, at Buffalo and Oswego combined, were 18,166,503 bushels; had raised the price of corn from thirty-two to thirty-seven cents at Cincinnati; and had

contributed largely to the advance in value of farms, which contained in 1850, in the eleven Northwestern States, 79,636,210 acres, valued at $907,144,395, or $11.39 per acre.

The year 1850 is the dividing line between the old era and the new. Its statistics mark the growth to which the Northwest had attained with water channels as the outlets for its products, and 1,354 miles of railroad tributary thereto. In April, 1851, the Erie road was completed to the lake; in the same year the Pennsylvania was connected with the Portage road, the consolidation and revolution in management of the New York Central began to take effect, and the long war of competition between railroads and canals began. So great was the revolution in the management of roads that the average charge for freight over all the New York roads, which was four cents and one twentieth per ton per mile in 1851, was reduced to two cents and one fifth per ton per mile in 1860. The effect of the competition is clearly shown in the record of rates charged on the Erie Canal, which, in the year 1847, prior to the completion of the railroads, in 1851, the year of their completion, and in 1858, for flour and wheat, were as follows: —

	1847.	1851.	1858.
Flour, per barrel	77	49	34
Wheat, per bushel	17½	14¾	10¼

Notwithstanding this reduction of rates, the canals lost a material part of the grain traffic, and, in spite of many improvements, have continued losing to this day, so that the quantity of Western products moved to tide-water by canal was actually greater in 1861 than it is now.

Thus the railroads, at first subsidiary to water lines, after 1850 entered into direct competition with them, and not only forced down rates, but secured a large proportion of the through traffic. The reduction in cost of transportation of Western products, amounting to twelve cents per hundred weight, effected by competition during the decade 1850–1860, as appears from tables already given, was equivalent to an increase in value for all the Northwestern States of $13 per acre for 79,600,000 acres in farms in 1850, or not less than $1,034,800,000; and moreover some value had been given to 47,200,000 acres of land not embraced in farms in 1850; if we suppose $5 per acre, we have an increased value of $1,300,000,000, due entirely to the railroad system. The actual increase in value of farms, from $907,144,395 to $2,421,413,973, was over $1,500,000,000. During this decade, 11,589 miles of road were built in the Northwestern States; if the cost was $40,000 per mile, or $463,000,000 (and it was less prior to 1860), it was repaid more than threefold during the same decade by the increase in value of farms. Had the saving in cost of transportation from Buffalo to Albany been only five cents per hundred weight, it would have paid the entire cost of building and equipping all the railroads west of the Alleghanies.

But the successful competition of railroads with canals would not have been possible had not the great trunk roads been enabled, by the building of 11,589 miles of road at the West, to reach a multitude of farms. And the correspondence between the increase in value of land in the several States and the development of the railway system in each is so remarkable as to deserve especial attention.

The efficiency of facilities for transportation can be measured, not by the number of miles of road to the whole area of a State, — for a large part of the State may be unsettled, — but by the ratio of miles of road to acres of land in farms. In Northern States east of the Alleghanies, railroads built prior to 1850 already afforded an outlet to many farms; but the revolution in their management, previously noticed, and marked by a reduction in rates on New York roads of from four to two cents per mile, — one half the entire cost of transportation, — indicates an increase of efficiency and value equivalent to the addition of one half the number of miles operated in 1850. Thus New

York had 1,361 miles of road at that time; counting the increased efficiency of these in 1860 as equivalent to the building of 680 miles, and adding 1,321 miles built between 1850 and 1860, we have 2,001 miles, or nine and five tenths miles to 100,000 acres, as the increase of railroad facilities in that State. But the average value of land increased $9.30 per acre. Estimating the increase of railroad facilities in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Vermont in the same manner, and entering in the first column the proportion of that increase to the area of farm land, we place in the second column the increase in average value of all land in farms from 1850 to 1860, and in the third column the cost of all roads and equipments in each State in 1860 to each acre of farm-land: —

RAILROADS AND FARMS, 1850 TO 1860.

	Road, Miles to Acres.	Value Farms, increase per Acre.	Cost of Roads per Acre.
Vermont,	6.1	$6.68	$3.25
New York,	9.5	9.30	4.17
New Jersey,	15.3	16.74	7.25
Pennsylvania,	11.7	11.58	4.80
Ohio,	14.4	13.18	5.78
Indiana,	13.2	11.10	4.96
Illinois,	13.3	11.56	5.20
Michigan,	11.0	11.04	3.06
Wisconsin,	11.4	7.02	4.47
Iowa,	6.5	5.82	3.40
Minnesota,	——	4.53	——
Kentucky,	2.7	6.07	.95
Missouri,	4.1	4.95	1.63

Comparison of the second and third columns shows that in each State the farmers would have gained very largely — in most of the States double their outlay — had they paid the entire cost of building all the railroads in operation in these States in 1860.

Comparison of the first and second columns shows a very remarkable correspondence between the increase of railroad facilities in each State and the increase in the average value of farm-land in that State. For every additional mile of railroad to 100,000 acres of farm-land, we have an increase in average value of such land varying not widely from one dollar per acre. In Wisconsin a variation may be in part explained by the fact that 258 miles of railroad, built after the year 1859 began, had not produced their full effect upon the value of land by June, 1860, when the census was taken; for, excluding these, the ratio of miles to acres is eight and one tenth, and the increase in value $7.02. A correspondence so remarkable, maintained so closely in every agricultural State of the North, in spite of some local variations, deserves the consideration of the farmers who now see in that very railroad system a merciless foe. It shows that, whatever railroads may have cost, and however little many may have been worth to unhappy builders and stockholders, they were worth to the farmers of the West about $100,000 per mile. That the same correspondence does not appear at the South, and vanishes even in Kentucky, where the character of crops begins to change, only proves that it is the result of a general law, based upon the proportion of cost of transportation to the value of Northern crops.

In examining the effect of railroad-building upon the value of farms since 1860, we must first get rid of the imaginary valuations caused by depreciation of currency, by reducing them to gold values at the average rate for the year preceding the last census. Then comparing the increase in gold values since 1850 with the increase in railroad facilities since 1850, computed with the same allowance as before for roads built in Eastern States prior to 1850, we have the following results: —

RAILROADS AND FARMS, 1850 TO 1870.

	Road, Miles to Acres.	Value Farms, increase per Acre.
Vermont,	10.4	$7.88
New York,	14 6	14 29
New Jersey,	34.1	21 37
Pennsylvania,	22.4	16.49
Ohio,	16.3	16 72
Michigan,	16.3	18 17
Indiana,	17.5	15 78
Illinois,	18.6	18 85
Wisconsin,	13.0	9.77
Iowa,	17.2	12.99
Missouri,	9 6	7 01
Kentucky,	5.0	3.44
Minnesota,	16.5	5 78
Kansas,	26 5	5 16
Nebraska,	28.4	4.87

In New York, Ohio, and Illinois the

increase corresponds very closely with the ratio previously noted. In Indiana, also, the proportion of increase in value of lands to increase in railroad facilities is nearly the same in 1870 as in 1860. But in Vermont, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania at the East, and in all the other Western States, the increase in value of land fails to correspond with the increase of railroads. In Michigan alone it exceeds, in all other States falls below, the ratio of one dollar to the mile. The contrast is still more striking when the increase in gold value of land from 1860 to 1870 is compared with the increase of miles to acres during the same period.

RAILROADS AND FARMS, 1860 TO 1870.

	Roads, Miles to Acres.	Value Farms, Increase per Acre.
Vermont,	9.4	$1.20
New York,	8.1	4.99
New Jersey,	22.6	4.66
Pennsylvania,	14.1	4.91
Ohio,	1.9	3.54
Michigan,	5.3	7.13
Indiana,	4.3	4.68
Illinois,	5.3	7.29
Wisconsin,	1.6	2.75
Iowa,	10.7	7.17
Missouri,	9.6	2.06
Kentucky,	5.0	2.63
Minnesota,	16.5	1.25
Kansas,	26.5	5.16
Nebraska,	28.4	4.87

Here it is evident that, since 1860, in the States from Ohio to Wisconsin inclusive, the efficiency of roads built prior to 1860 has been much increased, the value of land having advanced more rapidly than the roads newly built would warrant. On the other hand, in the States east of the Alleghanies and west of the Mississippi, the roads newly built alone should have been accompanied by a greater advance in values than has been experienced. For these phenomena but one explanation appears, — a general increase in the cost of transportation for short distances, and to points where the railroads are not restrained by competition with lakes and canals, without increase in through rates, or in charges from points where such competition has effect. This explanation fits the ascertained facts. The products of seaboard States are shipped short distances, and a general advance in local rates would check the advance in prices of farm-lands. The products of far Western States, also, are moved first to Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, or some other point of shipment, by lines not competing with the lake and canal; and a general increase in charges, especially for local freight, would materially affect values there. But the Central States enjoy the advantage of through rates to the seaboard constantly restrained from advance by competition with the water route. Even if the local rates have been increased in these States, so that to non-competing points the usefulness of roads formerly built has diminished, the addition of new roads has multiplied the number of competing points, and brought thousands of farms nearer to the market.

Not only do facts sustain this explanation, by showing that the through rates from the West are, on the whole, lower than in 1860, while local freights, and rates for short distances and to and from non-competing points have been generally increased, but they also point very clearly to the causes which have prevented any increase of through rates, and at the same time compelled roads dependent upon local business and traffic for short distances to increase their rates.

The ordinary summer rates for freight to New York, from Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other Western cities, are the same now that they were before the war, and the rates have been precisely the same during the past summer as during the summer of 1860. But the Western through business is mainly done by the New York Central and Hudson River, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Erie, Pennsylvania Central, and Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago. The average of receipts of these roads for freight per ton per mile, in 1860, was about 2.01 cents, and in 1871 the average was only 1.48 cents per ton per mile. Falling a little in 1861, this average of

receipts of these five great roads rose to 2.05 in 1862, to 2.16 in 1863, to 2.58 in 1864, to 2.83 in 1865; and then declined to 2.74 in 1865, to 2.36 in 1867, to 2.11 in 1868, to 1.89 in 1869, to 1.53 in 1870, and to 1.48 in 1871. Upon these roads, which depend largely upon the through carriage of Western products, and in that business have to meet constant and sharp competition either from the lake and canal route, or from the Grand Trunk on the north, or the Baltimore and Ohio on the south, there has been a reduction of more than one fourth the entire cost of transportation in 1860, and more than one half of one cent per ton per mile. It is worthy of note that the Grand Trunk, paying less for iron than roads in this country, has been able to carry grain from Chicago to Boston, 1,174 miles, for 50 cents, or .85 of one cent per ton per mile, — a rate lower than any of the roads in this country have yet found profitable.

But while through rates and charges for long distances have been thus reduced, being forced steadily downward by competition between railroads and water lines, or between the roads themselves, the roads of shorter line, and those more largely dependent upon local traffic, have increased their charges. The Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts point out the fact that the roads of that State had increased their average charges to and from connecting points from 2.61 cents per ton per mile in 1860 to 2.90 cents per ton per mile in 1870, and to other points from 5.29 cents in 1860 to 5.62 cents in 1870. The New York and New Haven increased its average rate from 4.14 in 1862 to 5.56 in 1871. The New York and Harlem increased its average rate from 3.74 in 1862 to 6.06 in 1871. Many other illustrations might be given; but the fact that local rates and charges upon short roads or to non-competing points have generally increased since 1860 is not disputed, and has led to very great complaint at the West. There even the longer and more prosperous roads have so largely increased local rates that the general average is higher than it was ten years ago. Thus the average charge per ton per mile on the Chicago and Rock Island, Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and Illinois Central was only 2.51 cents in 1863 (when the average of the five trunk roads was 2.16), and probably not higher than 2.35 in 1860 (when the average of the trunk roads was 2.01), but in 1871 their average charge was 2.45. In November, 1860, the rates charged in published freight-tariffs for transportation between twenty Western cities averaged only one cent and a half per ton per mile; charges for similar distances in 1873 average fully two cents.

It is safe to count upon human greed as a pretty constant force. Managers of railways probably have not become generally so Christianized since 1860 that they make haste to "sell all that they have and give to the poor." But neither is it probable that much greater aversion to the making of money prevailed among them ten years ago than now exists. If there has been an increase in charges for service performed, it is at least reasonable to inquire whether the service itself has become more expensive.

What is a railway? It is an iron track, nailed to the earth with iron spikes, crossing streams on bridges wholly or in part of iron, over which iron engines draw cars whose wheels, axles, brake-rods, and braces are of iron. Now, the average cost of railway bars was $48 per ton in 1860; but the average for the seven years 1863–1869 inclusive was $89.71, while the average in 1872 was $85.12½ per ton. Iron laid in railroads, from 1863 to 1869 inclusive, cost 86 per cent more than in 1860. One hundred tons of rail to the mile cost $4,800 in 1860, and $8,971 during the seven years preceding 1870, and this increase of over four thousand dollars a mile in the cost of building roads is in effect a permanent tax of $280 a mile yearly upon all traffic passing over the road. Roads built in

1870 paid $ 7,225 per mile for rails, and $ 7,037.50 per mile in 1871, and $ 8,512.50 in 1872. At one hundred tons to the mile,— and if roads with single track and few sidings use less, roads with double track and frequent sidings use much more,— the cost of the iron rails alone in roads built since 1862, at the average prices given for each year in tables published by the American Iron and Steel Association, has been as follows : —

	Miles built.	Iron per Ton.	Cost of Iron.
1863	1,050	$ 76.37½	$ 8,071,875
1864	738	126.00	9,298,800
1865	1,377	98.62½	12,594,412
1866	1,832	86.75	15,892,600
1867	2,227	83.12½	18,510,924
1868	3,033	78.87½	23,922,787
1869	4,999	77.25	38,617,275
1870	6,145	72.25	44,397,625
1871	7,453	70.37½	52,450,487
1872	6,427	85.12½	54,709,837
	35,159		$ 277,466,622
At rate of 1860, $ 48			$ 168,763,200
Increase in cost of iron			$ 108,703,422

We have here an expenditure, caused by the increased cost of rails alone, of $ 108,700,000 ; to return seven per cent on the investment, a perpetual tax of $ 7,600,000 must be paid by the traffic done over these roads. Widely varying estimates have been made of the quantity of iron consumed in railroads beside the rails. One writer, usually accurate, holds that for every pound used in rails three pounds are used in chains, spikes, bridges, buildings, locomotives, and cars, and improvements incident to the construction of the road. As we used 533,571 tons of American rail in 1870, and made only two million tons of iron for all purposes, this can hardly be correct. Eight wheels and four axles for an ordinary car weigh three tons ; other iron may reach a ton more ; and the average supply is about six cars to the mile of road, or twenty-four tons of iron. Of locomotives the average weight is thirty tons, and the supply one to three miles, or ten tons to the mile. Spikes, chains, and fish-plates are about one sixth the cost of the rail to the mile. But while in weight the iron in other railroad uses cannot exceed the quantity in rails, in cost it probably does, and the price of such iron has been increased in like proportion. Thus, though the quantity of all iron used in railroads is probably less than 200 tons to the mile, its cost doubtless exceeds $ 17,000 per mile at the prices of 1872, as compared with $ 9,600 at the prices of 1860. In other words, the entire cost of iron used in roads built since 1863 has probably been $ 550,000,000, and at least $ 216,000,000 more than it would have been at the prices of 1860 ; so that the perpetual tax required to pay interest on the increased cost of roads is over fifteen millions yearly.

But rails wear out, and much faster than they did ten years ago. The average life of the rail is not more than three years on roads with heavy business, about five years on roads of moderate traffic, and about twelve or fifteen years on roads of small business. On the Michigan Central, records show an average duration of about four years for iron rails ; on the Erie, in 1868, two thousand tons a month were used in replacement. It is safe to say, therefore, that all the roads in the country, built prior to 1863, have relaid the whole track with rails costing $ 79 per ton instead of $ 48, and the additional cost, $ 99,572,000, is a further investment upon which the roads must hereafter pay interest. Finally, the yearly supply of rails for replacement on the Erie, 24,000 tons for 773 miles, was 31 tons to the mile, which would have cost at the price of 1860 only $ 1,488 per mile, and at the price of 1872 about $ 2,639 per mile ; the increase, $ 1,151 per mile, is another tax which transportation over roads of the larger class must pay every year, because of the cost of rails used in relaying track. On roads of the middle class, where rails last five years, and twenty tons to the mile are needed each year, this annual tax is $ 742.50 per mile ; on roads of small business, where the rail lasts twelve years, and about eight tons yearly are needed, this

tax is $297 per mile. The average on all roads can hardly be lower than $600 per mile, or forty millions a year for 67,000 miles of road. If transportation costs too much, the farmers must charge an excess of forty millions a year to the increased cost of rails used in relaying track alone. The annual wear of iron other than rails is mainly in car-wheels, of which 473,108 were made in 1870; and locomotives, of which 1,137 were made. Perhaps the yearly cost of replacement of all iron other than rails may be $350 per mile, and the increase in cost since 1860 about $150 per mile. The entire tax for replacement of iron made more costly by high duties must therefore be about $750 per mile, or over fifty millions yearly. This tax those must pay who travel or ship freight over the railroads; and the farmers could better afford to pay out of their own pockets the wages paid by every iron establishment in the country than to bear their share of this burden. For fifty millions is about one sixth of the entire operating expense of all the railroads. A reduction of one sixth in the cost of transporting products of the farm, or ten cents per hundred weight, would be worth more than seventy millions a year in the cash value of farm products, and one thousand millions in the actual value of farms.

The high price of iron has here been attributed mainly to the tariff. Until within the present year, there was no room for dispute about it; during any year since 1860 we could have imported iron, but for the tariff, at a cost far below the price actually paid either to importers or American makers. During twelve years, not iron only, but thousands of other articles have thus been constantly rendered more costly by means of duties, and the effect has been to artificially raise the cost of living, of labor, of materials, of production, and the whole scale of prices and values. Hence the effect of the tariff has been not only to raise the price at which a product may be temporarily sold, but in many cases to raise even more the cost at which its production in this country is possible. Inspection of census reports shows that in many important branches of manufacture the cost of materials and of labor has increased far more than the value of products, and yet the wages of labor have not increased as much as the cost of living. These effects of the tariff continue, so that, even though the price of iron abroad has risen temporarily higher than its price here, and a small quantity is exported, nevertheless it is in consequence of the tariff that we are no longer able to produce iron as cheaply as we did formerly. Under its operation, high instead of low rates for materials have been established, and high instead of low valuations of mines; higher wages for labor have been rendered necessary by the greater cost of living; transportation of fuel and other material has been rendered more costly; furnaces, mills, and machinery costing far more than the same would have cost in 1860, have been put in operation. The return to lower rates and a natural cost of production can come only in connection with a general abandonment of artificial valuations and prices. It is likely to come only under the pressure of necessity, — a necessity pushing that and other branches of industry at the same time to a lower cost of production. Free competition with the industries of other nations would bring it, but that competition the present tariff prevents, and was designed to prevent. Thus the only test of the effect of the tariff is the cost of iron, not as compared with the temporary cost of foreign iron, if free of duty, but as compared with the cost of our own iron before that artificial system of prices and valuations had been established which the tariff still maintains. We ought to produce iron to-day at a cost less than that of 1860. We do not, because every step in the process, from the purchase of the mineral property to the shipment of the finished product, has been rendered more costly. That effect remains, although English iron has risen in price, and it will

remain until our whole tariff system is reduced to a revenue basis. Accordingly, other elements in the cost of railway building and service have been increased through the same influence. The cost of fuel has largely increased, and the wages of all labor employed have necessarily advanced, since the cost of living is at least sixty per cent greater than it was in 1860. The average of wages paid yearly to employees in railroad repair-shops in 1860 was $370 each, and in 1870 it was $626 each, — an increase of about seventy per cent. The average value of all coal raised in 1860 at the mines was $1.34 per ton for bituminous and $1.46 per ton for anthracite; in 1870, for bituminous $2.03 per ton, and for anthracite $2.45 per ton; but the cost to consumers was still more increased by the higher cost of transportation. It seems certainly within bounds to say, in view of these facts, that the whole cost of building and operating railroads must have increased at least fifty per cent since 1860; that one third of the entire cost of building, and one third of the entire cost of operating railroads at this time is due to the increased cost of material since 1860, the increased cost of living, and consequent increase in wages of hands employed. Of a cost exceeding $55,000 a mile, for 35,000 miles built since 1863, or $1,925,000,000, fully $18,000 per mile, or $630,000,000, is due to the increase since 1860 caused by higher taxes and duties and higher prices. Operating expenses in the year 1872 were $307,486,632 upon 57,323 miles, or $5,364 per mile; at the same rate for 67,000 miles now in operation, the yearly expenses are $360,000,000, and the increase in yearly cost, due to high tariffs and high prices, not less than $120,000,000. This high tariff is a very expensive luxury. Duties on all kinds of iron and steel yield to government about twenty millions yearly, but compel the people to pay, in increased cost of iron used in transportation alone, about fifty millions yearly. The entire revenue of government from tariff is about two hundred millions, but we have to pay one hundred and twenty millions yearly in increased cost of operating railroads, and about forty-four millions more as interest on the increased cost of roads built since 1863.

If the actual cost of transportation has increased fully one half since 1860, it is evident that those roads must be most affected whose business is comparatively small, because the larger the business done the less the cost per ton. The increased expense of 24,000 tons of iron yearly for maintenance of track on a road like the Erie, at the prices of 1873, would be about $888,000, but falls upon a traffic amounting to 897,446,728 tons moved one mile, and is therefore less than one tenth of one cent per ton per mile. But the increase in cost of only eight tons of iron per mile on a smaller road, like the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill, though amounting to only $36,408 yearly, falls upon a traffic of only 6,096,808 tons moved one mile, and is therefore about six tenths of one cent per ton per mile. From this illustration it will clearly appear that the roads which do a large through business are affected very much less by any increase in the cost of transportation than the roads which do a smaller business and move freight a shorter average distance. It follows, also, that as the business of a road increases, either in number of tons moved or in average distance to which it is moved, the consequent reduction in cost of transportation per ton per mile more effectually neutralizes the increase in cost of transportation resulting from higher prices of materials. It is for this reason that the great trunk lines, whose traffic has vastly increased during the period since 1860, have been enabled, not only to maintain low rates, but even to reduce them, in spite of the great increase in cost of operating. Meanwhile the smaller roads, whose traffic has not increased as largely either in number of tons or average length of carriage, are forced by the increased cost of operating to charge higher rates. Thus the cause to which we have

pointed — a great increase in the cost of operating roads, and especially in the cost of iron — precisely fits the ascertained change of rates, and the consequent effect upon values of farms. It is of such a nature that, in spite of it, the great trunk lines, pushed by sharp competition with the water route and with each other, have been able to reduce their charges, while it has borne so heavily upon roads doing a smaller business, hauling shorter distances, or more dependent upon local traffic, that, if their charges have not been raised one half, it is only because even to them a moderate increase of business has brought some degree of relief.

Somewhat strangely, the farmers of the West have attempted to remedy this peculiar state of things by requiring that railroads shall not charge a less rate for large business or long distances than for small business or short distances. This is as if a surgeon, being called to prescribe for an injured limb, should content himself with telling the patient that he must not limp, or bear more weight on one leg than on the other. Undoubtedly, the railroads do limp. Government has crushed one leg with a tariff which makes light traffic and local business unnaturally expensive. But it will neither help them nor the public to require them to limp as much with the sound leg as with the injured one.

It is not strange, nor is it discreditable to the farmers or the people of Western States, if the measures first tried for the remedy of existing evils prove to be mistakes. The regulation of railroads by public authority, in a country as large as this, is not an easy matter. The nature of railroad traffic, and the conditions under which it must be conducted, have been so little studied and are so little understood that, when we begin to apply law to it we are somewhat in the case of Voltaire's doctors, who "put drugs of which they knew little into bodies of which they knew nothing." But if all difficulties as to the framing and constitutionality of a law could be avoided, and the principle for which the farmers contend could be applied in the best possible manner to all the roads, what would be the effect?

That principle was very clearly stated in the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the Chicago and Alton case, in these words: "If a farmer is charged fifteen cents a bushel for shipping his corn to Chicago, is it just that the farmer who lives twenty miles nearer Chicago should be charged a higher sum? Certainly not, unless the railway company can show a peculiar state of affairs to justify the discrimination, and this must be something more than the mere fact that there are competing lines at one point and not at the other." The theory here is that distance alone should govern the charge for transportation. But the fact is that the quantity of business done has a very material effect upon the cost of transportation. If a low rate from a competing point will secure a large increase of traffic, the actual cost per ton of doing that increased business is reduced, and the lower rate may yield a profit, though, on the smaller business of another point closely adjacent, the same rate would result in loss. A law which compels a company to equalize the rates from these points virtually forces the people who make the larger shipments to pay part of the actual cost for others who make the smaller. Hundreds of roads have been built in part by the aid of people who desired the advantage which competing lines would naturally give them; after they have paid for this advantage, must they also be taxed to pay part of the cost of transportation for other people who have given nothing? Will not the application of this principle put an end to efforts of people to secure competing lines for themselves, and thus check the building of roads, and all the consequent increase in value of property? Certainly, this is not what the farmers want. They want cheaper transportation and more facilities, not less.

They certainly do not want to put an end to all competition. Yet one road or the other must be the shorter between any two points; if the longer road cannot lower its rate to the competing point without corresponding reduction to many others where less business is done, and where the reduction would cause loss, it will generally be unable to compete at all. The larger business is generally done at the competing points; is it not more for the good of the whole people that the lowest possible rate should be charged for the larger business, than that the larger business should be charged higher rates to pay some part of the cost of the smaller? Indeed, all the product of farms shipped to a distant market is moved from some competing point the greater part of the distance; to force competing points generally to pay a higher rate in order to get lower rates for the non-competing would be, in effect, to raise the charge for transporting the whole quantity the longer distance, in order to lower the charge for transporting a part of the quantity the shorter distance. That railroads may and often do outrageously abuse the monopoly which they hold at non-competing points is doubtless true. But it does not follow that the public would be benefited by preventing all discrimination in favor of points at which the larger business is done. Nor would the whole people be benefited by an abolition of the present system, so far as that system involves lower rates for large business and long distances than for small business and short distances.

The farmers of the West do not seem to have realized that the adoption of a *pro rata* rule, requiring all charges for transportation to be proportioned to distance in each State, would establish a fatal monopoly against themselves, and in favor of those who happen to own farms nearer the seaports or the water channels. Yet, if this principle, that distance alone should govern charges for transportation, is just and beneficial when applied to one State, must it not be equally so when applied to all States alike? If the farmer who lives at a competing point in Illinois ought to pay a higher rate than actual cost for his traffic, in order that another farmer who lives at a non-competing station twenty miles nearer may get a lower rate than the actual cost of his traffic, must not the farmer of Illinois also pay a higher rate to New York, in order that the farmer of Ohio may pay a lower? This would be the effect of a general application of the *pro rata* principle. In order to lower local rates and yet obtain a living income, many roads in each State must raise their through rates. The present average charge for transportation of all kinds of freight, over roads of all lengths, is about three cents and six tenths per ton per mile, as will presently be shown, and the average charge for grain all distances and over all roads about two cents and four tenths. If the roads should strictly equalize their rates for all distances, according to the average now charged for all, freight from Chicago to New York would cost $21.60 per ton, or 64 cents per bushel of wheat. Even if such rates did not depopulate that thriving city, they would at least put an end to wheat-growing in Illinois, except for home consumption. The average rate for all distances cannot be reduced lower than a cent and a half per ton per mile. The charge for moving wheat from the wheat-fields of Illinois and Wisconsin now averages about 60 cents per 100 pounds — 15 cents at way rates 100 miles to Chicago, and 45 cents at through rates 900 miles thence to New York. At an equalized rate of one and one half cents per ton per mile for all distances, the farmer would indeed pay only 7½ cents per 100 pounds to Chicago, but he would pay 67½ cents thence to New York, and 75 cents in all, and the loss of 15 cents would cost him $15 per acre in the value of wheat-land, and $39 per acre in the value of corn-land. True, the lake route would remain, but, the railroad competition being ended by which canal tolls were

forced down 12 cents per cental, would not a pressure of business greater than the capacity of the canal drive rates up again? There is no escape; corn is shipped at all from Illinois only because there has been a discrimination in favor of Chicago, the chief competing point at the West. To put an end to that discrimination, charging the exact average cost of transportation for all distances, would cost Illinois in the value of farms about $ 120,000,000, and Wisconsin about $ 56,000,000. Way rates 100 miles to Indianapolis average 15 cents, and through rates thence 43 cents per cental. All discrimination abolished, shipment to Indianapolis would cost only seven and one half cents, but for 838 miles thence 63 cents, or 70½ cents in all; a loss of 12½ cents per cental, $ 12.50 per acre in the value of wheat-land and $ 31 per acre in the value of corn-land, and for the State about sixty millions. Wheat now pays, from the great wheat-fields of Iowa and Minnesota, an average of 15 cents way freight to a point of shipment such as Burlington, and thence 60 cents per cental to New York. Abolish all discrimination, and the charge would be 7½ cents to Burlington; thence to New York, 1,122 miles, 84 cents; total charge, 91½ cents. If the farmers now find it hard to raise wheat at a profit, and burn corn for fuel, would they be aided by an addition of 16½ cents per 100 pounds to their burdens? That vast field, the richest wheat-growing region in the country, might as well be sown with salt but for a system of discriminations in favor of competing points and through traffic. Abolish that system, and the monopoly which distance originally gave to farmers in Eastern States and near navigable waters, which the railroads have in part destroyed, would be restored. Except near the water, not a bushel of grain could be profitably grown, unless for home consumption, on any farm west of Cincinnati.

Extravagant as are the rates often charged for short distances or to non-competing points, it must not be forgotten that the actual cost of transportation in such cases is somewhat higher than for long distances or points yielding larger traffic; and if the more costly business does not pay for its own cost in moderately increased rates, the difference must be paid by somebody else. While suppressing the extortion now practised, it is important not to create another, by compelling those who make large shipments to pay part of the cost for those who make small shipments. To the railroad, a long shipment is a large business. Short traffic, no matter how large, can be made profitable only by high rates. At a profit of one fourth of a cent per ton per mile, a car moved two hundred miles a day would earn $ 5; the use of the same car for at least a day would be expended in moving a load ten miles, but it would yield 25 cents. Freight receipts average 72 per cent of the whole; they must therefore pay 72 per cent of the interest on $ 50,000, the average cost of the road per mile, at seven per cent, $ 2,520 yearly per mile; five freight cars to the mile, the average number, must therefore earn $ 504 each, or $ 1.38 a day. Evidently, increase of long shipments means profit, even at low rates. But without higher rates for short distances, increase of such shipments means heavier loss to the road. Even in Chicago, the usual charge for loading a car at the elevators is two dollars, or 20 cents per ton; the average cost of loading and unloading can hardly be less than 33 cents. For a trip of a thousand miles, this is only one thirtieth of the cost; for a trip of ten miles it is nearly eighty per cent of the cost, use of car not included. Inspection of returns of 88 railroads at the East, 28 at the West, and 11 at the South, whose statements for 1871 are complete, shows that those which moved freight an average distance of ten miles or less, charged an average rate of nine and one tenth cents per ton per mile, and yet yielded only $ 1,112 net earnings per mile, less than two per cent on average cost. Those moving

freight an average distance of ten to twenty miles charged six and eight tenths cents, and yielded only $ 970 per mile net earnings. All these are Eastern roads; full returns are given for only one Western or Southern road having a ton-mileage less than 39 miles. Those moving freight above forty miles each, from the three sections, compare thus with each other and the Eastern short roads: —

	Average Distance.	Charge.	Earnings.
27 Eastern,	75 miles.	3.13 cts.	$3,152
28 Western,	116 "	2.68 "	2,162
11 Southern,	79 "	5.67 "	1,886
61 Eastern,	27 "	5 95 "	1,815

Evidently the Eastern roads, in proportion to distance of carriage, pay better at a lower charge than the Western or Southern having a larger business, and yet the 61 Eastern roads carrying freight each an average distance less than 40 miles, and all an average of twenty miles and seven tenths, charge 5.95 cents per ton per mile, and yield barely three per cent on their average cost. Taking the Eastern roads separately, and putting in groups those whose ton-mileage is below ten miles, from ten to twenty, and so on, the average ton-mileage, rate of charge, and net earnings per mile of each group are as follows: —

	Ton-Mileage.	Charge.	Net Earnings.
12 roads below 10	6¼	9.10	$ 1,112
17 " 10– 20	13	6.80	970
13 " 20– 30	25	4.70	2,078
19 " 30– 40	33	3.90	2,209
11 " 40– 60	49	3.50	3,200
10 " 60– 80	66½	3.35	1,825
2 " 80–100	86	2.25	2,241
4 " over 100	159	1.69	7,596

The regularity of decrease in rate charged corresponds with a general law governing all railway service, namely, cost of loading and unloading and fixed expenses being the same whether the trip is long or short, cost of transportation per ton per mile regularly decreases as distance increases, being cost of haulage plus fixed cost, divided by the number of miles. Thus, if cost of loading and unloading be 33 cents, and other items of fixed cost 27 cents, per ton, the actual cost of haulage (maintenance of track, repairs, etc., included) being eighty-three hundredths of one cent per ton per mile, the cost for different distances will be 83 + 60 cents divided by distance, thus: —

	Haulage.	Fixed.	Total.
10 miles	.83	6.00	6 83
20 "	.83	3.00	3.83
30 "	.83	2.00	2.83
40 "	.83	1.50	2.33
50 "	.83	1.20	2.03
60 "	.83	1.00	1.83
80 "	.83	.75	1.58
100 "	.83	.60	1.43
150 "	.83	.40	1.23
200 "	.83	.30	1 13
300 "	.83	.20	1.03
400 "	.83	.15	.98
500 "	.83	.12	.95
1000 "	.83	.06	.89

Comparison with the figures above given shows that this estimate of cost corresponds fairly with the average charges for different distances, supposing that about 66 per cent of those charges represents actual cost, and 33 per cent interest and profits on capital. The charges on Western roads, however, follow a higher rate, excepting the main trunk lines, on which competition with the water route has pushed the average of charges very low. For comparison, six of these roads may be classed together as "competing routes," — the Lake Shore, Fort Wayne, Cleveland C. C. and Indianapolis, Atlantic and Great Western, Indianapolis and Saint Louis, and Great Western of Canada. In another class, called Eastern trunk roads, may be placed the four Eastern roads having a ton-mileage over 100, — the New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, and Boston and Albany. In another class the remaining Western roads having a ton-mileage over 100 may be placed; namely, the Chicago and Rock Island, Northwestern, Burlington and Quincy, Illinois Central, Ohio and Mississippi, Hannibal and St. Joseph, Burlington and Missouri River, Kansas Pacific, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and Western Union. In a fourth group are all Southern roads, having a ton-mileage of 100 or over, — the Atlantic, Missis-

sippi and Ohio, the Orange and Manassas, Mobile and Ohio, and Louisville and Nashville. Other roads in each section do a large business, but did not publish full statistics for 1871. These groups compare with each other, and with other roads, thus: —

6 Competing routes,	163	1.39	$2,658
4 Eastern Trunk,	159	1.69	7,536
10 Western "	147	2.54	2,782
4 Southern "	120	3.90	1,666
12 Western (below 100),	78	3.70	1,043
56 Eastern (20–100),	41	3.82	2,431
29 Eastern below 20,	10	7.80	1,029

The twenty-four trunk roads do the lion's share of the business. They extend about 13,000 miles, and upon them the whole traffic of the country largely depends. Of these, the Southern roads, with low ton-mileage and high rates, yield about four per cent on their average cost. The six competing routes of the West, though charging a lower rate than any other group, do an enormous business, and yield about five per cent of cost. But the ten Western roads, which gather the grain and move it to the lakes or points of shipment, though doing a large business, and yielding over five per cent of cost for the whole group, charge an average rate of two and a half cents, with an average ton-mileage of 147 miles. Judged by comparison with the six "competing routes," the charges on these ten grain-gatherers could be very much reduced. Finally, the four Eastern trunk roads charge one cent and seven tenths, with an average ton-mileage of 159 miles, and yield over ten per cent on their cost, — the Erie alone falling below, while the others exceed that average. The New York Central route to Chicago yielded in 1871 over twelve per cent, the Pennsylvania route 17 per cent, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, 15 per cent, the Chicago and Alton 16 per cent, the Chicago and Rock Island, 10 per cent, and the Illinois Central and Northwestern, 8 per cent. On the other hand, the great majority of railroads yield less than ordinary interest on the investment, and very many, though charging high rates which only turn business away from them to roads able to underbid them, still barely pay running expenses and interest on bonds. With them, high charges result less from greed than from need. The few roads strong enough to reduce rates, in spite of an increase of one half in the cost of transportation, have gathered up so much of the business that the weaker, upon which the increased cost falls far more heavily, barely live, though charging higher rates. Examination of charges and receipts thus confirms the conclusion hitherto suggested: that only a few roads of large traffic are able to bear, without increase of charges, the extraordinary burdens which the tariff imposes. In this, as in many other respects, the protective system follows the Scriptural rule, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." In effect, upon railroads, as upon individuals, it "makes the rich richer and the poor poorer."

This review shows that, while high charges on short roads and for short distances, especially since the cost of transportation has been so much increased, are within certain limits unavoidable, unless benevolent human beings can be found who will build and run railroads at pecuniary loss, and for pay be satisfied with the smiles of an approving conscience, nevertheless there are very grave abuses which require a remedy. It shows, particularly, that the charges on the chief grain-gathering roads of the West, for short distances, and from non-competing points, must be far beyond any reasonable estimate of cost and fair profit. For on these roads the average charge for all distances, two and one half cents, is eighty-two per cent higher than the average on the great competing roads Eastward, nor is the difference in ton-mileage or business done enough to excuse an excess so great. Moreover, the rates on through freight on these same roads have been moderately low; if this part of the traffic is done at one cent and a half, while the average for all traffic is two cents and a half, it fol-

lows that the charges to non-competing points must be three and one half or more. Plainly, the monopoly which a false system of taxation gives to a few roads is here abused by some, wherever communities are found dependent upon a single route.

But it is equally clear that the remedy is to be sought, not in less competition, but in more of it. Competition alone has prompted and enabled the great grain-bearing roads to the Eastward to wrest a large share of business from the water route, and to reduce rates, in spite of great increase in cost of operating. To that competition alone we owe it that a tariff which has made iron cost $85 per ton, has not also made wheat-growing west of Cincinnati and corn-growing west of the Alleghanies wholly unprofitable. Competition alone has prompted the building of thousands of miles of railway at the West, multiplying competing points, and striking the shackles of monopoly from hundreds of thousands of farmers. Not less, but more of it, is needed. No "cast-iron" law, which denies freedom of competition in low rates, can serve the farmer or the public. A graduated maximum, so adjusted (somewhat upon the principle of the table of cost elsewhere given) that no road could charge far *above* the actual cost for a given distance with reasonable profit added, might serve to put an end to serious abuses of power by some roads. But the farmer, of all men, should guard well against any restriction which would prevent the *reduction* of rates, wherever competition prompts it, by requiring as a condition a corresponding reduction to many other points at which no profitable enlargement of business would follow. Still less can it be the interest of the farmer to frighten capital, proverbially timid, to drive it from Western investments, and thus to prevent that increase of railroad facilities upon which, as facts have shown, the value of Western farms so largely depends.

But no possible change in rates of freight which can be reached by State legislation, by pressure of public opinion, or even by a miraculous Christianization of railway managers, can do as much good as the removal of unjust and unnecessary burdens now imposed by the tariff. After all, freedom is the short road to many blessings. The ten great grain-gathering roads now make net earnings of about eighteen millions yearly. No one will propose that either of them should be deprived of all earnings by any regulation. Yet if all of them should be compelled so to reduce charges as to make no profits whatever, the sum taken from the actual cost of transportation would be less than the necessary increase of expense of operating these roads alone. That tariff removed, not these roads only, but a multitude of others, now crippled by the excessive cost of operating, would compete for the Western traffic. The cost of building additional roads would be reduced; the same capital which now builds two miles to 100,000 acres, would suffice to build three miles, and give the Western farms during the next decade one half greater increase in value. No other remedy applies to the weaker as well as to the stronger roads; the many which now charge high rates because they cannot help it, if relieved of one half of the present cost of operating, would have every inducement as well as opportunity to reduce rates, and struggle for a share of the traffic now denied them. It is not extravagant to say that a reduction of iron to the prices of 1860 — at which the furnaces increased and the mills made large profits — would add one thousand millions to the value of Western farms, by consequent reduction in the cost of transportation alone.

This remedy, the only complete and effectual one, is also the very one which the farmers only can attain. On this question, political parties will never be formed until the West learns that it can elect a President without the aid of Pennsylvania. But, among the farmers, there is but little diversity of opinion on this question, and if it

were generally understood there would be none. They shrink from grappling with it only because they are afraid of "politics." In due time they will learn that the less they have to do with politics, the more it hurts them. The grave responsibilities of self-government cannot be shirked by any class of citizens. Those who blindly follow any party, and thus suffer others to do their thinking, and practically their voting for them, will, in the end, find themselves robbed. It is in the nature of things, that, if a people intrusted with the power of self-government do not take care to govern themselves, somebody else will govern — and plunder them.

W. M. Grosvenor.

"MARJORIE DAW."

ONCE on a time, a cunning artist drew
A picture, so divinely fair
That each beholder's wonder grew and grew,
Beholding loveliness so rare.

And while we waited, with expectant hush,
To see the crowning light laid on,
One sweep the painter gave with lifted brush,
And all the marvel seemed undone.

But *only* seemed, for, through our summers must
That fairy-freighted hammock swing
To measured cadence of the sea, that just
One rhythmic name is murmuring.

And from a gable-window looking down,
Forever wistful eyes shall view
The dainty foot, and shadowy eyes, and gown
Of gauze, diaphanous and blue.

And summer moons must ever softly touch
Each golden coil upon that head;
For we, her lovers, will not yield so much
As one pale, silken, shining thread.

For, having once bestowed this wondrous gift,
The hand that gave may not withdraw;
So long as light shall change and shadows shift,
So long shall live rare Marjorie Daw.

Eunice E. Comstock.

MR. DEFOREST'S NOVELS.

WHAT novels have we?

Descending from the high place where stand the works of our pre-eminent literary artist, Hawthorne, and excluding from present consideration all foreign novels, let us cull our library for a dozen American tales,— American in authorship, character, and *mise en scène*. It is a difficult task where there are so many of proximate rank, and yet, where judgment fails to decide differences, we may leave the choice to our own affections.

After writing fifty names with scratchings and additions, we copy, exactly in the state of mind with which the shivering, long-hesitating bather at length plunges into the water, this list: Margaret, Last of the Mohicans, Typee, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Rutledge, Virginia Comedians, Queechy, Elsie Venner, Hannah Thurston, Horse Shoe Robinson, Kate Beaumont. From what we want, hope for, and believe shall come, i. e. the great singer, humorist, and teacher with *his* story, to what we have, is no disheartening fall. From that ideal best to our possessed good is not so far.

The last in our list, and the other works by the same author, J. W. DeForest, show, notwithstanding faults and shortcomings, indications of something fresh, strong, and advancing. As you go from one work to another of the author, your early inclination to like him grows until you have the assurance that he is more than a talented writer, — a straight, broad, truthful man gifted with the twin honesties, moral and mental; that he is a good type of an American, not a Bostonian, not a Chicagoan, not a New-Yorker, not a Charlestonian; artistic, but not too scholarly; a man probably of as much action and travel as of imagination and study, writing with a strong, broad-nibbed pen that sometimes perhaps blots from coarseness, yet occasionally refines its lines to delicate elegance. What he has written is our subject, and yet most irresistibly we draw first an idea of the writer; so the reader of the books we write of finds himself doing. Whether that speaks more strongly for the man or for the author we need not stop to consider.

The author of Kate Beaumont began authorship in 1856 with Oriental Acquaintance; or, Letters from Syria, followed by European Acquaintance, another book of travel, in 1858. Between the two came his first novel, Witching Times, printed as a serial in Putnam's Monthly, fifteen years ago. His next novel, Sea Cliff, was published in 1859. Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty appeared in 1867; Overland, in 1871; Kate Beaumont also in 1871: the former written for The Galaxy, the latter for The Atlantic. At present we find a story of his called The Wetherel Affair running in the Galaxy and Honest John Vane in these pages.

Beside these, Mr. DeForest has been a prolific writer of short tales for the magazines. We have looked up more than thirty since 1868, not including his notable series a few years ago in Harper's Magazine, entitled Sketches of Bureau Life. Many of these are certainly among the very best of our American magazine stories, and a portion of them have, beside their literary merit, value as materials for future history, so admirably do they portray the manner of life, tone of thought, etc., of certain portions of our country; whilst there is a literalness of surroundings — descriptions of scenery, war records, and political influences — that is wonderfully honest. There seems to have been a cause for each tale. The reader's imagination works more than the writer's; the latter's strength is to observe closely, keenly, and humorously, and then re-

count easily, picturesquely, and conscientiously. The great gap of work between 1859 and 1868 is probably accounted for by Mr. DeForest's three or four years of field service in the army, where he rose to be major, and afterward his several years of department and bureau duty. But those years carried him from the level of Witching Times and Sea Cliff to that which he now occupies; and each advance of his, whether through the ramble of a story or the march of a novel, has been an ascent, an exhibition of new health and power.

The style and field of Mr. DeForest before and since the war are widely separated.

Southern life or the extremes and colors of Southern character, and the new stage, founded on the Rebellion, of tragedy and passion on which even the average humanity of our diverse Americanisms displays depth, humor, and picturesqueness unsuspected before, furnish material and opportunities most adequate to Mr. DeForest's vigorous art. We have suggestions of his forte in the stories Parole d'Honneur (Harper's, August, 1868), The Colored Member (Galaxy, March, 1872), An Independent Kuklux (Galaxy, April, 1872), A Gentleman of an Old School (Atlantic, May, 1868), and complete proof of it in the novel, Kate Beaumont. But before the war his work was less assured, had less individuality. Now we sometimes think of him as a Hogarth with the pen: then there was an *influence* of Balzac, as we have imagined, perhaps unjustly, in the best book of his old era, Sea Cliff; or, The Mystery of the Westervelts. It is the story of a "second circle of New York society" family and their guests at the Westervelts' country-place on the Sound. Mr. Louis Fitz Hugh, who has made the acquaintance of the Westervelts in Europe, goes to call on them at Sea Cliff, and an old *tendresse* for the Misses Westervelts (he is uncertain for which), revived by this visit, induces him to take summer quarters in the neighboring village of Rockford. At his first call he overhears a conversation that introduces the mystery, at first supposed to be Mr. Westervelt's cruelty to his wife.

Mr. Somerville, a beau of utmost elegance, *savoir-faire*, fascination, and suavity, a man of personal force and beauty, of talent and address, is a guest of the Westervelts and the Mephistopheles of the story,— a coarse, cruel, mean brute, to whom respectable birth, early associations, worldly experience, and adroit talents have lent the disguise of a society-knight. Mr. Somerville is a lawyer by profession, and was, before Mrs. Westervelt's marriage, her guardian. Now this lady is a weak, vain woman of kind intentions, and was in her girlhood very pretty. An uncle of wealth had adopted her, and indulged her in extravagance. It was supposed that this uncle would will his property to her; but when Somerville, his lawyer, discovered, a short time before the old man's death, that the money would go to others, the Van Leers, and only ten thousand to the girl, he, by the influence of his talents, his attentions, and a course of flattery and duplicity, entrapped his ward into altering the uncle's will. This crime committed, almost against her intention, she became the villain's victim for life, he finding the means for gambling and debauchery by plucking the poor woman of purse and jewelry, holding over her as his scourge, all the time, her crime. Loving the man whom she afterwards married, — Mr. Westervelt, — she is obliged to hide her slavery from her family, whilst she must admit the villain who governs her to the society of her step-daughters and to the constant hospitality of her home. Fitz Hugh's love for Mary Westervelt brings about the *dénouement*, when Somerville, overtaken and defeated in an attempt to compromise by false appearances the reputation of Mary Westervelt, either that he might force her to marry him or gain a firmer hold than ever on the unhappy family, threatens Mrs. Westervelt, before all her family and guests and those who would force him

ignominiously from the house, with an exposure of her crime. Then Somerville leaves them for a time, and Mrs. Westervelt writes a full confession of her wrong and its entailed misery and disgrace. Delirium follows her confession, and having in some way managed to lure Somerville on with a promise to elope with him, she climbs from her sick-room when Somerville comes for her, and when he would receive her in his arms she stabs him to death, and rushes to the river where she drowns herself.

The story, revolting as it may seem in such bare detail, is managed with great skill and delicacy, and its dramatic situations are relieved by much that is brilliant and amusing. Mary and Genevieve Westervelt are attractive characters, sufficiently individualized and evolved for the action required of them, — Mary very lovely, Genevieve very clever and fascinating, with the fresh personal graces and naïve philosophies of seventeen. They are set off admirably by Mrs. Van Leer, the character, we think, of the novel; she is the natural, beguiling woman of superficial society, full of health, spirits, audacity, and a certain high animal beauty; her coquettish wiles bewitching, if not misleading; a virtuous Vivien suggesting wrong, yet restrained from it by a something more amiable than fear; flirting with Somerville and with Fitz Hugh, yet never looked upon with any jealousy by her large, thick-headed, kind-hearted Bœotian husband, Henry Van Leer.

To the anxious eyes of Fitz Hugh, who has discovered through an accident that it is Mary Westervelt whom he loves, the mystery of Sea Cliff changes from Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt to Somerville and Genevieve, then to Somerville and Mrs. Van Leer, to transfer itself to Somerville and Mary, before it is cleared up by the final tragedy. Through all this the sisters are learning to fear Somerville and suspect him more and more of some wicked power over their step-mother. These complications are admirably used by the author. The issue of the events subjecting Genevieve to Fitz Hugh's anxious suspicions brings Mrs. Van Leer to suspect Fitz Hugh of trifling with her "little cousin Genevieve." The scene gives such a picture of Mrs. Van Leer that we must quote it: "Before we could turn, Mrs. Van Leer bounded upon us, holding up her dress to a very unnecessary altitude as she crossed the flower-beds. She laughed outrageously at first, and then shook her little fist in my face with simulated anger. She caught my arm and dragged me away, hurrying me, chattering all the way, down the shrubbiest walks of the garden, and stopped in a grape arbor where we were concealed, alike from the house and from our late companions. 'Now tell me all about it,' said she; 'confess the whole extent of your wickedness.' 'There is nothing to confess, ma'am. I am innocent as these hollyhocks.' 'What a veg-etable you are! What little innocent po-sy! But now tell me, did you flirt ve-ry badly? Why did n't you take one of your age? Why did n't you take me, for exam-ple?'"

Fitz Hugh denies any flirtation, and the dialogue proceeds until Mrs. Van Leer says: "'Now do confess. Well, I must buy your secret of you, then. Now, don't be too hard upon me.' She had kept hold of my arm all the while, and she now leaned upon it heavily, while her manner became still more frolicsome and coquettish. It was as I had repeatedly seen her try to allure Somerville; and I half forgot my previous embarrassment in this new one, which was ridiculously perplexing. 'Come,' she continued, 'I would do won-ders to persuade you to confess.' She brought up her right hand, joined it to her left, and clasped both together over my arm."

The dialogue goes on brightly. A change from the first topic leads Mrs. Van Leer to say, "'Don't you believe that the strong-minded women are right? Don't you think that we ought to stand upon a level with men?'

"'Of course. Why don't you? Why

did n't you grow six feet high, as I did? What made you stop just when your head had got up to my shoulder?'

"'*Is* my head just up to your shoulder?' she replied. 'Really, I think it must be higher. Let us measure.' She laid her head against the shoulder in question, raised it again, gave me a glance of provoking coquettishness, and sighed. 'How hum-bling!' she said, 'I admit my littleness. Please go on, what about the strong-minded women?'

"'O you veteran, seasoned, reckless flirt!' I thought. 'I wish your Potiphar was here to make you let go of me.'

"My voice was getting quite husky with embarrassment, but clearing it with a hem (which made her laugh), I launched desperately into my subject. 'A strong-minded — ha — woman, indeed! I don't believe they are serious in their professions. If they are, why not begin at the bottom and set things right in the animal kingdom first? Why don't they get up a charitable society for sewing manes on the lionesses, and giving the peahens as splendid tails as the peacocks?'

"'Perhaps we don't want to meddle with the dirty birds and beasts,' interrupted my companion.

"'If they could only induce the male parrot not to wear finer feathers than the female, and persuade the cock not to crow louder or fight better than the pullet, we might be shamed into the modest example set us by our inferiors. We should reduce our stature to five feet two, speak treble, and be afraid of thunder.'

"'O, disgust-ing!' said she. 'I would n't have such a man about me.'

"'Exactly. Now don't you see, Mrs. Delilah, how absurd it is in you to want to cut off the strength-bearing locks of Samson?'

"'Ah, but *this* Mrs. Delilah does n't want to cut them off. The most is a wish to have just such locks herself.'

"'Well, raise them, but then be contented; don't expect us to admire you then for the delicate curls of womanliness that you have thrown away. Now would n't you much rather have a husband?'

"'To be sure I would, or a beau, either,' she replied, bending her head as if in laughter, so as to let her braids sweep my shoulder. Driven to recklessness, I turned upon the indiscreet yet really cold-blooded creature, and uttered certain remarks, perfectly proper I maintain in themselves, but odious to the average sense of propriety on this side of the Atlantic, — the true sphere of woman, — the pains and glories of maternity; and I expressed myself in the plainest English. I discovered that the most heedless of hoydens may be a prude, just as the most boisterous of bullies may be a coward. Mrs. Van Leer took off one hand from my arm, then the other, and finally stood a full yard away from me, although she laughed heartily."

We have hinted in a not confident way of a *soupçon* of Balzac in the *ante bellum* DeForest; but it might be said with more justice to our author's genius that New England for the whole year of a novel is too dull and bleak for its temperament, and he must give some season of his romance to a clime nearer the tropics. Sea Cliff is a book that its publishers should not suffer to be out of print, though it was written fourteen years ago, and its author can do better things to-day.

In his first novel after the war — Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty — we have an interesting story narrated naturally, without straining or sensation, and without drags of dulness or flights of inflation, whilst the characters, recognized by every-day experience, are faithfully drawn, warmly colored, and always filled with life. There is no subtle psychology; at least our author does not *study* that science with his characters and us before him, as many do, but proves his knowledge of it, so far as it is necessary, by the growth of his creatures and the acts of their lives. But above all, we find American feeling and thought and history as the war *ex*pressed them, viewed

too from different sides, concisely *impressing* us. It is an harmonious novel, the very air of character and representation true to the accompaniment of time and events. Moreover, there is a salubrious satire, a presentation of ourselves as others see us, freshening every page of the story. Mr. Colburne, a young lawyer of New Boston — we take the liberty of translating it New Haven — meets in his native city some time in 1861 a Miss Ravenel of New Orleans, a vivid secessionist, who has been forced to leave home with her father, a professor in the Medical College of New Orleans, because of his position as a Unionist. The Professor, we are told, is a Southern-born man, but, except in warmth of heart and suavity of manners, he reasons, feels, and acts as the truest Yankee; seeing the faults of his alleged people with the utmost severity, and exposing them with scathing frankness. So, although such an exception is possible, his construction weakens the book a bit, we think. Miss Ravenel at that time is merely a very pretty, bright, well-bred girl, but we imagine the possibilities of a lovely womanly character, such as is evolved by the events of her romance. She is devoted to her father, but is a ready champion of *her* South. Early in Colburne's acquaintance with the Ravenels, Lieutenant-Colonel Carter appears on the New Haven scene. He is a Virginian, of the F. F. V's. on his father's side, a West-Pointer, with several years' service, years ago, in the regular army, but now holding a volunteer commission from the Governor of Barataria (Connecticut), his mother's native State. He is in New Haven on sick leave, but busy seeking to induce the Governor to inaugurate a militia system like that of Prussia, etc., etc. The Colonel has given up his father's State, because, having been educated a United States soldier and a follower of Scott, he is a disbeliever in the State right of secession. The tie of birth was not the only one to have held him to the South. "He had married a wife and certain appertaining human property in Louisiana; and although he had buried the first, and dissolved the second (as Cleopatra did her pearls) in the wine-cup, it was reasonable to suppose that they had exercised an establishing influence on his character; for what Yankee even was ever known to remain an Abolitionist after having once tasted the pleasure of living by the labor of others?" Moreover, the high powers of the secession movement, knowing Carter's courage and professional ability, had sought to seduce him into treason by earnest persuasions and flattering blandishments, but had failed. Confidently and cheerfully he elects to fight for his old flag and his whole country. Yet this cavalier, what was he? This cultivated soldier and man of high birth, how did he live? A regular wine-bibber, though seldom drunk, a gambler occasionally for amusement, an adulterer — yet — *yet*, a man of tender heart, of generous impulses, of scrupulous professional or, say, conventional honor, susceptible of reverence for purity and righteousness, an undaunted soldier, passionate for the honor of the service, bitterly hating cowards, who long struggles against *demeaning himself* by bowing down to corrupt politicians for professional promotion. Now this Colonel Carter, the personage of the novel, certainly, and one of the most symmetrically modelled we think of all Mr. DeForest's creations, we try to present in a few words, whilst it takes, as it should, the whole story to adjust in one figure the contradictions of his nature; to reprobate the school he is of and his evil career, yet make us feel a brotherly tenderness for him whilst his errors harm only himself; to follow him with hopes of his regeneration under the sweet governance, which for a period promises much; to make us despise him when he injures the pure woman who entirely loves him, never suspecting his wickedness; and to make us pity him when he dies a gallant soldier, though the brute had long ago won the victory over the man. Admirably complete, we say, is Mr. DeForest's por-

trayal of this character, — the type of that brilliant, dangerous class, not more common, though perhaps more conspicuous, in America than in other countries, — that class of the splendid fellow! This one is unmistakably American, peculiarly individualized by birth, by his time and his associations.

Whilst we see for a short time the quizzical side of New Haven, — the square, trim houses, the stiff, careful taste, the timid hospitality, the strong sympathy with right, the enthusiasm in matters of conscience, the cliques, the top crust of president and professors, the maiden belles of thirty and more, and the beaux of college boys, etc., etc., — Mr. Colburne falls in love with Miss Ravenel, and Colonel Carter begins seriously to admire that young lady, who, besides looking somewhat like his late wife, "had a charming mixture of girlish frankness and of the thorough-bred society air which he considered indispensable to a lady." Then came Bull Run, the wounding of the Colonel, the raising of his new regiment in New Haven, and Colburne's appointment as captain under Carter. The regiment goes to New Orleans, having, after a couple of months at Ship Island, followed the track of the great Farragut. In the summer succeeding General Butler's recovery of New Orleans, Professor Ravenel obtains a permit from the government to return to his Southern home, and on a certain scorching day in June knocks at the door of a house assigned to Captain Colburne as his quarters, — an elegantly furnished little house which had once belonged to a gentleman now a captain in the Rebel service. Colburne is out, but the door is opened by his second lieutenant, and we, with Professor Ravenel, are introduced to Lieutenant Cornelius Van Zandt of Company I, Tenth Regiment Barataria Volunteers, "of an old Knickerbocker family, one of the aboriginal Peter Stuyvesant Knickerbockers at your service, sir," a dark-visaged, Heenan-shaped man, with the ringing bass voice of a Susini, and with an elaborate, boisterous, ostentatious courtesy of manner, which puzzled the Doctor, "who could not decide whether he was a born-and-bred gentleman or a professional gambler." This reprobate son of a very respectable New York family, as we soon learn from Captain Colburne's conversation with the Doctor, "is a very valuable officer, though when drunk, not an uncommon event, the drunkest man since the discovery of alcohol. He is n't drunk to-day. He has not had above two quarts of sherry this morning. I let him have that to keep him from swallowing camphene." This Van Zandt is a good specimen of DeForest's many briefly and boldly drawn side characters with a necessary *rôle* to play whilst they make color in certain situations and set off the prominent actors. The interview between the simple-minded Doctor and Lieutenant Van Zandt, before the Captain enters, is capital. The amusingly wicked, hilarious, dashing lieutenant is admirably contrasted with the good, old-fashioned man of science. We beg our readers to turn to this scene and conversation. There is the liveliest action and most mischievous wittiness in it, and the dialogue and situations are in the author's most sparkling mood; — reckless, vinous Van Zandt pouring down the choicest wine of the Soulé cellar and pouring out on the innocent old professor a stream of revelation that shocks and perplexes his simple moral sense.

Coarse, the reader may think, as he reads that chapter, — a coarse study. True, but necessary to show the New Orleans and army scene. There is no coarse impression, result, or example. It is but one of the true shadows needed in the painting, the effect of which is wholesome and pure. Mr. DeForest is too honest to shirk the truth, from conventional delicacy.

But we must not dwell on the details of our Miss Ravenel's story, though there are many points to keep us. Miss Ravenel finds her home and old friends much changed. Half had disappeared, and the other half had turned to enemies. "She was to be cut in the street, to be glared at in church, to

be sneered at in the parlor, to be put on the defensive, to be obliged to fight for herself and her father. Her temper rose at the thought of such undeserved hardness, and she felt that if it continued long she should turn loyal for very spite." It is the beginning of the end.

All through these New Orleans experiences we get a most vivid knowledge of Rebel feeling, Rebel sufferings, Rebel schemings; we know the very heart and features of that people in their desperate strait. No newspaper correspondence ever approached the truth and force of this novel in rendering of that time in that locality. The author sees artistically and yet with judicial eye; not as an actor and a partisan, but with a fairness and consideration brightened with healthiest humor. The government of Butler we learn to see in many lights; the politics brought from Washington, to harm the army and help unarmed foes of our country, we note with disgust.

In New Orleans, Mrs. Larue, Miss Ravenel's aunt, the captivating snake of the story, comes on the stage, — a Becky Sharpe with more grace and more tenderness; an admirable combination of lovely woman and wily Satan. Finally, she makes Colonel Carter the victim and partner of her wickedness just when we begin to have hope of, and pride in, the devoted husband of our Lillie Ravenel, who, we almost believe, is planting a clean, strong soul in that soldierly body. But in the early New Orleans days when we first know Mrs. Larue, the modest, duty-doing, self-sacrificing, noble-principled gentleman, our citizen-soldier Colburne, loves, as he ever does, Lillie Ravenel, though she suspects it not; whilst the brilliant Colonel, whose badness her purity cannot see, lays impassioned siege to her heart. His desperate love for our heroine is so seen by the reader in the beauty reflected from the object loved that one feels a sympathy and forgiveness for him who, on the field of battle, is always a gallant warrior. Of course this conflict of emotions in us is evidence of the author's power.

Ordered suddenly to act the most dangerous part in the Lafourche expedition under General Weitzel, Carter, before he goes to the battle, offers himself to Lillie, and is accepted. Here the author finely represents the struggle of the old Doctor between his hatred of that class of men of which he believed and feared the Colonel to be one, and his love for his daughter. And here and hereafter we see Colburne patiently bearing his disappointment with a magnanimity which takes more thought of Lillie's great danger than of his own terrible loss.

Colonel Carter and Lillie Ravenel are married, and the Professor, appointed by General Butler to commence an organization of Southern labor, selects a plantation and obtains blacks. Lillie accompanies her father to his new home on the Mississippi, whilst her husband is in the field. Captain Colburne, too, marches and fights with great credit, and gets severely wounded at Port Hudson. His adventures and Colonel Carter's, the acts of the iron-nerved, dashing Van Zandt, always full of whiskey, and the cowardice of a certain political major named Gazaway are parts of a graphic panorama of the Southwestern campaign.

Observing merely that the interest of the story never flags, and, even when intense, never arises from a forced or improbable situation, we quote here two scenes from among many others equally good. In the first, Carter, having gone North on certain duty, meets on the cars between New York and Washington the Governor of Barataria, — the State Governor who commissioned him, — and the lieutenant-colonelcy in the Tenth being vacant, the Colonel asks the Governor to give it to Colburne.

"'But I have promised that to Mr. Gazaway,' said the Governor, looking slightly troubled.

"'To Gazaway!' roared Carter in wrathful astonishment. 'What! to the same Gazaway? Why, Governor,

are you aware — are you perfectly aware why he left the regiment?'

"The Governor's countenance became still more troubled, but did not lose its habitual expression of mild obstinacy.

"'I know — I know,' he said softly. 'It is a very miserable affair.'

"'Miserable! I never heard of anything so utterly contemptible. Certainly you did not think of letting this infernal poltroon back into the regiment?' Then Carter tells the sickening story of Gazaway's disgraceful cowardice, to which the Governor listened, knowing it all before; and Carter concludes, 'And you propose to restore him!'

"The Governor sighed, and looked very sad, but still as meekly determined as Moses. He replied that he knew it all, but must act out our American principle, the greatest good of the greatest number. Gazaway was not to keep the commission. 'It is merely given to whitewash him. He will accept it and resign.'

"'But what the —— do you want to whitewash him for? He ought to be gibbeted!'

"The Governor, rather crushed, then explains the *political* necessity. How 'we must give the administration a clear majority in both houses; and as Gazaway's Congressional district is a close one, we must whitewash him, because we fear his assistance is necessary to gain it."

"'My God! what a disgraceful muddle! The way to carry elections is to whip the Rebels! to have the best officers and the best army, and win all the victories. My God!' was Carter's indignant comment.

"The Governor assures Carter that he is sacrificing his own feelings, that it is a most painful step, etc.

"'I would n't take the step,' returned the Colonel. 'I 'd let the elections go to hell before I 'd take it.'"

After further conversation in the same way, Carter cannot stand it, but jumps up suddenly. "'Excuse me if I leave you for half an hour,' observed Carter, without attempting to conceal his disgust. 'I want to step into the smoking-car and take a cigar.'

"'Certainly,' bowed tranquilly the Governor. He was used to such unpleasant interviews.

"'Horrible shame, by Jove!' Carter muttered, chewing rather than smoking his cigar. 'I wish the whole thing was in the hands of the War Department. Damn the States and their rights!'

"Each of these men was a wonder to the other; each of them should have been a wonder to himself. The Governor knew that Carter was a *roué*, a hard drinker, something of a Dugald Dalgetty; and he could not understand his professional chivalry, his passion for the honor of the service, his hatred for cowards. The Colonel knew the Governor's upright moral character as an individual, and was amazed that he could condescend to what he considered dirty trickery. In one respect Carter had the highest moral standpoint. He did wrong to please himself, but under the pressure of overwhelming impulse, and he paid for it in frank remorse. The other did wrong after calm deliberation, sadly regretting the necessity, but chloroforming his conscience with the plea of the necessity. A well-intentioned man, blinded by long confinement in the dark labyrinths of political intrigue. He would have shrunk with horror from Carter, had he known of that affair with Madame Larue. At the same time he would commission a known coward above the heads of heroes, to carry a Congressional district," etc.

The other scene we shall quote occurs after Carter's fall, and subjection to Mrs. Larue, unknown and unsuspected as yet by his wife, when Lillie, reaching "the apotheosis of womanhood," Carter is summoned to her chamber.

"The very expansion of Lillie at sight of him, the eagerness with which her soul reached out to him for help, pity, love, was perilous. As for him, he had never before witnessed a scene like this, and he never forgot it."

Later, when the baby is a week or more old, and the visions of fever vanish, "she beckoned her husband to her, and with tears begged his pardon for some long-since-forgotten petulance. This was the hardest trial that Carter had yet undergone. To have her plead for his forgiveness was a reproach that he could hardly bear with self-possession. He must not confess, — no such relief was there for his burdened spirit, — but he sank on his knees in miserable penitence.

"'Oh! forgive me,' he said, 'I am not half good enough for you. I am not worthy of your love. You must pray for me, my darling!'

"For the time she was his religion, his loving, chastening, though not all-seeing deity; uplifting and purifying him, even as she was exalted and sanctified by her child. . . . .

"He washed her face, took her meals in and put them out, fed her with his own hands, fanned her by the hour, and all, she thought, as no one else could.

"'How gentle you are!' she said, her eyes suddenly moistening with gratitude. 'How nicely you wait on me! And to think that you have led a storming party! And I have seen men afraid of you! My dear, what did you ever mean by saying that you are not good enough for me? You are a hundred times better than I deserve!'

"Carter laid his forehead in her gently clasping hands, without speaking."

Lillie, learning of her husband's baseness, in a manner which establishes it beyond slightest hope of excuse, whilst he is in the field and just before his death, gives him up forever and returns to the North with her father. Her agony we are brought to know and to sympathize with, though it is not spoken or acted on the open stage of the book.

Ordinarily we readers find an injustice done both us and an author's creations when the man or woman who has won our hopes and affections is allowed to enjoy her or his reward only after some unworthy one has possessed it first. But with so much art does Mr. DeForest portray Lillie's heart and life, so nobly metamorphosed is Colonel Carter by her presence and in that love, that the thought of her former marriage does not trouble our joy when Colburne, the true hero of the tale, is at length united to Lillie Ravenel.

Though this novel of Miss Ravenel's Conversion may be far less known than Overland or Kate Beaumont, yet to a careful reader of Mr. DeForest, many reasons will appear why we give longer consideration to it, and make it somewhat an exponent of his achievement and of his promise.

We wish there were space here to do justice to Overland. In interest it surpasses any of his other books; yet we class it as a story rather than a novel, if this distinction of titles is legitimate and explanatory. It displays in the highest degree the author's great ability in description, proves how industriously he studies his work and then how faithfully and energetically he handles his materials, and it exhibits freshness and fervency of style. It is witty and humorous, abounds in the most thrilling situations, and brings together in the minor characters some of his most striking and original conceptions, as Texas Smith and Captain Glover for antipodal Americans, Sergeant Weber and Sweeny for our German and Irish admixture of nationalities, Coronado for Spanish color and heroic villany. But as a novel it falls short, because the *dramatis personæ* are *used for* the incidents and plot, instead of these latter proceeding from, being evolved by, the former. Mr. DeForest himself corroborates the exception we have taken, when, more than two thirds through the story, he writes: "We have had hitherto little more than a superficial view of the characters of our people. Events, incidents, adventures, and even landscapes have been the leading personages of the story, and have been to its human individualities what the Olympian gods are to Greek and Trojan heroes in the Iliad. Just as Jove or Neptune rules

or thwarts Agamemnon and Achilles, so the monstrous circumstances of the desert have overborne, dwarfed a-nd blurred these travellers." Yet Overland has magnificent points, such as that prose poem, sustained through six chapters, of the doomed voyage of Thurstane and his two companions down the terrible San Juan, through its prison cañon, and the awfulness of the Great Cañon of the mysterious Colorado; and that picture, in another place, of tottering beasts, savage-painted Apaches, United States soldiers, Mexican teamsters, and civilized women — absorbed by a thirst which was more burning than the rage of the pursuers or the panic of the pursued, all plunging together into a desert stream, and drinking for life.

In the novel of Kate Beaumont, the most prominent, the most popular, and probably the best of Mr. DeForest's works, we have the feud between two South Carolina families with a heap of honor-slain victims on either side, sadly hindering the course of true love. So much for the plot in brief. The lovers merely draw the thread of the story through the book: that is their prominence; the other persons of the cast receive the strength of the author's characterization.

Kate Beaumont is a wonderfully entertaining and honest (without any malice or grudge behind it) satire of a certain class and of a certain sentiment in the South. DeForest wished to picture one scene of Southern life, striking, picturesque, and of the latitude, — as the painter might take a piece of the Dismal Swamp with its contrasts of gloom and brilliancy, its cypresses, mosses, and bits of plumage, all intensified perhaps by the lurid glow of a setting sun slanting through gnome-shaped vistas and reddening the sky above. It is only *one* piece of Southern scenery the artist in either case has chosen. There are mountains, plains, light, life, activity elsewhere and constantly in the Southern country; but this bit is, as it were, of its inner self, and is peculiar, because seen only in that clime, and because, though limited and remote, it seems somehow to satisfy our ideal knowledge of the landscape. The painter selects this piece of nature, of which he can make the best work of art; so our novelist has chosen that phase of Southern life and character which, copying truly, he could use most artistically. This we note in justice to the South, of which many of us are as yet somewhat wilfully ignorant, and in justice, too, to the truthfulness as well as to the art of the author. Let Southern readers, too, consider with satisfaction how faithfully this novelist presents the noble, beautiful soul, Colonel Kershaw, the patient, chivalrous Frank McAllister, the courteous, sweet-hearted Major Lawson, and our dear Kate Beaumont, all as peculiarly the product of the section of civilization dramatized, as are the loud, fighting, drinking Hon. Peyton Beaumont, Randolph Armitage, Tom Beaumont, and the poor rough cracker, Redhead Saxon. We have before alluded to this thorough conscientiousness of Mr. DeForest's judgment and performance; how he never swerves from duty to truth and reality; how, whilst he contemns brutalities and lawlessnesses, makes the duello horrible and its code ridiculous, and strikes heavy and sharp at whatever is barbarous,— he yet leads us to admire with him the ever-ready personal courage, the high dealing, the frank speaking, the ease, the affluence, the polished manners, and all else that is captivating in the society he pictures. He has a strange will and power to turn every side of a figure to our gaze. In Peyton Beaumont, the most industriously wrought character of the novel, how careful he is, when he has made us hate his habitual intemperance, his savage pride, and his "intense pugnacity, as fiery as powder and as long-winded as death," to show us his kindness to his dependants, his passionate love for his children, his profound regard for truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, his imaginative (if that only) reverence

for religion. This Colonel Beaumont, whom we fear and reprobate, whose character and career greatly win our interest and even affection (if you understand such a feeling as holding place alongside of reprobation), who is both fond and fierce, rough yet gentle, is an original character in literature, yet such an one as we have often met and known on the Southern seaboard before the war. It was one to mature itself only in that latitude, and under the institution of slavery; one perfectly probable in the scene, if not in this case a reality.

We regret that the limits of this article, added to the fact that Kate Beaumont has been printed in these pages, forbid us to quote two portions of the novel, each establishing the greatness and extent of DeForest's literary powers, and complementing each other in characterization of personages and realization of the incidents. We beg the reader to do our author the justice to read the ninth chapter of Kate Beaumont, and then the thirty-second chapter. At one view we get a sweep of scenery in which to estimate Mr. DeForest's range and performance; and we must applaud both the striking foreground of action and the fine background of charitable knowledge and intent. Where have we any such humorous and faithful representation of the relation between master and slave? or a better reproduction of the wit, tact, and fond familiarity of the Southern house-servant? or such a picture of South Carolina plantation housekeeping and the domestic life? or a clearer view of family sentiment and unity so little known in other parts of our country? And in the last chapter referred to, how dramatic, how pathetic is the strain of feeling, and how exalted is the morality!

In all Mr. DeForest has written since the war, we discern breadth, strength, and movement, wonderful honesty, freedom from prejudice, no affectation, very little exaggeration, and an entire absence of sentimentality. We find, too, great power of accurate and elevated description. His power lies not in delineation of very fine natures, not in delicate shading or *genre* painting, but in bold, true outlines, full of life and suggestion. He is not a painter of delicious colors and complexions, but a draughtsman of form and action; or he is a fresco-artist doing boldly on large surfaces histories of average humanity, — strong, legitimate effects to be enjoyed *en entier* and not close-scanned with half-shut eyes; good, wholesome, artistic effects, without cramped, elaborate, or laborious minutiæ. His plane is that broad, difficult one trodden by average humanity; those brothers and sisters with whom most of us trudge along, and whose portraits, from long acquaintance with the originals, we can declare to be true and artistic.

Clarence Gordon.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

EVERY poet creates a type of himself, by which all that he does afterwards is felt as his, and variance from which is not easily forgiven. He becomes his own rival, as has often been said; yet even in his self-rivalry it is not his likeness but his unlikeness to himself that displeases; and whilst we protest against any criticism that presumes to limit a poet to any vein, or to dictate how and what he shall write, as vulgar and impudent, we confess a sympathy with the popular expectation that each poet shall be in manner what he has been, as nearly as he can. In the love we bear a man's poetry there is something analogous to the repetition-asking principle in music; some recurrence of accustomed mental attitudes we all desire. It was the absence of these in Mr. Longfellow's New England Tragedies and Divine Tragedy which disappointed a generation unable to read as impartially as the future, and unwilling to accept their severe outlines in place of the pictures and opulent reliefs they were used to being pleased with in him. The next generation will do what we hardly can: read the Christus with a due sense of it as a whole. For us, with whom The Golden Legend was long ago accepted as a complete poem, and to whom The New England Tragedies and The Divine Tragedy came afterwards without warrant of their relationship till the last, they must always remain disunited in our thought, whatever they are in fact. The two latter parts, indeed, are the fruit of artistic moods quite different from that which produced the first. Something of the self-denying strictness with which the Dante was translated seems to have forbidden them the richness and the quaint detail of the earlier drama. But in the three books of Mr. Longfellow's Tales of the Wayside Inn, the last of which is now closed in the volume called Aftermath, the dominant mood is always the same, so that the three series are as intimately related in manner as are the different Idyls of the King.

Moreover, in Aftermath, the poet appears willing to recall to the lovers of his poetry all their favorites among his works. It is a pensive, delicious refrain, the melodious reverberation, in delicately subdued effects, of the old colors, tones, feelings; and the art is mellowed to that last flavor of perfection which in Tennyson's Gareth and Lynette is almost enough of itself to constitute a poem. Those who have loved a poet long and constantly feel the charm of this with a keenness unknown to the fickle and impatient; but there is certainly in the ripe performance of every great master of style a delight which no intelligent reader can miss. By exercise and study of his art all its highest effects come easily to him; he has but to wave his hand, as it appears, and they are there; sometimes it even appears as if they came unbidden. Besides, in Aftermath, we have somehow a better sense than before of the tranquil breadth of our poet's genius. The perfect serenity of his mental atmosphere widens those clear horizons along which lurks a melancholy light, and lets us perceive how great his range has been, and in what an ample spirit he has touched his many themes. These poems, as effortless, as uncompelled, as the color and sweet of Nature, affect us as if they came from a store as rich as hers, and suggest her largeness as well as her fertility.

We suppose this sense of their spontaneity is heightened by their freedom from the didactic tendency which characterized some of Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems, at an earlier period. The tales are simply stories, teaching by incident and character, and often not teaching at all; and the poems that follow them, brief and few in number, are almost pure expressions of feeling; or are expressions of feeling tacitly directed towards a lesson, not bearing it as a burden. And on the whole we believe we are ready to set some of these poems

* *Aftermath.* By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Marjorie Daw and other People. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Outlines of German Literature. By JOSEPH JOSTWICK and ROBERT HARRISON. New York: Holt & Williams, F. W. Christern. Boston: S. R. Urbino. 1873.

Protection against Fire, and the Best Means of Putting out Fires in Cities, Towns, and Villages, with Practical Suggestions for the Security of Life and Property. By JOSEPH BIRD. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

before any in the language of a similar kind, — of quite the same kind there are none. Take, for example, this called

CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

This is full of the feeling to be conveyed; but it is not surcharged by the slightest touch, it is exquisitely balanced; and this which follows is such a pleasure in its artistic loveliness and completeness as a whole literature can but twice or thrice afford: —

AFTERMATH.

When the Summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

Fata Morgana is almost as good as these two poems, but is perhaps not so marvellously poised, not so wholly freed from all process of art; and then we have The Haunted Chamber, The Meeting, and The Challenge, that suggest in mood and movement the best of Mr. Longfellow's earlier short poems, and are worthy a place in our memories with The Beleaguered City, The Footsteps of Angels, and other kindred pieces, which they equal in richness and tenderness of sentiment and surpass in the evidence of poetic mastery.

Of the Tales of a Wayside Inn, our readers already know Scanderbeg, and have, we hope,

"liked the canter of the rhymes
That had a hoof-beat in their sound,"

and the midnight solemnity of the atmosphere thrown about the wild, fierce tragedy; and they have also enjoyed the peculiarly Longfellowish humor of The Rhyme of Sir Christopher. All the other tales, and of course the interludes and preludes, are here printed for the first time. It is the Spanish Jew who tells the story of Scanderbeg, and he tells also the first story in the series, that of Azrael and Solomon, and the Rajah who flies from the death-angel only to meet him at his own door. The Poet's tale of Charlemagne, which follows next, is a rather singular achievement in literature. Its climax is simply the terror of the Lombard King Desiderio at the sight of Charlemagne; it is a scene, a spectacle, rather than a story, and affects the reader as a painting of the same subject might; it is dramatic in the last degree, and the critical reader will notice with what consummate skill, with what fulness and yet with what wise reticence, he is possessed of the situation. The Student's tale is that old and pretty story of the king's daughter who carried her lover from her bower lest his footsteps in the snow should betray them both; and we need not say how sweetly it is told, and how it turns as innocent in the poet's verse as the Theologian's tale of the fair Quakeress Elizabeth Haddon, who as she rode through the woods to meeting, with her guest John Estaugh, lingered behind the others a little, and whispered: —

"'Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.'
And they rode slowly along through the woods conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

"Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
'I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh.'

"And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken,
'Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.'

"Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,
'So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others."

This purely Quaker love-story, in which of course John Estaugh finally "has freedom" to accept the love of Elizabeth, is perhaps the best in the book. The quaint and homely material is wrought into a texture marvellously delicate; and its colorless fineness clothes a beauty as chaste and soft as the neutral-tinted garments of the fair, meekly bold Quaker maiden. The English hexameter which Mr. Longfellow has so intimately associated with his name, he has never more successfully handled, we think, than in this poem, which recalls Evangeline and The Courtship of Miles Standish at their best, and yet has a humor and sweetness quite its own, and unmistakably knowable for Longfellow's. But the humor is his quietest, naturally. That gayety, that *esprit* which among modern poets is almost peculiar to him, finds its broadest expression in the Sicilian's tale of the Monk of Casal-Maggiore, who pretended that he had been changed into an ass for the sin of gluttony. It is as the poet says of it,

"A tale that cannot boast forsooth,
A single rag or shred of truth;
That does not leave the mind in doubt
As to the with it or without;
A naked falsehood and absurd
As mortal ever told or heard."

And it is as merry as a tale of Chaucer's and told with a relish for all its comic points and extravagances which the reader cannot refuse to share. All the character-painting is in the mellowest tones, — the wily, worthless, jovial monk, the simple peasant, the hospitable housewife, the old grandsire with his memories of the French and Milanese wars. How good is this picture of the rogue of a friar, supping at the peasant's board: —

"It was a pleasure but to see him eat,
His white teeth flashing through his russet beard,
His face aglow and flushed with wine and meat,
His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed and leered!
Lord! how he drank the blood-red country wine
As if the village vintage were divine!

"And all the while he talked without surcease,
And told his merry tales with jovial glee
That never flagged, but rather did increase,
And laughed aloud as if insane were he,
And wagged his red beard, matted like a fleece."

When Brother Timothy returns to his convent, the prior sends to market the ass which the guilty monk had persuaded Farmer Gilbert to believe his penitential shape.

"Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,
And nearer came, and saw that it was he,
And whispered in his ear, 'Ah, lackaday!
Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,
Has changed you back into an ass again,
And all my admonitions were in vain.'

"The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,
Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,
As if he were not pleased these words to hear,
And contradicted all that had been said.
And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,
'I know you well; your hair is russet-red;
Do not deny it; for you are the same
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name.'

"The ass, though now the secret had come out,
Was obstinate, and shook his head again;
Until a crowd was gathered round about
To hear this dialogue between the twain;
. . . . . .
"'If this be Brother Timothy,' they cried,
'Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;
Thou canst not do too much for one so tried
As to be twice transformed into an ass.'
So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied
His halter, and o'er mountain and morass
He led him homeward, talking as he went
Of good behavior and a mind content.

"The children saw them coming, and advanced,
Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck, —
Not Gilbert's, but the ass's, — round him danced,
And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck
His sacred person; for again it chanced
Their childish feelings, without rein or check,
Could not discriminate in any way
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

"'O brother Timothy,' the children said,
"You have come back to us just as before;
We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,
And we should never see you any more."
And then they kissed the white star on his head,
That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,
And patted him upon the neck and face,
And said a thousand things with childish grace."

This, which is so charmingly said, has all the elder story-teller's amiable pleasure in

the truth of such simple details as the children's fond and credulous rapture, and the donkey's gravity of behavior. The ass, in fact,

> "Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes,"

or, as he stands

> "Twirling his ears about,"

is studied with the same humorous observance and appreciation of brute-character as Chaucer brings to the portrayal of Chanticleer and Dame Partlet, — a whimsical playfulness akin to that with which our poet indicates the kind of animal with whom Sir Christopher Gardiner found refuge from the justice of Massachusetts Bay: —

> — "the noble savage who took delight
> In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,
> His gun and his rapier, and the rest,
> But as soon as the noble savage heard
> That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,
> He wanted to slay him out of hand,
> And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,
> Like the glossy head of a kite or a crow."

The Musician's tale is a version of the affecting Norse ballad of The Mother's Ghost; but we care less for it than for the others. The whole book, however, seems to us the best that we could ask of the poet whom it suggests, if it does not reveals, in his whole range; and who has given more pleasure of a high and refined sort to more people than any other poet of our time.

— Through most of the sketches in Mr. Aldrich's very welcome book "one increasing purpose runs," which we fear may be justly described as tending to dupe the single-minded reader, to engage his interest and even his affections in behalf of people whose adventures turn out to be of the most deceitfully trivial character, and who even turn out themselves to have no existence at all. It is true that this purpose is skilfully accomplished, and that Mr. Aldrich, beginning with A Struggle for Life, has almost created a new species in fiction, — a species in which character and incident constantly verge with us towards the brink of a quite precipitous surprise, without being for a moment less delightful as character and incident, and without being less so even when we look up at them from the gulf into which they have plunged us. Marjorie Daw, Miss Mehetabel's Son, and Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski are the sketches in which he perfects the sort of story which he has made his own, if he has not actually invented it. We have no difficulty ourselves in choosing Marjorie Daw as the best of these three; it is singularly well plotted, and told with a liveliness that almost wholly preserves itself from excess, and which keeps the reader amused even while he forebodes a conventional *dénouement* as unlike the real close as anything can be. We like its being in the old-fashioned form of letters, a fashion so long disused in fiction that it may equally well be called new, and that next to dialogue is the most dramatic expression of character. It is curious to observe, in connection with one's own feeling towards Marjorie Daw, that, although one knows her to be a wholly fictitious person, one finds it intolerable when she proves no person at all; and it would be interesting to inquire just how tangible the figures of romance do really become to the reader. We suspect that they have much more being, the successful creations, than one is commonly inclined to think, — perhaps as much as historical personages, and nearly as much as people one has known a great while ago; though probably they always have less reality to the author than to the reader. Otherwise we cannot imagine Mr. Aldrich's deliberately obliterating Marjorie Daw even to gain the effect at which he had aimed from the first. To be sure, she lives in spite of him, and is at this moment enjoying a polyglot immortality in Europe; when we saw her last she had passed through French, Spanish, and German into Danish, and now she is doubtless figuring in the braided jacket and the neat boots of the Magyar.

Mademoiselle Zabriski is a person less to our liking, but her story is a very pretty study for those who care to see how much may be unlaboriously made out of the slightest material, and how a fable, which, vulgarly presented, might make us laugh, becomes by Mr. Aldrich's lively art a thing that moves altogether different feelings, as well as those of merriment. It is a trifle, to be sure; but we should like to have such trifles in the place of many serious things which we know, and which are seriously wanting in wit, grace, and point. The surprise with which it ends is quite as well managed as that in Marjorie Daw; but, admirable as both of these surprises are, they do not seem quite so ingenious as that artifice in A Struggle for Life, where it turns out not only that Philip Wentworth was in Julie Dorine's tomb one hour and twenty minutes instead of two days, but Wentworth himself, on

being so addressed, turns out to be Frederick Jones, and to have had no other existence save in the fancy of the supposed narrator.

Miss Mehetabel's Son, though we classed it with the sketches we have named, is equally allied to those of another sort in the book, and is as much a study of character as a story with a surprise in it. We do not think it is so good as the others of either kind, The Friend of my Youth being the best of the character-studies, and sketching with compassionate justice a most delicious scoundrel, — a rogue who, if his whole history could be as well told, would make his author's fortune as the hero of one of the best picaresque tales ever written. We should say that in one way Mr. Aldrich's style was at its best in this sketch; and in another way it was at its best in Père Antoine's Date-Palm, which was published in these pages a great while ago. The fancy from which the little story is woven is a pathetic one. If it appears tame, says Mr. Aldrich, "it will be because I am not habited in a black ribbed-silk dress, with a strip of point-lace around my throat, like Miss Blondeau" who told it him; and he keeps the delicate fancy from fraying in our hands by a certain light movement throughout, and by presenting even its affecting points with a kind of archness.

Quite So, A Young Desperado, and A Rivermouth Romance are the other pieces — we like the last the best for what seems its greater simplicity and ease — in a book that may be read and read again with cheerfulness and refreshment, and that one need find no fault with unless his unhappy business should be fault-finding, in which case he may blame it for giving him so little occasion to be censorious.

— Outlines of German Literature is a book which will be found of service to students and to general readers. Its aim is to give a brief but complete sketch of German literature with all the necessary names and dates, and such abstracts of the more important writings as may afford the seeker after information a more definite idea of their merit than would whole pages of descriptive adjectives. The most important quality in a book of this kind is accuracy, and it is to be found in this volume. The writers start with the remote beginnings of German literature, and bring it down to within a year or two from the present time. For greater facility this time is divided into seven periods. The first is from A. D. 380 to 1150. This division contains a description of the different forms of the language and of Ulfilas' version of the New Testament in Gothic, and the few surviving works in Old High German. In the second period, 1150 – 1350, we have analyses of the Nibelungenlied and the Gudrun, as well as of the romances of chivalry, such as Tristran and Parzival, and mention of the Minnesingers. The third period, 1350 – 1525, includes the Master Singers and other less important writers. The fourth, 1525 – 1625, has for its most prominent names Luther and Hans Sachs. The fifth, 1625 – 1725, gives us an account of the poetry of the time, and some pages devoted to Leibnitz. The sixth, 1725 – 70, discusses those who were paving the way for the real literary blossoming of Germany, — Gottsched, etc., and includes Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland. The seventh, 1770 – 1830, treats of the Golden Age in German literature, and gives a tolerably full account of Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, the Romantic School, Heine, Rückert, etc. There is, too, a painstaking analysis of the works of the different great philosophers. In addition we have several chapters, bringing the book down to the present time. If a great part of the book is dull reading, that is the fault much more of the German writers than of the authors of this book, which shows very well how astonishingly meagre German literature is. While it will be found a useful handbook for reference, the reader of German, who will be the one most likely to use this volume, cannot do better than supplement its brief accounts by making use of some history of German literature written in German. For this purpose we should recommend to him to turn either to Julian Schmidt's *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur*, or to that written by Hettner, which is perhaps less well-known. They are both admirable books. Of Hettner one thing can be said, that he is perhaps the only German, except Schopenhauer and Heine, who has ever written with a pleasing or even graceful style.

— A more timely book than that of Mr. Bird on Protection against Fire has seldom been written. It appears at a time when various delusions about the merits of steam fire-engines, begotten of their massive size, their glistening brass, their lofty streams, have been either entirely removed, or much modified by events. Insurance men and architects have taken the greatest interest in introducing certain changes, and lagging behind them are those who manage the fire

departments, who apparently consider themselves the victims of an unavoidable fatality, rather than in any way responsible for the great losses by fire which have been so frequent of late. They assume, too, an aggrieved air in the face of criticism, the main object of which should be to enable us to sleep comfortably in our beds without undue terror whenever an alarm of fire is sounded.

It is always easy to be wise after things have happened, but Mr. Bird, a year before the great fire of last November, called the attention of the public to the very dangers of which we have since had so bitter experience. Already a great deal has been written, and much more said, about the small number of fire-engines in the part burned over, the slowness with which from their size they must reach the fire, the delays in giving alarm, etc., etc., and we need not weary our readers with repeating it. But we would add, that as matters stand, they exactly correspond with what we are accustomed to laugh at so much when it is our grandfathers whose faults we are discussing. Certain defects have been proved to exist in the present system, but we see only very few steps taken to correct them. It seems to be imagined that a great fire is to a great city like measles to the individual, that it only comes once in a life-time; but the conditions being the same, fire will be as ready to burn this November as it was last. Buildings have been built of greater strength against fire, but citizens have a right to demand that every possible precaution be taken.

Mr. Bird urges that small engines would be of great utility at fires before the more ponderous "steamers" arrive, that they would often be of service in places which the heavier engines cannot reach; it is objected they would be unserviceable because they would require water. But all engines require water, and in Berlin, the excellent fire-department, one of the best in Europe, finds no difficulty in carrying water to the fire. How much can be done by such measures, which we suppose excite the derision of the regular fireman, may be seen in the testimony in the report of the Fire Commission, about the way in which the store of Messrs. C. F. Hovey & Co. was saved in the fire of last November. There was system, well-directed energy, though with inefficient material, and the result is the only consoling chapter in a volume of material which is anything but encouraging reading. What should we think of a general who, when fighting in the field, relied on nothing but his heavy artillery against a foe that was unwilling to wait until he had all his pieces favorably placed and ready to work? Those who urged the use of cavalry, infantry, and light artillery should not be suspected of any wish to decry the heavier weapons; they do but recommend the efficiency of other means. Change to be wise should be slow, but not too slow. And in order that an intelligent public opinion may be formed, we warmly commend Mr. Bird's book. It is better that the lesson should be taught in this way than by a repetition of the horrors of last November and last May.

French and German.*

In his third volume of essays Mr. Julian Schmidt writes about various lesser lights in contemporaneous German literature, such as Willibald Alexis, Fritz Reuter, Spielhagen, Hermann Grimm, and Gervinus, and he adds thereto from seventy to eighty pages about Shakespeare. What he has to say is always interesting, and it is not his fault if there are no more Sainte-Beuves or George Eliots or Turgénieffs about whom to write, as he has done in his earlier volumes. Three at least of those Germans we have named are more or less well known in this country. Fritz Reuter has a circle of admirers, the warmest being those who are able to read him in the original *Plattdeutsch*, which, be it said, presents but few difficulties to good German scholars; and many more know him from the excellent translation of In the Year '13; most of Spielhagen's novels have been put into English and are widely read, more widely it seems to us than they deserve; while Hermann Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo has found a considerable number of readers. Grimm has another claim upon us in that he has written a novel which has a good deal to say about America; its name is *Unüberwindliche Mächte*. It has the fault of presenting this country, not as it is in reality, but as it appears to the foreigner who is uncomfortable in Germany, who admires Emerson, who fancies that because

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Neue Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Von Julian Schmidt. IIIter Band. Leipzig, 1873.

Impressions et Souvenirs. Par George Sand. Paris, 1873.

we have no counts or barons here, we respect every man according to what he is and does; in a word, he imagines a people with all their virtues as they appear in public speeches, as if they were locked up in glass cases, secure against all the tarnishing which daily use might bring them. These faults Mr. Schmidt points out, and he gives a very satisfactory account of Mr. Grimm's solider work, for which he has much greater natural aptitude. Spielhagen receives the honor of being mentioned in a long essay giving us an analysis of every one of his novels and a good deal of criticism, which, however, is not in the same key as all of the rest, — as if the writer were personally acquainted with the subject of his essay, and had to avoid giving that offence which one's neighbors are apt to take at criticism. That the Germans should be proud of Spielhagen need not surprise any one who is familiar with their lighter literature of the present time; it is so gushing, so weak — of course with a few respectable exceptions — that even the patience with which we in this country stand with our hats in our hands ready to cheer the great American novelist is equalled by that of the Germans. Spielhagen, too, has the merit of trying to aid the solution of certain social problems which interest his countrymen. His heroes consequently rail furiously against modern society, or while they imagine themselves to have sprung from the dregs of the people, they really have all the aristocratic tastes and perceptions of those born in the purple, and then they find out that they spring from noble lines. Then, too, the *Weltschmerz*, the moral dyspepsia of the century, has all the attention which even it demands. Mr. Schmidt in closing gives a side blow at one marked peculiarity of Spielhagen's novels, in warning foreigners who are apt to form their opinions of the manners and morals of another country from the novels which describe its society, not to have too sure an opinion of the rottenness of society in Germany from the loose tone of Spielhagen's descriptions of it. This is at once a useful caution and a word of sound criticism. It touches a fault which is altogether too common in these novels.

Fritz Reuter is a very different person. In our opinion, he is the greatest novelist now writing in Germany. He is as far removed from the lackadaisical sentimentality of half a hundred little writers of the day as he is from any such *tendenz*-work as that of Spielhagen, or such working after French models as distinguishes Paul Heyse's rather graceful stories. He is a poet, he is a man who has really suffered, but who has learned strength from his sufferings, which is "more better" than the uneasy repining of Spielhagen after he knows not what. He simply tells us what he has seen, but with real humor and pathos, with no visible effort, and with a cheery manliness which no reader can help liking. It is no wonder that he is so popular with Germans, and we cannot help urging students of that language not to be alarmed at the apparent difficulty of Reuter's *Plattdeutsch;* it will disappear after a few hours' work, and the reader will find awaiting him more entertainment than he can find from the writing of any living German author. And this we say with due respect to Freytag and Auerbach. Occasionally these two nod.

The essay on Shakespeare is interesting, for no really intelligent man can be dull when he has that subject to write about. Mr. Schmidt does not add a great deal that is new but he shows us what he finds in Shakespeare, and thereby he gives us a good opportunity to measure his own ability. The volume is interesting, but its interest is less than that of any of its predecessors.

Madame George Sand's *Impressions et Souvenirs* is a curious medley of her views on the education of children, the condition of France at the present time, the future condition of women, personal reminiscences, etc., etc. One cannot give an adequate idea of the book without copying out the whole of it. It is all written with her wonderful grace, and with the ease which she never loses. She tells us about her manner of working, which deserves to be read; but perhaps as interesting a chapter as any is one dated in Paris, January, 1841, in which she gives an account of a conversation between herself and Delacroix about the *Stratonice* of Ingres. Then, as if to make the scene more complete, Chopin joins them and takes part in the conversation. We translate from it: —

"Chopin and Delacroix are very, even tenderly, fond of one another. In character they are not unlike, and they have the same great qualities of heart and mind. But Delacroix understands Chopin and adores him, while Chopin does not understand Delacroix. He has esteem, affection, and respect for the man, but he detests the

artist. Delacroix, who is broader in his sympathies, appreciates music, he understands it; his taste is accurate and delicate. He is never tired of listening to Chopin; he enjoys it, and he knows much of his music by heart. Chopin accepts his adoration and is touched by it; but when he looks at one of his friend's pictures, he suffers and is unable to utter a word. He is a musician and nothing but a musician. His thoughts can be expressed only by music. He has much wit, tact, and *malice*, but he understands nothing of pictures or statuary. Michael Angelo frightens him. Rubens horrifies him. Everything that appears eccentric scandalizes him. He limits himself, by a singular anomaly, to the rigidest conventionality. His genius is the most original and individual that exists, but he dislikes to have any one tell him so."

This is followed by an account of a monologue by Delacroix about shades in painting.

"Chopin does not listen any longer, he is at the piano, not noticing that we are listening to him. He is improvising carelessly; he stops. 'Well, well,' cries Delacroix, 'that is not all!' 'It's not begun. Nothing occurs to me. .... Nothing but shades, shadows, reliefs, which are all vague. I am trying to fix the color, but I can't even make sure of the drawing.' 'You won't get one without the other,' said Delacroix, 'and you 'll find them both.' 'But if I only find moonlight?' 'You will have the shade of a shade,' answered Maurice.

"That idea pleases the divine artist. He goes on, without seeming to begin again, so vague and uncertain is his theme. Before our eyes float the soft tints which correspond to the gentle modulations which we hear. ...

"Chopin speaks very seldom, and then but briefly about his art; but when he does, it is with admirable clearness and soundness, which, if generally known, would overthrow many heresies. But even in private life he is reserved, and only pours forth his soul at the piano. Nevertheless he promises us to write a treatise in which he will describe, not only the practice, but also the theory of music. ....

"The bell rings, Chopin shivers and stops playing. I tell the servant I am not at home for any one. 'But,' said Chopin, 'you are for *him*.' 'Who can it be?' 'Mickiewiez.' 'O, yes, to be sure! But how do you know it is he?' 'I don't know, but I 'm sure it is he; I was thinking about him.'

"It is he in fact. He shakes hands with us all kindly, and soon takes a seat in the corner, begging Chopin to go on. Chopin continues; he is inspired, he is sublime. But the servant runs in in terror; the house is on fire! We rush out and find my chamber is on fire; but we are in time to save it. We put it out at once. Still it keeps us busy for an hour, and afterwards we ask, 'Where can Mickiewiez be?' We call for him, he does not answer; we return to the parlor, he is not there. Ah, there he is in the little corner where we left him. The lamp has gone out, but he did not notice it; we made a great deal of noise two paces off, but he did not hear anything; he did not even ask why we had left him alone; he did not know he had been alone. He had been listening to Chopin, and he was still hearing him."

There are but few passages which are as interesting as this, which makes us wish that this remarkable woman had given us, or might still give us, a fuller account of her singular life. When one considers how many people she has known, how vast the experience she has had, one cannot help wishing that it might be set down for us to read and draw a moral from. Whatever other merit it would probably lack, it would be certainly interesting. But we suppose it would be as hard for her to write us the plain unvarnished truth as it was for her in her youth to look forward and see what it would be. The minor virtue of accuracy would probably be wanting, but we still should like to read it.

ART.

THE Italian Art Congress in closing its annual meeting, held at Parma in 1871, which had been placed, to parody a formula of the Roman Church, under the patronage of Correggio, determined to hold its next session at Milan, and decreed, beforehand, the honors of the occasion "to that universal genius which was Leonardo da Vinci." The Italian government interested itself in the proposed meeting, and the Minister of Public Instruction, Signore Cesare Correnti, suggested that the best way to signalize the occasion would be to publish an *editio princeps* of Leonardo's works. But, greatly as this is to be desired, the task presents so many difficulties that it was deemed not best to attempt it; and it was finally concluded to publish a volume of selections from that great treasure of the Ambrosian Library, *Il Codice Atlantico*, a name which it derives from its size, it being the largest single collection of sketches and manuscript notes by Leonardo that exists. Of thirteen volumes, all of the same general character, but of different sizes, which were stolen from the library in 1796, by the French, or rather, let us say, by Napoleon, and which it was promised by the treaty of 1815 should be returned, this is the only one that was so returned, and the whereabouts of the others is only to be guessed at, though it is generally admitted that most of them are in Paris. This is the famous volume of which everybody at all interested in literature or science has at least heard, if he has not been so fortunate as to see it, and it was the study of such extracts from it as had been published from time to time, notably by Venturi, in 1797, that moved the discreet and learned Hallam to that eulogy on Leonardo which from almost any pen but his would have been set down as extravagant. "These fragments," says the historian of the literature of Europe, "are, according to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. . . . If any doubt could be harbored, not as to the right of Leonardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which, probably, no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be by an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record."

It having been decided to publish these selections, the Minister of Public Instruction appointed a commission of seven literary and scientific men, by whose joint labors they should be edited and illustrated with whatever might be necessary to give them completeness. Accordingly, under the modest title of Specimens of the Works of Leonardo da Vinci, — *Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo da Vinci*, — the commission has issued, under the editorship of Signor Carlo Belgiojoso, the President of the Academy of Fine Arts in Milan, a random selection of twenty-four drawings from the *Codice Atlantico* reproduced in fac-simile by photolithography. The portion of the volume containing the text is a sumptuous specimen of printing in the grand Italian manner, — "a river of text in a meadow of margin," — large type, black ink, and white strong paper such as we knew in the days before tinted-and-satin-smooth paper was the tasteless, effeminate mode. As for the plates, we are sorry to be obliged to say that they do no credit to Signor Angelo della Croce, who executed them, and whose process was chosen by the commission for this work as the best that Italy can produce. Italy is far behind Germany, France, and England in book illustrations, and especially in illustrations that depend upon the new processes of reproduction, and photolithography in particular. We wish these sketches could have been submitted to the process of Heliotypy; we are sure that a far better result might have been looked for. We must say a word as to the text of the present publication. It will be found of noticeable value and interest, and it is a pity it could not be put into a more convenient and accessible form. Leonardo's genius is exciting more and more interest, and yet the material for the study of him is scanty, the essays in the present volume being by far the most important contribution that has been made to our

knowledge of facts, — not as much the facts of his life as those of his intellectual history. The text of the present volume contains, first, a brief but valuable Biographical Sketch of Leonardo, by Cav. G. Mongeri; an Essay on Leonardo as Man of Letters and Man of Science, by Cav. Gilberto Govi, and another by Cav. Camillo Boito on Leonardo as Painter and Sculptor, — two essays that do honor to Italian scholarship, and place us all under great obligation.

The sketches reproduced are mostly of mechanical contrivances, with explanations, more or less full, in Leonardo's own handwriting. To each plate is prefixed a brief but clear explanation by Signor G. Colombo, Professor of Industrial Mechanics, and a member of the Royal Literary and Scientific Society of Lombardy, who has also translated on a page following each sheet the remarks appended by Leonardo to his drawings. "Translated," is the best word perhaps to apply to the task of making readable to us these notes, always terse even when most ample, and in a handwriting that runs from right to left, and which can only be read — and then only by an adept — by reversing it before a mirror, or by holding up the paper to light. Nor is this the only difficulty. Leonardo employed so many abbreviations and shorthand devices, omitted so many words, and erased or altered so many, that it could have been no easy matter to find out his meaning, nor does the editor pretend that in all cases he has done so. What were Leonardo's reasons for adopting this method of recording his notes — whether, as has been asserted, he was left-handed, or was merely whimsical, or wished to conceal himself, or enjoyed being superfluously dexterous — we cannot know; but it is evident from the very first plate in this volume that he could write in the ordinary way when he would. This first plate is the fac-simile of his well-known letter to the Duke of Milan, Lodovico Sforza, in which he offers his services to the Duke, and recites his qualifications for employment. We shall not undertake to give an account in detail of all the plates in this volume; we can only refer to the more important ones, wishing that such a welcome may be given to this selection as will encourage the publication of more and more specimens, until the whole *Codex Atlanticus* at least shall have been put into the hands of students.

Leonardo seems to have given the first impulse to the enterprising spirit which pushed Milan to connect herself by canals, not only with the Po, but with the Italian lakes. Not only did he build, among others, the famous Martesana Canal, but he is credited by many with the invention of the canal-lock, and of other parts of the apparatus by which canals are managed. Be this as it may, we have here three drawings relating to the subject of canals. The first shows a system of dams crossing a stream in diagonal, each having a lock at the end down stream, where there is, of course, the least movement. This is a good specimen of these sketches at their best, clear and firm, without a stroke too little or too much. The second drawing is of a machine by which the operations of digging out a canal and building its banks may be performed at the same time. The third illustrates the way in which water can be drawn from a canal for irrigation, when the water is at different levels. A curious speculation, further on, as to the feasibility of reducing the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the ocean to the same level, is not made out as clearly as we could wish, nor helped much by the bird's-eye view of the region that accompanies it. But it is, at least, evident that Leonardo had a notion in his own mind, and perhaps a study of the subject by an engineer would make it out more clearly than we can do. Leonardo's head was full of ingenious ideas, and he knew it, yet was very far from being conceited about it. It is interesting to see how, in several cases, when he has propounded a theory to himself, and brooded over it, and experimented with it, he coldly draws his pen through the original statement, and writes, "Leave this. There is nothing in it."

And we see here, beside, his way of working. In one plate, particularly, we have the rough sketch with all its corrections, erasures, blottings, and seeming aimless pushings about of the pen, and alongside of it, on the same paper, the finished drawing, clean, complete, and showing, by comparison with the rude sketch, how clear Leonardo's mind was from the first as to what he was driving at. The drawing we refer to is of a balista made on the general principle of a revolver. Four great crossbows serve as the spokes to a large wheel. A group of men make this wheel revolve by treading the steps that are fastened to its broad periphery. As they turn the wheel, its axis, turning with it, winds

up four cords attached to the strings of the fore crossbows. As the opening in the circumference of the wheel opposite each bow comes in line with the object aimed at, a boy, seated on the axle, slips an arrow into the bow, releases the cord, and repeats this operation as each bow comes up in turn with the revolutions of the wheel. The men who tread the wheel are protected from the enemy's fire by a tilting screen of wood, which receives all missiles at such an angle as to break their force. No doubt this machine will look impracticable enough to the eye of a practised engineer, but to the layman it is ingeniously murderous, and whether good for anything or not, it is drawn in a very interesting way. The youngster in the middle, who is the most active agent in the mischief, is a handsome child of the type of the early Florentine painters, and it is worth noticing that he appears in embryo plainly enough in the rude first sketch. These balistas evidently occupied Leonardo's thoughts very seriously for a time, and it would seem as if he did not recognize the fact that in his age their occupation was already gone. By the end of the fifteenth century gunpowder had already thrown the mediæval engines of war, balistas, battering-rams, scaling-ladders, and the rest, into the second rank as means of defence, and the city-walls themselves were tumbling down before the rams' horns filled with powder. Even Dürer, who, in some respects, seems the parody of Leonardo in the versatility of his powers and in the way in which he sometimes trifled with them, and who was only nineteen years younger than his great contemporary, wasted no time, in his book on Fortification, over balistas and crossbows, though perhaps it will be thought a proof of as little sagacity that he gave so much study to the planning of equally useless walls and bastions. But Dürer believed in cannon, as not only his book shows, but his etching on iron called The Great Cannon, made in 1515. So far as we know, all Leonardo's speculations on the conduct of war were purely mediæval; they did nothing to advance the revolution brought on by the invention of gunpowder. One of these drawings shows a fanciful, almost comical, device for pushing the ladders of a besieging party from off the walls of a town. It is not actually impracticable, but looks easier on the paper than we suspect it would be found in execution. Here Leonardo is trying his hand at solving a problem that had puzzled a good many ingenious heads in the Middle Ages as well as in his own time. Viollet-le-Duc says, "The books of the Middle Ages on the military art are filled with models of engines of war, and particularly with various inventions for ladders, which it would be impossible to make of practical use"; and perhaps the best thing to be said of this particular drawing of Leonardo's is, that it is an impossible device for knocking down an impossible ladder. If we find these war-engines extremely interesting and ingenious in the Album of Villard de Honnecourt, particularly when his rude sketches are interpreted and put into an orderly form by Viollet-le-Duc, it must be because they seem more ingenious than we could have expected to find in so rude a time; and it is because Leonardo's general cleverness would justify us in looking for something more in accord with the growing science of his time that we study his designs for war-engines with some impatience.

Leonardo is to be praised, however, for this, that, as a rule, his mechanic inventions and studies — at least such of them as we see in this book — are directed to the immediate needs of his country and his time. Here are clear, decisive drawings for machines to cut files, to shear the nap of cloth, to saw marble, to twist silk; and here must be one of the first lamps, properly so called, that was ever devised. It has a very modern look, and might easily be taken for a carcel lamp. Of its internal machinery, if it be supposed to have any, we do not read anything in Leonardo's description, and it may be merely a wick set in a cup of oil; but what makes it look singular is, that the globe of glass surrounding the wick is filled with water, — a simple expedient for increasing the light. Singularly enough, this device has just been introduced into our cities, where it is employed with an ingenious modification to light shop-windows where goods are displayed. A hemispherical bowl of glass is filled with water, and the gas-jet being arranged over it horizontally, a diffused but brilliant light is thrown over the goods below. Doubtless, Leonardo suffered, as a student, for the want of a brilliant and equable light at night. Italy has had to wait all these centuries for the American petroleum, which she doubtless thinks the best result of her great son's discovery, to give her the much-desired comfort. Excellent

candles are made in Italy, none better anywhere; but they are only for the rich, and, picturesque as the brass lamps are, they give a miserable light. The delight of the Italians, especially of the poorer sort in the petroleum oil, which makes their rooms more brilliant than the king's palace could have been but a few years ago, is expressed with childish profusion and volubility; and the very look of the placards that offer "Petrolio d' America" for sale is a sort of mute "Hurrah." Here, then, we see Leonardo trying, like a Renaissance Franklin, to supply practical needs in practical ways. Quite as impracticable looking, on the other hand, as Franklin's experiments with electricity must have seemed in the beginning, are these sheets from Leonardo's sketch-book filled with schemes for flying-machines, one page being taken up with a careful study of the means of utilizing for his purpose the structure of the wing of a bird.

We have said enough, we think, to indicate to our readers the general character of these notes and sketches by Leonardo. They are the speculations and studies of an ingenious mind curious about many things, and with a superfluous activity that sought satisfaction in a hundred channels. Work was Leonardo's play, and he found rest for his mind in unceasing and unwearied study, as Dürer found rest for his in unwearied and unceasing labor of the hands. But, while we welcome even this partial publication of that great collection of his studies which has been the subject of such enthusiastic praise, not only from men of the eminence of Henry Hallam and Sir William Hunter, but from all the students of art and science who have made even a superficial acquaintance with it, we submit whether the time has not come, seeing the means we have at our disposal, to publish the whole of the *Codex Atlanticus* at least, and of whatever other collections can be discovered of Leonardo's sketches, in order that we may know exactly what services he has rendered to mankind in the way of original investigation. Did he really render any such services, or was he only a busy and ingenious speculator, with little true mechanic genius, and with little capacity for scientific investigation; — a poet, before all, playing with science as Bacon and Goethe and Oken played with it, catching glimpses of scientific truth, as by a sort of inspiration, and wasting time, if one should dare to say it, in pursuing will-o'-the-wisps, that might have made the world richer with miracles to mate with the Gioconda and the John Baptist.

MUSIC.

As the "season" gradually draws near, and the various music-purveyors begin to show forth their respective bills of fare, a naturally hopeful disposition and instinctive trust in the better side of human nature for the moment triumph over the less reassuring teaching of experience that impressarios' promises are not always to be implicitly trusted, and that an exhaustive bill of fare does not always mean a good dinner. But really the list of "attractions" is more than usually striking. Well-known names of great singers stand forth in goodly quantity in the advertisements. Nilsson-Rouzaud, Lucca, Ilma de Murska, Tamberlik, Campanini, our own Miss Kellogg, who, it seems, is to appear this time in English Opera, and Miss Annie Cary, who will be associated with Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud, go to make up a most inspiring list, though a thought of the vast amount of money so much world-wide celebrity must cost the adventurous managers suggests a fear that this list of stars will necessitate a meagreness of support of which the two past seasons have been but a foretaste. When shall we have an opera company in America really worthy of the name? Some hint at an answer may be found in a rather flourishing announcement a few weeks ago in the New York papers, of a grand operatic project of Mr. Theodore Thomas, showing that all his work for the last six years has been tending towards the founding of a permanent opera in New York, in which the orchestra, chorus, and all the accessories shall be upon the same footing as in the

principal opera-houses in Europe. From what we know of Mr. Thomas's musical convictions, we suppose that the production of Richard Wagner's musical dramas is one of his prime objects. But no doubt we may also expect operas by Gluck, v. Weber, Mozart, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and perhaps the German versions of the most important works of Meyerbeer, Halévy, Gounod, and Cherubini. Mr. Thomas's well-known scrupulousness in perfecting every smallest detail in the performance of the orchestral works that he and his orchestra have brought before the public during the last six years, as far as the means at his command would allow, implies some solid foundation for the glowing promises of "perfection" held forth by the papers. However much many people may differ from Mr. Thomas's musical views, there can be no doubt that he is a man to persist in doing everything he undertakes as perfectly as possible, cost what it may of toil and vexation; and the reputation he has earned for himself in his past labors would seem to be no feeble guaranty of success in this more daring venture. Even a partial success of his undertaking would be more valuable to the artistic culture of the country than any musical enterprise that we can conceive of.

An established opera is the point at which are concentrated the musical executive forces of a community. The opera is the only institution that can afford to keep together a really satisfactory orchestra and chorus at the same time. The poor quality of much of the music almost unavoidably performed at the principal opera-houses all over the world has tended towards giving the opera a worse name than it deserves, yet in almost every capital in the world the opera is the standard of executive excellence. Such exceptions as the orchestra of the Conservatoire at Paris, and some of the orchestras in London (where the opera exists under quite peculiar circumstances), do not in the least go to disprove the rule. We take it as a matter of course that Mr. Thomas's enterprise is to be exclusively directed towards the production of German operas, with the possible exception of such French and Italian works as we have named above. And we must confess that, after hearing the Italian operas of the Bellini-Donnizetti-Rossini school performed at the principal opera-houses in Germany, we should not be at all sorry to see them left out of the list. The Germans have certainly not as *a rule* the faculty of satisfactorily performing these works. But in the mean time, until Mr. Thomas shall have completed his great work, we must look to Messrs. Strakosch, Maretzek, and Co., for our operatic entertainments, and be thankful for what is good, and try not to grumble overmuch at what is bad. And let no one suppose that we undervalue the privilege of hearing the great artists whom their opera troups bring to us, and whom we should in all probability never have heard except through their agency. Many of us must surely count some of the highest musical moments of our lives among the hours we have spent at our opera-houses. It may go to our hearts to see the manner in which great masterworks are cut and slashed and ignominiously rehashed to bring them within the executive scope of some of our companies; to see feminine youth and beauty fall a victim to the fascinations of some roving young blade of sixty, of whose seductive voice there only remain a few wintry notes; or to see the passionate attempts made by some unhappy maiden to restrain the impetuosity of an aspiring hero whose highest endeavor is evidently to keep his eye fixed on the conductor's *bâton* and not to lose his place. There is some consolation in thinking of what old Caffarelli said to the young singer who expressed some trepidation at singing the part of Berenice to his Antigono: "You will make fiasco; that is of little consequence to us. I shall so sing as to make the audience forget that the part of Berenice exists." This is a bad artistic principle to be sure; but where the secondary, and alas! sometimes certain of the leading parts are as poorly filled as they often are with us, let us be grateful that there are artists who can, if only for a moment, make us forget that they exist.

The list of operas promised us contains some interesting novelties. Of these Richard Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and *Lohengrin* will probably excite the most curiosity, if nothing more. Concerning these two operas, and for the benefit of those people to whom Wagner is only known as a theorist, the following passage from a letter of the composer to M. François Villot of Paris may be not uninteresting: "The first three of these poems, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, had already been written, composed, and also, with the exception of *Lohengrin*, produced upon the stage, before the drawing up of my theoret-

ical writings. In them .... I could show you the process of development of my artistic productiveness up to the point where I found myself prompted to account to myself theoretically for my proceedings. I only mention this to call your attention to what a great mistake people make when they imagine that these three works are to be explained by my having composed them with a conscious purpose, according to abstract rules formed by myself. Let me much rather say that even my most daring conclusions concerning the feasible dramatico-musical form forced themselves upon me through this, that I carried in my head at the same time the plan of my great Nibelungen drama, of which I had already written a part, and was developing it in such fashion that my theory was hardly anything else than the abstract expression of the artistic productive process that was developing itself in me. My real system, if you would call it by that name, thus finds in those first three poems as yet only a very limited application."

Rossini's *Otello* is an opera which, we believe, has not yet been produced in Boston. The beautiful swan-song, *Assisa in piè d'un salice*, is, however, quite familiar to most of us. Mozart's *Magic Flute*, an opera which ranks only second to the mighty *Don Giovanni*, will be welcome to us all. It is in fact the greatest of his German operas, and has been most shamefully neglected in this country. That the part of the Queen of the Night has been one of Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud's most brilliant successes will perhaps act as an inducement to those Verdified and sensation-loving beings to whom Mozart sounds "tame and antiquated," to go and hear the opera. Verdi's *Aïda*, written by order of the Khédive of Egypt, will be at least a curiosity. Various contradictory reports have come to us about this opera, some saying that in it the composer has outdone all his previous efforts, others that in attempting to elaborate his ideas in the modern French style, and to give something to the world that should show him to be not behind the spirit of the age, he has so overladen his ideas with elaborate writing, that the ideas themselves, none of the best at the outset, have literally gone to pieces. The only number of the opera — a tenor song, *Celeste Aïda* — that we have yet seen points rather to this latter supposition than to the former. Upon the whole, unless Messrs. Strakosch and Maretzek fail to perform a very large percentage of their promises, the "season" looks rather hopeful than otherwise.

The Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society comes this year. Let us hope, for the honor of Boston that Mr. Paine's "St. Peter" will find a prominent place among the good things performed. May we not also hope for a complete performance of Sebastian Bach's *St. Matthew Passion?* After so many years' coquetting with this colossal composition, such a hope may not be deemed unreasonable. The symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association we have always with us, and we may no doubt expect a visit from Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra, perhaps the last one.

— In recently published sheet-music,* we notice a quite graceful, though perhaps rather drawing-roomy transcription by Sidney Smith of the fascinating Nocturne in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music. Louis Meyer of Philadelphia is also publishing, under the style of *Album d'Artiste*, a collection of excellent salon pieces by the best modern piano-forte writers. The edition is exceedingly well got up and the engraving of the very best. A set of eight short pieces called "Arabesques," by Isidor Seiss, are also worthy of sincere commendation.

In songs we notice *Lost*, by Virginia Gabriel, as better than most songs of its class, and *So the Children say*, by Berthold Tours, as quite fascinating, graceful, and singable. The accompaniment of the latter is much better written for the piano-forte than usual, and adds greatly to the effect of the song.

We would also recommend to all Mezzo-soprani to whom the German language is not a sealed book a thoroughly charming ballad, *Er hat vergessen sein schönes Weib*, from Carl Reinecke's opera of *König Manfred*.

* *Nocturne* from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Transcribed for the piano-forte by Sidney Smith. Op. 76. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

Arabesken, Short Pieces for the piano-forte. By Isidor Seiss. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Lost. Song by Virginia Gabriel. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

So the Children say. Song by Berthold Tours. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Er hat vergessen sein schönes Weib. Romanze aus *König Manfred*, Oper in fünf Acten von Friedrich Rober. Musik von Carl Reinecke. Op. 93 Liepzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.

POLITICS.

WRITING, as we are obliged to write, while the panic in New York is still going on, it is impossible as well as useless to attempt to predict the result; but there are certain considerations connected with it which will be just as important and worthy of attention whether it temporarily destroys the credit of a few stock-brokers' firms, an isolated bank, and a trust company or two, or whether it ends in a general crash, involving the business community.

The immediate cause of the panic lies on the surface, and the public knew when the Stock Exchange closed on September 20th as much about it as they will ever know. A large number of firms had made advances to railroads, which the roads could not pay; this caused a depression in stocks, and the failure of one or two firms; the depression of stocks caused a general feeling of insecurity, a run on a well-known trust company, the failure of the trust company, a wild excitement, the closing of the Exchange, and in short a panic.

But why did not the panic occur at some other time? The period of the war and the period immediately succeeding the war were periods of great speculation and inflation. The currency was of entirely uncertain value, vast fortunes had been made by means of government contracts, and the probability of a crash was a constant subject of thought among all those interested in business. For the last two years, on the contrary, gold has been in the neighborhood of 112, with slight fluctuations; the business of the country has been conducted on a system of short credits, — a system which on land has very much the same effect as reefing sails has at sea; and the general prosperity of the United States, if we take as a test either the profits of railroads or immigration, has been very great. Yet for more than a week — how much longer it may last we do not know — the business men of the principal city in the United States trembled with anxiety to know from hour to hour whether the whole financial fabric was not going to tumble about their ears at any moment. It is very well after the event to say that the standing of the Union Trust Company, and of the Canada Southern road, and of the house of Jay Cooke & Co., and of Henry Clews, were all unsound; but the fact remains that a month before they failed, nobody said that their unsoundness was a matter of public importance, and the discovery after a panic has set in that there is a panic is not of itself very valuable.

It is a fact, well known to every one in England and America, that there is a periodicity in panics which entitles the public to expect a crash every few years; and as there has been none in this country since 1857, it would have been safe enough to say that one was due, or rather overdue. On the other hand, it may be said that panics are produced by expansion; and since, so far as the general business of the country has been concerned, there has been no expansion, there was no reason to expect a panic at all. The mere suspension of a number of stock and bond brokers, of dealers in money, shows nothing more than that those particular dealers in money have failed. Why should this affect the entire community?

A panic is not understood when it is traced to its immediate causes. We must go farther back to know why a general alarm has seized upon a whole community. Every one knows that it only needs a run on the banks at any time to produce a panic, because the banks live on the presumption that there will be no run on them. If a general distrust seizes upon a city for any cause, we must know what is the cause of the general distrust if we wish to arrive at any safe conclusion as to the real nature of the trouble. In order to get at the bottom of the panic, we must get at the bottom of the distrust which caused it.

The distrust which caused the panic has been on the steady increase for some years; it has in fact increased *pari passu* with the revival of commerce and general prosperity. We can all remember that the immediate result of the victory of the North was an almost childish exultation over the reunion effected by it. We were all brothers once more, — those who were left alive, — and we would all advance hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, to that goal of general prosperity which Christian good-will and

confidence were sure to bring. There intervened, to be sure, the unfortunate Johnsonian period; but we can hardly consider the war to have ended, in a moral sense, before the election of General Grant; and in his exhortation that strife should cease and peace reign again, peace meant naturally enough to most of us a lucrative peace. If any one will turn to the files of the newspapers of that time, he will find them filled with editorials of the most optimistic kind, dwelling on the immense resources of the country, the indomitable energy of the people, and that spirit of confidence which is bred of success and a belief in a collective social strength of purpose, principle, and aim. Even foreigners who came to the country at the end of the war were infested by this spirit; and so skilled an observer as M. Laugel published a book in which he described the average American in such roseate tints that it was almost difficult to believe him in earnest. We may say as much as we please about the absurdities of American journalism, but it is nevertheless unquestionably true that there is no country in the world in which the press so thoroughly reflects the tides of feeling and opinion which sweep through society; and we have no hesitation, looking back at the time of which we are now speaking, in saying that the buoyant, hopeful feeling which then found its expression in the press was the real feeling of the country.

If any one will compare dispassionately a file of some newspaper of that time with a few numbers of the same newspaper now, — we do not care what newspaper it is, — he will be struck with the fact that within a few years the spirit of the community has completely changed. Where he found before rosy pictures of the future, he now finds a very dark picture of the present. Most of the news he discovers to be news of fraud, defalcation, and political treachery; most of the editorial opinion to be accusations of more fraud, defalcation, and political treachery. He learns, it is true, as we have just said, that the country is in a very prosperous condition, that railroads never earned more freight, that the cotton crop was hardly ever so large, and that even the condition of the farmers at the West is still so much better than that of some other agricultural populations that the chieftain of one great body of producers has recently come to America to see whether it will not be a wise act to transport them all from their own country to this. Even American shipping, which was a short time since declining, and had but yesterday almost disappeared, has begun to revive. It must not be forgotten, too, that taxes have been decreased, and the national debt steadily reduced. What is the meaning, then, of all the doubt, distrust, accusations, investigations, and exposures which fill the air? Why is it that we cannot open our morning newspaper without some new revelations of such astounding character that even hardened men of the world stand aghast at them?

We believe that there is one simple answer to this question. The distrust we feel to be in the air has been caused by fraud, by corruption, by the most shameless breaches of trust, and by open dishonesty. We do not care to discuss the question whether we are more or less honest than other people. The day for patriotic international comparison of virtues has long gone by. No one cares whether we are more or less honest than Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans. The question is, whether we are honest when tried by the standards generally accepted among civilized men; and we have no hesitation in saying that we are not. There is no use in beating about the bush for excuses; we may as well admit that, as a rule, persons who are placed in positions of trust and profit in which they have large powers confided to them are not trusted in the exercise of them, and with good reason. It is not for nothing that the directors of railroads, as a class, are accused of making use of the control of the stock to swell their own fortunes; it is not for nothing that people begin to laugh when a trust company is mentioned as a safe place of deposit, any more than it is for nothing that when Congress voted itself an increase of salary, the act was denounced as a theft, and a howl of execration went up from one end of the country to the other.

When a large body of the public has lost its confidence, not only in politicians, but in railroad men, brokers, and in the management of institutions of trust, public credit is no longer in a sound condition. Each person looks with suspicion at each other, and the moment, for any reason, the ordinary course of business is interrupted, it may be by the most accidental and temporary immediate cause (as in this by the failure of a firm of railroad-men long known to have been, in the slang of the street, "weak"),

alarm seizes on everybody; people who have money in banks draw it out, and people who receive money are afraid to put it in; a general feeling of apprehension sets in, and, in short, we find ourselves in a panic.

To resume what we have said, the true cause of panic in New York is to be found in the well-founded suspicion of dishonesty in many kinds of business which is the natural and legitimate result of the thousand exposures of all kinds of rascality which has been the daily mental food of the American people for the past few years. Instead of believing in one another, we distrust one another, and it is but one step from distrust to panic. There are some people who believe that this state of feeling can be relieved by repeated assurances that there is no cause for it; and it is amusing to find that almost all the houses which went down in the first excitement of the panic of September closed their doors, according to their own account, not because of insolvency or inability to pay their debts, but for the reason that their large surplus of securities could not be sold, or because of some temporary difficulty in obtaining what are known as banking facilities. These announcements had no effect whatever in allaying the trouble, any more than had the earnest exhortations of the press to the public not to be agitated or imagine that there was any real cause of alarm; these exhortations being accompanied by the most startling announcement of facts of a character not at all calculated to allay apprehension. The panic was in reality a healthy indication of the unwillingness of the public to be deceived any longer as to the real condition of the financial affairs of a small number of speculative houses.

To many persons it may seem absurd that we should speak of a panic as a healthy indication; and indeed if the public remained for any length of time in a wild and excited state, rushing about to draw their money and hiding it away in stockings, and frightening each other, we should have a different opinion of the subject; it would then be evident that distrust had really so thoroughly supplanted credit that for the time being the financial system was broken down. This would imply a much more disastrous and barbarous condition of society than we are willing to believe exists; and the immediate action of the banks of New York in forming a combination for mutual support shows that the crisis had at that time, at any rate, produced no such effect on the public imagination. A panic which goes no farther than to secure a general collapse of houses which have been engaged in over-speculation, and which then results in a suspension of business for consultation and defence against the general enemy, is panic of rather a commendable kind.

This panic will tend to make several things in politics clearer than they have been. Never before have the intimate relations between Wall Street and the Treasury been made so manifest. Secretary Richardson and Secretary Boutwell have both, it is true, intervened in times of commercial difficulty; but their interference before has always been spoken of as a matter of exceptional necessity. On this occasion, however, the administration has itself come to New York, and the President and Secretary have held an audience on the situation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and it has been admitted on all hands, that unless the government did something the entire business of New York, if not the whole country, must come to a stand-still. There is indeed no half-way between interference and non-interference; the Treasury must be managed in its own interests, or in everybody's interest. The reserve of $44,000,000, which is legally no part of the currency of the country, has been treated for two years as if it were legal currency, and might be issued at any time; and no doubt a belief was created in the minds of a large number of persons that it would be thrown on the market whenever it was needed. Certainly the brokers closely connected with the government had reason to believe that it would be used for their assistance. But when the President came to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he suddenly discovered that it was illegal to issue this reserve, and announced that the law could not be violated, except in the very last emergency. The result of all this vacillation is that the government is in possession of $44,000,000 of which no living man knows the exact character. The Senate committee, who have reported on the subject, say that it is retired currency, and so much waste paper; it was the opinion of the late Secretary of the Treasury that the sum was so many million dollars legal tender in the payment of debts, with which the government might do what it pleased; it is the opinion of the present Secretary and of the President that the $44,000,000 partakes

of two opposite and directly contradictory characters ; that so long as money is easy and Wall Street feels confident, it is waste paper ; that so long as it is possible to keep it back, it is illegal to issue it ; but that the moment the emergency becomes overpowering, *presto* the waste paper becomes good legal money, and is currency again. We sincerely trust that this absurd state of affairs may come to an end this winter. If Congress has any sense of what the financial condition of the country demands, it will forever set at rest the doubt about this sum by a plain enactment ; there is really no doubt about it, even at present, but the behavior of the President and his Secretaries has given many people good reason to think that some doubt exists.

There is another thing in connection with this interference of the Treasury which demands investigation. Grave accusations have been brought against the Secretary of the Treasury for what is, to speak plainly, a falsification of the accounts of the department. No one suspects Mr. Richardson of dishonesty, but he has been trained in a school of politics which has never taught its pupils that respect for truth is the first political virtue, and it would be quite within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Richardson should think it a very praiseworthy action to represent the affairs of the Treasury as in a more prosperous condition than they actually are, by treating "called bonds" as gold, or some other simple device. He has denied in general terms the truth of the rumor, but he has not given any reason to believe that he will court investigation. It is one of the peculiarities of the present administration, that it resents all criticisms and inquiry into its proceedings, as if the election of its head by the people gave it a sort of political infallibility.

The crisis will have one good effect, if it turns people's attention away, for the time being even, from the farmers' movement. The depression in stocks and the total collapse of some of the houses which made their money out of handling bonds, ought to do something towards convincing the farmers that the iniquitous monopolists who invest their money in railroads do it at considerable risk, of which they cannot wholly relieve themselves even by allowing the directors to enrich themselves out of the earnings.

This panic has many features which distinguish it from any panic which has been much spoken of or written about of late. It is, we believe, the first great panic in the history of modern commerce in which the dread of a general crash has been made use of as a preventive of a general crash. In former panics dread has got the better of every other feeling ; in this case, the effect of the first suspensions was to warn everybody of what was coming, and to produce a general conviction that, unless matters were kept quiet, the result would be disastrous. If we can imagine the nature of panics to become so thoroughly understood by the business community as to make this always the case, it is probable that panics would lose some of their terror. In every commercial crisis, it is only a small part of the community that is really insolvent. The great mass of the people, even of a reckless and extravagant country, live within their income, and over-trading is always confined to one class, over-speculation in stocks to another. In the panic of this year, as we have said, the mercantile houses were known to be in a prosperous condition from the beginning. If in all future panics, before a purely animal terror has seized on every one, measures of precaution are taken, the trouble may certainly in some of them be confined within its proper limits. If those who owe more than they can pay should be forced to make settlements with their creditors on reasonable terms, while the rest of the country is enabled to transact its business as usual, smooth water might be reached at a comparatively early day. By precautionary measures, we do not mean measures to bolster up insolvent corporations or men, but measures to discover the real condition of affairs, to make the losses fall upon those who have really brought about the crisis, and to relieve perfectly solvent banks and individuals from pressure. Meantime it is useless to attempt to conceal the fact that the great danger for the country now is, not so much from over-speculation, as from fraudulent speculation. When we take into account the millions of fraudulent debt foisted upon the public by the Southern States, by such city governments as Tweed's, and of doubtful debt by such a railroad as the Northern Pacific, the only wonder is that we were not all swamped by them long ago. Fortunately for our dishonest comfort, we have had Europe to swindle as well as our own fellow-citizens,

and many millions of the money thus obtained — unquestionably the greater part — has been profitably though dishonestly invested in domestic enterprise.

The political article in the Atlantic for August has been subjected to some very curious criticism; it being apparently the opinion of a large number of persons that it was calculated to strengthen Butler's chances, while the General himself frequently referred to it in his stump speeches as containing a statement that there were "certain old families," in Massachusetts who "had a traditional right to control the politics of the State." It is hardly necessary for us to say that the Atlantic never contained, and never will contain, any such fatuous statement as this, and we merely refer to it because it furnishes an amusing instance of the difficulty of political discussions to which General Butler is a party. If he had gone about the State saying that the Atlantic was in favor of an hereditary despotism, a standing army, and the introduction of crucifixion as a substitute for the gallows, he would hardly have been further from the actual facts; but the actual facts are no part of his weapons. In the article to which we refer we endeavored to point out several things with regard to the change which has taken place in the condition of Massachusetts in the last generation, and to account by these historical facts for the strength of Butler. We also stated that he had the support of the administration, which was indignantly denied by Republican newspapers throughout the State. We believe the event has so thoroughly justified what we said, both as to the strength of General Butler and the means by which he might be defeated, that it is hardly worth while to reopen the discussion. As to the support afforded by the administration, it is hardly necessary to do more than point to the resolution passed by the nominating convention at Worcester on this point, in which the administration, always referred to in the early stages of the conflict as perfectly neutral, was denounced for interference in State affairs, and called upon to remove the intermeddling officials. As it is perfectly well known from one end of the United States to the other that the administration interferes in every important State election, we may say, in conclusion, that the vacillation of opinion on this subject, in certain quarters in this State during the Butler campaign, was contemptibly absurd.

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

FEW public men in any country have been made the subject of so much hostile criticism as Benjamin Disraeli. The most powerful section of the press in England has always been opposed to him. The rising young Radicals, whether in Parliament or out of it, have found him a convenient object for those vigorous denunciations which are usually accepted as a proof of superior sagacity and fidelity to party. The Conservative organs in England, and especially in London, have not exercised great influence over public opinion during the last thirty years, and what little they possessed has more frequently been thrown against Mr. Disraeli than in his favor. The Quarterly Review has never had a good word to say for him. He has had no friends among journalists, and has never sought to make any. He has never tried to conciliate the forces which control, or are supposed to control, public opinion. Yet for upwards of twenty years he has been the virtual leader of the party which represents the "territorial aristocracy" of England. Three times he has led that party to power in the teeth of apparently insurmountable difficulties. Three times he has held the great position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Once, already, he has been Prime Minister; a second time the Queen invited him to take upon his shoulders the cares and responsibilities of that post; and the hour is probably approaching when he will be called to office under circumstances better calculated to do him justice than any which have hitherto marked his career. If he is the giddy adventurer, the empty charlatan, the unprincipled intriguer that the world has been taught to believe, how has all this success been achieved? It is not customary in English politics to see adventurers climb slowly to power, and survive the test of thirty years of public life. The highest place in the English government is not to be won by imposters. There must be something more in Mr. Disraeli's history than most of his critics are willing to have us suppose.

Whenever Mr. Disraeli's life is written with an impartial hand, it will be found to present one of the most remarkable and instructive stories in the

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annals of political history. To the young especially it will be full of invaluable lessons, — lessons which are never so forcibly presented as through the medium of example. The advantages of intrepidity, patience, and steadfast endurance in the battle of life were never set forth in a more striking manner. Few young men can enter upon the active business of the world under more discouraging conditions than those which attended the early lot of Disraeli. In a country where wealth and family connections are important auxiliaries to success, and at a time when they were much more important than they are now, "Disraeli the younger" began as a clerk in a lawyer's office without a shilling in the world. Under a social system in which powerful friends are almost indispensable, at least to advancement in political life, he stood alone. At a period when no man was thought fit to enter Parliament who was not either a landed proprietor himself or had one for a patron, he forced his way into the House of Commons, boasting that "literature was his only escutcheon." He made friends as he grew older; but it was only by the commanding force of his genius, by his calm, invincible resolution, and by the unflinching nerve with which he confronted every difficulty. The world honors courage, and when the world tried to beat down Disraeli, and he beat it down instead, it became his friend. But, for long and weary years, it was an apparently hopeless contest. The only friendly hand extended to him was the hand of that woman whose remains he followed to a wintry grave last December, amid a blinding snow-storm, bareheaded and alone. If anybody desires to know what a wife may be to her husband, with what pure unselfishness and devotion she can give up everything that she has to his service, and find a noble happiness in doing it; what a support and comfort she can be to him under the inevitable sorrows and misfortunes of life; how magnificently she can inspire him to fresh exertions, and stand as a bulwark between the adverse world and himself, — any one who wishes to comprehend all this need only read the story of Mr. Disraeli's married life. It will be found that in such a case the devotion is not all on one side. The affection of a good woman kindles the nobler qualities of a man, and he will repay her devotion with lofty fidelity. If Mr. Disraeli had, as he once said, the "best of wives," he, on his part, proved the best of husbands. Till the last day of her life he paid to his wife those attentions which are too often associated rather with the romance of youthful intercourse than with the routine of married life. When he rose to the highest point of his ambition, the only favor he would accept of the Queen was a coronet for his wife. He was scarcely ever absent from her side until the dark day when the fast friends were to be parted. She knew that she was dying, but refrained from telling him so, in order that he might be spared the pain of bidding her farewell. He also knew that her last hour was at hand, but kept silence lest he should distress her. Thus they parted, each anxious to avoid striking a blow at the other's heart. The domestic lives of public men are properly held to be beyond the range of public comment; but in an age when marriage is the theme of ridicule from "leaders of progress" it may be that this passage in Mr. Disraeli's career may be pondered with some profit by the young.

Mr. Disraeli's connection with the literature and politics of his country has been of a very active kind for upwards of six-and-forty years. Although he boasts that he was "born in a library," there is little of the spirit of a recluse in his temperament. Wherever hard blows were to be given or taken, there was he to be found. His Parliamentary life began with the reign of Queen Victoria, and it was in 1838 that he made the now celebrated speech which brought upon him the ridicule of the House of Commons. The speech

itself was in that inflated style which occasionally marks his later efforts. He spoke of the "noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the Daphne of Liskeard," and described Lord John Russell as "waving the keys of St. Peter in his hand." The House laughed him down. "I am not at all surprised at the reception I have met with," said he. "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me." But years went by, and apparently he made no headway. He was told that he was "not an Englishman," although his grandfather settled in England in 1748, and the family have never since quitted that country. To this moment when a "smart" writer wishes to launch a shaft against Mr. Disraeli, he describes him as being so "un-English." And yet it is not every smart writer who can be quite sure that he had a grandfather. A careful study of Mr. Disraeli's public life leads to the conclusion that he understands "English affairs" at least as well as men who do not lie under the reproach of being "un-English." He opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, but he did so in common with the great party of which he was afterwards to be the leader. The faithlessness of Sir Robert Peel to the Tory party he bitterly resented. It is often alleged that he began life as a Radical, because, upon his first attempt to get into Parliament, a Radical proposed him. People forget that a Tory seconded him, so that the evidence on either side is not conclusive. Undoubtedly Mr. Disraeli's earliest utterances were in favor of giving greater power to the people. He always maintained, as we shall presently see, that the Tory party was the true democratic — that is, the Liberal — party of England. In 1841 the downfall of the Whig government was at hand. Ministers attempted to gain popularity by introducing a Poor-Law Amendment Bill, and Mr. Disraeli moved that it be read that day six months; in other words, moved its rejection. He failed, but he denounced the pauper system then, and he has denounced it ever since, and most men are now obliged to acknowledge that he was in the right. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer he proposed several means of increasing the revenue, without casting fresh burdens upon the bulk of the people, and he was laughed at. But some of his ideas — among them the stamp on checks — were afterwards adopted, and were found to work well. In introducing his first Reform Bill, he proposed a lodger franchise, which was received with great merriment, and long afterwards passed into a law, amid the general approval of the country.

His alleged inconsistency in 1867 demands more careful consideration. For many years previous to that time the subject of Parliamentary reform had been regarded with ever-increasing interest by almost all classes, but especially by the laboring class, which was practically excluded from the franchise. The settlement of 1832, arrived at after dangerous disorder and agitation all over the country, was not adequate to the wants of the people, nor was it intrinsically a just measure. From time to time great pressure was brought to bear upon the government of the day to extend the franchise, so that it might include a larger proportion of the working classes. Mr. Disraeli was one of those who insisted on the justice of this demand. He did not, as was so often asserted in 1867, become at that late hour a convert to a workingman's suffrage. If we turn to a speech which he delivered in the House of Commons on the 20th of June, 1848, we find him boldly asserting that property was already sufficiently represented in that House. "I am prepared," he said, "to support the system of 1832 until I see that the circumstances and necessities of the country require a change; but I am convinced that when the change comes it will be one that will have more regard for other sentiments, qualities, and conditions than the mere possession of

property as a qualification for the exercise of the political franchise. And, therefore, in opposing the measure of the honorable member for Montrose, I protest against being placed in the category of finality, or as one who believes that no change is ever to take place in that wherein there has been, throughout the history of this ancient country, frequent and continuous change, — the construction of this estate of the realm." He repeatedly avowed his conviction that in the Reform Act of 1832 there was "a want of due consideration of the rights of the working classes to the franchise." But years went on, and small concessions were made in a timid and grudging spirit, for the sole purpose of bringing one ministry in or saving another from being turned out. When a premier became unpopular, one of his first shifts was generally a proposal to admit another handful of workingmen to the privileges of the suffrage. In 1858, Lord Derby being then in power and Mr. Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer, it became necessary once more to consider the subject of Parliamentary reform. Mr. Disraeli has stated that it was even then proposed in the Cabinet that the "borough franchise should be founded upon the principle of household suffrage."* But this measure was thought to be far too sweeping for the hour, and, practically, nothing whatever was done, either by that ministry or its immediate successors. As Mr. Disraeli said, in the speech just referred to, successive ministers attempted to settle the reform problem, and all of them failed. "Lord Russell failed, Lord Aberdeen failed, Lord Palmerston failed, Lord Derby failed, and we were called upon to consider the question when we came into office [in 1866] after a fresh failure by Lord Russell."

In 1867 Mr. Disraeli determined to take this question out of the region to which it had previously been confined. He resolved that it should no longer form the subject of a hand-to-mouth policy. He therefore brought forward the celebrated measure which has not since been disturbed, establishing household suffrage in boroughs, and what is called an occupation franchise in counties. Any man who has occupied a house or lodgings in a borough for a twelvemonth prior to an election is entitled to vote at that election. In counties, any man who has occupied lands or tenements to the ratable value of twelve pounds or upwards exercises the same right. The measure was denounced with great bitterness on all sides. Mr. Lowe and many other Liberals resented it, partly because it deprived them of their stock in trade, partly because it really went much farther than they desired, or had ever intended, to carry reform. Even Mr. Bright said of it,* "I do not complain of the passing of this bill, or of the House having adopted it in its entirety; but I have said that, looking at the prevailing opinion of powerful classes in this country, who regarded such a step with fear and alarm, and also to the fact which no man can deny, that there is a class, which I hope is constantly decreasing, to whom the extension of the franchise at present can possibly be of no advantage either to themselves or to the country, I should have been willing to consent to some proposition which fell short of household suffrage pure and simple." Mr. Lowe protested in fervid strains against the transfer of power from the "middle" to the "poorer" classes. He advised the House to "prevail on our future masters to learn their letters." He declared that the measure was viewed with "shame, rage, scorn, indignation, and despair by every Englishman who was not a slave to the trammels of party." The speeches were very good, and Mr. Lowe was afterwards rewarded for them by being made Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is odd that none of his gloomy predictions have been fulfilled, and that he should consent to belong to a ministry which has lately talked of going to the country

* Speech in House of Commons, July 15, 1867.

* July 16, 1867, in the House of Commons.

with the cry of "household suffrage for counties."

Mr. Disraeli had the people on his side in this contest, and thus he was enabled to carry out his design in spite of the opposition of Liberals, and the still more embarrassing opposition of his own party. The feelings of many of his followers were vividly portrayed in an article written by Lord Cranborne (now Marquis of Salisbury) in the Quarterly Review of October, 1867, and entitled The Conservative Surrender. Mr. Disraeli was accused of the blackest treachery. It is not very probable that Lord Salisbury holds a different opinion now, but the lapse of six years enables unprejudiced observers to take a fairer view of Mr. Disraeli's conduct. What was his duty, as a constitutional statesman, in 1867: to oppose an irresistible tendency of the times, or to adopt the policy of "acquiescence"? Peel and Wellington had opposed reform, but both were compelled to yield to it. It was of no use fighting against public opinion. The Conservative party could not be always resisting a great popular impulse. Mr. Disraeli believed that he could obey that impulse and yet guide it; and the events of the past twelvemonth already indicate that he had a clearer insight into the future than his assailants. The Conservatives have gained victories in constituencies where they have for years only looked for defeat. The "Conservative workingman" is not quite the myth which was supposed, and at the next general election it is quite possible that his vote will surprise Liberals like Mr. Lowe, who believed that a wider measure of reform would bring upon England all the horrors of the French Revolution.

It was urged that Mr. Disraeli ought not to have proposed a sweeping extension of the franchise, because he was the Conservative leader, and the Conservatives were opposed to reform. But Mr. Disraeli has always been a leader; he has never followed his followers. He boasted, on one occasion, that he had been obliged to "educate his party." He had undoubtedly opposed attempts to meddle with the question of reform which were not designed to settle it. But when he came into power he tried to deal with it so that it should no longer be the shuttlecock of politics. He declared his belief that his scheme would have a conservative rather than a revolutionary tendency; and thus far his anticipations have certainly been justified. "Inconsistency" has always been the favorite cry which Mr. Disraeli's critics hurl at him. If it conveyed a just charge, it ought, at least, to be applied to some other eminent men. Lord Palmerston took office under all sorts of Ministries; but no one called him inconsistent because he one day served with Tories and the next with Whigs. Sir Robert Peel began as a Tory, and soon threw over the principles then dearest to the Tory heart; but his friends said that he was quite consistent. Mr. Gladstone was described by Macaulay as the "rising hope of the unbending Tories": we all know what he is now; yet he is not inconsistent; at least no one may say that he is. Mr. Disraeli's course on the reform question was far less variable than the course of any other great statesman has been on a question of equal magnitude, the discussion of which has been protracted over an equal number of years. The Corn Laws were abolished by a Ministry which went into office pledged solemnly to support a policy of protection. Lord Derby's ministry was in no such position as that on the question of reform. Ministers in England are bound to obey the will of the people, sooner or later. It is a part of their duty as constitutional advisers of the Crown. In Mr. Disraeli's treatment of the working classes he was true to his old opinions. In his early writings he dealt with the aristocracy in no gentle spirit. His sympathies were clearly with the people. When the "Great Petition" of the Chartists was presented (July, 1839), he declared that, though he disapproved of the Charter, he sympathized with the Chartists. In all his books

he substantially took the same ground that he held in 1867. Sybil, written nearly thirty years ago, is full of ultra-reform opinions. But he treated the question as an advanced Conservative. In the novel just referred to he says: "In an age of political materialism, of confused purposes and perplexed intelligence, that aspires only to wealth because it has faith in no other accomplishment, as men rifle cargoes on the verge of shipwreck, Toryism will yet rise from the tomb over which Bolingbroke shed his last tear, to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty, — to secure the social welfare of the people." These are not the sentiments of a demagogue on the one hand, or of an unprincipled adventurer on the other. He speaks with indignation of class rule in England, and describes the people as being practically two different nations, "who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws." In Coningsby — written at the age of thirty-nine — the same ideas were constantly repeated. His theory of a national policy for England was no vague or uncertain one, even so far back as 1844. This is what he wrote at that period: —

"In a word, true wisdom lies in the policy that would effect its ends by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms. Nevertheless, if we are forced to revolutions, let us propose to our consideration the idea of a free monarchy, established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press. Before such a royal authority, supported by such a national opinion, the sectional anomalies of our country would disappear. Under such a system, where qualification would not be parliamentary, but personal, even statesmen would be educated; we should have no more diplomatists who could not speak French, no more bishops ignorant of theology, no more generals-in-chief who never saw a field."

There was no "inconsistency" in a man who held such views as these in 1844 bringing in a bill in 1867 for the admission of the working classes to the suffrage. The frivolous charge was made that ambition alone led him to bid for popular support. Ambition is not a dishonorable passion, nor is it a crime to appeal on proper grounds for popular support. Mr. Disraeli's idea of ambition is probably expressed in his own language more fairly than in the language of his opponents: —

"It was that noble ambition, the highest and the best, that must be born in the heart and organized in the brain, which will not let a man be content unless his intellectual power is recognized by his race, and desires that it should contribute to their welfare. It is the heroic feeling, — the feeling that in old days produced demigods; without which no state is safe; without which political institutions are meat without salt, the Crown a bauble, the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating clubs, and civilization itself but a fitful and transient dream."

It can be truly said that Mr. Disraeli has always held views in politics which are generally thought to be confined to "Liberal" statesmen, but it must also be admitted that he has never sought to conciliate any class at the expense of another. He has certainly not been very lenient towards the section of society with which his political life has chiefly thrown him into contact. He has never sought to win the favor of the "higher classes." They have been obliged to yield to the superiority of his genius, but he has made no overtures to them. He offers no homage to mere rank. Perhaps this is the reason why so many people call him "un-English." He has told the proudest families in England that, compared

with the race from which he sprung, they are "muddy-blooded barbarians." When he became Prime Minister, some one complained that his Cabinet was "full of plain misters." "It is the most plebeian Cabinet we have ever had," said the Saturday Review. In his novels he has usually treated the aristocracy with contemptuous sarcasm. "Ancient lineage!" he causes one of his characters in Coningsby to exclaim, "I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The thirty years of the Wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen. We owe the English peerage to three sources, — the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of its honors by the elder Stuarts, and the boroughmongering of our own times." His sketch of the Egremont family in Sybil is one which reveals no special love or admiration of the aristocracy. The true claim to public respect of which many a noble family can alone boast is there described: "The family had their due quota of garters, and governments, and bishoprics; admirals without fleets, and generals who fought only in America. They had glittered in great embassies, with clever secretaries at their elbows, and had once governed Ireland, when to govern Ireland was only to apportion the public plunder to a corrupt senate." The picture of Earl de Mowbray, who was raised from the ranks of domestic service to adorn the peerage, and the account of the Vavasours, are evidently the work of a man who cannot be called untrue to himself because in 1867 he supported the cause of the people against class interests. It may not be a pleasant fact for the old Whigs or the new Liberals to contemplate, but a fact it is, that the leader of the Conservative party carried the most liberal measure of reform ever brought into the House of Commons.

As a statesman, it is worse than foolish to describe Mr. Disraeli as a failure. He has never had an opportunity of carrying out a well-defined policy, requiring time and a reserve of strength for its development. He has never been in power for more than a few months at a time, and then always in a minority. But it cannot be denied that he has made the best of his opportunities. As a Parliamentary leader, there is no man living his equal. Much of his success in 1867 must be attributed to his consummate skill in managing the House of Commons. He is a man who never loses his temper, or, if he does, he never allows anybody to detect the loss. The elasticity of his intellect enables him to grapple easily with the most complex questions, and his advice upon them is usually full of common-sense. He does not fly off under the impulse of excitement into all sorts of follies. When Mr. Gladstone was publicly declaring that "Jefferson Davis had created a nation," Mr. Disraeli never uttered a word in discouragement of the Northern armies or people. There is no more difficult body of men to lead in the world than those who constitute the House of Commons, and when it has fallen to Mr. Disraeli's lot to lead them, he has done it with incomparable tact. He never scolds or lectures them, as if they were a pack of naughty children, who ought to be whipped and sent to bed. This is Mr. Gladstone's method of managing his fellow-members, and it partly accounts for the success with which he turns a majority for him into a majority against him. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, deals patiently with the House, humors it in its fits of petulance or anger, and often recalls it to a sense of its duty by a few words of good-humored remonstrance. Once, when he had suffered a great defeat, and the House was wild with excitement, and everybody looked to him for a violent speech, he rose calmly and said, "I think the best thing is always to put a good face upon a disagreeable state of affairs, and take that sensible view which may be taken even of the most distressing and adverse occurrences, if you have a command over your temper and your head." * In the same way, his trench-

* Speech in House of Commons, June 5, 1862.

ant replies to attacks upon himself or his party are always free from malevolence, while at the same time they pierce the tenderest points of his antagonists. He fastens some epithet upon a man which sticks to him for the remainder of his life. Mr. Horsman will always be the "superior person" of the House of Commons. No one who sees Mr. Beresford Hope rise to make a speech will forget his "Batavian grace." Lord Salisbury will be remembered for his "power of spontaneous aversion." Mr. Lowe is the "inspired school-boy." When Mr. Gladstone professed to disestablish the Irish Church, after supporting the cause of "Church and State" all his life, Mr. Disraeli had the opportunity of pointing out a real case of inconsistency, and he did not fail to use it. He taunted the Liberal leader with endeavoring to "reverse the solemn muniments of the nation at eight days' notice," and with having come forward, "like a thief in the night, to make the enormous sacrifice of all the convictions of his life." His sketch of the eternal "Irish difficulty" is worth reading, even though it suffers much through being detached from a great speech: —

"I never liked the emigration from Ireland. I have deplored it. I know that the finest elements of political power are men, and therefore I have not sympathized with the political economists who would substitute entirely for men animals of a lower organization. . . . . I am not conscious that I have ever been deficient in sympathy for the Irish people. They have engaging qualities, which I think every man who has any heart must respect. But I must say nothing surprises me more than the general conduct of the Irish people on this subject of sentimental grievances. They are brave, lively, very imaginative, and therefore very sanguine; but going about the world announcing that they are a conquered race, they do appear to me the most extraordinary people in the universe. Every one of us, nations and individuals, is said to have a skeleton in the house. I hope I have not; if I had, I would turn the key upon him. But why do they go about ostentatiously declaring themselves to be a conquered race? If they really were a conquered race, they are not the people who ought to announce it. It is the conquerors from whom we should learn the fact, for it is not the conquered who go about the world and announce their shame and humiliation. (Cheers.) But I entirely deny that the Irish are a conquered race. I deny that they are more a conquered race than the people of any other nation. Therefore, I cannot see that there is any real ground for the doleful tone in which they complain that they are the most disgraced of men, and make that the foundation for the most unreasonable requests. Ireland is not one whit more conquered than England. They are always telling us that the Normans conquered Ireland. Well, I have heard that the Normans conquered England too (laughter), and the only difference between the two conquests is that while the conquest of Ireland was only partial, that of England was complete. (Renewed laughter.) Then they tell us that a long time ago there was that dreadful conquest by Cromwell, when Cromwell not only conquered but plundered the people. But Cromwell conquered England. (Great laughter.) He conquered the House of Commons. (Renewed laughter.) He ordered that bauble to be taken away, in consequence of which an honorable member, I believe of very advanced Liberal opinions, the other night proposed that we should raise a statue to his memory. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, sir, then we are told that the Dutch conquered Ireland, but, unfortunately, they conquered England too. They marched from Devonshire to London through the midst of a grumbling population. But the Irish fought like gentlemen for their sovereign, and there is no disgrace in the battle of the Boyne, nor does any shame attach to the conduct of those who were defeated. (Hear, hear.) I wish I could say as much for

the conduct of the English leaders at that time. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, the story of the Irish coming forward on all occasions to say that they are a conquered race, and, in consequence of their being a conquered race, to wish to destroy the English institutions, is the most monstrous thing I ever heard of. (Laughter.)"

Lightness and gayety often appear in Mr. Disraeli's speeches when all things seem to be going against him. It is his courage and unfailing good-humor which make him many personal friends, even among his bitter political foes. If a man is doomed to be beaten, it is well to see him taking his punishment with a serene countenance and a cheerful air. Throughout the long and stormy period during which Mr. Disraeli was compelled to remain in the "cold shade of opposition," he never betrayed signs of a failing heart. "The determined and the persevering," as he says in Lothair, "need never despair of gaining their object in this world"; and this principle is the key-note to his own life. He allied himself very early with a declining party, and he has remained steadfast to it through almost unexampled vicissitudes. There was a grudge against it in the minds of the people, and it never had a chance of taking up a popular question. All the fruit on the tree fell to the Liberals. Nothing would have been more natural, according to the ordinary behavior of men, than for Mr. Disraeli to have broken down during his long and arduous struggle against a victorious party. He had sat for fifteen years in Parliament before the smallest prospect appeared of his enjoying the solace of office. His party was scattered, demoralized, and cast down. It had no policy before it. Its former long lease of power had rendered the people tired of it; and it had fallen out of accord with the spirit of the age. Younger men and younger ideas were needed in it. Mr. Disraeli was abundantly able to supply ideas, but the very sound of the words "change" or "progress" scared the country party. They distrusted the unknown man who was at their head in the Lower House. He was much too clever for them. He had a head full of ideas, — that was decidedly un-English. He had written in newspapers, and could not tell the weight of a bullock by pinching it in the rear. Nothing much worse could be said of a man. The old squires looked askance at the young man with a Hebrew type of face who suddenly appeared among them. He had no land and no money, no "family," and no titled kinsfolk. To move a stubborn, inert mass such as the Tory party then was might have defied the strength of twenty men. The task fell to the "adventurer," and he had to address himself to it while the party was in deep adversity. The lot of a leader in opposition is at the best never an enviable one. His followers are eager for office, and if he cannot bring them to the desired haven they reproach him for his want of capacity and enterprise. If he makes a dash at power and fails, they accuse him of foolhardiness and stupidity. "Anybody," they will say, "might have seen that failure was inevitable," although they may all the time have been inciting him to make the attempt. If he goes fast he is hot-brained; if slow, he is faint-hearted. Mr. Disraeli tried hard for years to bring his party out of the Slough of Despond, and was resisted chiefly by that party itself. In his Life of Lord George Bentinck there is a passage which may well be taken as descriptive of his own experiences: —

"There are few positions less inspiriting than that of the leader of a discomfited party. The labors and anxieties of a minister, or of his rival on the contested threshold of office, may be alleviated by the exercise or sustained by the anticipation of power; both are surrounded by eager, anxious, excited, perhaps enthusiastic adherents. There is sympathy, appreciation, prompt counsel, profuse assistance. But he who in the parliamentary field watches over the fortunes of routed troops must be prepared to sit often alone.

Few care to share the labor which is doomed to be fruitless, and none are eager to diminish the responsibility of him whose course, however adroit, must necessarily be ineffectual. Nor can a man of sensibility in such a post easily obviate these discouragements. It is ungracious to appeal to the gray-headed to toil for a harvest which they may probably never reap, and scarcely less painful to call upon glittering youth to sacrifice its rosy hours for a result as remote as the experience in which it does not believe. Adversity is necessarily not a sanguine season, and in this respect a political party is no exception to all other human combinations. In doors and out of doors a disheartened opposition will be querulous and captious. A discouraged multitude have no future; too depressed to indulge in a large and often hopeful horizon of contemplation, they busy themselves in peevish detail, and by a natural train of sentiment associate their own conviction of ill-luck, incapacity, and failure with the most responsible member of their confederation: while all this time inexorable duty demands, or rather that honor which is the soul of public life, that he should be as vigilant, as laborious, should exercise as complete a control over his intelligence and temper, should be as prompt to represent their principles in debate, and as patient and as easy of access in private conference, should be as active and as thoughtful, as if he were sustained by all that encourages exertion,— the approbation of the good and the applause of the wise."

Few men could speak with greater knowledge than Mr. Disraeli of these trials and misfortunes. It was not until 1852 that he was first called to office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Twice afterwards he was compelled to take the same post, with a minority at his back. At length still greater responsibilities were pressed upon him. In the early part of 1868 Lord Derby, under whom Mr. Disraeli had so often served, found his health rapidly declining. He retired from office, and Mr. Disraeli received the commands of the Queen to form a Cabinet. When he went down to the House of Commons, on the night of March 5, 1868, everybody expected a memorable speech. The House was crowded, and the new Premier was vehemently cheered as he passed through Westminster Hall. In the House itself he was received with equal warmth. The galleries were filled with people eager to hear the great speech. But Mr. Disraeli does not care to surprise people,— at least not in the way they expect. He delivered a short and modest address, and instantly applied himself to the practical work of the House,— work which few Prime Ministers have ever managed so well. The interest felt by the public in his accession to power was not unnatural. Since Mr. Disraeli had entered Parliament, more than thirty years before, only five men had succeeded in climbing before him to the chief place in the country,— Peel, Aberdeen, Russell, Palmerston, and Derby. He had beaten his rival, Gladstone, in the race. Many great men had come and gone during those thirty years, and had missed the chief mark. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Sir James Graham, Arthur Buller, the Duke of Newcastle, were men of great influence and abilities; but the unknown member, whose faith was that all things in this life will fall to those who wait and persevere, achieved the distinction which they failed to reach. He had fought out his struggle with a grand courage which would alone render him a man memorable in history. He set himself to accomplish his purpose, not in a feverish or impulsive spirit, but with an heroic patience, an indomitable endurance, and a splendid self-reliance which enabled him to face all antagonists, to rise again and again from repeated reverses and blows, to mock at all difficulties, and finally to vanquish every obstacle which was thrust in his path. He had always led a solitary life. He had no intimate friends, outside a very small circle of men with whom he has been

acting for years. He began as a solitary man in the wastes of London, with the chances of success incalculably against him. He sought no help from outside. He paid court to no man, and, what must be the strangest thing of all to aspiring politicians, to no newspaper. Social prejudices stood in front of him like a wall of iron. Not the least of these prejudices was that which related to the race from which he sprung. His family traced its descent from the pure Sephardim stock: they were Hebrews of the Hebrews. For two generations at least they had been Christians, but still the favorite taunt levelled at Mr. Disraeli was founded on his Jewish origin. These reproaches, as usual, he met with defiance. So far from repudiating his race, he has always gloried in it. He fought its battles in the House of Commons, and to him fell the honor of completing the removal of Jewish disabilities. He succeeded in gaining for Jews the right to sit in the House of Commons, and he has done more to break down the unjust prejudice against them than any man of his generation. He has made people at last understand that they do not insult him by calling him a Jew, — they only pay him a compliment.

In that powerful, although eccentric novel, Tancred, there is a vigorous argument to prove that the world owes to the Jewish race nothing but gratitude and honor. "Half Christendom," he makes one of his characters say, "worships a Jewess, and the other half a Jew: which do you think should be the superior race, — the worshipped or the worshippers?" He speaks with bitter scorn of the "flat-nosed Franks and their progress." Their gibes at the despised Jew he returns with compound interest. "And yet," he says, "some flat-nosed Frank, full of bustle and puffed up with self-conceit, — a race spawned, perhaps, in the morasses of some Northern forest, hardly yet cleared, — talks of 'progress!' Progress to what and from whence? Amid empires shrivelled into deserts, amid the wrecks of great cities, a single column or obelisk of which nations import for the prime ornament of their mud-built capitals, amid arts forgotten, commerce annihilated, fragmentary literatures, and populations destroyed, the European talks of progress, because, by an ingenious application of some scientific acquirements, he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." In all this there is little attempt to conciliate the class which heaps insults upon the Jews. Taunt for taunt, Mr. Disraeli's penetrates the deepest. "London," he makes one of his heroes remark, "is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then, the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it; the Greek, the Roman, the Tartar, the Arab, and the Turk have passed through its walls. Yet it still exists and still flourishes; is full of life, wealth, and enjoyment. . . . . As yet the disciples of progress have not been able exactly to match this instance of Damascus; but it is said that they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead." These sneers may not have tended to make Mr. Disraeli friends among the narrow-minded, but it is by this time understood that, when attacked, he strikes back, and strikes in a way which is not soon forgotten. "Hath not a Jew hands?" It appears that he has, and sometimes knows how to use them. To apologize for being a Jew or to be ashamed of the name, has never been Mr. Disraeli's method of dealing with his assailants. He has suffered, and perhaps suffers even now, from the vulgar prejudices which relate to his ancestry, — those prejudices which, as he has told the world, sorely embittered the lives of the first Disraelis who settled in England. The family had been driven from Spain to Venice by religious persecutions, and were enticed to England by the prospect of enjoying complete

liberty. The grandfather had but one son, who was the author of the well known series of works beginning with the "Curiosities of Literature." He was the father of the present Benjamin Disraeli, and from him the son seems to have inherited not only his literary tastes, but much of his equable temperament and constancy of purpose.

It would carry us far beyond our present purpose, to enter upon a discussion of the series of events which resulted in the defeat of the Conservatives, in 1868. The reform issue was no longer of any service to a party out of power. But there was a question which offered great opportunities to a great statesman, — a question which for several generations had attracted and baffled every one who attempted to deal with it. Pitt tried to settle it, but failed; and his successors meddled with it only to increase its complications. This question, we need scarcely say, was the proper method of dealing with Irish discontent. The disease was chronic, and so people had become accustomed to it, although occasionally it assumed a malignant form. Now it was traced to the rapacity of landlords; then to a famine; then to injustice to the Catholics; and at last, by Mr. Gladstone, to the endowment of the Protestant Church. Not that Mr. Gladstone was the first to suggest that the perpetual "Irish difficulty" was to be solved by abolishing the Irish Church; but it was a great discovery so far as he was concerned, for he had been an ardent, almost a bigoted, advocate of the indissoluble union of Church and State. He had maintained this position for many years, and seemed as little likely to part with it as with a member of his body, — with a leg or an arm. Even when he changed his opinions, he professed to be still at heart with the Church party. "There are many," he said, "who thought it wrong to lay hands upon the national church of a country." He sympathized with the feeling; but he thought it his duty to overcome and repress it.* He arrived in the spring of 1868 at the conclusion that the existence of the Protestant Church in Ireland was a perpetual offence to the Irish people. He was convinced that if it were abolished there would be no further trouble with Ireland; the Irish would become devoted adherents of the English government; we should hear no more of landlords shot on their own doorsteps, of houses burned and shops pillaged. The remedy was no doubt a sudden one, and came from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Gladstone had frequently opposed motions which had for their object the disendowment of the Irish Church. The Liberal party had been thirty years in power, and yet had done nothing to alleviate the sorrows of Ireland, except occasionally to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act and hang a "rebel." Mr. Gladstone had been a party to such measures more than once; but he had never before introduced a scheme for the pacification of the country. In 1868 his heart all at once yearned over the Irish people. It was necessary to do something for them; and that something was not to endeavor to restore the manufactures of the country, or to carry out local reforms, or to improve the standard of education, but to strike a blow at a class in Ireland which had always stood faithful among the faithless, which had suffered much for its religion, and made enormous sacrifices for the Crown, — the Irish Protestants. "I have waited," said Mr. Gladstone in introducing his preliminary resolutions, "until the hour had come when the call of duty summoned." When a minister out of office declares that a measure which will probably bring him into office is clearly in the line of his duty, but that he has only just discovered it, we need not be surprised that his own friends have some difficulty in keeping their countenances.

Mr. Disraeli and his party opposed this measure to the last. They maintained that the country should be ap-

* Debate in House of Commons, March 31, 1868.

pealed to before the spoliation of the Irish Church was committed. The general election took place in the autumn of 1868, and for once an issue was put before the people upon which Dissenters and Roman Catholics were of one mind, and could act together. It was a strange coalition, and one like it may never be seen again until Mr. Gladstone or somebody else proposes to abolish the English Church. The Liberals, assisted by their queer allies, gained a victory. Mr. Disraeli, without waiting for the meeting of the new Parliament, promptly resigned, and Mr. Gladstone became Premier. Mr. Disraeli might have continued in office, and caused great embarrassment and loss of time. It was then the early part of December: Parliament did not meet till February. In two months great changes sometimes occur. It can scarcely be doubted that a man of Mr. Gladstone's temperament would have clung to office, and taken all the chances. But Mr. Disraeli considered the interests of his country rather than the promptings of ambition. "We are bound to say," wrote one of his bitterest enemies at the time, "that in all the incidents of his resignation, Mr. Disraeli has exhibited a spirit of straightforwardness, and consideration for his foes, for which we have hitherto scarcely given him sufficient credit." Mr. Disraeli not only resigned, but recommended the Queen to send for his rival. Small malice has never been among his failings.

And thus Ireland was "appeased." The Protestant Church was dismembered. Yet somehow Irish discontent has not yet become a mere tradition of the past. The Irish people are not quite content to till their own soil and remain on the land of their fathers. Agrarian disturbances are by no means unknown. But it is no longer the Irish Church which can be used as a scapegoat. The demands of the Irish party now take a different form. There must be Home Rule. The land question must be dealt with, not as Mr. Gladstone dealt with it, but on the principle he adopted in the disendowment of the Irish Church. The landlords must be weeded out. Mr. Gladstone does not seem to be quite ready to respond to these demands. The hour has not yet struck, nor the call of duty summoned. But the Irish party becomes stronger and stronger. It compels the older parties to bid alternately for its support. The Catholic priests announce what policy they wish to have carried out, and the Irish members obey. Their votes may easily turn the scale on a division. As for Protestant Ireland, its condition will some day form the theme of a melancholy page in history, but there are few who pay any heed to it now. Recent legislation has proceeded upon the theory that it is only the Catholic Irishmen who have any wrongs to be redressed. In many respects the United States present a favorable point from which Irish politics may be studied. Irish opinion finds at least as many opportunities of expressing itself as it can possibly find in Dublin. And what we see is that what the people really want is "Ireland for the Irish." They demand that England should relinquish the country altogether. That is the obvious meaning of Fenianism and "Home Rule."

We would gladly have spoken of Mr. Disraeli's contributions to literature, but that is a subject which demands more space than we have at command. It may, however, be safely predicted that these works will always find numerous readers. They do not belong to the fashionable school of fiction, although it must be remembered that his latest book of this kind had a larger sale than any other novel which has seen the light for years past. It may also be said that the plots of these novels do not appeal strictly to a modern taste, since marriage vows are not broken in them, young girls are not depicted as monsters of vice, and the unrestrained profligacy of both sexes is not held up to the reader as the summit of human felicity. Neverthe-

less, they will be found capable of affording no slight amusement, and even instruction, to the younger generation. Coningsby and Sybil are the best political novels ever written. No student of the recent history of England, especially of the decade which followed the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832, can afford to leave these books unread. Most of Mr. Disraeli's novels would be of value if only for the series of pictures of men and events which are contained in them. His portraits are often bitten in with powerful acids. John Wilson Croker, then the editor of the Quarterly Review, is one of the figures thus preserved. He appears in Coningsby under the name of Rigby: —

"What was the secret of the influence of this man, confided in by everybody, trusted by none? His counsels were not deep, his expedients were not felicitous; he had no feeling, and he could create no sympathy. It is, that in most of the transactions of life there is some portion which no one cares to accomplish, and which everybody wishes to be achieved. This was always the portion of Mr. Rigby. In the eye of the world he had constantly the appearance of being mixed up with high dealings, and negotiations and arrangements of fine management, whereas in truth, notwithstanding his splendid livery and the airs he gave himself in the servants' hall, his real business in life had ever been — to do the dirty work."

Again it is said of him that he was "a man who neither felt nor thought, but who possessed, in a very remarkable degree, a restless instinct for adroit baseness." Alison's history of Europe was described as "Mr. Wordy's history of the late war, in twenty volumes, — a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories." Of a certain Lady Gaverstock it is said that she was herself pure as snow, "but her mother having been divorced, she ever fancied she was paying a kind of homage to her parent by visiting those who might some day be in the same predicament." "In England," he says in Coningsby, "we too often alternate between a supercilious neglect of genius and a rhapsodical pursuit of quacks. In England, when a new character appears in our circles, the first question always is, 'Who is he?' In France it is, 'What is he?' In England, 'How much a year?' In France, 'What has he done?'" Some of the keenest epigrams at the expense of English "society" are scattered throughout these volumes; yet there have been dull persons who, after reading them, arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Disraeli is a great worshipper of rank and wealth. They thought Lothair was a sort of poem in praise of the British aristocracy. No author can be quite sure that his book will not be read upside down.

That Mr. Disraeli will shortly return to power seems, as we have already said, highly probable. English politics are at this moment in an unsettled, almost a chaotic state. It is not necessary to discuss the foreign policy of the country, for it no longer has a foreign policy. After the fate which befell the Black Sea Treaty, it is impossible to say what may not happen. But the domestic questions of the day are so grave and menacing that it would be strange if they did not occasion anxiety to the governing men of England. Her commerce is not prospering. The cancer of pauperism has not yet been reached by any remedial measures. Every year increasing numbers of the best class of mechanics seek homes in distant lands. In such a condition of society the trade of the "agitator" thrives, and popular discontent assumes a more threatening form. A heavy responsibility will rest upon the next ministry which governs England, no matter who may be at its head. Mr. Disraeli has recently declared that before he announces a "policy," it will be necessary for him to ascertain what materials the Public Departments contain for the formation of a policy. Perhaps he has had enough of unravelling the webs with which

Whig ministries have enveloped themselves in the last months of their power. Unless he can secure the support of an efficient working majority, it is far wiser on his part to remain the leader of "her Majesty's Opposition." In that capacity he discharges an important function with signal ability and success. He has had no fair chance of showing what he could do with power; to him has fallen the shadow, while the substance has been elsewhere. The times, however, seem to be changing. Within the past few months, seats have been lost to the government which have always been deemed secure. The people seem inclined to distrust the specifics which Mr. Gladstone has prepared for them. The Liberal party is demoralized, and it would probably be benefited by passing through a season of reverses. Conservatism in these days is sufficiently progressive even for Mr. Bright, although ulta-Liberalism does not go far enough for the school of which Mr. Bright was the founder. Should Mr. Disraeli be placed in power with a majority, there would at least be a strong man at the head of the government. Notwithstanding the prejudice and misrepresentation of which he is constantly the subject, no fair observer of his career can doubt that his sound discernment, his ripe experience, and his intimate familiarity with public affairs would enable him to render great and memorable services to his country.

L. J. Jennings.

L'ENVOI.

WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A REPRINT OF SOME EARLY POEMS.

THIS is my Youth, — its hopes and dreams.
How strange and shadowy it all seems,
After these many years!
Turning the pages idly, so,
I look with smiles upon the woe,
Upon the joy with tears!

Go, little Book. The old and wise
Will greet thee with suspicious eyes,
With stare, or furtive frown;
But here and there some golden maid
May like thee . . . thou 'lt not be afraid
Of young eyes, blue or brown.

To such a one, perchance thou 'lt sing
As clearly as a bird in spring
Hailing the apple-blossom;
And she will let thee make thy nest,
Perhaps, within her snowy breast.
Go; rest thou in her bosom.

T. B. Aldrich.

ON THE RIDGE.

I.

TO all dwellers in Western New York the "Ridge Road" was long a household word.

This Ridge, along which runs a road much travelled before the days of railways, starts from near Rochester, and preserving through its course a distance of from five to seven miles from Lake Ontario, runs westward to Lewiston through what is now a beautiful and fertile country.

At the time of which I write, however, the Ridge ran for miles through dense woods and deep swamps.

There are many now living, who can remember when log-cabins stood where are now fine houses of brick and stone; when ragged hemlocks occupied the ground now shaded by flourishing orchards; and when wolves made their lair in the swamps which now, drained and reclaimed, furnish pasture for flocks and herds.

In the wettest seasons, when the great teams that carried the goods of the country traders stood hopelessly mired in the cross-roads, the Ridge furnished a high and dry pathway for commerce and travel.

This ready-made road attracted the settlers, who in the early days of Western New York poured in from New England and the eastern part of the State, and up they came in great white-covered wagons, to conquer the earth and possess it, and fight a harder battle than now falls to the lot of any Western settler, unless he goes far enough west to meet the Apaches and Camanches, and fall a victim at once to barbarism and philanthropy.

Among the early settlers along the Ridge was Alvin Litchfield, who came with his family from one of the hardest, rockiest, coldest townships in Massachusetts, and settled on a quarter section some eight or ten miles west of the little village of Gaines, in Orleans County. At that time the great mail-coaches which soon after came thundering along the Ridge Road had not begun to run, and much of the travel and commerce went by private conveyance, on horseback, or in huge wagons drawn often by four and sometimes by six horses.

For the refreshment of travellers, and especially of the teamsters, — always a thirsty race, — numerous taverns started up along the Ridge. Some of these places had no good name, and were the resort of such wild characters as always drift into a new country. Gambling and drinking went on fast and furiously, and there were rumors of darker crimes committed and hidden from sight; and of travellers who were seen to enter, but who never came out again.* The taverns, however, did not tempt Alvin Litchfield to stop oftener than was absolutely necessary. He was not a temperance man, for at that time there were no more temperance men in the United States than there are snakes in Ireland; but he was emphatically "a steady man," and to him who is steady, in the New England sense of that word, bar-rooms appeal in vain.

Mr. Litchfield's family consisted of his wife and four children, two boys and two girls. Ezra, the oldest son, was already twenty, and his younger brother Adam seventeen.

* It was concerning an old tavern on the Ridge that I first heard the legend of the six skeletons found under the barn floor, — a tale which caused me to regard that very prosaic highway, the Ridge, with a sort of delightful horror, like that inspired by a ghost story. But as I have since heard the same story about a tavern in the Mohawk Valley, one in Pennsylvania, another in New Jersey, and a fourth somewhere on the Hudson, I am forced to conclude that these six skeletons are rather mythical appearances, obliging enough to contribute a living, or rather dead, interest to old taverns in general, than actual facts.

The place varies in different legends; but the number of skeletons is always the same, and they are always found under the barn floor.

Both were sturdy, hardy boys, well fitted for pioneer life, and their father gave them the highest praise he could bestow on any one when he said they were good to work.

They settled on their land, and in a short time a comfortable log-house was built and a clearing made, and month by month the family gathered about them more and more of the conveniences and comforts of home.

They were not without their trials from loss, disappointment, and sickness; for fever and fever-and-ague in those days were the rule and not the exception on the Ridge; but on the whole they prospered until the second year, when a fever seized on the father of the family, and, with the help of calomel, bleeding, and refusal of cold water, the practice of the time carried off in a few days the head of the house.

The widow, according to the time and place, was considered "well off." She had the land, the house and stock, some two hundred dollars in money, and her two sons, both steady, sensible, dutiful lads, who were quite able to carry on the farm.

She herself was an eminently capable woman, and was bringing up her girls to follow in her footsteps. There was so much to mitigate a calamity which falls harder in many cases that some seemed indeed to think that Mrs. Litchfield was rather to be envied than pitied. "Widders!" said old Mrs. Platt whose worser half was a confirmed old cider-drunkard; "there 's folks that 's worse off than widders!"

II.

THREE months after his father's death Ezra Litchfield with his younger brother Adam came in from the clearing where they had been at work all day.

"I 'll go for the cows," said Ezra, as his brother turned toward the woods where the cattle were allowed to run at large. "It looks like rain, and if you get wet, you 'll be having another chill."

Adam went into the house, glad to be saved from the task of cow-driving, and Ezra to the woods, utterly unwarned and unsuspecting of the strange fate awaiting him under the sombre arches of the forest, — a fate that was to overshadow his whole life with a cloud so singular, and so impenetrable in its very vagueness, that almost any definite calamity such as befalls men would have made his part less sad and dreary.

It was a dark evening in October. The leaves were losing the gorgeousness of fall, and were lying dull and dead under foot, except where the beeches and oaks retained their summer mantle, now sombre brown instead of velvet green, or the dark hemlocks stood moaning to themselves in the wind, or a maple yet hung out a defiant banner or two of gold and red, as if hoping against hope to brave the coming winter.

The fading sunset was being fast blotted out by dull gray clouds; the wind was rising, coming up at intervals from the lake in long, sighing gusts, and the whole aspect of Nature was as if she were tired of her summer's work, and, sickened with the result of her labors, had left matters to decay and go to seed their own way, rather than be wearied any longer with the perpetual strife of death and life in the world.

No such fanciful thoughts, however, came into Ezra's mind as he let down the bars that parted the woodlot from the cornfield, and walked on, summoning the cows with that ancient call which doubtless sounded over the Chaldean plains in the time of Abraham. There had been nothing hitherto very remarkable about Ezra Litchfield. He was a good, steady, honest, hard-working young farmer, peculiar in nothing, unless it might be in a certain strictness and fastidious conscientiousness, which seemed sometimes to produce an indecision and doubtfulness of action, rather trying to his

mother and brother, who were either stronger or weaker, as the reader may choose to think, in wanting this very thing.

"Ezra is gone a long time after the cows," said little Hitty, the youngest child, as she stood in the doorway watching for her brother; "they may have strayed."

"And if they get running they may run to the lake before they will stop," said Adam. "I wish I had gone with him. But come in and shut the door, Hitty, for it grows cold."

"We will wait for him a while longer," said the mother, "and then, if he does n't come, we will have supper."

They waited nearly an hour, but Ezra did not come, and they sat down to the table without him. The meal was finished, and the table cleared away; the twilight had ended in a slow, steady pour down of rain, and a long, rustling, sighing wind: but still Ezra did not come.

Troubled and uneasy, both for his brother and the cows, Adam took down his gun and was about to set out on a search, when the low of the cattle was heard, the bars to the barnyard were let down, and presently a slow step was heard approaching the house door.

"That don't sound like Ezra," said Rachel, the oldest daughter. "Can anything have happened?" she added, with a sudden thrill of terror at she knew not what.

The step drew nearer and nearer, it sounded on the door-stone, a hand was laid on the door, and the latch was lifted once, twice, but still the door did not open.

Adam, a bold, high-spirited youth, made no movement forward. Something seemed to hold him where he had been standing in the centre of the room with the gun in his hand. The mother and daughters, washing the dishes at the table, stopped in their labors, and all had a singular feeling that either in the body or out some new unfriendly influence waited presently to enter and take part in the family life.

Finally, the door was pushed slowly open, and Ezra crossed the threshold and stood silent, looking into the familiar room as if he saw it not, or seeing, felt in it since he had left it at noon something that changed it wholly to him.

"Where have you been, Ezra?" said his mother, who was the first to speak; "and goodness!" she cried as she caught a glimpse of his face, "what is the matter, what has happened to you?"

Indeed a change had passed over Ezra Litchfield, which it is easier for me to see mentally and understand than it is to describe intelligibly. We often say of those who have suffered calamity that they have grown older. This look had fallen upon Ezra Litchfield; he had gone out a youth of two-and-twenty, kindly, calm, rather handsome, but now on the young face was the grayness of age; the features were pinched and drawn; and with the unnamed horror and doubt in his eyes was dread expectation, as of one who having suffered one shock of earthquake waits for the next to swallow him up in some gulf of ruin.

"There is nothing the matter," he said in answer to the questions and exclamations which, now the ice was broken, were poured forth by the whole family; "the cows had strayed and I have been looking for them. Give me the milk-pail, Rachel."

"Sit down and get your supper," said Adam, taking the pail himself; "I 'll milk."

"No," said Ezra with sudden decision; "do you stay here." And taking the pail from his brother and gently pushing him back as he was about to follow, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Adam stared after him in wonder and in vexation, both with his brother and with himself, that he had yielded so easily, for in most matters Adam was apt to take the lead.

"Why, what ails him?" said Rachel, a tall, fair girl, who was generally credited or discredited with being "ner-

vous," since she was liable to fancies and impressions which did not touch others.

"Nothing, only he 's tired looking after the cows, and he thinks it 's too rainy for Susy Miller to come over this evening," said Hitty.

"It 's something more," said Rachel. "He looks as if he had seen a ghost; and when he opened the door and came in, I felt just as if a sheet of ice were put between him and us."

"Nonsense!" said her mother, the more sharply that she herself was conscious of a sensation like that described by Rachel; "you 'd better be getting your brother's supper than talking such fancies."

Rachel set out the supper for Ezra, and presently he came in with the milk. He seemed as before to hesitate at crossing the threshold, and, when he entered, stood in the cheerful, familiar brightness of the room as though he were in it but not of it. The mother bustled about to get his supper, and without a word he sat down to the table; but he hardly broke bread, and the food was taken away almost untasted. It was hardly removed when a wagon was heard to drive up to the door, and Adam and the girls exclaiming, "It 's Susy Miller and Sam after all," rushed to meet the new-comers.

Ezra took one step forward, and then suddenly turning about he went up the ladder staircase which led to his own chamber and disappeared.

Susy Miller entered with her brother Sam. The girls hung about her; Adam, taking his brother's place, waited upon her; and Mrs. Litchfield gave her a welcome, but somewhat less warm than usual, for she was perplexed and troubled in mind. Why should Ezra, Susy's accepted lover, run from the girl's sight in that strange fashion? What had happened to him, and why did he not come down, and how was she to answer the questions which Susy's eyes were already asking?

"Why, where 's Ezra?" said Adam.

"He went up stairs just before the wagon drove up," said his mother.

"He was here then," said Adam; and he went to the bottom of the stairs and called Ezra impatiently, but there was no answer, and he went up the ladder himself.

He found Ezra sitting on the bed, leaning forward, with his face hidden in his hands; but he lifted his head as his brother entered, and asked what was wanted with a sort of sad impatience.

"Why, Susy and Sam are down stairs," said Adam. "Ezra, what does ail you? Are you sick?"

"No," said Ezra. "There is nothing the matter. I will come down." And he descended, but his greeting to Susy was so strange and cold and unlike himself that the girl, piqued and wounded, turned from him, and talked to Adam and the sisters, now and then stealing a glance at the corner where Ezra sat, quite heedless as it seemed of anything, even of Susy herself. His eyes were fixed on the fire, not as if he saw it, but with the same look of horror and questioning doubt which his face had worn ever since he came home from the woods. And yet it seemed as if he were expecting some event to happen or some guest to arrive whose coming should be the signal for some unknown, unimaginable trouble. Now and then he would rouse himself from his abstraction and listen, looking with strange, perplexed apprehension at the door, like one who knows not in what shape calamity may come, or, knowing, meets the stroke with helpless indecision.

Seeing that he remained really quite careless of her own assumed indifference, Susy made an excuse to draw near him, and said softly, "What is the matter with you to-night? Are you angry at anything or are you sick?"

"Nothing is the matter, nothing," said Ezra, without making an effort as it seemed to respond to Susy's manner and tone; "why, what *should* be the matter here?"

"There are the common troubles of humanity here," said Susy, more gently than her careless lover deserved; "and you are not like yourself, Ezra."

"Nothing is the matter, nothing," he repeated in the same strange, absent way; and then he rose and stood looking out of the little window into the night and rain, as he had looked at the fire.

Hurt and troubled, Susy cut short her visit, feeling very angry with Ezra, until her brother Sam, during the drive home, commented sharply on his discourtesy, when she scolded Sam for saying a word against her lover; and that night she cried herself to sleep.

The brother and sister had hardly left the house when Ezra turned to go up stairs; his mother called him back.

Mrs. Litchfield had meant to question Ezra; but as she stood face to face with him and looked into his eyes, a nameless feeling held her back, as though the sheet of ice of which Rachel had spoken had indeed been interposed between her and her first-born.

"What is the matter with you, my son?" she asked at last, with an effort, "and why did you treat Susy so strangely?"

"If I 'd been a girl, and any fellow had treated me so," said Adam, indignant, "I 'd have known the reason why or I 'd never have spoken to him again."

"Never have spoken to him again?" said Ezra, echoing his brother's words as though they had suggested a new and startling idea to his mind, — "never again?"

"You act as if you were out of your wits," said Adam.

"Hush, Adam," said his mother.— "Tell me, my son, what has happened to you."

"Nothing, nothing in the world," said Ezra wearily, and he turned away.

"But, my son," said his mother, who, in spite of herself, could insist no further, "will you not have worship before you go to bed?"

The Litchfields were a religious family, and since his father's death Ezra had led the family services; for both he and his brother were members of the church.

"Not to-night," said Ezra wearily. "Let Adam take the book." And he went away.

Adam made the chapter a short one, and, unused to his place and office, made more than one slip; and it was not without a sort of dread that he went up to the loft which he used in common with his brother. Ezra was sitting on the bed in the same attitude as before; but as Adam entered he rose and, slowly undressing, seemed soon to fall asleep.

Adam woke in the long, dreary, lifeless hours between midnight and the dawn. Ezra was sitting up in bed, rocking himself gently to and fro, and moaning low from time to time; and as Adam turned and spoke to him, a strong shudder ran over him.

"Ezra, what *is* the matter?" said Adam; "if you are sick, do say so."

"No, there is nothing the matter," said Ezra in the same mechanical way.

"Look here, now, Ezra, you can't make me believe that. What made you act so to Susy? She did n't like it, I know; neither did Sam, and I don't blame them."

"No, no one could blame them," said Ezra sadly.

"Now just see here, brother," and Adam put his arm over Ezra's shoulder, "you and I have always been good friends; if you are in any trouble, I should think you might trust me; I 'm sure I 'd help you if I could."

"Will you do one thing for me?" said Ezra after a long silence, during which he had neither accepted nor rejected Adam's offered hand.

"What is it?" said Adam, awed and startled by something in his brother's manner.

"Will you ask the blessing for me to-morrow morning?"

"Ezra, what is it?" said Adam, turning pale in the darkness and half drawing back; "what do you mean?"

"Will you do it?"

"Yes; but why?"

"Nothing, only I wish it. As for me, Adam, I shall never break bread with blessing more."

"What have you done?" cried the younger in terror.

"Nothing, nothing. Go to sleep and leave me alone," said the other with sudden roughness; and he would not speak another word, but lay silent as a stone.

The next morning he did not come to breakfast till the rest of the family were seated, and the blessing had been asked by Adam. He went about his work as usual, but with the same strange look on his face, — a look which seemed to deepen as the days went on and the week drew near its end.

He no longer led the family worship, nor was even present when it was offered. The Sunday came; but though the Communion was held in the little log school-house which served the neighborhood for a meeting-house, Ezra did not go with his family to the sacrament, nor was he ever again seen in any worshipping congregation.

His mother tried in vain by every means in her power to win Ezra's confidence. To all expostulation, to every argument that anxious affection could suggest as a means to win him back to himself, he only opposed the same dull, passive resistance, and answered that there was nothing the matter; and Adam's impatient questions and reproaches he endured with such sad, silent patience that the boy, provoked, perplexed, and troubled as he was, came, nevertheless to pity his brother, and committed assault and battery upon a neighbor's son who hinted that the cause of Ezra's depression was remorse for some shocking and undiscovered crime. To his sisters Ezra was equally reserved, and indeed, as much as possible, avoided the society of his own family.

His mother watched him anxiously, and more than once she saw Ezra engaged, as it seemed, in earnest and agonized prayer, or with bowed head and hidden face moaning to himself; but if at such times she drew near him with words of counsel or comfort, he would only make his escape as soon as possible, or answer in the same sad way, "There is nothing the matter, nothing."

III.

Susy Miller was walking along the road from the house where she had been to see a sick neighbor, a mile from her own home.

The girl's heart was full of trouble, wounded pride, and affection; for though every one knew that she and Ezra were engaged to be married in the spring, he had not been near her for a month. Lost in sad, perplexed thought, she hardly noticed that a man was coming toward her, until, looking up with a sudden start, she found herself face to face with what might almost have seemed the ghost of him with whom she had walked the same path but a few weeks before.

She had meant to pass him without a word or a look, but her heart failed her, and she turned and went back to where he stood, gazing after her it is true, but with the same preoccupied look, as though she were only a sort of second thought in his mind, second to some unnamed, unknown question to which he could find no answer.

"Ezra," said the girl, trying to speak calmly.

"Is it you, Susy?" he said, with a start, but in a dull, absent way.

"I don't wonder you don't know me," said Susy bitterly; "you need not take so much pains to keep out of my way; you may be certain that I shall never try to hold you to your promise, since you wish to break it."

A sort of shiver ran over him. It seemed as if he were trying to tear himself free from the thing that preyed on his inner life, but he only said in the same abstracted manner, "I don't want to break it." His eyes did not look into her face, but were fixed on a horseman who, at some distance, was riding fast toward them along the Ridge.

"But what am I to think, Ezra?" said Susy; "for nearly a month you have not been near me."

He did not answer, but, as the horse-

man turned into a cross-road, drew a long breath as of relief, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

"What is it that you watch for? Whom do you expect?" asked the girl, half frightened.

"Nothing, Susy; no one."

"But, Ezra," she continued, trying to speak steadily, "things cannot go on so. They tell me I should have sent you back your ring long ago, and have had more spirit than to endure such treatment. But I loved you, Ezra, and I thought you loved me."

"I do love you," he answered, with a sort of ghostly earnestness, as though, could he but have found force to protest, he would have spoken with all a lover's fervor.

"Do you know what is said of you?" asked the girl. "That you never come to family prayers or ask a blessing at the table. Why do you stay away from meeting? They whisper things, — I do not like to tell you, — but they say that this strange change in you can only come from some terrible wrong-doing on your part. I do not believe it; but say it is not so."

"It is not so," he answered, in the same mechanical fashion.

"Then tell us what has come over you, and let your friends speak for you and clear up this mystery."

"There is nothing to tell," he said; "nothing."

"Then why are you so altered?"

He made no reply, but raised his eyes to her face with a look of dumb, dull misery.

"Ezra, you owe it to your mother and the rest, if not to me, to clear away this cloud that has fallen on your name."

"I cannot. There is nothing."

"Ezra, will you not trust *me*, will you not tell *me?*" said Susy, laying her hand on his arm. "If you are in trouble, I would bear it with you."

And now it seemed as if the soul of the man was moved within him and beat its wings and struggled to find voice and cry for help, and that all that was wanting was for the mind to make one resolute effort of decision, but that still some inner, perplexed argument was carried on, and that the force within could not resolve to throw itself on either scale.

"Tell me, Ezra," besought Susy.

And he answered once more, "There is nothing to tell."

"Then it is all over," said Susy, passionately. "I would have borne any burden for you, but I will not cast my lot with a man who shuts me out of his confidence."

"Susy," he said, finding voice a little, "as God is my judge, my hands are as clean as ever they were!"

"Then why do you absent yourself from every prayer, and sit among your own people as though you had no part with them? Adam says you never work with him now, and hardly ever speak to him. Your mother is breaking her heart about you; and you are bringing the shadow of disgrace on your dead father's good name. If you have sinned, repent, and confess, and bear yourself like a man."

But the voice of reason, duty, or affection could not penetrate into that labyrinth wherein poor Ezra had involved himself; and he only looked at her in the same dull, helpless, preoccupied way, as though he knew that their parting was inevitable, and were too much bound and constrained by some greater misery to feel the loss of his love, except as a minor trouble.

"I have gone far enough and too far," said Susy, her eyes kindling through her tears; "I will never speak to you again. There is your ring." And she dropped the thin, golden circle in his hand and turned away. She looked back once or twice, almost hoping that he would follow; but he stood where she had left him, not even glancing after her till she had reached her father's home.

IV.

Of course the mysterious change in Ezra Litchfield could not but be the subject of much talk in the little community.

The more charitable thought him crazy; but, as in all matters of work and business, buying and selling, he showed his usual industry and good sense, this theory was dropped for the far more interesting idea that some secret crime was preying on his mind. But what was this crime? No one had been murdered, no one had been robbed, no special loss or calamity had befallen any one on that wan October evening since which Ezra Litchfield had become the strange, impenetrable creature that he was.

More than one person, devoured by curiosity, ransacked the Litchfield woods in vain to find some clew to the mystery; and, natural causes failing to account for the thing that perplexed them, the good people had recourse to the supernatural. He had seen a ghost, which had told him that he was to die on a certain day, and that was why he had broken off with Susy Miller. He had met the Devil, — some, however, said an angel, — who had told him that he had committed the unpardonable sin and was eternally lost, and here lay the secret of his reluctance to be present at prayers and meetings.

This notion was so eminently satisfactory that it was generally adopted by the superstitious; but others, thinking, like the man in the play, that where you knew nothing it was natural to suppose the worst, leaned to the idea of a murder committed in the recesses of the woods.

So poor Ezra walked the world under a cloud that grew deeper and darker all the time, and shut him out from the common friendship of men and the light of love, and dimmed and obscured even the sunshine of his mother's smile.

Yet, after all, sad and strange as was his destiny, there was a sort of distinction in it; and I am not sure but the Litchfields, troubled and perplexed as they had been at first, and even Ezra himself, felt a sort of melancholy pride in the unlikeness of their misfortune to that of any one else.

"Use lessens marvel." And in a little while the family ceased to wonder and grieve among themselves over Ezra's singular ways and unsocial habits, though he went and came and sat among them as though he were apart from the home where he had once been the centre and head.

He gradually lost the sort of expectancy and apprehension which had at first marked his manner, and ceased, as it were, to watch for the coming of some unknown cause of terror. His mother noticed, however, that not a wagon drove up to the house, not a knock was heard at the door, when Ezra was within, without a change passing over his face as though the sound might possibly be to him the forerunner of long-dreaded calamity; he worked as diligently as ever, but he so contrived matters that he no longer, if it was possible to avoid it, shared his labors with his brother; and on those occasions when they were obliged to be together, he never spoke, unless forced by the necessity of the case.

Adam, who had at first been greatly provoked and annoyed by his brother's behavior, grew to take it as a matter of course, and came to regard Ezra as one disordered in mind and stricken of God; and this feeling pervaded the whole family, and perhaps gave them the only comfort possible under the circumstances.

V.

MATTERS had gone on in this strange way for two years, when Adam sought out Ezra, where he was hoeing corn, and, after an attempt at a preface, which failed entirely, said abruptly, "Ezra, there 's a girl that I 've liked a long time. I 've spoken to her, and she likes me, and I mean to be married."

"When?" said Ezra, resting on his hoe. "Where do you mean to live?"

Adam had not heard so many words from his brother in many months, and his heart smote him for what he was going to say.

"Her father will give her a farm," he went on, without naming his bride. "I don't want to be mean and take anything from mother and the girls.

If you and mother will give me enough of what would be my share to start with, so *she* need n't do everything, I 'll wait for the rest. I ain't a bit afraid but what I can get a living."

Ezra raised his eyes and looked at his brother, and a sad sense of the contrast between the happy, hopeful, sturdy young man and his own poor, mazed, burdened self, seemed to come upon him, but dimly, as though through some interposing veil.

"Have you anything to say against it, Ezra?" asked Adam.

"No, no!" said Ezra, with that futile effort to rouse himself which always seemed so painful. "But who is the girl, Adam?"

Adam flushed red.

"Ezra, I always liked her. When I was a boy, when she liked you, I never said a word, but afterwards — well — it 's Susy Miller."

Ezra grew very pale, dropped his hoe, and turned to go away.

Adam held him back.

"Look here, brother," he said, kindly enough, "you know she could n't have married you as things are. You 've had your chance, I 've taken mine."

"Yes, yes, it 's all right," said Ezra in a dreary, passionless way, "I hope you may be happy." But there were tears in his eyes.

Adam's heart melted within him.

"Ezra, I wish you *would* trust me and tell me the truth. I 've never believed any harm of you. Won't you speak?"

But Ezra, though he raised his eyes for a moment to Adam's face with a look half wistful, half reproachful, made no answer but to say as usual, "There is nothing to tell." And he resumed his work.

Adam stood beside him for a minute or two, but he never raised his head, and his brother left him alone.

Adam and Susy were married; but Ezra was not at the wedding, and his absence was the less remarked as he went to no gatherings in the neighborhood, either social or religious.

Soon after, Rachel married and went to the Genesee country, taking with her her younger sister, Hitty, who at sixteen married a young clergyman at Genesee, and Ezra was left alone with his mother. He failed in no duty; he had never, since the blow first fell, changed in the scrupulous exactness with which he had been wont to do all that his hand found to do; but he grew more and more silent and reserved.

He was generous and open-handed by nature, and he did not change his usual charitable practice. He gave liberally to all who needed help; but though the sick and the poor had their wants supplied from Ezra's stores, he never, if he could possibly help it, crossed a neighbor's threshold. To all outer interests, whether religious or political, he seemed to be dead; and in the fiercest strife between Federalist and Democrat, he cared to take neither side.

He led a blameless life, which still further increased the mystery, but did not change the sort of doubtful dread which people were apt to feel in his presence. The curse which had fallen upon him had not carried with it the blight of poverty, for all things prospered with him, and he was able to buy from Adam and his sisters their share of the home farm.

Mrs. Litchfield went often to see Susy and Adam, who were prosperous and happy in each other; but Ezra never entered his brother's house, nor did Susy come to her mother-in-law's until Mrs. Litchfield was taken ill, and lay, as was thought, on her death-bed.

Ezra was sitting in the kitchen, his face hidden in his hands. The door was open into the room where his mother lay, and two or three kindly neighbors moved to and fro, speaking to each other in hushed voices.

Presently Susy came out of the sick-room, her eyes streaming with tears. She went timidly to Ezra and laid her hand on his shoulder. He started at the touch.

"Ezra," said she, "mother wants to see you. It can't last much longer."

Ezra rose and went into the next

room. Mrs. Litchfield was lying back on her pillows, with death in her face. Adam stood at the head of the bed.

"Come here, Ezra" said the dying woman; "and you, Adam, go out and shut the door."

Adam kissed his mother, and obeyed without a word.

A hush fell upon those without. Susy hid her face on Adam's breast, and they waited in strained and breathless silence for they hardly knew what, unless it were the possible solution of the long mystery.

A low murmur was heard for a few minutes, and then the dying woman's voice cried loudly, wildly, "Open the door! For God's sake, open the door!"

Adam flung it wide, and hurried in, followed by all.

Ezra sat by the bed, his face hidden by one hand, the other clasped tight in his mother's fingers. With a will that seemed conquering death itself, the dying woman rose from her pillow.

"My son," she cried in a high, clear voice, — "my son Ezra is —"

The tongue refused its office, the death gasp was in her throat, and she fell back dead, the word, whether of condemnation or acquittal, unspoken.

VI.

THE incidents of his mother's death only deepened the strangeness that hung round Ezra Litchfield's life. Many were the conjectures as to what his mother had meant to say Had he told her of some crime so horrible that the shock had hurried her into the next world before she could tell the dreadful secret; had he spoken to her of the diabolical or angelic messenger; or had she been about to clear him from all suspicion of wrong?

No one could know even whether he had told his secret in that last supreme moment; but all inclined to the idea that his burden, whatever it was, was something of a more dark and terrible nature than had yet been surmised.

Adam and his wife, however, persistently refused to believe any ill of their brother. The minister, the Rev. Mr. B——, said that as the whole tenor of Ezra Litchfield's life, both before and after this mysterious blight had fallen upon him, had been, not only blameless, but meritorious, it was impossible to believe in any crime perpetrated during those two hours in the woods, especially as no one could be pointed out as the sufferer of the imputed evil. The clergyman rather inclined to the belief that, on some subject of which he could not or dared not speak, poor Ezra was a monomaniac, and that he had all his lifetime been subject to bondage to some mere phantom of his own imagination which, if once named, would dissolve into air. With this idea Mr. B—— visited Ezra and tried in vain to win his confidence.

Ezra would only return his usual stereotyped answer, "There is nothing to tell."

"Then, my brother," said the minister, "why should you, a member of the Christian Church, stay away from all her services? Come to us next sabbath, and see whether in the worship of the congregation, the voice of prayer and praise will not cause this burden of yours to roll away, like Christian's at the sepulchre."

Ezra looked at the good man as if a sort of dumb gratitude were trying to find expression through the thick and cloudy darkness in which his soul had so long wandered; but he only said, "It is impossible."

And seeming almost as if he feared that further entreaty might prevail, he went abruptly from the room, leaving the minister to find his way to his horse alone.

VII.

THE years went on, and, as they went, isolated Ezra Litchfield more and more from his kind. Some of the old neighbors died, others moved away; a new generation sprang up, stage-coaches, miracles of progress, flew along the Ridge; woods disappeared and or-

chards flourished; and Ezra Litchfield had prospered and his farm was one of the finest in the country.

With Adam matters had not gone so well. He and Susy had seen sickness, trouble, and loss. They had been generously assisted by their brother, but of late years he not only would not go to them, but showed such a dislike to receiving Adam's visits that the brothers seldom met unless by chance; in such chance meetings Ezra, silent and abstracted as he was, would show a sort of dumb pleasure, as though conscious of the sunshine of kindliness even while hiding himself from its rays.

The years went on and made Ezra at fifty an older man than was the Rev. Mr. B—— at seventy-five. To the latter, still doing his work in the church, came one night a summons from Ezra Litchfield, who, said the messenger, was dying.

In a little while Mr. B—— was at Ezra's door, and was admitted by Adam, who, on hearing of his brother's illness, had entered the house for the first time in many years. An old lady, a friend of old Mrs. Litchfield's, sat by the fire in the kitchen, and she rose and opened the door into the next room, where Ezra lay on the same bed on which his mother had died. Adam went in, and the minister followed.

"Ezra," said Adam, bending over his brother, "here is Mr. B——. You wanted to see him."

"Yes," said Ezra, speaking with a strong, clear voice and manner unlike any which he had used for years, "I did send for him. He has never thought hardly of me, nor have you, Adam. I have seen it and been grateful. I will tell you both my story now, and trust that you will see justice done to my memory, for I am innocent of anything worse than folly and weakness; but one's mind clears toward death, and I see it all now."

The clergyman took his seat by the bed. Adam bent forward with breathless attention to catch the next words.

"That night I left you, to go after the cows, Adam," he said, speaking clearly and plainly, "I hunted for them for some time, and went to the farther side of what is now the ten-acre lot, where the winter wheat is springing for my brother to harvest next summer. Then, as you know, it was thick woods; and just under the great elm-tree which stands in the corner of the fence, and which I would never suffer to be cut down, I suddenly came upon three men, having between them the dead body of a young man, bleeding from two deep wounds in the breast. The robbers were so busy in plundering the dead that for a moment they did not see me, and I might have escaped, but that horror held me to the spot, uncertain what to do.

"Before I could resolve, they had seen me. I was seized and dragged into their circle, and they consulted for a minute whether they should not kill me and bury me with their victim. One, however, represented that the double murder would more than double the risk of detection.

"'This fellow,' he said, pushing the still warm body with his foot, 'is a mere unknown traveller, for whom no one here will care to make search; but the other must be well known in the neighborhood, and there would be a hue and cry raised which might cause us trouble.'

"His advice prevailed, and they forced me to take an oath — so solemn and dreadful that even now I tremble in breaking it — that I would never betray them, nor show any one where the murdered man lay hid, adding threats of terrible vengeance if I should violate my pledge. Love of life was strong, and I took the oath rather than death at their hands; and yet, would to God that I had chosen death! They forced me to help them in burying the poor youth, and replaced over his grave the brushwood they had removed, the better to hide all traces of their labor; then they disappeared.

"Who were the murderers or the murdered I never knew.

"I can say, as God is my judge,

that it was not the fear of their vengeance that made me hold my tongue; but I cannot describe to you the anguish of irresolution, the doubts, which fell upon me. The dead seemed to cry to me from his grave to bring his slayers to justice, to give his bones Christian burial, and to search out those who somewhere doubtless looked for his return. On the other hand, the laws of God and man seemed to call on me to keep my oath. Turn which way I would, it seemed equally a sin to be silent or to speak; and I could only weigh and balance the question in my mind, until it absorbed my whole being, going over and over it in one long, never-ceasing argument which I could never decide. At first I constantly expected inquiries to be made for the missing man, but none ever came; nor, though I kept watch of the newspapers, did I hear of the loss of any one to whom the appearance of the murdered man could correspond. Again and again did I resolve to speak, but I never could bring my lips to frame the words; and yet I felt that, while I was silent, I was persisting in a wilful sin, and this persistence seemed to shut upon me the gates of mercy and prayer."

"Ah, my brother," said the clergyman pityingly, "why did you not pray for direction?"

"I did, time and again; but then, you see, I never could make up my mind whether the impulse I felt urging me to tell the whole was an answer to my prayer, or only the dictate of my own will; and I dared not follow it, lest I should be numbered among those who forswear themselves."

"But, Ezra," said Adam, drawing a long breath, "if you made up your mind it was right to keep still, — I don't say it was, but if you thought so, — could n't you just keep still and let it go, and be like other folks?"

"I could *not* make up my mind that I was right. I often feared that I was living in deadly sin, and every day's silence was a link added to my chain; but I feared to commit a greater sin by speaking."

"Well, then, why did n't you commit it and done with it, and not worry your life out so?" said Adam, with a sort of compassionate impatience of the irresolution he could not understand. "But, Ezra, you must have suffered awfully."

"Suffered!" he said, with a sort of moaning cry. "O God, I *have* suffered! But, Adam, will you clear my memory when I am gone?"

"By George, yes!" said Adam, with emphasis. "And come, Ezra, now the thing is off your mind, can't you make an effort and get well?"

"Adam, I am too tired, too worn out, to wish to live longer. For years my life has been one agony of indecision, and I want nothing and ask nothing but a grave where I may rest."

"And was this what you told mother?"

"Yes; and had her life been prolonged but a minute, the terrible burden of decision would have been taken off my hands. Give my love to Susy. I felt a little hard toward you and her at first, but it is over, it is over."

"O Ezra, it does seem as if you might get well! You 've got most half your life before you yet."

"No, Adam; it is better as it is. Were the body to recover, I feel that the old disease would fall upon my mind, and I should but involve myself in fresh perplexity as to whether I had done right even now in breaking my compelled oath. Will you see that those bones are moved to the graveyard, and a stone put over them? I have never been near the place if I could help it, but doubtless the remains of the stranger are still there. Will you care for them?"

"I will, I will indeed," said Adam with a sob.

Ezra held out his hand to his brother with a bright smile that transfigured his face, as the cloud which had so long shadowed his mind melted away in the light of eternity.

Clara F. Guernsey.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
And, when the bolt of banishment fell
On the head of his saintly oracle,
He had shared her ill as her good report,
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
The world might bless and the world might ban,
What did it matter the perfect man,
To whom the freedom of earth was given,
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lances free
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see
Into the clearing's space rode he,
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I come
As the way seemed open to seek a home.
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
And if here ye have work for a Christian man
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would own
The wonderful favor God hath shown,
The special mercy vouchsafed one day
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me round;
I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,
My faith to a full assurance grew
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,
I wear the robe of his righteousness;
And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide.'
And Captain Underhill bowed his head.
"The will of the Lord be done!" he said.
And the morrow beheld him sitting down
In the ruler's seat in Cocheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should;
His words were wise and his rule was good;
He coveted not his neighbor's land,
From the holding of bribes he shook his hand;
And through the camps of the heathen ran
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,
And life hath ever a savor of death.
Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,
And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.
Alas! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail;
And men took note of his gloomy air,
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,
The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name
With broken vows and a life of blame;
And the people looked askance on him
As he walked among them sullen and grim,

Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,
He strove in the bonds of his evil will;
But he shook himself like Samson at length,
And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and said:
"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know
How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,
But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my heart
Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly; He sees
The heavens unclean. Was I more than these?

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way.
Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still;
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer, but, from the crowd,
The sound of a woman sobbing loud
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,
As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down
On his latest glimpse of Cocheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in;
On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,
The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet guise
Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze
Sang in their saddest of minor keys?
What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?
What whispered the pine-trees overhead?
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
That Adam heard in the cool of day?

Into the desert alone rode he,
Alone with the Infinite Purity;
And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,
As Peter did to the Master's look,
He measured his path with prayers of pain
For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Cocheco came
The bruit of a once familiar name;
How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,
From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,
A penitent soldier preached the Word,
And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword!

J. G. Whittier.

ROMAN NEIGHBORHOODS.

I MADE a note after my first stroll at Albano to the effect that I had been talking of the picturesque all my life, but that now for a change I beheld it. I had been looking all winter across the Campagna at the free-flowing outline of the Alban Mount, with its half-dozen towns shining on its purple side, like vague sun-spots in the shadow of a cloud, and thinking it simply an agreeable incident in the varied background of Rome. But now that during the last few days I have been treating it as a foreground, and suffering St. Peter's to play the part of a small mountain on the horizon, with the Campagna swimming mistily in a thousand ambiguous lights and shadows in the interval, I find as good entertainment as any in the Roman streets. The walk I speak of was just out of the village, to the south, toward the neighboring town of Ariccia,—neighboring these twenty years, since the Pope (the late Pope, I was on the point of calling him) threw his superb viaduct across the valley gorge which divides it from Albano. At the risk of being thought fantastic, I confess that the Pope's having built the viaduct—in this very recent antiquity—made me linger there in a pensive posture and marvel at the march of history and at Pius the Ninth's beginning already to profit by the sentimental allowances we make to vanished powers. An ardent *Nero* then would have had his own way with me, and obtained an easy admission that the Pope was indeed a father to his people. Far down into the charming valley which slopes out the ancestral woods of the Chigis into the level Campagna winds the steep, stone-paved road, at the bottom of which, in the good old days, tourists in no great hurry saw the mules and oxen tackled to their carriage for the opposite ascent. And, indeed, even an impatient tourist might have been content to lounge back in his jolting chaise and look out at the mouldy foundations of the little city, plunging into the verdurous flank of the gorge. If I were asked what is the most delectable piece of oddity hereabouts, I should certainly say the way in which the crumbling black houses of these ponderous villages plant their weary feet on the flowery edges of all the steepest chasms. Before you enter one of them you invariably find yourself lingering outside of its pretentious old gateway, to see it clutched and stitched, as it were, to the stony hillside, by this rank embroidery of wild weeds and flowers. Just at this moment nothing

is prettier than the contrast between their dusky ruggedness and this tender fringe of yellow and pink and violet. All this you may observe from the viaduct at Ariccia ; but you must wander below to feel the full force of the eloquence of our imaginary *papalino.* The pillars and arches of pale gray *peperino* rise in huge tiers, with a magnificent spring and solidity. The older Romans built no better ; and the work has a deceptive air of being one of their sturdy bequests, which helps one to drop a sigh over Italy's long, long yesterday. In Ariccia I found a little square with a couple of mossy fountains, occupied on one side by a vast, dusky-faced Palazzo Chigi, and on the other by a goodly church with an imposing dome. The dome, within, covers the whole edifice, and is adorned with some extremely elegant stucco-work of the seventeenth century. It gave a great value to this fine old decoration, that preparations were going forward for a local festival, and that the village carpenter was hanging certain mouldy strips of crimson damask against the piers of the vaults. The damask might have been of the seventeenth century, too, and a group of peasant-women were seeing it unfurled with evident awe. I regarded it myself with interest : it seemed to me to be the tattered remnant of an old fashion. I thought again of the poor, disinherited Pope, and wondered whether, when that venerable frippery will no longer bear the carpenter's nails, any more will be provided. It was hard to fancy anything but shreds and patches in that musty tabernacle. Wherever you go in Italy, you receive some such intimation as this of the shrunken proportions of Catholicism, and every church I have glanced into on my walks hereabouts has given me an almost compassionate sense of it. One finds one's self at last (without fatuity, I hope) pitying the loneliness of the remaining faithful. The churches seem to have been made so for the world, in its social sense, and the world seems so irrevocably away from them. They are in size out of all modern proportion to the local needs, and the only thing that seems really to occupy their melancholy vacancy is the smell of stale incense. There are pictures on all the altars by respectable third-rate painters ; pictures which I suppose once were ordered and paid for and criticised by worshippers who united taste with piety. At Genzano, beyond Ariccia, rises on the gray village street a pompous Renaissance temple, whose imposing nave and aisles would contain the population of a metropolis. But where is the *taste* of Ariccia and Genzano ? Where are the choice spirits for whom Antonio Raggi modelled the garlands of his dome, and a hundred clever craftsmen imitated Guido and Caravaggio ? Here and there, from the pavement, as you pass, a dusky crone interlards her devotions with more profane importunities ; or a grizzled peasant on rusty-jointed knees, tilted forward with his elbows on a bench, reveals the dimensions of the patch in his blue breeches. But where is the connecting link between Guidos and Caravaggios and those poor souls for whom an undoubted original is only a something behind a row of candlesticks, of no very clear meaning save that you must bow to it ? You find a vague memory of it at best in the useless grandeurs about you, and you seem to be looking at a structure of which the stubborn earth-scented foundations alone remain with the carved and painted shell that bends above them, while the central substance has utterly crumbled away.

I shall seem to have adopted a more meditative pace than befits a brisk constitutional, if I say that I also fell a thinking before the shabby façade of the old Chigi Palace. But it seemed somehow, in its gray forlornness, to respond to the sadly superannuated expression of the opposite church ; and indeed, under any circumstances, what contemplative mind can forbear to do a little romancing in the shadow of a provincial *palazzo ?* On the face of

the matter, I know, there is often no very salient peg to hang a romance on. A sort of dusky blankness invests the establishment, which has often a rather imbecile old age. But a hundred brooding secrets lurk in this inexpressive mask, and the Chigi Palace seemed to me in the suggestive twilight a very pretty specimen of a haunted house. Its basement walls sloped outward like the beginning of a pyramid, and its lower windows were covered with massive iron cages. Within the doorway, across the court, I saw the pale glimmer of flowers on a terrace, and on the roof I beheld a great covered *loggia*, or belvedere, with a dozen window-panes missing, or mended with paper. Nothing gives one a stronger impression of old manners than an ancestral palace towering in this haughty fashion over a shabby little town ; you hardly stretch a point when you call it an impression of feudalism. The scene may pass for feudal to American eyes, for which a hundred windows on a façade means nothing more exclusive than a hotel kept (at the worst) on the European plan. The mouldy gray houses on the steep, crooked street, with their black, cavernous archways filled with evil smells, with the braying of asses, and with human intonations hardly more musical, the haggard and tattered peasantry staring at you with hunger-heavy eyes, the brutish-looking monks (there are still enough to be effective), the soldiers, the mounted policemen, the dirt, the dreariness, the misery, and the dark, overgrown palace frowning over it all from barred window and guarded gateway, — what more than all this do we dimly descry in a mental image of the dark ages? With the strongest desire to content himself with the picturesqueness of things, the tourist can hardly help wondering whether the picture is not half spoiled for pleasure by all that it suggests of the hardness of human life. At Genzano, out of the very midst of the village squalor, rises the Palazzo Cesarini, separated from its gardens by a dirty lane. Between peasant and prince the contact is unbroken, and one would say that Italian good-nature must be sorely taxed by their mutual allowances ; that the prince in especial must be trained not to take things too hard. There are no comfortable townsfolk about him to remind him of the blessings of a happy mediocrity of fortune. When he looks out of his window he sees a battered old peasant against a sunny wall, sawing off his dinner from a hunch of black bread.

I confess, however, that "feudal" as it amused me to find the little *piazza* of Ariccia, it displayed no especial symptoms of a *jacquerie*. On the contrary, the afternoon being cool, many of the villagers were contentedly muffled in those ancient cloaks, lined with green baize, which, when tossed over the shoulder and surmounted with a peaked hat, form one of the few lingering remnants of "costume" in Italy ; others were tossing wooden balls, light-heartedly enough, on the grass outside the town. The egress, on this side, is under a great stone archway, thrown out from the palace and surmounted with the family arms. Nothing could better confirm your fancy that the townsfolk are groaning serfs. The road leads away through the woods, like many of the roads hereabouts, among trees less remarkable for their size than for their picturesque contortions and posturings. The woods, at the moment at which I write, are full of the raw green light of early spring, and I find it vastly becoming to the various complexions of the wild flowers which cover the waysides. I have never seen these untended *parterres* in such lovely exuberance ; the sturdiest pedestrian becomes a lingering idler if he allows them to catch his eye. The pale purple cyclamen, with its hood thrown back, stands up in masses as dense as tulip-beds ; and here and there, in the duskier places, great sheets of forget-me-not seem to exhale a faint blue mist. These are the commonest plants ; there are dozens more I know no name for, — a rich profusion,

in especial, of a beautiful, fine-petalled flower with its white texture pencilled with hair-strokes which certain fair copyists I know of would have to hold their breath to imitate. An Italian oak has neither the girth nor the height of its Anglo-Saxon brothers, but it contrives, in proportion, to be perhaps even more effective. It crooks its back and twists its arms and clinches its hundred fists with the most fantastic extravagance, and wrinkles its bark into strange rugosities from which its first scattered sprouts of yellow green seem to break out like a morbid fungus. But the tree which has the greatest charm to Northern eyes is the cold, gray-green ilex, whose clear, crepuscular shade is a delicious provision against a Southern sun. The ilex has even less color than the cypress, but it is much less funereal, and a landscape full of ilexes may still be said to smile — soberly. It abounds in old Italian gardens, where the boughs are trimmed and interlocked into vaulted corridors, in which, from point to point, as in the niches of some dimly frescoed hall, you encounter mildewed busts, staring at you with a solemnity which the even, gray light makes strangely intense. A humbler relative of the ilex, though it does better things than help broken-nosed emperors to look dignified, is the olive, which covers many of the neighboring hillsides with its little smoky puffs of foliage. A piece of picturesqueness I never weary of is the sight of the long blue stretch of the Campagna, making a high horizon, and resting on this vaporous base of olive-tops. A tourist intent upon a metaphor might liken it to the ocean seen above the smoke of watch-fires kindled on the strand.

To do perfect justice to the woodwalk away from Ariccia, I ought to touch upon the birds that were singing vespers as I passed. But the reader would find my rhapsody as poor entertainment as the programme of a concert he had been unable to attend. I have no more learning about bird-music than would help me to guess that a dull, dissyllabic refrain in the heart of the wood came from the cuckoo; and when at moments I heard a twitter of fuller tone, with a more suggestive modulation, I could only *hope* it was the nightingale. I have listened for the nightingale more than once, in places so charming that his song would have seemed but the articulate expression of their beauty; but I have never heard anything but a provoking snatch or two,— a prelude that came to nothing. But in spite of a natural grudge, I generously believe him a great artist, or at least a great genius, — a creature who despises any prompting short of absolute inspiration. For the rich, the multitudinous melody around me seemed but the offering to my ear of the prodigal spirit of picturesqueness. The wind was ringing with sound, because it was twilight, spring, and Italy. It was also because of these good things and various others beside, that I relished so keenly my visit to the Capuchin convent, upon which I emerged after half an hour in the wood. It stands above the town, on the slope of the Alban Mount, and its wild garden climbs away behind it and extends its melancholy influence. Before it is a stiff little avenue of trimmed ilexes which conducts you to a grotesque little shrine beneath the staircase ascending to the church. Just here, if you are apt to grow timorous at twilight, you may take a very pretty fright; for as you draw near you behold, behind the grating of the shrine, the startling semblance of a gaunt and livid monk. A sickly lamplight plays down upon his face, and he stares at you from cavernous eyes with a dreadful air of death in life. Horror of horrors, you murmur; is this a Capuchin penance? You discover of course in a moment that it is only a Capuchin joke, that the monk is a pious dummy, and his spectral visage a matter of the paint-brush. You resent his intrusion on the surrounding loveliness; and as you proceed to demand entertainment at their convent, you declare that the

Capuchins are very vulgar fellows. This declaration, as I made it, was supported by the conduct of the simple brother who opened the door of the cloister in obedience to my knock, and, on learning my errand, demurred about admitting me at so late an hour. If I would return on the morrow morning, he would be most happy. He broke into a blank grin when I assured him that this was the very hour of my desire, and that the garish morning light would do no justice to the view. These were mysteries beyond his ken, and it was only his good-nature (of which he had plenty), and not his imagination, that was moved. So that when, passing through the narrow cloister and out upon the grassy terrace, I saw another cowled brother standing with folded hands profiled against the sky, in admirable harmony with the scene, I ventured to doubt that he knew he was picturesque amid picturesqueness. This, however, was surely too much to ask of him, and it was cause enough for gratitude that, though he was there before me, he was not a fellow-tourist with an opera-glass slung over his shoulder. There was reason in my fancy for seeing the convent in the expiring light, for the scene was supremely enchanting. Directly below the terrace lay the deep-set circle of the Alban Lake, shining softly through the light mists of evening. This beautiful pool — it is hardly more — occupies the crater of a prehistoric volcano, — a perfect cup, moulded and smelted by furnace-fires. The rim of the cup rises high and densely wooded around the placid, stone-blue water, with a sort of natural artificiality. The sweep and contour of the long circle are admirable; never was a lake so charmingly lodged. It is said to be of extraordinary depth; and though stone-blue water seems at first a very innocent substitute for boiling lava, it has a sinister look which betrays its dangerous antecedents. The winds never reach it, and its surface is never ruffled; but its deep-bosomed placidity seems to cover guilty secrets, and you fancy it in communication with the capricious and treacherous forces of nature. Its very color has a kind of joyless beauty, — a blue as cold and opaque as a solidified sheet of lava streaked and wrinkled by a mysterious motion of its own; it seemed the very type of a legendary pool, and I could easily have believed that I had only to sit long enough into the evening to see the ghosts of classic nymphs and naiads cleave its sullen flood and beckon to me with irresistible arms. Is it because its shores are haunted with these vague Pagan influences, that two convents have risen there to purge the atmosphere? From the Capuchin terrace you look across at the gray Franciscan monastery of Palazzuola, which is not less picturesque certainly than the most obstinate myth it may have exorcised. The Capuchin garden is a wild tangle of great trees and shrubs and clinging, trembling vines which, in these hard days, are left to take care of themselves; a weedy garden if there ever was one, but none the less charming for that, in the deepening dusk, with its steep, grassy vistas struggling away into impenetrable shadow. I braved the shadow for the sake of climbing upon certain little flat-roofed, crumbling pavilions, which rise from the corners of the farther wall, and give you a wider and lovelier view of the lake and hills and sky.

I have perhaps justified to the reader the declaration with which I started, and helped him to fancy — and possibly to remember — that one's walks at Albano are entertaining. They may be various, too, and have little in common but the merit of keeping in the shade. "Galleries" the roads are prettily called, and with a great deal of justice; for they are vaulted and draped overhead and hung with an immense succession of pictures. As you follow the long road from Genzano to Frascati, you have perpetual views of the Campagna, framed by clusters of trees, and its vast, iridescent expanse completes the charm and comfort of your verdurous

dusk. I compared it just now to the sea, and with a good deal of truth, for it has the same fantastic lights and shades, the same confusion of glitter and gloom. But I have seen it at moments — chiefly in the misty twilight — when it seemed less like the positive ocean than like something more portentous, — the land in a state of dissolution. I could fancy that the fields were dimly surging and tossing, and melting away into quicksands, and that the last "effect" was being presented to the eyes of imaginative tourists. A view, however, which has the merit of being really as interesting as it seems, is that of the Lake of Nemi, which the enterprising traveller hastens to compare with its sister sheet of Albano. Comparison in this case is particularly odious; for in order to prefer one lake to the other, you have to discover faults where there are none. Nemi is a smaller circle, but she lies in a deeper cup; and if she has no gray Franciscan convent to guard her woody shores, she has, in quite the same position, the little, high-perched, black town to which she gives her name, and which looks across at Genzano on the opposite shore, as Palazzuola contemplates Castel Gandolfo. The walk from Ariccia to Genzano is charming, most of all when it reaches a certain grassy *piazza* from which three public avenues stretch away under a double row of stunted and twisted elms. The Duke Cesarini has a villa at Genzano, — I mentioned it just now, —whose gardens overhang the lake; but he has also a porter, in a faded, rakish-looking livery, who shakes his head at your proffered franc, unless you can reinforce it with a permit countersigned at Rome. For this annoying complication of dignities he is justly to be denounced; but I forgive him for the sake of that ancestor who in the seventeenth century planted this shady walk. Never was a prettier approach to a town than by these low-roofed, light-checkered corridors. Their only defect is that they prepare you for a town with a little more rustic coquetry than Genzano possesses. It seemed to me to have more than the usual portion of mouldering disrepair; to look dismally as if its best families had all fallen into penury together and lost the means of keeping anything better than donkeys in their great, dark, vaulted basements, and mending their broken window-panes. It was *apropos* of this drear Genzano that I had a difference of opinion with a friend, who maintained that there was nothing in the same line so pretty in Europe as a pretty New England village. The proposition, to a sentimental tourist, seemed at first inacceptable; but calmly considered, it has a measure of truth. I am not fond of white clapboards, certainly; I vastly prefer the dusky tones of ancient stucco and peperino; but I confess I am sensible of the charms of a vine-shaded porch, of tulips and dahlias glowing in the shade of high-arching elms, of heavy-scented lilacs bending over a white paling to brush your cheek.

"I prefer Siena to Lowell," said my friend; "but I prefer Northampton to Genzano." In fact, an Italian village is simply a miniature Italian city, and its various parts imply a town of fifty times the size. At Genzano there are neither dahlias nor lilacs, and no odors but foul ones. Flowers and perfumes are all confined to the high-walled precincts of Duke Cesarini, to which you must obtain admission twenty miles away. The houses, on the other hand, would generally lodge a New England cottage, porch and garden and high-arching elms included, in one of their cavernous basements. These vast gray dwellings are all of a fashion, denoting more generous social needs than any they serve nowadays. They seem to speak of better days, and of a fabulous time, when Italy was not shabby. For what follies are they doing penance? Through what melancholy stages have their fortunes ebbed? You ask these questions as you choose the shady side of the long blank street, and watch the hot sun glaring upon the dust-colored walls,

and pause before the fetid gloom of open doors.

I should like to spare a word for mouldy little Nemi, perched upon a cliff high above the lake, on the opposite side; but after all, when I had climbed up into it from the water-side, and passed beneath a great arch which, I suppose, once topped a gateway, and counted its twenty or thirty apparent inhabitants peeping at me from black doorways, and looked at the old round tower at whose base the village clusters, and declared that it was all queer, queer, extremely queer, I had said all that is worth saying about it. Nemi has a much better appreciation of its lovely position than Genzano, where your only view of the lake is from a dunghill behind one of the houses. At the foot of the round tower is an overhanging terrace, from which you may feast your eyes on the only freshness they find in these dusky human hives,— the blooming *seam*, as one may call it, of strong wild-flowers which binds the crumbling walls to the face of the cliff. Of Rocca di Papa I must say as little. It kept generally what I had fancied the picturesque promise of its name; but the only object I made a note of as I passed through it on my way to Monte Cavo, which rises directly above it, was a little black house with a tablet in its face setting forth that Massimo d'Azeglio had dwelt there. The story of his sojourn is not the least entertaining episode in his delightful Memoirs. From the summit of Monte Cavo is a prodigious view, which you may enjoy with whatever good-nature is left you by the reflection that the modern Passionist convent which occupies this admirable site was erected by the Cardinal of York (grandson of James II.) on the demolished ruins of an immemorial temple of Jupiter: the last foolish act of a foolish race. For me, I confess, this fully spoiled the convent, and the convent all but spoiled the view; for I kept thinking how fine it would have been to emerge upon the old pillars and sculptures from the lava pavement of the Via Triumphalis, which wanders grass-grown and untrodden through the woods. A convent, however, which nothing spoils is that of Palazzuola, to which I paid my respects on this same occasion. It rises on a lower spur of Monte Cavo, on the edge of the Alban Lake, and though it occupies a classic site, — that of early Alba Longa, — it displaced nothing more precious than memories and legends so dim that the antiquarians are still quarelling about them. It has a meagre little church and the usual impossible Perugino with a couple of tinsel crowns for the Madonna and the Infant inserted into the canvas; and it has also a musty old room hung about with faded portraits and charts and queer ecclesiastical knick-knacks, which borrowed a mysterious interest from the sudden assurance of the simple Franciscan brother who accompanied me, that it was the room of the Son of the King of Portugal! But my peculiar pleasure was the little, thick-shaded garden which adjoins the convent and commands from its massive artificial foundations an enchanting view of the lake. Part of it is laid out in cabbages and lettuce, over which a rubicund brother, with his frock tucked up, was bending with a solicitude which he interrupted to remove his skull-cap and greet me with the unsophisticated, sweet-humored smile which every now and then in Italy does so much to make you forget the uncleanness of monachism. The rest is occupied by cypresses and other funereal umbrage, making a dank circle round an old cracked fountain, black with water-moss. The parapet of the terrace is furnished with good stone seats, where you may lean on your elbows and gaze away a sunny half-hour and, feeling the general charm of the scene, declare that the best mission of Italy in the world has been to produce this sort of thing. If I wished a single word for the whole place and its suggestions, I should talk of their exquisite *mildness*. Mild it all seemed to me as a dream, as resignation, as one's thoughts of

another life. I could have fancied that my lingering there was not an experience of the irritable flesh, but a deep revery on a summer's day, over a passage in a picturesque poem.

From Albano you may take your way through several ancient little cities to Frascati, a rival centre of *villeggiatura*, the road following the hillside for a long morning's walk and passing through alternations of denser and clearer shade, — the dark, vaulted alleys of ilex and the brilliant corridors of fresh-sprouting oak. The Campagna lies beneath you continually, with the sea beyond Ostia receiving the silver arrows of the sun upon its chased and burnished shield, and mighty Rome, to the north, lying at no great length in the idle immensity around it. The highway passes below Castel Gandolfo, which stands perched on an eminence behind a couple of gateways surmounted with the Papal tiara and twisted cordon; and I confess that I have more than once chosen the roundabout road for the sake of passing beneath these pompous insignia. Castel Gandolfo is indeed an ecclesiastical village and under the peculiar protection of the Popes, whose huge summer-palace rises in the midst of it like a sort of rural Vatican. In speaking of the road to Frascati, I necessarily revert to my first impressions, gathered on the occasion of the feast of the Annunziata, which falls on the 25th of March, and is celebrated by a peasants' fair. As Murray strongly recommends you to visit this spectacle, at which you are promised a brilliant exhibition of all the costumes of modern Latium, I took an early train to Frascati and measured, in company with a prodigious stream of humble pedestrians, the half-hour's interval to Grotta Ferrata, where the fair is held. The road winds along the hillside, among the silver-sprinkled olives, and through a charming wood where the ivy seemed tacked upon the oaks by women's fingers and the birds were singing to the late anemones. It was covered with a very jolly crowd of vulgar pleasure-takers, and the only creatures who were not in a state of manifest hilarity were the pitiful little overladen, over-beaten donkeys (who surely deserve a chapter to themselves in any description of these neighborhoods), and the horrible beggars who were thrusting their sores and stumps at you from under every tree. Every one was shouting, singing, scrambling, making light of dust and distance, and filling the air with that childlike jollity which the blessed Italian temperament never goes roundabout to conceal. There is no crowd, surely, at once so jovial and so gentle as an Italian crowd, and I doubt if in any other country the tightly packed third-class car in which I went out from Rome would have introduced me to so much smiling and so little swearing. Grotta Ferrata is a very dirty little village, with a number of raw new houses baking on the hot hillside, and nothing to charm the tourist but its situation and its old fortified abbey. After pushing about among the shabby little booths and declining a number of fabulous bargains in tinware, shoes, and pork, I was glad to retire to a comparatively uninvaded corner of the abbey and divert myself with the view. This gray ecclesiastical citadel is a very picturesque affair, hanging over the hillside on plunging foundations which bury themselves among the olive-trees. It has massive round towers at the corners, and a grass-grown moat, enclosing a church and monastery. The outer court, within the abbatial gateway, now serves as the public square of the village, and in fair time, of course, witnessed the best of the fun. The best of the fun was to be found in certain great vaults and cellars of the abbey, where wine was being freely dispensed from gigantic hogsheads. At the exit of these trickling grottos, shady trellises of bamboo and gathered twigs had been improvised, under which a prodigious guzzling went forward. All this was very curious, and I was roughly reminded of the wedding-feast of Camacho. The banquet was far less substantial,

of course, but it had an air of Old World revelry which could not fail to suggest romantic analogies to an ascetic American. There was a feast of reason close at hand, however, and I was careful to visit the famous frescos of Domenichino in the adjoining church. It sounds rather brutal perhaps to say that, when I came back into the clamorous little piazza, I found the peasants swilling down their sour wine more picturesque than the masterpieces (Murray calls them so) of the famous Bolognese. It amounts, after all, to saying that I prefer Teniers to Domenichino, which I am willing to let pass for the truth. The scene under the rickety trellises was the more suggestive of Teniers that there were no costumes to make it too Italian. Murray's attractive statement on this point was, like many of his statements, much truer twenty years ago than to-day. Costume is gone or fast going; I saw among the women not a single crimson bodice and not a couple of classic head-cloths. The poorer sort are dressed in vulgar rags of no fashion and color, and the smarter ones adorned with calico gowns and printed shawls of the vilest modern fabric, with their dusky tresses garnished with nothing more pictorial than lustrous pomatum. The men are still in jackets and breeches, and, with their slouched and pointed hats and open-breasted shirts and rattling leather leggings, may remind one sufficiently of the Italian peasant as he figured in the woodcuts familiar to our infancy. After coming out of the church I found a delightful nook, — a queer little terrace before a more retired and tranquil drinking-shop, — where I called for a bottle of wine to help me to guess why I liked Domenichino no better.

This little terrace was a capricious excrescence at the end of the *piazza*, which was itself simply a great terrace; and one reached it, picturesquely, by ascending a short inclined plane of grass-grown cobble-stones and passing across a little dusky kitchen, through whose narrow windows the light of the mighty landscape beyond was twinkling on old earthen pots. The terrace was oblong, and so narrow that it held but a single small table, placed lengthwise; but nothing could be pleasanter than to place one's bottle on the polished parapet. Here, by the time you had emptied it, you seemed to be swinging forward into immensity, — hanging poised above the Campagna. A beautiful gorge with a twinkling stream wandered down the hill far below you, beyond which Marino and Castel Gandolfo peeped above the trees. In front you could count the towers of Rome and the tombs of the Appian Way. I don't know that I came to any very distinct conclusion about Domenichino; but it was perhaps because the view was perfection, that he seemed to me more than ever to be mediocrity. And yet I don't think it was my bottle of wine, either, that made me feel half sentimental about him; it was the sense of there being something cruelly feeble in his tenure of fame, something derisive in his exaggerated honors. It is surely an unkind stroke of fate for him to have Murray assuring ten thousand Britons every winter in the most emphatic manner that his Communion of St. Jerome is the "second finest picture in the world." If this were so, I should certainly, here in Rome, where such institutions are convenient, retire into the very nearest convent; with such a world I should have a standing quarrel. And yet Domenichino is an interesting painter, and I would take a moderate walk, in most moods, to see one of his pictures. He is so supremely good an example of effort detached from inspiration, and school-merit divorced from spontaneity that one of his fine, frigid performances ought to hang in a conspicuous place in every academy of design. Few pictures contain more urgent lessons or point a more precious moral; and I would have the head master in the drawing-school take each ingenuous pupil by the hand and lead him up to the Triumph of David or the Chase of Diana or the red-nosed Persian Sibyl, and make him some such

little speech as this: "This great picture, my son, was hung here to show you how you must *never* paint; to give you a perfect specimen of what in its boundless generosity the providence of nature created for our fuller knowledge, — an artist whose development was a negation. The great thing in art is charm, and the great thing in charm is spontaneity. Domenichino had great talent, and here and there he is an excellent model; he was devoted, conscientious, observant, industrious, but now that we 've seen pretty well what can simply be *learned* do its best, these things help him little with us, because his imagination was cold. It loved nothing, it lost itself in nothing, its efforts never gave it the heart-ache. It went about trying this and that, concocting cold pictures after cold receipts, dealing in the second-hand and the ready-made, and putting into its performances a little of everything but itself. When you see so many things in a picture, you might fancy that among them all charm might be born, but they are really but the hundred mouths through which you may hear the picture murmur, 'I 'm dead!' It 's in the simplest thing it has that a picture lives, — in its temper! Look at all the great talents, at Domenichino as well as at Titian; but think less of dogma than of plain nature, and I can almost promise you that yours will remain true." This is very little to what the æsthetic sage I have imagined *might* say; and after all we are all unwilling to let our last verdict be an unkind one upon any great bequest of human effort. The faded frescos in the chapel at Grotta Ferrata leave one a memory the more of what man has done for man, and mingle harmoniously enough with one's multifold impressions of Italy. It was, perhaps, an ungracious thing to be critical, among all the appealing old Italianisms round me, and to treat poor exploded Domenichino more harshly than, when I walked back to Frascati, I treated the charming old water-works of the Villa Aldobrandini. I should like to confound these various products of antiquated art in a genial absolution; and I should like especially to tell how fine it was to watch this prodigious fountain come tumbling down its channel of mouldy rock-work, through its magnificent vista of ilex, to the fantastic old hemicycle where a dozen tritons and naiads sit posturing to receive it. The sky above the ilexes was incredibly blue, and the ilexes themselves incredibly black; and to see the young white moon peeping above the trees, you could easily have fancied it was midnight. I should like, furthermore, to expatiate on the Villa Mondragone, the most grandly impressive of Italian villas. The great Casino is as big as the Vatican, which it strikingly resembles, and it stands perched on a terrace as vast as the parvise of St. Peter's, looking straight away over black cypress-tops into the shining vastness of the Campagna. Everything, somehow, seemed immense and solemn; there was nothing small, but certain little nestling blue shadows on the Sabine Mountains, to which the terrace seems to carry you wonderfully near. The place has been for some time lost to private uses, for it figures fantastically in a novel of Madame Sand (*La Daniella*), and now — in quite another way — as a Jesuit college for boys. The afternoon was perfect, and, as it waned, it filled the dark alleys with a wonderful golden haze. Into this came leaping and shouting a herd of little collegians, with a couple of long-skirted Jesuits striding at their heels. We all know the monstrous practices of these people; yet as I watched the group I verily believe I declared that if I had a little son he should go to Mondragone and receive their crooked teachings, for the sake of the other memories, — the avenues of cypress and ilex, the view of the Campagna, the atmosphere of antiquity. But, doubtless, when a sense of the picturesque has brought one to this, it is time one should pause.

Henry James Jr.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART VI.

XV.

The Return.

HE who has seen the bird of passage only in a comparatively southern latitude can form no idea of the wildness of rapture with which it hails its return to that far land where the blooming meadow and the eternal glacier lie basking together in the wealth of the summer day, and where the forest breathes its fairy life under the burning dream of the midnight sun. To the minds of many the name of Norway suggests a picture of winter-clothed pines and far-reaching snow-fields, with little or no relief from the influences of the gentler seasons; and still, strange as the assertion may sound, Norway is peculiarly the "Land of Summer." There is no doubt that the birds at least think so, and their testimony is likely to be trustworthy. And he who stands in the glory of the morning in the heart of one of the blooming fjord valleys, hears the thousand-voiced chorus of the valley's winged songsters welling down over him from the birch glen overhead, sees the swift, endless color-play of the sun-smitten glaciers, the calm, lucid depth of the air-clear fjord, and the trembling frailty of the birch-bough under the sturdy strength of the fir, — ah! he whose gaze has but once dwelt upon all this will need no other persuasion than that of his own eye to unite in the song of the thrush and the cuckoo and the fieldfare about the peerless beauty of Norway's summer. It is not heat that makes summer; its life is of a far subtler and more ethereal essence. Who knows but the glacier itself may do its share toward intensifying this life, or at least our own perception of it? For the white, snow-peaked background, with its remote breath of winter, grazing the horizon of the mind, sets summer off into stronger and bolder relief. And if the bird feels and rejoices in this, how much more should the artist!

It was just on one of these wondrous summer mornings that Gunnar, after more than three years' absence, saw his native valley again. He and his friend Vogt had arrived the evening before at a little fishing-place on the other side of the fjord, and had immediately engaged a couple of boatmen to carry them over. Already the sun stood high; it was about five o'clock. The boat shot in through the fjord, gliding swiftly over the glittering bays, in which rushing mountain streams mingled their noisy life with the great stillness, and forest-clothed rocks and headlands stood peering forth through morning mist, which still hung in a kind of musing uncertainty along the shore, while the fjord lay wondering at the endless caprices of glaciers and sunshine. A few stray sea-gulls kept sailing in widening circles round some favorite fishing-haunt, calmly judging of the prospects of the day, and now and then with slow deliberation grazing the surface of the water as if to convince themselves that it was not ether, but the veritable element of the cod and herring. Silent families of loons and eider-ducks rocked on the motionless deep, but vanished quick as thought when the boat approached.

They were already in sight of the Henjum shore, when the scream of a gull awaked Gunnar from the delightful revery in which he had been indulging. He had been sitting so long, looking down into the fjord, that for a moment he was quite confused, and hardly knew whether to seek the real heavens above or below. Now he stood erect in the stern, and with a bosom swelling with hope and joy saw the dear scenes of his childhood emer-

ging from the fog and the distance, and smiling to him in the full light of morning. There was no denying that he had changed considerably in the three years he had been away. The cut of the features is of course the same; the strength of contour in chin and brow are perhaps even more prominent than before; while at the same time the lines of the face seem refined and softened into a clear, manly expression. That dreamy vacancy in his eyes which had once distressed his grandmother so much is now supplanted by the fire of lofty purpose and enthusiasm; but the confident openness, which to Ragnhild's mind had been the chief characteristic of the Gunnar who went, she should not seek in vain in the Gunnar who had now come back to seek her. The city dress, which at the request of his friends he had assumed on entering the Academy, would, at least in the eyes of the parishioners, by an added dignity more than compensate for its undeniable inferiority in picturesqueness. However, the broad-brimmed Panama hat and the large traditional artist neckerchief gave him a certain air of brisk activity, which accorded well with his general bearing, even if the light summer jacket and city-cut pantaloons did not show the plastic shape of the limbs to the same advantage as the national knee-breeches of the valley.

Vogt, Gunnar's friend, was a great patriot. And as he often used to say himself, no one can be a good patriot without loving the nature of his country, or in fact all nature both in his own country and elsewhere. But as long as we are all flesh and blood, weariness has also its claim upon us, and even Vogt, in spite of his patriotism, had for once been obliged to recognize this claim. For sleep is rare on foot-journeys, and has to be taken at odd intervals, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Thus it happened that Vogt at this moment lay stretched out on a blanket in the bottom of the boat, and slept, quite regardless of his companion's rapture and the beauty of the morning. Now the rowers drew up their dripping oars, while one of them sprang forward to ward off the shock against the pier. Gunnar seized a rope, which hung from the flag-pole, and with a leap swung himself up. Vogt, who had just been forcibly recalled to consciousness, chose the safer method of climbing the staircase. He was a tall, slender youth of twenty, with a fine open countenance bearing the marks of earnest application and hard study; he wore spectacles, and the traditional Norwegian college cap, with its Minerva cockade and the long silk tassel. His complexion was perhaps a little paler and his hair a little darker than is common among Norsemen. Gunnar had already climbed more than half-way up the slope of the Henjum fields before Vogt could find a chance to speak to him. For although the collegian strode along at his highest speed, he had not yet overtaken Gunnar, and would probably not have done so, if the artist had not at this point found something which peculiarly arrested his attention.

"Vogt," cried he to his panting friend, "there you see the twin firs."

"The — twin — firs," repeated Vogt rather hesitatingly, but then suddenly correcting himself. "O yes! I should have imagined them to look somewhat like those. What majestic crowns!"

Gunnar made no reply, but seemed to take great delight in the twin firs.

"Most extraordinary growth," suggested Vogt; "and that little bench between the two trunks, don't you think it peculiarly invites to rest? What if we accepted the invitation?"

"No, really, you would do me a favor if you would try to walk a little farther. My home is only a short distance from here."

And on they marched; but having arrived at the Henjum gate, Vogt's strength gave out so entirely that he had to sit down in the grass at the wayside and implore his fellow-traveller, in the Hulder's name, to save the last atom of breath which was still at his disposal. Gunnar had again to

check his impatience, and flung himself down at his friend's side.

"Vogt," exclaimed he suddenly, pointing across the river, "do you see that cluster of houses on the hillside yonder, right under the edge of the forest? Do you know what that place is called?"

"Perhaps I might guess," replied Vogt, with a quiet smile; "if I am not much mistaken they have hitherto borne the name of Rimul."

"How the sun glitters in the long row of windows; just as it used to do of old, when I came wandering up those hills from the river!"

"Sunshine is a good omen," answered the collegian, "especially when it proceeds — But, by your immortal Hulder!" (this had of late become Vogt's favorite oath), "who is that sunny-haired creature who is coming there? Charming! Now be on your guard, Henjumhei, for our adventures are fairly commencing."

Gunnar looked aside and immediately recognized Gudrun; she was carrying two well-filled milk-pails from the stables over toward the stabur, or storehouse, which, according to Norse custom, was built along the wayside. Vogt in an instant was on his feet and ran to meet her. She, seeing him, put her milk-pails down, shaded her eyes with her hand, and viewed him with unfeigned curiosity.

"My fairest maiden," exclaimed he, bowing in the most courteous manner, "you certainly overtax yourself in trying to carry those heavy pails. Would you not have the kindness to permit me to assist you?"

Gudrun's eyes widened not a little while she listened to this speech, and having with a second glance assured herself of the harmlessness of the man, the absurdity of his proposition struck her so forcibly that she could no longer contain herself, but burst out into a hearty laugh, which was echoed from behind the fence at the wayside. Vogt, who had imagined his deportment the very perfection of gallantry, looked utterly mystified.

"I beg your pardon," stammered he. "I meant no offence."

"Offence!" cried Gudrun, checking her laughter, "who is talking of offence? And if you are so anxious to carry those milk-pails, I am sure I shall not prevent you."

If Gudrun had been shy in her childhood, she certainly must be credited with having now overcome that trait in her character; for there was little of shyness in the way she harnessed the young man up in the yoke, hitched the milk-pails on the hooks, and marched him over to the stabur. But then she had now been taught for twenty years that she was the daughter of Atle Henjum, and need not be afraid of anybody.

Having, after some difficulties, gained the stabur and successfully landed his burden on the steps, Vogt, in the agreeable excitement of adventure, seated himself on the threshold of the door and tried to open a conversation with his fair unknown.

"I supposed all young maidens stayed on the saeter during the summer months," said he.

"O no, not all!" replied Gudrun, coming out from the stabur with a huge wooden bowl filled with milk. "Would you not like to drink a cup of milk? I don't know if you like it fresh. This has just been strained."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, I like it just this way," cried he, delighted, putting the bowl to his mouth; "but," added he, removing it, "would n't you pledge me first? I am sure it would taste much better then." She laughed, drank, and handed him back the bowl, whereupon, having marked the place, her lips had touched, he greedily attacked it. "You have not been staying at the saeter this summer, then?" resumed he, rising to return her the empty bowl.

"Yes, indeed, I have. But my cousin Ragnhild and I take turns at it, and stay at home every other week. Her week will be out on Sunday, and then comes my turn again."

"Your cousin Ragnhild?" repeated Vogt, astonished.

"Yes; perhaps you know her?"

"I have heard of her. And then your name is probably Gudrun."

"Yes; how do you know? Who told you? Do you come from the capital? Yes, of course you do. And perhaps you have heard of a young lad from our parish, Gunnar Henjumhei by name, who has lately got to be something great. If you have, then please tell me all you know about him."

Gudrun hurried her questions out in an eager, breathless haste. The young man eyed her curiously. "You will excuse me this morning," said he, reaching her his hand, "my time is short. But you will see me again before many days, and then I shall tell you all you wish to know. I have a friend waiting for me out in the road. Farewell."

Gudrun was so astonished that she could not even find words to return his parting salutation. Half an hour later she was still standing on the spot where he had left her, wondering how all this would end; for she had no doubt that the friend on the road was Gunnar.

Never had the little cottage at Henjumhei seen a day like this. It was a feast-day, and such a feast-day as had never been before, and would not be likely ever to return. On the bench out under the drooping birches sat old Gunhild, holding the young artist's hands in hers, gazing into his face with tear-wet eyes, and assuring herself that it was just what she always had said, that the blessed child would be sure to turn out right, whatever they said of him. Opposite, on a three-legged stool, sat Thor in his new jacket, quiet as usual and of few words. Still there was none who would have questioned which was the happiest man in the valley that day, and Thor himself least of all. He had taken a holiday, and sat smoking his afternoon pipe. On the ground, a few feet distant, lay Vogt leisurely puffing away at a cigar and otherwise dividing his attention between the family and the huge overhanging rock, at which now and then he cast fearful glances, as if he were not quite sure that it was firmly fixed. Gunnar was the one who led in the conversation; for of course he had to tell all that had happened to him, from the time he had left home, and Thor and Gunhild listened with enchantment. It did not escape his observation that, at one or two points in his narrative, his father turned his head abruptly, and suddenly found some interesting object across the river. Vogt also would throw in a remark here and there, either reminding his friend of some important circumstance which had been forgotten, or commenting upon his report whenever he put too modest an estimate upon his own merits. Thus the afternoon passed away, until about five o'clock. Then Vogt announced that he was expected at the parsonage, and Gunnar — well, Gunnar had also an errand which would admit of no postponement.

Ragnhild was at the saeter. To-day was Saturday; her week would be out to-morrow, and then Gudrun would come. There was no time to be lost. A hundred wild longings drove him onward, and springing from stone to stone he hurried up the steep mountain-path. It was the path he had climbed so often before; every old fir, every moss-grown rock, he knew. The shadows were growing longer; a lonely thrush warbled his soft melodies in the dusky crowns overhead; the river roared in the distance with a strange, sonorous solemnity, as if it were afraid to break the evening's peace; here and there the forest opened as by a sudden miracle, and through the space between the mighty trunks he could see the peaceful valley with its green fields and red-painted farm-houses stretched out in the deep below; a gauze of light, bluish smoke hung over the tops of the lower forest regions; and underneath lay the fjord, clear, calm, and ethereal, mirroring the sun-warm forms of mountains, clouds, and landscape in its lucid depth. It was indeed a sight

for a painter; and still the painter had but little time to bestow upon it at this moment. The sun already hung low over the western glaciers, and glinted through the trees, wherever the massive heads of the pines opened a passage. The day had been warm; but the air of the highlands was cool and refreshing. He had now gained the region where the heather and dwarf-birch begin to mingle with and gradually supplant the statelier growth of the forest. The slow, measured beat of the bittern's wing and the plaintive cry of the curlew were for a long while the only sounds. Having recognized the rock from which on that eventful night he had beheld the merry scenes of the St. John's hill, he could not resist the temptation to pause and recall the situation to his mind. Then a clear, ringing yodle, followed by the call of a loor, shook the evening air, while the echo answered from all the four corners of heaven. He sprang up, held his breath and listened. The loor sounded again, and the same clear, ringing voice sang out in the four tones of the yodle, as it were right above his head: —

"Come, children all,
To saeter-stall, —
Brynhilda fair
With nut-brown hair!
Come, Little Rose,
Ere day shall close;
And Birchen Bough,
My own dear cow;
And Morning Pride,
And Sunny Side; —
Come, children dear,
For night draws near.
Come, children!"

There never was another voice like that; it was Ragnhild, calling home her cattle. In the next moment the highlands resounded with the peal of bells and the noisy lowing of the cows. Peeping through the trees, he saw her standing on a bare crag not far above him. She looked taller, paler, and more slender than the last time he saw her, but more wondrously fair than even his fancy had dared to picture her. She held the loor in her hand, and stood bending forward, and half leaning on it. Her hair hung in golden profusion down over her shoulders, and as the warm rays of the evening sun fell upon her, it shone like a halo. His first impulse was to call up to her; but just as he had opened his mouth, she yodled again, then sang out her call to the same melody, only substituting other names, and ended with a long, alluring note from the loor. Again the echo played with her voice, the cattle lowed, and the sound of the bells, the waving of the tree-tops in the underwood, and the creaking of dry branches marked the progress of the returning flocks. He bent the dense copse aside with his hands, and began to climb; he saw her glance wandering out over the valley, then farther and farther away, until it lost itself in dim immensity. There was a nameless longing in that look. To him it was a blessed assurance.

"Ragnhild!" cried he, grasping a loose tree-root and swinging himself upward. She paused, smiled, held the hand up to her ear as if to listen. There was no surprise in her smile, but quiet, confident joy. Again her eye sought the distance, as if the distance had given her answer.

"Ragnhild!" called he again, "Ragnhild!" and he was now but a few rods away. She stooped out over the brink and saw him standing on a stone below.

"Ragnhild," said he, "do you not know me?"

A slight tremor ran through her frame; she looked once more, then in her bewilderment turned and started to run. But swifter than thought he was at her side, and held her hand in his. A deep crimson gushed over her cheek, and from under the drooping eyelids a tear stole down and lighted on the blade of her silver brooch.

"Ragnhild, dearest," cried he with sudden fervor, "have I changed so much for the worse that you no longer know me?" And waiting no answer, he flung his arm round her waist and drew her closely up to him. She let her head fall on his shoulder, and gave free course to her tears.

"But Ragnhild, beloved," continued he, setting her gently down at his side in the heather, "is this the greeting you give me? Are tears the only welcome you have for me?"

"Gunnar," answered she, now raising her head, and the brightest smile of happiness beamed through the tears, "I am so very foolish. But then you looked so fine and — and — so foreign that I knew not what to say, and so I cried."

"Foreign, Ragnhild! Do I look foreign to you?"

But with the same open, trusting smile she met his anxious, searching glance, while she answered, "No, Gunnar, not foreign. But you know I cannot in a moment overcome my wonder; I can only sit and look at you. And if you knew how I have longed for this day!"

"My fairest, sweetest girl! and you have longed for me?"

He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her lips. "You shall long no more now, Ragnhild, for from this time I shall always be with you."

She glanced anxiously up into his face, as if the words suggested something which in her joy she had forgotten.

"You will always be with me, Gunnar," said she as if to convince herself, — "always?"

"Yes, beloved. And how beautiful you have grown, Ragnhild! The same as you ever were, and still not the same. How many a time I sat at my garret window in the city, late in the night, and thought of you and longed for you! And then often I would say to myself, 'I wonder how Ragnhild looks now, and I wonder what Ragnhild is doing or thinking now.'"

"O, how delightful!" cried she in happy surprise; "why, is n't it strange, Gunnar! — it is the very thing I have always been thinking, when I sat in my window in the gable, and the woods and the fjord and even the river lay hushed into a great stillness. O, how many thoughts of you and longings for you took flight then through the stillness! And whenever spring came, I was always so anxious to hear the cuckoo the first time in the east, for you know that means a wedding. And, do you know, always before for many springs I would be sure to hear him in the north, which means grief. But this year, when I never thought of it, he sung out in a fir right over my head, and that is the best of all. I sat as quiet as a mouse, and counted on my fingers how long he should sit, while I could repeat my wish three times. And for every time I whispered your name, he sung. Then I was no longer in doubt, for I knew you would come, Gunnar."

And now came his turn to tell the history of his pilgrimage. And he told her all, and in strong, glowing pictures, such as only love can paint and in words such as love only can utter. When he had finished, she sat still silent, gazing up into the tree-tops, and smiling to herself, as if rejoicing in the contemplation of some happy thought.

"Ragnhild," said Gunnar, "what are you thinking about?"

"Ah," answered she, "I was only wondering at your beautiful words. They flow like a poem."

"And if you could read that poem, Ragnhild," cried he, "you would know that its burden had ever been you, and would ever be you."

XVI.

A Sunday at Rimul.

No one who was in the habit of visiting Rimul could have helped noticing how clean everything looked there. Indeed, the widow of Rimul had become quite proverbial in the valley for her tidiness, and people never talked about it without a sneer; for what business had she to sweep and wash and scour more than other honest housewives in the parish? Everybody, of course, had a thorough-going house-cleaning before St. John's Day and before the three great festivals of the year, and that, most women found, was as much as they could manage; and what would

be the use, then, of wasting one's precious time by distributing through ten days what might just as well be done all at once? Thus ran the parish gossip. But the widow had her own notions on this subject, as indeed on every other, and if she chose to sweep and clean her house every Saturday, she was at all events herself the loser, if indeed there was any loss about it. She had also taken particular care duly to impress this necessity on her daughter's mind; for it had been an ancient usage in the family. "And," said she, "when God rested on the seventh day, it was after having finished the whole work of creation, even to the least blade of grass or fringe of a cloud, and not with some bit of work lying over until next Saturday."

This morning Ragnhild had come home from the saeter earlier than usual. In the large sitting-room with the many windows she found her mother seated at the table, turning over the leaves of her Bible. The floor was strewn with small tassels of juniper needles, which spread their fresh fragrance through the whole house. In the four corners of the hearth stood four young birch-trees, remnants of the St. John's Day decorations. It was not sermon-Sunday to-day, so there could be no question about going to church; but on such days it was not uncommon that some one of the neighbors would drop in during the forenoon, and chat with the widow about the state of the crops or the prospects of the fishery. Therefore, said Ingeborg, it was always well to read one's gospel and sermon early in the day, lest by delaying one should be altogether prevented from making an appropriate use of the sabbath.

Ragnhild went to the window and stood for a moment looking down the road, then hurried to the hearth, and out of the door to look for something, then forgot what she was looking for, and again returned to the window, where she began to drum on the panes for want of other occupation. An hour passed, but no neighbor made his appearance. Ragnhild grew more and more restless. It was very nearly noon when at last steps were heard out in the hall and two men entered. The one was Thor Henjumhei, the other a young city-dressed gentleman. The widow raised her eyes, looked quietly at the men, and remained sitting.

"Good morning, Ingeborg Rimul," said Thor, approaching the table and offering his hand, "and thanks for last meeting. It is blessed haying weather we have had this week."

Ingeborg shook Thor's hand, and returned his greeting. The daughter cast a stealthy glance at the young gentleman, but quickly turned again, and stood pertinaciously drumming on the window.

"Find yourself a seat, Thor," continued the mistress of Rimul; "and the young man you bring with you, it is probably your son, — Gunnar, was n't that his name? — I can recognize him by his likeness to yourself, Thor."

"I hardly think I could have traced that likeness myself," observed Thor; "but they say strangers can see such things better."

"So they say," was the widow's reply.

The worthy houseman in the mean time had taken a seat at the window opposite the widow, and sat leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and deliberately turning his cap in his hands, as if weighing well what he was about to say. The son remained standing. For a long while no one spoke.

"Ingeborg Rimul," began Thor at last, and his eye met the widow's stern glance unflinchingly, "it is about this son of mine I have come to-day to see you."

Ingeborg opened her eyes widely and gazed as if she would gaze him into atoms; but it had no effect upon Thor. He sat there calm and imperturbable.

"It may seem strange that I should come to you on such an errand as the one I have to-day," continued he, "but we have all of us to go through many strange and unexpected experi-

ences before we are done with this world. And you know yourself, Ingeborg Rimul, that he who has but an only child will do much for that child's sake. Now, what I came to propose to you is this. It hardly can be an unknown thing to you that Gunnar, my son, while he was yet a mere child, took a great fancy to your Ragnhild, and if her own word can be trusted in such a matter, she was not very old when she first discovered that he also had a place in her heart. And this is no longer a trifling, childish affair, now, Ingeborg Rimul; for when love springs up so early and grows with the years, it is hard to root it out. Three years ago I should probably have had many doubts and misgivings before venturing to speak to you of such a proposition; but the son I offer you to-day can speak for himself, and I dare say needs no apology from his father. He has learned his profession well, the newspapers say, and is well worthy of the love of any Norse maiden."

It is difficult to tell how long it was since Thor had made a speech like this; but one idea brought two others with it, and love and a slight but very pardonable feeling of paternal pride lent warmth and power to his words. He did not observe Ragnhild, who, attracted by his eloquence, had approached and now stood on tiptoe only a few steps from him, listening with open mouth and an anxious interest expressed in features and attitude; but Gunnar did see her, and found it hard to check his impatience. And her mother also saw her, and her heart grew heavy; for she felt her strength failing her.

"Thor Henjumhei," said she, with a visible effort to appear composed, "I do not doubt that your son is a worthy young man, or that he knows his profession well. And I feel as sure as you do yourself that there are maidens enough who would be more than happy to be called his wife. But just on this account I wonder that a man of your sense and judgment can come here and ask for him what you know yourself he cannot get. For it must be well known to you, Thor, that Ragnhild's hand is no longer her own, neither have I the right to give it away."

The daughter, knowing from a former occasion her mother's mind on this subject, dared not interpose, and she turned away and wept. And Gunnar? Well, under such trying circumstances he may perhaps be forgiven for forgetting the rules of parish propriety; for when the sunshine, after a minute's absence caused by the passing of a cloud, again visited the large sitting-room, the widow of Rimul rubbed her eyes and would gladly have persuaded herself that she was not quite awake; but there was no denying that, as the sunshine stole in through the south window, it found the heiress of Rimul with her hands clasped round the houseman's son's neck, and with her sunny head closely pressed to the houseman's son's bosom.

"Thor Henjumhei," cried Ingeborg helplessly, and rising from the table, "take your son away!"

But Thor did not stir.

"Thor Henjumhei —"

Then there was a knock at the door, but no one answered; the door opened, and in came a tall, slender youth; he stooped a little, wore spectacles, and had the long-tasselled college cap in his hand.

"Mr. Vogt," said Thor, "I am afraid you have come here in an unfortunate moment."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear that," replied Vogt, "and if my presence is inopportune —"

But the widow of Rimul, — what has happened to her, with her eyes riveted on the new-comer, and that ghastly paleness of her visage?

"O God, my God!" groaned she, sinking down into the nearest chair, "thou hast visited me hard. Thy will be done." And Ingeborg buried her face in her lap, while the tears fell fast from eyes to which they had long been strangers, — only God knows how long. There was a solemn stillness in the large sitting-room.

"Children," said the widow at length, — and as she lifted her tearful eyes Ragnhild, her daughter, and Gunnar, the houseman's son, stood before her, — "may the Lord bless you now and forever! And if I have struggled long and hard against you," added she, taking their right hands and joining them together in hers, "think not that it was because my heart was against you."

Then Thor, old Thor Henjumhei, stretched out his rough hand to the widow of Rimul, and the widow grasped it, looked into Thor's faithful eye, and shook his hand heartily.

"Ingeborg," said Thor, "God bless you for that word."

But Vogt, — how did he account for all the commotion occasioned by his arrival? There he stood in the middle of the floor, with a blank, bewildered stare, turning now to one, now to another, but unable to utter a single syllable. Vogt knew not, perhaps, that in the widow of Rimul's eyes he resembled his father as one drop of water resembles another; neither did he know what long-buried memories those well-known features called back to the widow's mind. So he remained standing as if he had dropped down from the clouds, until at last old Thor, seeing his helplessness, rose, and came to his assistance.

"Ingeborg Rimul," said Thor, taking the collegian by the hand and leading him up to the mistress of Rimul, "this is Mr. Vogt, a young collegian and the friend and benefactor of Gunnar, our son."

Then Ingeborg grasped the young man's hands, held them long in hers, and gazed earnestly into his face.

"Mr. Vogt," said she, and she paused, as if the word sounded strange on her lips, — "Mr. Vogt, your features were once familiar to us here in the valley. I bid them welcome again, and hope this will not be the last time they are seen at Rimul."

Vogt stammered something about his pleasure at being present on this happy occasion; then Gunnar and Ragnhild came up and joined in the conversation; and, before long, the happiness they all felt loosed their tongues and made each one feel at home with the other.

Thor, in the meanwhile, had despatched a boat for his old mother, and the widow of Rimul had sent a horse and a carryall to receive her at the landing-place down by the river.

Old Gunhild soon made her appearance, whereupon followed a little scene such as only grandmothers can act, and none but a *genre*-painter can depict.

It was about this time that the pastor, who had been preaching in a neighboring parish, came riding past the Rimul buildings, and, as it occurred to him that it was a good while since he had paid the widow a visit, and that he was much in need of a glass of milk to slake his thirst, he dismounted from his horse, hitched it to a post at the wayside, and in another minute entered the well-built mansion. The Rimul yard was in its usual holiday trim, everything in its place, and the staircase and the hall fragrant with the fresh juniper. There was certainly nothing unusual in this, and still, as he stood in the hall, the pastor could not rid himself of the impression that something extraordinary had happened; but when he opened the door and found the Rimul and the Henjumhei families gathered as in council round the big table at the south window, when he saw Thor seated at the widow's side, and Gunnar whispering in Ragnhild's ear, what need had he then of any further explanation? But the pastor was too much of a diplomat to betray that he was previously informed. He had already resolved to afford every one the satisfaction of being the first to proclaim to him the happy tidings.

And no sooner had the worthy clergyman entered the room than the widow herself, with not a little pride and formality, informed him of the happy occasion of their rejoicing; told him, what he already knew, of Gunnar's wonderful proficiency in his art and

great prospects for the future, and finally requested the honor of his company as well for this evening as for the wedding, which, according to agreement, would take place a month from date. It is needless to add that the pastor's kind face then beamed even more than usual, and that he congratulated both the old folks and the young with a deep-felt earnestness which went to the heart as surely as from the heart it came. And when at the supper-table he gave the toast of the betrothal, and spoke of the sacredness of love, of the triumph of native worth over prejudice and all obstacles, and of the great and holy mission of the artist, then tears glittered in the eyes of all, their cheeks glowed, their hearts beat more quickly, and they were all happy.

But when the supper was at an end — the ale drank, the toasts finished, — when the sun grew red and weary, as evening was sinking over the valley, and the peace of evening into the hearts and minds of all, then Gunnar and Ragnhild sat together on the bridge of the barn out in the yard, and saw the gold of the sunset burning on the far steeples of the mountains.

"Do you remember, Ragnhild," said he, letting his fingers glide through her rich hair, while her head rested on his shoulder, "I think it was on this very spot, about fourteen years ago, when I first met you, and — "

"O yes," answered she, dreamily, "the time when you asked me if I were the Hulder."

"And you were my Hulder, Ragnhild," said he earnestly, and pressed her more tightly to his heart, "my fair, my good, my beautiful Hulder."

XVII.

The Ocean.

August has come. The fjord still lies glorying in the life of the summer, the sunshine glitters still in the clear waters, the light birch-tree stands trembling over its frail image in the cool tide, the thrush warbles in the mountain glens, and the screaming hosts of sea-birds drift round the lonely crags, or stream over the heavens with the ebbing and flooding sounds of huge, airy surges.

There is life on the fjord in August, a teeming, overflowing life. All nature smiles then; but in its very smile there is consciousness of decay, — a foreboding of the coming night and of the heaven-rending November storms.

Yes, August has come, — come to the fjord and to the valley and to Gunnar and Ragnhild. She is no longer Ragnhild Rimul now, she is Ragnhild Henjumhei, the wife of Gunnar Henjumhei, the artist. And no one would have doubted that she was Gunnar's wife who had seen the two together that night, when they left their native valley; for it was much that she left behind, — mother, home, and country; but, thought she, it was more that she had gained. Now it was morning, or rather night, for the sun had not yet risen. The wheels of the steamboat lashed the water into foam, as it rushed onward and onward through gulfs and straits, onward in its way to the ocean.

At the prow of the steamboat stood Gunnar Henjumhei and his wife, she leaning on her husband's arm, and now and then glancing half timidly back at the dear old glaciers and mountain-peaks, as they faded one by one on the far horizon. His eye was turned toward the future, peering steadfastly through the light fogs of the morning.

"Gunnar," said she, and a half-sad, half-happy smile flitted over her features, "how strange to be leaving all behind me that I know, and to sail out into a great foreign world, where all is unknown to me, — except you," added she in a whisper. And as the thought grew upon her, she pressed the arm she held, and clung more closely to him.

"Ragnhild," answered he, "it is not a foreign world. But see how the great sun is rising — over the ocean."

And he pointed toward the east, where the sun rose — over the ocean.

H. H. Boyesen.

A GREAT DEED OF ARMS.

FOR twenty years, with little respite, Canada had writhed under the scourge of Iroquois war. During a great part of this dark period — about the middle of the seventeenth century — the entire French population did not exceed three thousand. What, then, saved them from destruction? In the first place, the settlements were grouped around three fortified posts, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, which in time of danger gave asylum to the fugitive inhabitants. Again, their assailants were continually distracted by other wars, and never, except at a few spasmodic intervals, were fully in earnest to destroy the French colony. It was indispensable to them. The four upper nations of the league soon became dependent on Canada for supplies; and all the nations alike appear, at a very early period, to have conceived the policy on which they afterwards distinctly acted, of balancing the rival settlements of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, the one against the other. They would torture, but not kill. It was but rarely that, in fits of fury, they struck their hatchets at the brain; and thus the bleeding and gasping colony lingered on in torment.

The seneschal of New France, son of the Governor Lauzon, was surprised and killed on the Island of Orleans, along with seven companions. About the same time, the same fate befell the son of Godefroy, one of the chief inhabitants of Quebec. Outside the fortifications there was no safety for a moment. A universal terror seized the people. A comet appeared above Quebec, and they saw in it a herald of destruction. Their excited imaginations turned natural phenomena into portents and prodigies. A blazing canoe sailed across the sky; confused cries and lamentations were heard in the air; and a voice of thunder sounded from mid-heaven.* The Jesuits despaired for their scattered and persecuted flocks, "Everywhere," writes their superior, "we see infants to be saved for heaven, sick and dying to be baptized, adults to be instructed, but everywhere we see the Iroquois. They haunt us like persecuting goblins. They kill our new-made Christians in our arms. If they meet us on the river, they kill us. If they find us in the huts of our Indians, they burn us and them together."* And he appeals urgently for troops to destroy them, as a holy work inspired by God, and needful for his service.

Canada was still a mission, and the influence of the Church was paramount and pervading. To the minds of the harassed and imperilled people, the war with the Iroquois was a war with the myrmidons of Satan. Of the settlers' cabins scattered along the shores above and below Quebec, many were provided with small iron cannon, made probably by blacksmiths in the colony; but they had also other protectors. In each was an image of the Virgin or some patron saint, and every morning the pious settler kneeled before the shrine to beg the protection of a celestial hand in his perilous labors of the forest or the farm.

When, in the summer of 1658, the young Vicomte d'Argenson came to assume the thankless task of governing the persecuted and poverty-stricken colony, the Iroquois war was at its height. On the day after his arrival, he was washing his hands before seating himself at dinner in the hall of the Château St. Louis, when cries of alarm were heard, and he was told that the Iroquois were close at hand. In fact, they were so near than their war-whoops and the screams of their victims could plainly be heard. Argenson left his guests, and with such a following as he could muster at the moment

* Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre*, September, 1661.

* *Relation*, 1660 (anonymous), 3.

hastened to the rescue; but the assailants were too nimble for him. The forests which grew at that time around Quebec favored them both in attack and in retreat. After a year or two of experience, he wrote urgently to the court for troops. He adds that, what with the demands of the harvest, and the unmilitary character of many of the settlers, the colony could not furnish more than a hundred men for offensive operations. A vigorous aggressive war, he insists, is absolutely necessary, and this not only to save the colony, but to save the only true faith; "for," to borrow his own words, "it is this colony alone which has the honor to be in the communion of the Holy Church. Everywhere else reigns the doctrine of England or Holland, to which I can give no other name, because there are as many creeds as there are subjects who embrace them. They do not care in the least whether the Iroquois and the other savages of this country have or have not a knowledge of the true God, or else they are so malicious as to inject the venom of their errors into souls incapable of distinguishing the truth of the gospel from the falsehoods of heresy; and hence it is plain that religion has its sole support in the French colony, and that, if this colony is in danger, religion is equally in danger." *

Among the most interesting memorials of the time are two letters written by François Hertel, a youth of eighteen, captured at Three Rivers and carried to the Mohawk towns in the summer of 1661. He belonged to one of the best families of Canada and was the favorite child of his mother, to whom the second of the two letters is addressed. The first is to the Jesuit Le Moyne, who had gone, in July of that year, to Onondaga to effect the release of French prisoners in accordance with the terms of a truce.† Both letters were written on birch-bark: —

* *Papiers d'Argenson; Mémoire sur le sujet de la guerre des Iroquois*, 1659, (1660?) MS.

† *Journal des Jésuites*, p. 300.

MY REVEREND FATHER: — The very day when you left Three Rivers I was captured, at about three in the afternoon, by four Iroquois of the Mohawk tribe. I would not have been taken alive, if, to my sorrow, I had not feared that I was not in a fit state to die. If you came here, my Father, I could have the happiness of confessing to you; and I do not think they would do you any harm; and I think that I could return home with you. I pray you to pity my poor mother, who is in great trouble. You know, my Father, how fond she is of me. I have heard from a Frenchman who was taken at Three Rivers on the 1st of August that she is well, and comforts herself with the hope that I shall see you. There are three of us Frenchmen alive here. I commend myself to your good prayers, and particularly to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I pray you, my Father, to say a mass for me. I pray you give my dutiful love to my poor mother, and console her, if it pleases you.

My Father, I beg your blessing on the hand that writes to you, which has one of the fingers burned in the bowl of an Indian pipe, to satisfy the Majesty of God which I have offended. The thumb of the other hand is cut off; but do not tell my mother of it.

My Father, I pray you to honor me with a word from your hand in reply, and tell me if you shall come here before winter.

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

FRANÇOIS HERTEL.

The following is the letter to his mother, sent probably, with the other, to the charge of Le Moyne: —

MY MOST DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER: — I know very well that my capture must have distressed you very much. I ask you to forgive my disobedience. It is my sins that have placed me where I am. I owe my life to your prayers, and those of M. de St. Quentin, and of my sisters. I hope to see you again before winter. I pray

you to tell the good brethren of Notre Dame to pray to God and the Holy Virgin for me, my dear mother, and for you and all my sisters.

Your poor FANCHON.

This, no doubt, was the name by which she had called him familiarly when a child. And who was this "Fanchon," this devout and tender son of a fond mother? New England can answer to her cost. When, twenty-nine years later, a band of French and Indians issued from the forest and fell upon the post and settlement of Salmon Falls, it was François Hertel who led the attack; and when the retiring victors were hard pressed by an overwhelming force, it was he who, sword in hand, held the pursuers in check at the bridge of Wooster River and covered the retreat of his men. He was ennobled for his services, and died at the age of eighty, the founder of one of the most distinguished families of Canada.* To the New England of old he was the abhorred chief of Popish malignants and murdering savages. The New England of to-day will be more just to the brave defender of his country and his faith.

In May, 1660, a party of French Algonquins captured a Wolf, or Mohegan, Indian, naturalized among the Iroquois, brought him to Quebec, and burned him there with their usual atrocity of torture. A modern Catholic writer says that the Jesuits could not save him; but this is not so. Their influence over the consciences of the colonists was at that time unbounded, and their direct political power was very great. A protest on their part, and that of the newly arrived bishop, who was in their interest, could not have failed of effect. The truth was, they did not care to prevent the torture of prisoners of war, not solely out of that shameful spirit of compliance with the savage humor of the Indian allies of the colony which stains so often the pages of French American history, but also, and perhaps chiefly, from motives purely religious. Torture, in their eyes, seems to have been a blessing in disguise. They thought it good for the soul, and in case of obduracy the surest way of salvation. "We have very rarely indeed," writes one of them, "seen the burning of an Iroquois without feeling sure that he was on the path to Paradise; and we never knew one of them to be surely on the path to Paradise without seeing him pass through this fiery punishment."* So they let the Wolf burn; but first, having instructed him after their fashion, they baptized him, and his savage soul flew to heaven out of the fire. "Is it not," pursues the same writer, "a marvel to see a wolf changed at one stroke into a lamb, and enter into the fold of Christ, which he came to ravage?"

Before he died he requited their spiritual cares with a startling secret. He told them that eight hundred Iroquois warriors were encamped below Montreal; that four hundred more, who had wintered on the Ottawa, were on the point of joining them; and that the united force would swoop upon Quebec, kill the governor, lay waste the town, and then attack Three Rivers and Montreal.† This time, at least, the Iroquois were in deadly earnest. Quebec was wild with terror. The Ursulines and the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu took refuge in the strong and extensive building which the Jesuits had just finished, opposite the Parish Church. Its walls and palisades made it easy of defence; and in its yards and court were lodged the terrified Hurons, as well as the fugitive inhabitants of the neighboring settlements. Others found asylum in the fort, and others in the convent of the Ursulines, which, in place of nuns, was occupied by twenty-four soldiers, who fortified it with redoubts and barricaded the doors and windows. Similar measures of defence were taken at the Hôtel Dieu, and the streets of the Lower Town

* His letters of nobility, dated 1716, will be found in Daniel's *Histoire des Grandes Familles Françoises du Canada*, p. 404.

* *Relation*, 1660, p. 31.

† Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre*, 25 Juin, 1660.

were strongly barricaded. Everybody was in arms, and the *Qui vive* of the sentries and patrols resounded all night.

Several days passed, and no Iroquois appeared. The refugees took heart, and began to return to their deserted farms and dwellings. Among the rest was a family consisting of an old woman, her daughter, her son-in-law, and four small children, living near St. Anne, some twenty miles below Quebec. On reaching home the old woman and the man went to their work in the fields, while the mother and children remained in the house. Here they were pounced upon and captured by eight renegade Hurons, Iroquois by adoption, who placed them in their large canoe and paddled up the river with their prize. It was Saturday, a day dedicated to the Virgin; and the captive mother prayed to her for aid, "feeling," writes a Jesuit, "a full conviction that, in passing before Quebec on a Saturday, she would be delivered by the power of this Queen of Heaven." In fact, as the marauders and their captives glided in the darkness of night by Point Levi, under the shadow of the shore, they were greeted by a volley of musketry from the bushes, and a band of French and Algonquins dashed into the water to seize them. Five of the eight were taken, and the rest shot or drowned. The governor had heard of the descent at St. Anne, and despatched a party to lie in ambush for the authors of it. The Jesuits, it is needless to say, saw a miracle in the result. The Virgin had answered the prayer of her votary. "Though it is true," observes the father who records the marvel, "that, in the volley, she received a mortal wound." The same shot struck the infant in her arms. The prisoners were taken to Quebec, where four of them were tortured with even more ferocity than had been shown in the case of the unfortunate Wolf.* Being questioned, they confirmed his story, and expressed great surprise that the Iroquois had not come, adding that they must have stopped to attack Montreal or Three Rivers. Again all was terror, and again days passed and no enemy appeared. Had the dying converts, so charitably despatched to heaven through fire, sought an unhallowed consolation in scaring the abettors of this torture with a lie? Not at all. Bating a slight exaggeration, they had told the truth. Where, then, were the Iroquois? As one small point of steel disarms the lightning of its terrors, so did the heroism of a few intrepid youths divert this storm of war and save Canada from a possible ruin.

In the preceding April, before the designs of the Iroquois were known, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the enemy. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors in great numbers had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river, and fight them without regard to disparity of force. The settlers of Montreal had hitherto acted solely on the defensive, for their numbers had been too small for aggressive war. Of late their strength had been somewhat increased, and Maisonneuve, judging that a display of enterprise and boldness might act as a check on the audacity of the enemy, at length gave his consent.

Adam Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France,

* The torturers were Christian Algonquins, converts of the Jesuits. Chaumonot, who was present to give spiritual aid to the sufferers, describes the scene with horrible minuteness. "I could not," he says, "deliver them from their torments." Perhaps not; but it is certain that the Jesuits as a body, with or without the bishop, could have prevented the atrocity, had they seen fit. They sometimes taught their converts to pray for their enemies. It would have been well had they taught them not to torture them. I can recall but one instance in which they did so. The prayers for enemies were always for a spiritual, not a temporal, good. The fathers held the body in slight account, and cared little what happened to it.

though in what rank does not appear. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the sacraments. As they kneeled for the last time before the altar in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian-fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm, not unmixed with an envy which had in it nothing ignoble. Some of the chief men of Montreal, with the brave Charles Le Moyne at their head, begged them to wait till the spring sowing was over, that they might join them; but Daulac refused. He was jealous of the glory and the danger, and he wished to command, which he could not have done had Le Moyne been present.

The spirit of the enterprise was purely mediæval. The enthusiasm of honor, the enthusiasm of adventure, and the enthusiasm of faith were its motive forces. Daulac was a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World. Yet the incidents of this exotic heroism are definite and clear as a tale of yesterday. The names, ages, and occupations of the seventeen young men may still be read on the ancient register of the parish of Montreal; and the notarial acts of that year, preserved in the records of the city, contain minute accounts of such property as each of them possessed. The three eldest were of twenty-eight, thirty, and thirty-one years respectively. The age of the rest varied from twenty-one to twenty-seven. They were of various callings, — soldiers, armorers, locksmiths, lime-burners, or settlers without trades. The greater number had come to the colony with Maisonneuve, in 1653.

After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoe-men; and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of St. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were more successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains and slowly advanced against the current.

Meanwhile, forty warriors of that remnant of the Hurons who, in spite of Iroquois persecutions, still lingered at Quebec, had set out on a war-party, led by the brave and wily Etienne Annahotaha, their most noted chief. They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal, where they were likely to find a speedy opportunity of putting their mettle to the test. Thither, accordingly, they repaired; the Algonquin with three followers, and the Huron with thirty-nine.

It was not long before they learned the departure of Daulac and his companions. "For," observes the honest Dollier de Casson, "the principal fault of our Frenchmen is to talk too much." The wish seized them to share the adventure; and, to that end, the Huron chief asked the governor for a letter to Daulac, to serve as credentials. Maisonneuve hesitated. His faith in Huron valor was not great, and he feared the proposed alliance. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to give Annahotaha a letter in which Daulac was told to accept or reject the proffered reinforcement, as he should see fit. The Hurons and Algonquins now embarked and paddled in pursuit of the seventeen Frenchmen.

They, meanwhile, had passed with difficulty the swift current at Carillon,

and about the first of May reached the foot of the more formidable rapid called the Long Sault, where a tumult of waters, foaming among ledges and bowlders, barred the onward way. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forests sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of the rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already ruinous. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it. Their first care, one would think, should have been to repair and strengthen it; but this they seem not to have done; possibly, in the exaltation of their minds, they scorned such precaution. They made their fires, and slung their kettles on the neighboring shore; and here they were soon joined by the Hurons and Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning and noon and night, they prayed in three different tongues; and when, at sunset, the long reach of forests on the farther shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. The canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met by a volley fired with such precipitation that one or more of them escaped the shot, fled into the forest, and told this mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack, and were quickly repulsed. On this, they opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences. Being provided with tools, they planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stones to the height of a man, leaving some twenty loopholes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came out again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas. Some of the French dashed out, and, covered by the fire of their comrades, hacked off his head, and stuck it on the palisade, while the Iroquois howled in a frenzy of helpless rage. They tried another attack, and were beaten off a third time.

This dashed their spirits, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors, who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. It was these whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt, scarcely better than a cattle-pen; but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees

and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a sputtering fire, and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or "hominy," which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now shouted to their countrymen in the fort, telling them that a fresh army was close at hand, that they would soon be attacked by seven or eight hundred warriors, and that their only hope was in joining the Iroquois, who would receive them as friends. Annahotaha's followers, half dead with thirst and famine, listened to their seducers, took the bait, and, one, two, or three at a time, climbed the palisade, and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm; and when he saw his nephew, La Monche, join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast with the courage of despair.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering din of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcement had come; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with them before their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of fire. Besides muskets, they had heavy musketoons, of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigor of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigor; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before, sure of a martyr's reward.

The uncertain, vacillating temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many men at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle and enrolling themselves in the forlorn hope. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of cross-bars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire, they reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder and plugged up the

muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more, they had torn a breach in the palisade; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen; till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

Searching the pile of corpses, they found four Frenchmen still breathing. Three had scarcely a spark of life, and, as no time was to be lost, they burned them on the spot. The fourth, less fortunate, seemed likely to survive, and they reserved him for future torments. As for the Huron deserters, their cowardice profited them little. The victors, regardless of their promises, fell upon them, burned some on the spot, and carried the rest to their villages for a similar fate. Five of them had the good fortune to escape, and it was from them, aided by admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French of Canada derived all their knowledge of this glorious disaster.

To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed, to howl over their losses and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance.

Francis Parkman.

HELEN AT THE LOOM.

HELEN, in her silent room,
Weaves upon the upright loom,
Weaves a mantle rich and dark,
Purpled over deep. But mark
How she scatters o'er the wool
Woven shapes, till it is full
Of men that struggle close, complex;
Horses clipped, with wrinkled necks
Arching high; spear, shield, and all
The panoply that doth recall
Mighty war, such war as e'en
For Helen's sake is waged, I ween.
Purple is the groundwork: good!
All the field is stained with blood,

Blood poured out for Helen's sake;
(Thread, run on; and, shuttle, shake!)
But the shapes of men that pass
Are as ghosts within a glass,
Woven with whiteness of the swan,
Pale, sad memories, gleaming wan
From the garment's purple fold
Where Troy's tale is twined and told.
Well may Helen, as with tender
Touch of rosy fingers slender
She doth knit the story in
Of Troy's sorrow and her sin,
Feel sharp filaments of pain
Reeled off with the well-spun skein,
And faint blood-stains on her hands
From the shifting sanguine strands.
Gently, sweetly she doth sorrow:
What has been must be to-morrow;
Meekly to her fate she bows.
Heavenly beauties still will rouse
Strife and savagery in men:
Shall the lucid heavens, then,
Lose their high serenity,
Sorrowing over what must be?
If she taketh to her shame,
Lo, they give her not the blame,—
Priam's wisest counsellors,
Aged men, not loving wars:
When she goes forth, clad in white,—
Day-cloud touched with first moonlight,—
With her fair hair, amber-hued
As vapor by the moon imbued
With burning brown, that round her clings,
See, she sudden silence brings
On the gloomy whisperers
Who would make the wrong all hers.

So, Helen, in thy silent room,
Labor at the storied loom;
(Thread, run on; and, shuttle, shake!)
Let thy tender sorrow make
Something strangely beautiful
Of this fabric, since the wool
Comes so tinted from the Fates,
Dyed with loves, hopes, fears, and hates.
Thou shalt work with subtle force
All thy deep shade of remorse
In the texture of the weft,
That no stain on thee be left;—
Ay, sweet queen, shalt fashion grief,
Grief and wrong, to sweet relief.
Speed the garment! It may chance,
Long hereafter, meet the glance

Of Oenone; when her lord,
Now thy Paris, shall go t'ward
Ida, at his last sad end,
Seeking her, his early friend,
Who alone can cure his ill
Of all who love him, if she will.
It were fitting she should see
In that hour thine artistry,
And her husband's speechless corse
In the garment of remorse!
But take heed that in thy work
Naught unbeautiful do lurk.
Ah, how little signifies
Unto thee what fortunes rise,
What others fall! Thou still shalt reign,
Still shalt work the colored skein.
Though thy yearning woman's eyes
Burn with glorious agonies,
Pitying the waste and woe,
And the heroes falling low
In the war around thee, here,
Still that exquisitest tear
'Twixt thy lids shall dearer be
Than life, to friend or enemy.

There are people on the earth
Doomed with doom of their great worth.
Look on Helen not with hate,
Therefore, but compassionate.
If she suffer not too much,
Seldom does she feel the touch
Of that fresh, auroral joy
Lesser spirits may decoy
To their slight and sunny lives.
Heavy honey 't is, she hives.
To her sweet though saddening soul
All that here she doth control —
What of bitter memories,
What of coming fate's surmise,
Paris' passion, distant din
Of the war now drifting in
To her quiet — idle seems;
Natural as lazy gleams
Of some stilly water's reach,
Seen from where broad vine-leaves pleach
A heavy arch, and, looking through,
Far away the doubtful blue
Glimmers, on a drowsy day,
Crowded with the sun's rich gray,
As she stands within her room,
Weaving, weaving at the loom.

G. P. Lathrop.

THE EXTERNALS OF WASHINGTON.

I SUPPOSE that no American, how poor and insignificant soever, can go to the city of Washington without feeling a sense of ownership in, and a desire to be proud of, the political metropolis of his country; and so many hundred thousand Americans do journey thither, that in looking at it a stranger inevitably wonders why such an overwhelming public opinion has not long since been created concerning its management as would have rendered impossible both the congressional recklessness and the private selfishness whose ravages he must now so vainly deplore on every side.

For if ever magnificent possibilities were cruelly marred, mutilated, and mangled, those of the National Capital have been, and every day are being, so treated. It has been in existence eighty years. The greatest intellect and the highest culture of three generations have represented America here. All the wealth of the nation has been at its disposal. Superb cities with their parks and beautiful suburbs have grown up all over the country to serve it as examples. And what have we? "A few things splendidly done, and everything else at sixes and sevens"; here the opulence and progress of America, and there the poverty and shiftlessness of Africa; and *just now* a lavish yearly expenditure of the local and national funds for the perpetration of stiffness instead of grace, of ugliness instead of beauty, of æsthetic failure instead of artistic success, — in fine, the most disappointing, disheartening conglomerate that ever shocked the pride or patriotism of order-loving, beauty-worshipping woman. Nothing, it seems to me, but the genuine masculine insensibility to both beauty and order could possibly have produced such a result; and one may judge here how much the palaces and public places of Europe probably owe to the taste and aspiration of the royal ladies who inhabit and delight in them; since men are alone responsible for everything in this draggle-tail metropolis.

The city is on the eastern bank of the Potomac, and the site chosen for it has, or rather had, two leading features: one, the ridge or plateau running parallel to the river on which the Capitol stands; the other, the undulating plain between the ridge and the river, on which the city is principally built. The plan adopted by Washington for making the most of this happy combination is imperial, and is said to have been taken by Major l'Enfant, the first engineer of the city, from the stately avenues and vistas of the park at Versailles. By it the whole surface was laid out, first in unusually wide streets running parallel to the four faces of the Capitol, and therefore at right angles to each other; and then in a series of immensely broad avenues cutting the streets diagonally, like a huge diamond pattern superimposed upon a much smaller checkered one. Wherever these avenues intersect each other is a broad space, which in Paris would be called a "*Place*," and wherein, jewel-like, some noble public building or church would be set; and wherever the avenues cross the streets, little triangles are cut off the blocks, which are hardly suitable for building, but are just made for grass planted with flowers or shrubs, or a few trees, and with something beautiful — a fountain or a statue — in the middle; while the larger halves of the blocks left on the other side afford, with their obtuse angles, unparalleled opportunity for architectural effect.

The plain is only a mile or two wide, and looking from one of the western porticos of the Capitol, the city, or at least all the noteworthy part of it, lies below you, stretching northwestward

into union with Georgetown, and lining the Potomac southward until it is stopped by the so-called "Eastern Branch" of that noble stream, at which juncture the two rivers, often poetically flecked with sails, open and gleam broadly. For background to the picture, the heights of Virginia's "sacred soil" lift themselves in answer to the height on which you are standing, the great Doric portico of General Lee's confiscated mansion being visible diagonally opposite, though the hills — stripped, alas! of their forests during the war, and scantily dotted with houses — seem, not in the vigor and hopefulness of youth, but in the exhaustion and resignation of age, to stretch themselves sadly and wearily around the entire curve of the western horizon. It is a scene which nature and the great founder of the city meant to be unrivalled in loveliness, but which suceeeding waves of population and of congressmen have so deluged with deformities, from those bare hills in the distance to the shameful Capitol surroundings at your feet, that to a sensitive eye, enjoyment is completely swallowed up in vexation and disgust.

For, first, it is evident that as regards the public buildings and parks of the National Capital, *grouping with a view to general effect* should have been the one thing greatly studied. Instead of which, half of the former have been stuck down, like diamonds in a dish of sand, to suit the clamor of property owners who wanted a rise in the value of their lands; while the parks have been invaded, mutilated, and treated generally with an utter disregard, not only for what is beautiful and fitting in itself, but for the actual property of the nation.

And, secondly, as to the domestic architecture, it would require the Gothic richness of Nuremberg, or the elegance, splendor, height, color, of the Grand Canal of Venice, to do justice to these wide streets and the great avenues that slash into them with such bold angles and unexpected vistas. But since these ideals are extravagant, why should not a second edition of dignified and respectable Boston, for instance, or of lovely suburban Cambridge, half seen and half screened amid trees and vines, and with grass and flowers all about it, have grown up on the site of the National Capital?* In sad reality, behold a city of flat-roofed houses, — boxes rather, — for the most part low, bald, mean, or squalid, standing in rows, or nearly touching one another, and placed originally right upon the sidewalk, with rarely ever a yard of turf in front of them. The majority are without an ornament to cornice, door, window, or step; and if there is a garden, it is usually at the side, behind a high wall, so that it is utterly lost to every purpose of street ornamentation. So many negro-cabins are but eight feet high, and so many wooden and brick tenements are but double that, that, without exaggeration, if one third of the city of Washington were razed down to the general level of the rest, I think it would all be about twenty feet tall; and this with the streets averaging a hundred, and the avenues a hundred and fifty, feet in width!

The third above-mentioned comprises, of course, the business and fashionable quarters of the town, which, to their mutual disadvantage, very much run into each other. Upper-tendom has naturally fixed its seat in the vicinity of the White House, but it is jostled at every step by the shop and the shanty, and its architectural flights are far more modest than one is accustomed to observe in Northern cities; for as a rule, the houses, still on the box-pattern, are of plain red brick, brown paint or brown stucco making the only variation. One can hardly believe, in looking at most of them, that magnificent New York is within only eight hours' ride; while as for the French-roofed cottages in neat lawns,

* The reader will pardon my specifying these two. It is merely because I am familiar with them; there are many that rival them, and New York, of course, is far beyond.

that, with their gay slatings, bow-windows, and vine-clad porches, are now everywhere in the North, they seem absolutely unknown.

Never, surely, were greater incongruities tolerated in any civilized community! In other places, people of wealth and taste like to get as close together as possible, so as to form solid streets, or at least squares, of respectability and order. But in Washington their instinct seems to be, choosing the Presidential mansion for a centre, to back farther and farther away from it and from each other, Lafayette Square alone, that I know of, presenting an unbroken phalanx of city residences. The consequence is that the interstices have had to be filled up anyhow, and the great houses of millionnaires or of high government officials will, more likely than not, have a tumbledown tenement, a mean grocery, or a negro-shanty not a block off, and not seldom they are next-door neighbors. Even of the White House, the Treasury, and the Patent Office is this true; while the buildings that immediately surround the grounds of the magnificent Capitol itself, and which, if one stands on its terrace, *must* affront the eye, are the most disgraceful jumble of whitewashed sheds, saloons, and old boarding-houses that can be imagined. Palaces should hedge it about with awe, but stables are leering impudently in its very face!

The churches in Washington worthily match the private dwellings. There are forty of them, I believe, and among all those I have seen I have noticed only four in stone, two of which are building now. These latter promise also to be Gothic, and if they fulfil the promise they will mark a new era in Washington; most of the other forty being the brick "meetin'-us" in various combinations of vagrant architectural fancy, utterly free from all trammels of schools and traditions, unities and proprieties, whatsoever. Yet one would think that every leading denomination in the country would take care to be represented in the National Capital by one costly and beautiful church at least.

But perhaps the most distressing, because, it is to be feared, the most hopeless, feature of the city is Pennsylvania Avenue, in one grand intersection of which on the hill with three other avenues the Capitol stands, and in a similar one, a mile and a half off, on an undulation not far from the river, the White House; so that it is the great artery of the political metropolis of our country.

Until the spring of 1872 I had never been in Washington, and never shall I forget my first walk up this national avenue of ours between the Congress and the President of that "giant Republic," a trifling fraction of whose vast wealth only would have been required to make it worthy of its high office. Knowing nothing at all about it, I had yet, in a vague way, imagined it as shaded with superb trees dating from the founding of the city, and as lined with grand government buildings, fine churches, brilliant hotels, and, at the White House end, with the aristocratic residences of the Cabinet and foreign ministers. These latter I had fancied standing each apart, amid grass and glowing flowers, and surrounded with vines, evergreens, and shrubs; and I had taken it for granted that the people promenading on this stately avenue were as distinguished or elegant in appearance as the exclusives one meets on Beacon Street or Fifth Avenue.

So much for fancy. Now for fact. Pennsylvania Avenue is a boulevard no less than one hundred and sixty feet wide. The inevitable double horse-car track defaces its centre, but the rest of it is paved with wood, so that it is smooth like a floor, but, unlike a floor, it is swept so seldom that the dust lies thickly upon it. *There is not a single church or public building upon it;* but the closely set houses along its length are of every variety of shabbiness and ugliness, and of all heights, so that their roofs are as uneven as the teeth of an old saw. In their lower stories may be found repre-

sentatives of all the avocations that wait upon the kitchen and back-stairs want of humanity, upon the sordid needs of the poor, or upon the cravings of the dissolute; for alongside the grocer and the meat-man, the plumber and the gas-fitter, the cheap jeweller and milliner, are bar-rooms — bar-rooms! — at nearly every ten steps

The part nearest the Capitol is the worst section of the whole. As you emerge upon the avenue from the little, horseshoe-shaped park at its base, you see on the left the National Botanical Garden, which is a large enclosure surrounded by a tall brick and iron fence, and planted with young trees. Its centre is necessarily filled with conservatories, which considered *as* conservatories are handsome; but Horace Walpole said truly that "it is impossible to make a green-house ornamental," and these look peculiarly out of place. Opposite the Garden, on the right, is a row of dirty and paltry shops and drinking-places that would befit an Irish alley, the corner one being actually a *laundry* (only at this writing, May, 1873, in course of demolition), which for years flapped the wash on its roof in friendly democratic greeting to the United States flags on the Capitol two stone-throws' off!

From the latter to the White House is a distance of fifteen streets, and at Seventh Street the avenue is intersected by another avenue, the three combining to form a large open space set off by triangles which, next to that of the Capitol itself, is, perhaps, the most effective situation for a magnificent building in all Washington. A year ago, the several hundred feet of this unique site were occupied by an old shed, covered with a roof of tarred shoddy, and as perfectly black and dilapidated with age as any smithy ever imagined. This was the Washington Market, and it had stood thus conspicuously in the very centre of Pennsylvania Avenue for two generations!

Behind it loomed up three immense brick barns, — the centre of their roofs being raised in the ungainly fashion peculiar to grain-elevators, — which had just been built round three sides of the quadrangle of which the black shed was the fourth side. These are the new market-houses; and now the old deformity of the black shed is pulled down, and the new deformity of the brick barns is fully revealed in its place. In the remote future a fine façade, it is said, will be built on the site of the shed, which will conceal them; but of course, to put the City Market there at all was a glaring impropriety in the first place, bringing, as it does, inevitable market-carts and all unsightliness into the vicinity. That the land was a gift from the owner for the purpose was no excuse for its acceptance by the government. The Treasury or the Patent Office should have been placed there; and with land at five or ten cents a foot, as it was then, it would not have ruined the country to have bought the property, and given to the city a market site also; whereas the present disposition of it *has* ruined "the Avenue."

A little way past the market, come, within the space of a few blocks, the leading shops of the city, which, excepting the lace shops, are ordinary in the extreme; and after these the avenue pursues its dreary and shabby way until, fronting you at Fifteenth Street, the southern portico of the Treasury Department shoulders itself into the air, and, contrary to what I trust was the intention of Washington, completely hides the White House from the avenue and from seeing or being seen by the Capitol,— an eternal dig in the ribs of posterity from the obstinate elbow of old President Jackson (who, I am told, *would* have it there) that posterity must ever resent and his contemporaries should never have permitted; for the awkwardness of the whole corner as then and there fixed to all time cannot be exaggerated.

Such, dear reader, are the dire realities of that Pennsylvania Avenue whose name, at least, is known all over the country. Half-grown or scrubby, ugly trees, or no trees at all, alter-

nately preside over the broad sidewalks, which, when Congress is in session, are alive with self-complacent negresses, with whiskey-soaked, loaferish-looking men, with loudly or tawdrily dressed women, and with dirty-faced children, whose homes are over their parents' afore-mentioned shops. Several large second-rate hotels interrupt, but, with their flat white façades, do not redeem the depressing succession. There are a few tolerable store fronts, and just *two* handsome Mansard-roofed structures approaching completion, but they are lost in the general don't-care impression. The *soil* upon everything is indescribable ; and, in short, as a gentleman remarked in my hearing on first seeing it, " Pennsylvania Avenue is the New York Bowery gone to seed." — And yet there are not wanting enthusiastic sisters of the pen who describe it in their newspaper letters as a " splendid Corso," and reel you off such a set of celebrities whose imaginary habit it is to continuously succeed each other upon its pavements, as will fairly turn your head !

Up to the close of the war, Pennsylvania Avenue might have been regarded as a " specimen brick " of the whole city, so utterly devoid of taste or beauty were most of its houses. But since then a new era has dawned upon it in domestic architecture, for on some of the newer streets — K Street, for instance — the brilliant idea has been put into execution of regarding a whole block as an architectural unit, and building the centre and end houses taller and more projecting, and with somewhat more ornamentation than the others. There are not many of these blocks, but so effective are they, such is the delight in coming upon them, that in a manner they have redeemed the whole city from ugliness ; and indeed it is easy to see that if the idea should be extensively carried out, Washington would come to appear externally like a city of palaces.

If we turn to the public buildings of Washington, we find (the Greek architecture being once admitted) achievements worthy in many respects of the United States, — structures of which Americans have no reason to be ashamed, whether for strength, size, or beauty. Excepting the Capitol, there is not a ray of genius in any of them, however ; and owing to the utter absence of unity of plan in the decisions as to their location, they make but a fragmentary impression, and add little to the noble presence of the capital as a whole ; while the mistakes and incongruities that have been perpetrated in connection with every one quite take off the edge of the satisfaction with which the educated visitor might otherwise regard them.

Not but what things were finely enough begun. Congress and the President having been placed as they were by Washington, the chance was afforded for two magnificent architectural groups : first, the Capitol, flanked by the Supreme Court, the Patent Office, or what not, might have crowned the ridge in the manner of a Greek Acropolis, while marble steps and terraces swept up to them with their own superb and dazzling effect ; and, second, the White House, surrounded by whatever departments naturally cluster about it, might have risen proudly visible to the Capitol from the opposite end of the avenue Or, better still, each might have stood in solitary state within its grounds, while the avenue between them was lined with all the other buildings, — thus producing indeed a " Corso " unsurpassed in the world.

But, as has before been mentioned, the many-pillared Treasury is half-way across the line of the avenue, and completely conceals the White House from view. Its immense side-length is plump upon the pavement of Fifteenth Street, and the steps of its northern portico are actually in a hollow instead of on the elevation that all Greek architecture requires. If placed in that spot at all, the land should have been filled up to a level with the Presidential grounds ; instead of which, a sunken street was graded between them, and the bank

terraced many steps high on the White House side.

On the other hand of the latter are the old War and Navy Departments; and as I walked by them a year ago I admired the beautiful level lawn which, shaded with fine trees, and looking as peaceful as an old-fashioned college *campus*, lay between them all. It has since been gullied through, however, to form a new street, called Executive Avenue, and along this the new State Department, which is also to include the War and Navy Departments, is going up as a pendant to the Treasury. It is to be one of Mr. Mullett's grandiose granite Mansardian structures,— "only that and nothing more"; and though one must rejoice that the tradition of the classical architecture is at last broken for the national buildings, it is a question whether the low Greek Treasury and White House will not be dreadfully dwarfed by the towering roofs of their new French neighbor. Its cost is to be *eight millions of dollars;* and if it had only been placed on the Avenue where the Market is, it would have been there an immense adornment, and would have shown itself to the most admirable advantage. Now two of its four façades will be lost, from fronting on obscure streets.

The Patent Office is an immense quadrangle built around a whole square. It is respectable from its size and solidity, and its simple but spacious porticos are effectively reached by long flights of steps. But it is on a side street naturally unimportant, and, what is stranger still, the National Post-Office of white marble occupies another square diagonally opposite. If there is anything that can redeem for these two great and important structures their fatal, their inexcusable situations, I confess I cannot see it.

More fortunate than they by far, the City Hall was very well placed at the intersection of an avenue and a street. It is on a public reservation, and might have been in the midst of beautiful grounds. But it, too, is directly on the sidewalk, Judiciary Square being behind and at its sides only, and looking in a very rough and recent state. Like all the other public buildings, it is white and Greek; and though plain and small in comparison with them, it is pleasing enough to make one regret the grimy pillars and the degraded and demoralized aspect that the colored loafers who haunt there have given it. The generous width of the intersection in front of it — perhaps two hundred feet — would have afforded a centre-piece of verdure with plenty to spare; but the whole space is filled with the wooden block pavement, and poor Lincoln stands in the middle of it upon his bare white column, looking as ghastly and forlorn as one fancies St. Simeon Stylites himself.

The Armory, the Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural Bureau, and the Washington Monument stand nearly in line between the Capitol and the river, in different sections of a reservation that was originally intended for the City Park, but which Congress, in the most flagrant and indefensible manner, has trifled away and "appropriated" to this, that, and the other, until now there is no semblance of a park left, — only a separately fenced-off series of "grounds," for the most part half laid out and half kempt.

In the midst of the only one of them that has been at all improved into beauty, is the Smithsonian, built, I should say, in imitation of a feudal castle. The material is a rich red-brown stone, and it has seven or eight towers and towerlings, every one of them different, and which on a lofty height of the Rhine would look very picturesque and be suggestive of the growth and additions of different ages. In a flat park and for a scientific institution, the application seems a little forced; but as one approaches it through the winding walks laid out, and under the trees planted, by the "lamented Downing," it looks beautiful and gracious enough to be "its own excuse for being," and to make one only give thanks for an escape from the everlasting Greek. From

Capitol Hill, however, the effect of its many irregular turrets is very much injured by contrast with the great white unfinished obelisk to Washington that even now looms much above them, and which, as yet neither one thing nor the other, but, with its melancholy crane on top, makes one think of a gigantic gibbet erected from which to swing off to universal scoff the dead body of that gratitude, admiration, and reverence once felt by Americans for the Father of their Country. Its completion on the bald monstrosity of its original design would be simply a national misfortune, but its size and its situation are so remarkable, since it towers up over everything even now, and forms the termination of innumerable vistas all over the city, that before pulling it down a jury of our most eminent architects and sculptors ought to sit upon it to decide whether something cannot be done with it as it stands; for a man of imagination and power might be able to strike out from it some bold and grand conception.

A Monument was a highly appropriate thing to place in the city park; but were each of the other buildings now upon it as fine in their way as the Smithsonian itself, — they are both perfectly insignificant, — this would not repay the citizens for the loss of what was intended to be their chief breathing-place and pleasure-ground, and its treatment is a rich but characteristic specimen of congressional recklessness, incapacity, and want of fixed principle. It was originally a reservation that began with the Capitol grounds, and ran straight down to the Potomac River between the two streets that front the north and south faces of the Capitol. It was a rectangle, therefore, a mile and a half long and three eighths of a mile wide, and, too stiff and cramped, perhaps, for much "park" effect, it is greatly to be regretted that, instead of the space between the two parallel *streets* which start from the Capitol, the area between the two diverging *avenues* (Pennsylvania and Maryland), which soon run far outside of the streets, was not rather reserved for the park, for so it would have included the White House grounds, which touch the present one only at a right angle; and moreover, the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue being thus made a park boundary, the Market could not have been placed there, and the growth of the low quarter now infesting the region between the park and the avenue would have been impossible. Designed in this way, the park would have been a great isosceles triangle, a mile and three quarters long, with a base a mile wide on the Potomac, and an apex expanding round the Capitol into grounds three eighths of a mile square; and were I my Uncle Sam, I would yet beg, borrow, or buy for national purposes this area between the avenues, cost what it would; for so a fusing of the principal grounds and buildings of the National Capital into some consistent plan of beauty and fitness might yet be possible.

Such even as it was, however, if the park had simply been planted thick with trees, and left to grow up this last eighty years into a wood like the Berlin Thier-Garten, by this time it would have been a wide belt of shade and grass crossing the city and extending into the river, such as would have utterly charmed the heart of the visitor, and satisfied the needs of the population. But the most malicious ingenuity could not have devised to deface and render it more hopeless for all purposes of a park than has really been the case. First, streets were carried across it, and the divisions thus made fenced in, in forty-acre lots. Then, at an immense expense, a *canal* was cut through the city and carried some distance up the centre of the park, in order to connect Georgetown on the Potomac with the Navy Yard on the Eastern Branch, — with what wild idea of a gigantic commerce to be transported at any sacrifice by a short cut, who can now conceive? Of course it proved utterly useless; and after remaining a noxious sewer in the nostrils of a long-suffering neighborhood,

it has just been filled up (*after first being dredged out*) by the present Board of Public Works. Right of way having been given to a canal, of course a railroad could not be refused the same privilege; other interests were also allowed to encroach; and finally, in May, 1872, Congress actually gave away to rich railroad corporation Number Two a section of it worth half a million of dollars for a railroad *station*, with all its accompaniments! About two fifths of the very centre of the park have thus been stolen from the nation; and while one severed extremity was appropriated to the Botanic Garden at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, the other was divided between the three or four institutions just described.

Ex uno disce omnes. Washington City is full — and it might be its peculiar charm that it is so — of open squares, circles, and triangles; but, excepting Lafayette Square and the Smithsonian and East Capitol grounds, there is hardly a creditable one among them. The two former are exquisite, and were laid out by Mr. Downing, that is, by a man who had made a life-study of what he undertook to do, which is why they are so beautiful. The latter is a stroke of luck or genius which is too much for the congressional Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to stand, so they mean to clear the trees away, if they can, in order that the east view of the Capitol may be unobstructed.

What is it that Horace Walpole says? "The public taste is the taste of the public, and it is a prodigious quantity of no tastes, generally governed by some very bad taste." The dire angularity of the laying out of all the open places upon which the public functionaries are now busy in Washington bears out the above fully. Nay, they contrive to make even the very water itself angular; for all the fountains but two which they have put in — and they are legion — are on the principle of the squirt, instead of the jet or the cascade; so their stiffness and insignificance may be conceived! Yet with the great Potomac rolling by, Washington might well afford to have as many and as superb fountains as old Rome herself.

And so now we come at last to the Capitol, which, with all its defects, is the greatest architectural triumph this country has produced, and which can lack a world-wide reputation only because Americans themselves have not known enough to give such to it. Like all the most famous structures, it was not built in a day, but has grown gradually into its present development; and even unfinished as it is, hugely defective as it is, and with unlimited capacity for additions and improvements, it crowns the city and the landscape with a glory unsurpassed by any secular building in existence. It is not all of white marble, dear reader, but at first you *take* it to be; and its extent, its strength, its evident costliness, together with its singular external beauty, quite inflate one with joyous patriotism and pride, and in looking at it one feels that our money-loving and money-getting Brother Jonathan has the divine spark of genius hidden somewhere within him, after all.

The first surprise and exultation over, however, a succession of mortifying discoveries dawns upon the visitor, of which the most crushing to me was, that, though splendidly situated upon the ridge commanding the city, the Capitol *faces the wrong way!* The front is to the EAST, and those magnificent porticos, with their crowds of Corinthian pillars, their sculptured pediments, bronze doors, and countless sweeping marble steps, the bronze Goddess of Liberty herself,— everything, — turns its back upon the city, the river, and the West, and the whole façade exists for the benefit of the trees that were idiotically planted in the East Capitol grounds just across the street from it, and which have now grown so great that they make a full or three-quarter view of the building impossible, and so beautiful that the threatened cutting of them down is "enough to kill one."

Washington expected and intended that his namesake city should grow up in state and splendor on the hill, instead of down in the marshy, malarial plain. But unfortunately he placed the President's house down there, and of course all society inevitably clustered about it; beside which, the original property owners held the land about the Capitol at such exorbitant rates that for years people were actually forced to purchase elsewhere.

So for a long time the hill was comparatively abandoned, while the plain was peopled. But the marvel of marvels is, why, when the Capitol Extension was planned twenty-five years ago, and men had seen plainly where, contrary to the original expectation, the city had built itself, *that* occasion was not seized for making the grand façade on the west instead of on the east front, and of placing the statue on the dome facing in the same direction; for now the Goddess of Liberty looks as if, shrugging her shoulders at the hap-hazard city behind her, — nay, at the "great sloven continent" itself, — she were gazing regretfully toward the ocean across which she had floated hither, and were vainly wishing herself safe back in the "tight little island" of respectabilities and proprieties that gave her birth.

But the truth is, that Crawford's statue, though in itself a most noble conception, is not at all the thing for that snow-white dome, which, more graceful and enchanting (if it *is* only iron) than any dome in Europe, lightly lifts itself, a bold, pure, perfect conception, into the blue dome above, and which, therefore, instead of being weighted by the very august and pensive maiden in dark brown who now presides there "in all her ponderosity," should have been crowned by a white or gilded flying figure just poising there for a moment on one toe, and expressive, say, of "Westward the star of empire takes its way"; and *then* the strange exhilaration and satisfaction with which even now the visitor beholds this exquisite dome would mount into ecstasy.

In order to complete, i. e. extend, the eastern centre of the Capitol to correspond with the two newer wings, the present Capitol architect, Mr. Clark, proposes to spend two millions of dollars. But, as the reader can see from every greenback, for this generation the east front is well enough as it is. The grand façade of the Capitol, especially since the Presidential inaugurations take place from its central porch, ought to be on the west; and until that is accomplished, every other interest of the building should be put aside, excepting only such as relate to the convenience of the Congress itself. More room is even now imperatively demanded, but there is no reason why it should not be gained as well on the west as on the east, while every argument of beauty and fitness — since our whole continent lies to the westward, as well as the city itself — is in favor of spending our millions on the former.

But if the heart sinks with dismay over the mistaken frontage of the Capitol, it swells in indignation over the shabbiness, the neglect, the disgrace of its surroundings. Imagine an immense and magnificent white marble building, which cost no less than twelve millions of dollars, standing in a desert of red earth, with a small, horseshoe-shaped park hugging its western, and a small square one standing off from its eastern façade, and you have the immediate *entourage* of the Capitol of the United States; while just outside of this area, as I have before said, is a but too appropriate fringe of old boarding-houses, oyster-saloons, drinking-shops, shanties, sheds, and tenements. Not a blade of grass, not a shrub, not a fountain covers this red desert, but only two or three vagabond trees which are quite lost in the abounding desolation. Horse-cars, carriages, and carts are driving over it *ad libitum* all day long, and for years all the refuse of the Capitol restaurants was thrown upon it.

The two little parks, on the contrary,

are so thickly planted with trees as very much to hide the building. They are surrounded with the huge iron fence required by the period when elephants and megatheriums roamed at large through the streets; but Uncle Sam's money gave out before the fences were done, for that on the grand front of the east side is a common wooden picket one, and black with age at that, while those at the foot of the side-terraces are made of three rough boards nailed upon intervening posts. In the centre of the western terraces, two flights of stone steps lead down into the horse-shoe park; but at their ends, unpainted wooden stairways with hand-rails answer the same purpose, similar conveniences for the use of senators being provided also on the north side. The street or carriage-way between the eastern front and the East Capitol grounds is very badly paved and has no sidewalk, so that to look at the finest façade in the country you have to walk or stand in the middle of the horse-car track which runs through it! And so it goes. All over the national city one may read in giant characters the words, "Selfishness, Politicians, Rings, *Rings*, RINGS!" but the climax of the refrain is precisely here. Had this area of about forty acres been improved and planted as, eighty years ago, it should have been, it would now be an exquisite and historically venerable park, in which our every great statesman had perhaps left his own memento in tree or shrub, and in the midst of which the Capitol would have shone like a dream-land vision.

On the southwest side of the grounds there are no houses, but the red desert ends abruptly, and fifteen feet below it a marshy plain stretches in abject dreariness to the junction of the Eastern Branch and the Potomac. It is crossed by a railroad and seamed with a muddy creek and ditches. Negro-cabins are scattered sparsely over it, but as yet there are hardly any regular roads or streets through it; and though it is a square mile or more in extent, there is hardly a tree or a shrub to be seen, except at the extreme point, where, at the foot of Delaware Avenue, the beautiful lawns of the Arsenal extend into the two rivers.

Dismal and discreditable as it is, however, it affords an almost providential opportunity for one of the loveliest parks imaginable. For along the top of the ridge which overlooks the city and this now wasted spot, New Jersey Avenue runs southeast from the Capitol grounds to the Eastern Branch, and Delaware Avenue, when laid out, will run southwest from the grounds across the plain to the river junction; the two thus inclosing an isosceles triangle on the south of the Capitol, with a water-base on the Eastern Branch, similar to that on the west between Pennsylvania and Maryland Avenues with a base on the Potomac, which I mentioned before as the one Congress should have appropriated in the first place. Only, the park I propose would be far more beautiful than that, because in that the lay of the land completely hides the Potomac from the spectator on the Capitol terraces, whereas by pulling down the houses on the western side of New Jersey Avenue (excepting the building rented by the Coast Survey, they are very old, of little value, and there are not many of them) one could drive along it from the Capitol down to the water, and have this exquisite prospect of the two rivers and the hills beyond and the intervening park all the way, while, returning, one would enjoy an equally unique view of the eastern and southern façades of the Capitol at the most striking angle possible, of the hill-cradled city which stretches southwestward below it, and, at the evening hour, of the gorgeous sunsets which display themselves over it. On the other side of New Jersey Avenue, on still higher ground, is yet left the old Carroll place, uplifted now like a green island above the horrible cutting of red earth which has been made all about it, and full of fine old trees. This would serve as the Belvedere of the park, and a lower ridge, which runs along the Eastern Branch at

right angles to Capitol ridge, agreeably diversifies the plain; so that in truth, rocks excepted, there seems to be every feature here, in a small compass, that could render a park beautiful and even remarkable.

Such a pleasure-ground as the above might be made, with its walks and drives and river prospects, is needed to indemnify the Washington residents, and particularly the poorer of them, for the one in the central section of the city of which Congress has so wantonly deprived them. It is needed, moreover, to rescue one of the beautiful creations of the Almighty from being everlastingly lost to the enjoyment of His children; for New Jersey Avenue and the fast-filling plain once built up, it is gone! Yet no other park in or near Washington could duplicate this exquisite river view, or give the drive along the river bank that this could do between the Navy Yard and the Arsenal, or have the glorious Capitol as the crown and apex of the whole. Can the English afford the Thames embankment for a pleasure drive, and cannot Washington, without commerce, and with a double river frontage, afford one of them for the same purpose? Surely yes.

The city of Washington is at present in the hands of a "Board of Public Works" appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate; the public grounds near the White House are in charge of General Babcock, one of the President's secretaries; the Capitol grounds are superintended by the Capitol architect, Mr. Clark; the Botanical Garden is under somebody else; and I presume that the Smithsonian, Agricultural, and City Hall grounds have each a guardian spirit in the employ of the government, whose training, like that of most of those above mentioned, has been in anything rather than in landscape architecture. Of all these functionaries, the most active and influential is believed by the Washington public to be a certain enterprising plumber whose sign is visible on Pennsylvania Avenue from far and near, — Mr. A. R. Shepherd, vice-president of the Board of Public Works. This Board, appointed late in 1870, borrowed four millions of dollars; they taxed the people two millions, and they ran in debt two millions more; in all, eight millions. They themselves allow that up to December, 1872, they had spent thus much. Their opponents say that they had spent over double that sum; that they dare not exhibit their books; that they have so much influence in Congress that the committee which was granted at the petition of one thousand tax-payers to investigate their affairs during the session of 1871–72 either could not or would not compel them to produce them; and, in short, that in proportion to the property valuation of Washington (only about $ 62,000,000), the peculations and corruptions of Tammany in New York are moderate when compared with those of this "ring." Their friends, on the contrary, declare that never was there an incorruptible and beneficent public body on earth subjected to such "fiendish" persecutions as this Board has been; that it has had "diabolical" difficulties, trials, and stumbling-blocks to encounter, worthy only of the invention of the "imps of darkness"; and that their especial accuser, Mr. Roosevelt, is quite as much "out" in his figures as he pretends the Board are in theirs.*

Of course, in the face of such flat contradictions on both sides, one must only use one's own eyes and ears to judge for one's self as to whether the Board of Public Works appointed by the President were indeed fit persons to take charge of a national work of such magnitude and importance.

Five years ago the National Capital was a magnificent mud-hole, among whose streets and avenues cows, pigs, and chickens wandered as freely as the inhabitants. That these nuisances have been wholly suppressed, and that the city has been thoroughly drained

* See the speeches of Mr. Chipman, the congressional delegate from the District of Columbia, in Congress last spring, in defence of the Board.

and is now smooth and dry in all its length and breadth, with the latest inventions in pavements, is due to the immense energy of the Board of Public Works. Moreover, the streets of the city were, in fact, too wide for anything but very magnificent edifices, or else dwellings relieved with grass and trees in front. But everybody, as I have said before, rich and poor alike, had built their pikestaff-plain houses directly on the sidewalk, so that the effect was lamentable in the extreme. This painful baldness has been in many instances most happily remedied by the Board, for they have advanced the sidewalks from ten to fifteen feet toward the middle of many streets, and turfed the ground next to the houses to that extent; and it is truly wonderful to see how deformity has been almost turned into beauty by this simple process. Where the houses are at all handsome, as in K Street, the effect is positively enchanting, and gives brilliant assurance of what the city as a whole may some day become, *provided* the hideous cast-iron fences with which too many house-owners have already heavily loaded this redeemed turf are positively forbidden for the future.

Thus much admitted, however, commendation — at least in my poor judgment — should end. The streets are so immensely wide that any pavement better than cobble-stone must necessarily be immensely expensive; and if anything better was decided upon, evidently it should have been the most durable thing that could be procured. Some of the streets are laid with the concrete, and a few, I believe, with the Belgian stone pavement, but as a general rule the wooden block pavement has been used all over the city. Now, the concrete pavement that the Board has put down did not in many places last one year; and as for the wooden pavement, business men say that it only pays to use it where there is travel enough to *wear* it out as fast as in the course of nature it must rot out. But there is no business in Washington; nothing much heavier to be drawn over these miles and miles of wooden streets and avenues than the softly driven carriages of the fashionable women who spend the afternoons of the "season" in calling upon each other. Ten years from now, therefore, when in the course of nature these pavements shall have decayed, who is going to pay for new ones, after it has nearly ruined the property-owners to pay for these?

Still, the appearance of the city is so greatly improved by the smooth pavements, and it is such a comfort to bowl along in a cushioned carriage over a floor instead of jolting in it over cobble-stones, that within three years Washington property has greatly risen in value, and many more persons are attracted here as winter residents than formerly. Granting, therefore, that the present paving is all for the best from every point of view, what shall we say of the *grading* of the city as carried out by this Board of Public Works? The narrow plain in which Washington lies was not wholly flat, but gently undulating. The plateau on which the Capitol stands, and which stretches back on the level two miles or more, was also gently undulating. As the streets were first laid out, they followed the lay of the land, and houses were built on them accordingly. But Congress, forty years ago, it is said, undertook to "determine the grades" of the city. The whole plateau was to be shaved off until the Capitol stood alone in its glory on its highest part; and for the plain, no mortal, sure, can guess what their idea was. At any rate, from that time to this successive "Boards" have been trying their "'prentice hands" in improvement of nature's work. If the heavy loads of an immense commerce had had to be dragged up steep natural inclines, one could have pardoned the "ideal" of Congress and its agents in this matter. But with nothing heavier than a grocery cart or a carriageful of ladies to roll over it, to cut down every swell and hillock where it could be done to a perfectly flat surface is a piece of vandal-

ism possible only, as I believe, to self-taught men.

If a little learning is a dangerous thing, surely a little taste is a fatal one! For at what cost and sacrifice has not this flatness been achieved! To say nothing of natural beauty destroyed, and natural drainage unbalanced, *positive deformity* has been created. For along these gently rising streets houses, of course, had been built, whose owners were suddenly told that the sidewalk was to be torn up, and the street graded two, five, ten feet below the previous level! What then becomes of the houses? Left up in the air, people have been obliged to terrace their few yards of turf to the pavement, and to provide a long flight of stone steps to get up and down to it. Of all things in the dry American climate, dear reader, and in the Washington latitude, *terraces!* In "misty-moisty" England, terraces are appropriate and very beautiful, because they are green all the year round; the winter does not kill them, and the summer does not scorch them. But over here, even as far north as Boston, people whose houses are unhappily on a bank have to water the latter with hose nearly every evening after June to keep it from drying up. Fancy, then, what it must be to keep a terrace green in Washington! Why, even the Capitol terraces are a misfortune, for they are an eyesore seven months at least of the year. Moreover, as everybody knows, the boast of Washington is the royal breadth of its streets. But with the centre of the street turned into a canal or gully, and the houses perched on the sides clear up above the pedestrian, the effect of the space is greatly diminished, and the street looks cramped and narrow. If, then, the reader will imagine the beauty of a vista of high banks that are brown all winter and withered all summer, and which are crossed at every house by long flights of stone steps all exactly alike; if also he will figure up the added expense to every trunk, every barrel of flour, every ton of coal that is carried up these steps, and the tax on the callers and the residents who have to climb them to reach these stilt-mounted mansions, I do not think he will sigh to live in Washington. DEVASTATION, indeed, is the only word that can express much of the work of the present *régime;* and no matter who may have the charge of the externals of Washington hereafter, it will never be the city it might have been, any more than a man who has had the bridge of his nose broken can be as handsome as nature intended.

The assessments on property-owners for these "improvements" are absolutely terrifying, and many persons of small means have been obliged to sell their little homes from inability to meet them. Nor will the authorities wait for an advantageous sale. The time allowed is peremptory, and at the end of it the property must go for what it will fetch. The consequence is that it often goes very cheap, and is then bought in by the "ring" and their friends. At least such is the common talk in Washington; and it is certain that men whose paper five years ago was not worth fifty cents on the dollar, are now living at the rate of ten or fifteen thousand a year. Nor is this all. Expensive as is their grading and paving, the Board have been by no means careful to get it right at first in every instance, so that curbstones and pavements have been taken up in many places, not once, but *three times* in succession, and the property-owner made to bear his share of the expense of the mistake. As for the wails of the women over the trees that have been destroyed in this process, every woman can imagine them! And true enough, you walk and drive over this Southern city, eighty years old, blazing hot in summer, and ask yourself, "Where are the trees?" For one sees few worth mentioning, and the Board of Public Works, it is said, is responsible for the absence of a great many.

The grading, or rather degrading, process carried out by the authorities has not been confined to streets already

in existence. Drive out into the country a mile or two and you find the prolongation of the Washington streets and avenues *cut through* all the natural swells of the ground, so that the eye cannot glance anywhere without being affronted by these unsightly red gullies, which are all the more distressing because there are so few trees in the landscape to conceal their desperate deformity. Yet — will it be believed? — so well contented was Congress with the work and with the integrity of this purely local Board of ordinary business men that, at the last session, it actually voted them four millions of dollars with which to continue their cutting and slashing. But, by the end of spring, it was said all over the city that this was used up in paying debts, and that the Board intends next year to ask boldly for ten millions more!

Now compare their rate of expenditure and its result with those of Mr. Olmstead and his associates in the Central Park of New York City. From 1856 to the Tweed epoch in 1870, as we learn from the last Central Park report, there was spent in converting that barren waste into exquisite beauty but six millions of dollars, — those elaborate bridges and everything inclusive! * — while in two years these men have squandered ten (their enemies say twenty) millions, and all they have to show for it, beside the sewers underground, is miles and miles of wooden pavement, — much of it laid with dreadful carelessness, — several dozens of meagre iron fountains, some thousands of excessively young (and therefore very cheap) saplings, and, save the turfing next to the houses, not a single object of beauty or grace added to the city upon which the eye can dwell with satisfaction, — *not one!* Yet, to show how it would *pay* Congress to give the city into the hands of true artists, the property in New York bordering the Central Park has increased in value, since its purchase, fifteen hundred per cent, and that in the entire three wards within which it lies has risen six hundred per cent. The last year's *excess* of increased tax in those three wards over the interest on the cost of the land and improvements was $2,726,595.90; and this is only the beginning, for those wards are as yet but thinly peopled.*

I have seen it stated somewhere that the Indian-extermination policy of the nation costs the government, on an average, half a million of dollars per squaw! What a shriek of horror would go up from congressmen and their constituents were they asked to appropriate as much to make myriads of white men and women happy as they have cheerfully done to murder a few wretched copper-colored ones! The women of this country can blush, if the men cannot, at the spectacle of the National Capital farmed out — under the eyes and doubtless the sneers of the representatives of foreign courts — to art tyros and ignorant jobbers, who do with it what they choose for their own glorification and emolument, and are held responsible by nobody. We may not have among us a Phidias or a Praxiteles, a Michael Angelo or a Raphael, but we certainly have in this country men of genius and life-long culture, men at the same time of high honor and established reputation, — artists, sculptors, architects, and landscape-architects, — who could take the Capital into their hands, and in twenty-five years present it to the nation to be held in trust for the world as a thing of beauty, worthy of shining in its place in Time's coronet of famous cities.

Our artists are now everywhere pursuing the limited ends of their own fortunes. Yet nothing less than religion or patriotism ever fired the human breast to its highest achievements; and until American Art is called by the general voice to adorn the American Capital on its own re-

* Mr. Olmstead states, I believe, that, had he been allowed to hire his men in the open market, in his own way, he could have done the work even twenty per cent cheaper.

* The rise of property in Brooklyn around its magnificent park, also in charge of Mr. Olmstead, is said to be still more extraordinary.

sponsibility, and to make there its home, it will never be worthy of its native country, or rise to the stature of its sisters in other lands. This rich and extravagant Republic of forty millions of prosperous people has not a single national gallery wherein it can see even what its own eminent sons have done! What a comment on the selfish and sordid aims of those millions! Yet in Europe not only the great centres all boast their immense and priceless art-collections, but nearly every little Italian or German city, and of late even the English provincial towns, can point with pride to valuable galleries, and to memorable or beautiful buildings, which are adding richness and dignity and content incalculable to the otherwise barren sum of human life.

I trust I have convinced the reader that, from an artistic point of view, Washington at present is in a bad plight. A year's residence amid, and a year's brooding over the mismanagement that prevails there have "borne in" upon me the following propositions, which, of course, like all amateur attempts, are but a lame and impotent conclusion, and to which I only invite attention until such time as the country shall demand a dictum on the subject from a committee of acknowledged artists whose achievements proclaim them the fitting persons to pronounce it.

1. The city of Washington, having been created by and for the national government alone, private interests and wishes should in no case be allowed to stand in the way of a full regard for the national dignity and honor, and the innate fitness and propriety of things.

2. Congress should therefore buy up peremptorily at its present (not prospective) valuation the property entirely surrounding the Capitol grounds for half a block in depth, the whole of Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the White House,* and, in case the new park south of the Capitol should be purchased, as has been above suggested, the whole of New Jersey Avenue from the Capitol grounds to the river.

3. This property should never be sold, but should be used for the government buildings to be erected in the future, or leased to persons or institutions capable of building upon it in a manner worthy of the situation.

4. A National Board of Public Works, consisting only of landscape-architects, landscape-gardeners, and engineers of acknowledged ability and reputation, should be appointed by Congress, and given charge of the entire surface of Washington City, of the District of Columbia, of the National Cemeteries, and of Mount Vernon (for even there the hand of the Vandal has been committing sacrilege of late), and thereafter not a tree should be planted, far less cut down, without their sanction and approval.

5. Whatever funds this National Board requires for the improving, restoring, or beautifying of the above areas should be granted from the national treasury, and the citizens of Washington should only be taxed to keep the improvements in repair.

6. A National Commission of our leading architects, sculptors, and painters should pronounce upon all the buildings and works of art to be henceforth erected or purchased by the nation. And no house — not so much as a negro shanty even — should in future be put up in Washington without their permission, since there may be art even in the design of a shanty.

An attempt is being made by speculators in city lots to get the Presidential Mansion removed a mile to the north of where it now stands, the White House to be retained only as the President's Office. This should be sternly frowned down by public opinion, since from its historic associations, the beauty of its situation, and every other reason, the Executive Mansion should be where it always has been. At present it is too small

* The retail business now transacted there could be gradually transferred to side streets.

and insignificant for its obvious purposes, and the White House, therefore, should be built out towards the Potomac in a quadrangle with high roofs, and when these are done the portion now existing should be altered to correspond. Then the government, having as above recommended, taken possession of Pennsylvania and New Jersey Avenues and of the streets surrounding the Capitol, the lots at the White House end should be granted by it to foreign governments whereon to build the houses of their respective legations. Spacious and suitable dwellings, to be rented by Cabinet officers, should also be built in the same vicinity, and on both Avenues and around the Capitol blocks handsome and stately without, substantial and simple within, should be built and arranged in "apartments," continental fashion, to be leased to senators and members for the longer or shorter periods of their congressional terms. This done, and the interstices filled up with the buildings of the Government Bureaus, of the future National University, of the Congressional Library, the Hall of the Supreme Court, and what not, a sort of "Grand Boulevard of the Republic" — extending from the White House on the Potomac along Pennsylvania Avenue, round the Capitol, and thence at an obtuse angle down New Jersey Avenue to the Eastern Branch — would be created which the world could not excel.

The land and improvements of the Central Park up to the present time have cost New York twelve millions of dollars. But what of that? The New-Yorkers are proud of and devoted to their Park, and are willing to lavish upon it all that it can possibly need for its adornment, simply because they know that it repays them so bountifully for all; not merely, dear reader, in money, though we have seen that it does even that amply in the rise of the taxable property about it, but in happiness, — happiness that *beauty alone* can bring to the human heart, all unable as we are to explain it.

Out of their poverty the citizens of Washington have spent, in all, ten or fifteen millions of dollars to improve its disproportionate streets and avenues, while the government, though paying no taxes on its numerous and valuable "reservations," has, until last winter, given almost nothing at all to city improvements, but has confined itself to paying for those merely of its own buildings and grounds.

I fancy that the reader will be surprised to learn how little these latter have cost the country, and hereafter will not wonder that Washington is so beggarly as it is. Up to the year 1870 the government had spent in that city, exclusive of salaries, only forty-five millions of dollars, of which twenty millions went "for such general purposes as are not peculiarly a part of the Capital of the nation, such as the Navy Yard, Arsenal, Insane Hospital, bridges, canals, fuel, gas, water, fences, etc., etc., etc." * For the public buildings, grounds, pictures, and statues in Washington the nation has been assessed during four fifths of a century but twenty-five millions of dollars, i. e. just twice the cost of the Central Park. Or (to put it *à la* General Butler), from 1792 to 1870 every individual in it has contributed to the state and dignity of the Federal Government but *one and a half cents* apiece annually.

* See Report 52, 41st Congress, 3d Session.

Zina Fay Peirce.

THE PHANTOM CHAPEL.

I.

THE night-breeze puffed our sail, as through
The shadowy strait we steered; and soon
Along the flashing lake we flew,
Upon the white wake of the moon.

Betwixt the islands and the shore,
From cape to cape, we still pursued
Her sparkling keel, which sped before,
Like hopes that, laughing, still elude.

The mild night's universal smile
Touched sheltered cove and glistening leaf;
Each shadow-girt and wooded isle
Shook in the wind its silvered sheaf.

By day a flower, by night a bud,
Her pure soul rocked in dreamy calms,
The lily slept upon the flood
Her nun-like sleep, with folded palms.

From cove to cove, from cape to cape,
We chased the hurrying moon, — when, lo!
In yonder glen, what gleaming shape
Behind the trees uprises slow?

Between the upland and the wood,
Half hid by elms that fringed the shore,
The semblance of a chapel stood
Where never chapel stood before.

All still and fair, in misty air,
The lovely miracle upsprings,
As if some great white angel there,
Just lighted, stooped with half-shut wings.

Locked in the lonely vale, aloof
From men, the Gothic wonder rose:
On pallid pinnacle and roof
The quiet moonlight shed its snows.

From the dim pile, across the gray,
Uncertain landscape, faintly came,
Through pictured panes, a stainéd ray,
Red from some martyr's shirt of flame.

And, listening ever, we could trace
The strains of a mysterious hymn,

Divinely cadenced, like the praise
Of far-off quiring seraphim.

The winds were hushed: a holy calm
Filled all the night: it seemed as if
The spirit of that solemn psalm
Had charmed the waves that rocked our skiff.

The winds were hushed, our hearts were bowed
In silent awe, when on the night
Rose dark and slow a winged cloud,
And swept the marvel from our sight.

But, homeward voyaging, we seemed
Like souls that leave a land enchanted,
And all night long in memory gleamed
That moonlit valley wonder-haunted.

II.

Upon the morrow, to explore
At dawn the mystery of the night,
We pushed once more our boat from shore,
Through whispering flags and lilies white.

Along the widening strait we steered,
Past windy cape and sheltered cove:
The cape we cleared, the vale we neared,
There sloped the upland, flushed the grove;

And, where the church had stood, behold!
The latticed wing and pointed gable
And well-sweep of a farm-house old,
Turret and vane on barn and stable!

There at their work the housemaids sung
The songs that had entranced the night;
The farm-boy's magic lantern hung,
A pumpkin, in the morning-light!

Thereat we murmured: "Wherefore pray
For perfect knowledge? Better far
Than the sure insight of the day
The moonlight's soft illusions are.

"The moon is full of fairy dreams:
She pours them from her pensive horn,
And buildeth with her silver beams
Fabrics too frail to meet the morn.

"So fade the airy hopes of youth,
And Love's young promise disappears
Before the morning gray of Truth,
The unsparing light of later years.

"So perish manhood's pillared schemes;
And in the dawning of that day
That wakes us from this world of dreams,
Even church and faith may fade away."

But one said, "Nay, though we may miss
The cherished, changeful veil of things,
Within illusion's chrysalis
The shrouded Truth hides shining wings.

"Though we may miss the pearl and gold,
And heaven be other than we deem,
Doubt not the future will unfold
To something better than our dream.

"Last evening's bud laughs on the flood,
A perfect flower of purest white;
And life is but a folded bud
That still awaits the Morning Light."

Even while we spoke, a sweeter charm
Than ever night and moonlight knew
Breathed over all the breezy farm,
And lurked in shade and shone in dew.

Freshness of life and pure delight
In earth and air, in sight and sound,
Displaced the fancies of the night,
And better than we sought we found.

The farm-house, fairer in the glance
Of dawn than in its moonlight vest,
Lay clasped in airs of sweet romance
And tender human interest.

Along the dazzling waves the glory
Of the full summer morning blazed;
From the sun-fronting promontory
The crescent-crownéd cattle gazed.

The wild crows cawed; on great slow wings
Up soared the heron from the brake;
The pickerel leaped in rippling rings;
The supple swallow skimmed the lake.

O'er all, its roof the blue above,
Its floor the common daily sod,
Walled round with light, upheld by Love,
Arose the living Church of God.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE DEATH OF DOMINIE QUITMAN.

MADAM'S bedroom at Linlithstown was a wide, square, shady room, with old-fashioned curtains of white dimity with knotted fringes, canopies of white dimity above the two narrow French beds, and spindle-legged chairs and sofas in white and gold, with dimity coverings. Everything was cool, quiet, and white, except a tall, old-fashioned escritoire of dark wood, clamped with brass. The days on which Madam looked over this escritoire were marked with a white stone in my calendar, for it contained certain cases of fine, old-fashioned jewels, and piles of letters, which, if yellow and musty, I soon found contained stories not to be despised. Two of these letters I was permitted to copy, and give them below.

BELLEVUE, MANOR OF BESTON,
January the 23rd, 17—.

HONOURED SIR AND DEAR BROTHER: Pray excuse my Paper not being finer, but I have none other by me, and you was pleased to bid me write. Indeed, our honoured Father also hath laid his Commands upon me; saying with a Smile, that, since I was so mighty fond of my Pen, it were well that I should put it to some good Service, which, indeed, I am not loth to do. My Father hath commanded me to give to you a full account of the last Visit of our much-revered Friend, the Dominie Quitman. I am sure my beloved Brother remembers full well the Summer Afternoon when we were all gathered in the great Hall, we Sisters indeed crimping and ironing, while our Brothers looked on after a somewhat idle Fashion, and how we then overheard our revered Friend say in Conversation with our Parents, that it was his Wish to return to the Manor House, and die there, when his Hour came. Our honoured Mother afterward told Eliza that his reason for this was that in former Times he had greatly loved our Aunt Joanna, though, being then of poor Estate, he never told his Love, and that when he knew of her sudden Death, he was in deep Grief, and scrupled not to say that he was done with the Things of this World, as far as loving Them was concerned. Since then, he hath come into his Fortune, as you know, yet they say he hath ever held the Things of this World lightly. Our honoured Mother told us also that then, not only by Reason of his deep Pity for his Grief, but also for the Love he bore him, our dear Father prayed him to find ever a Home at the Manor House, and that he hath since come thither twice every Year, as we know; and being at the Manor House when Joanna was born, himself baptized her, giving her the name she bears, in Memory of our Aunt. Truly it seems somewhat strange to think that the excellent Dominie, with his Wig ever awry, as I know you failed not to remark, and his large snuff Box, which he handles not after the most cleanly Fashion, since his Ruffles are ever besmeared with it,—it is hard, I say, to believe that he was ever so deep in Love, and so shaken with Grief, as our Parents say. But I must not run on thus, but rather back for six Months, even to the Day of Cousin Robert's Funeral; of which Event, and of the great Perturbation into which we were thrown, by Reason of the Corpse coming unexpectedly, when a Dinner was laid in the great Drawing Room, and nothing prepared, Kitty hath doubtless told you in the Letter she writ at that Time; yet more likely not, since — having been given Charge of the Funeral Feast, our Honoured Mother and Sister Eliza both being ill — she was much grieved and mortified by the falling short of the Nutshells wherewith to burn the

Funeral Wine, insomuch that she thought of nought else, and does now empty our Plates of our Nutshells before we have well finished our Dessert, so eager is she that the Like shall not happen again.

The good Dominie, being Cousin german to Cousin Robert, on the Mother's Side, and also as Confidential Friend, walked after the bier, and went down into the Vault, and was there much moved, our honoured Father told us, by the Sight of our Aunt Joanna's Coffin, of which he had full View, while the Corpse of our Cousin Robert was being suitably disposed in its final Resting Place. The Dominie was then, and after, greatly shaken, observing to our honoured Father that he had not been able to cease gazing upon it, and had noted that her Hair, which in Life, Father says, was long and abundant, shone through the chinks of the Coffin, like pure Gold. On his Departure, some Days later, he told our Parents that he felt that his End must be near at hand, so sorrowful of Heart was he, and that we should see him soon again, which, however, we did not, for 't was only last Monday sennight that we saw him first.

'T was somewhat earlier than his usual Time for coming, as you doubtless remember, and happened in this wise. Our honoured Father being gone to Albany, on a Visit to the Patroon, we missed him much, a Snow Storm having set in, by reason of which we were unable to go abroad, and the Manor House seemed uncommon gloomy, as is, you know, ever the Case in our honoured Father's absence. Our dear Mother, seeing that we were moped, bade Jemima set the ironing Tables in the great Hall, instead of in the Linen Room, and was good enough to promise that she would herself read aloud from the Life of Sir Charles Grandison, of which, as you well know, we never tire. John and Robert also came there to play at cribbage, and the Boys being occupied with a Game of Snowballing in the Court, we became in a Measure cheerful, seeing we were thus together. Indeed, in some little Time we became uncommon merry, since a Rivalry arose between Eliza and Kitty, concerning a new Fashion of crimping Ruffles, as to which each thought she had the Right of it, yet was unwilling to show it to the other; and Peggy, Joanna, and I, seeing that the Fashion of doing it was mighty similar, were in much mirth, at which Eliza and Kitty were displeased, and appealed to Mother to make us give over our Mockeries. Dear Mother, as you know, is ever on the side of Peace, so she begged them gently to crimp each a Ruffle for her, saying with her sweet Smile that she would then have a Daughter on each Arm. At which Eliza and Kitty smiled also, and we, being somewhat sobered, proceeded with our work, being, to tell the truth, more interested in Miss Harriette Biron than in the Peace of our Household. We had thus been quiet for a long time, listening to the sweet Tones of Mother's Voice, when Harry burst in all agog, crying to Mother, "Madam, I have news!" and all the while was soiling the Marble Pavement of the Hall with his wet Shoes.

Mother waved him off, for you know she never permits us to enter after that Fashion; but he, forgetting his Manners quite, stood his ground, saying, "Madam, I have news indeed. The Dominie is coming, he hath just entered the Park."

"Sure, child, you are mistaken," said Mother quickly. "The good Dominie would not be like to be out at this untoward season. Go now, remove your Shoes, and remember in future to enter after a more courteous Fashion."

But thereupon Robert, who had been to an upper Window, returned, saying, "Madam, he is coming, of a truth."

"I pray God that no evil has befallen your Father," said Mother hastily. And thereupon, seeing the Dominie approaching the entrance, she, to our Surprise, ran bareheaded out into the

Court, crying, "Good Dr. Quitman, sure you are come to bring me ill News of my Husband, is it not so?"

We had scarce ever seen her so moved, and felt much dismayed, and the good Dominie looked not less so. "Nay, Madam, God be praised," said he, uncovering, "I bring you no ill news, save that I myself am come to be a burden upon your hospitality."

"Sir," said Mother, courtesying, "that could so dear a Friend as you never be. You are to-day the more welcome because the House is for a Time without its Head, and therefore in a manner under a Cloud, so that so dear and honoured a Guest as you, Sir, brings Sunshine to a dark Place."

"Madam," answered the Dominie, gravely, "I fear I can bring no Pleasure to your Household save that of doing good, to which I well know," said he, bowing courteously to us all, "you have accustomed yourselves ever."

He was now come into the Hall, and being, as was his wont, relieved of his Hat and Coat by Joanna, turned to Mother, saying, "Madam, I know that the Judge, my honoured Friend, and yourself meant truly when you promised me a Place in which to Die. Therefore I have come hither, trusting to that Promise, for I shall soon depart."

"Sure, Sir, you are jesting," cried Joanna hastily; an unseemly Interruption, for which Mother afterward rebuked her.

"My good Friend," said Mother, gently, "I trust that you are mistaken, for sure, I have scarce ever seen you in better Health."

"No, Madam," said he, gravely, "I am not mistaken, for it hath pleased God to reveal to me in a Dream that I should die in this House, at Noon, to-morrow; and," he added with a faint Smile, "I have for the past Month been setting my House in order, and have now no more to do save to add a Codicil to my Will, which I can do in the Morning."

We were all dismayed, and Joanna burst into loud Weeping, upon which, calling her to him and taking her by the Hand, he exhorted her tenderly, saying, "My good Child, you are grieved that I, an old man, am about to die; yet I am threescore, and have almost reached the Time appointed for Man to die, and now I esteem myself happy in that it hath pleased God to warn me in a Dream, which was His way with holy Men of old, and of which I am unworthy. See, too, how he hath blessed me, in appointing my last Hours among kind and tender Friends, and a Grave among mine own People, for surely ye are my People"; and then rising, and spreading forth his Hands, he exclaimed, "Peace be upon this House, and upon all who dwell therein!"

We were all grieved, and yet I was fain to smile, for Harry, plucking at my Sleeve, whispered me that he hoped the Dominie would dream nothing about him, lest he too should die. I did my best to quiet his Fears, and then, Diana being come to announce that the Dominie's Chamber was ready, we all led him thither.

He had, as ever, the North East Chamber, which, as you know, hath two Doors, the one opening upon the Landing, the other on the Corridor. As he passed the Clock on the Stairs, he said to Mother, "Good Madam Beston, I saw that Clock in my Dream, and was warned by a Voice, that when to-morrow came I should depart upon the first Stroke of the Hour of Noon."

Being come into the Chamber, and noting the huge Fire and the many Comforts dear Mother had prepared for him, "Truly, dear Madam," he said, "it is good to be here."

We now left him with old Peter for a Time; who, when questioned as to whether he had eaten any Supper, said, "No, but that he had been much in Prayer."

Dear Mother now bade Joanna carry him a Bowl of Soup, knowing well that he had a Fondness for all that came from her Hand.

Presently Joanna came forth weep-

ing; he had refused the Soup, saying his Time was too short for creature Comforts.

"Too short, indeed!" said Mother, displeased. "He hath no right to shorten it by fasting." And thereupon, bidding us follow her, she went again to his Chamber, and did very gently and wisely exhort him to eat, bidding him remember his long and cold Journey, that it was not his Right to shorten his Life by fasting, and she wound up saying tenderly, "Good Doctor, how can you edify these Children if you come to your last Hour more faint and weary than God would appoint?"

He was moved by this, and beginning to eat reluctantly, and with Distaste, yet did presently make a good Meal.

He then fell asleep in his Chair, Peter and old Diana keeping Watch. After a time, when he awakened, Peter and Diana got him to Bed, which was well warmed, and Mother presently brought him a draught of mulled Wine.

Mother, meaning to sit up all Night, had had a Fire built in the Tapestry Chamber, below the Dominie's Room, and Joanna and I begged that we might sleep there, to which, after some Entreaty, she yielded, the more as Joanna was really in much Grief. We passed a restless Night, ever and anon stealing up to the Dominie's Door, to keep Watch, and Mother, who was in and out, told us that he seemed every Hour weaker. At two o'clock Mother bade us keep in Bed and sleep, saying she feared much that the Morrow would be a sad Day for us all, and that, as it behooved us to rise early, it were well that we should have some Sleep, and that she herself would lie till Morning on a Sofa in the Dominie's Room, and would send Diana to call us, if aught went ill.

Hearing this, we gave ourselves willingly up to Slumber, more especially as we had been much disturbed. How long we had been asleep I know not; but I was wakened suddenly by the opening of a Door in the North East Wing, which, as you remember, is ever closed in winter, and of which, by reason of its loneliness, we are in some Fear.

I lay trembling, yet not daring to speak to Joanna, and presently we heard Steps, as of a Man wearing Boots, coming down the Corridor. I was now too much afeard to cry out, and Joanna, who, by this Time was awake, lay hold of me in much Terror, but we dared not scream, the more as the Footsteps halted at our Door, and then, after a Moment, entered. The Fire was blazing, but we dared not look, when the Men, there were two, walked up to the Fire Place.

"Sure, they are Indians," whispered Joanna to me.

"They are Murderers, without doubt," whispered I in return, yet dared not look. For a few Minutes we lay thus, but becoming so sick with Fear that we could not bear it, and the Bed being near the Door, and the Curtains hiding us, of a sudden we leaped out, and ran, wild with fear, to the South Wing. The Footsteps pursued us, but sure Fear lent us Wings, for in less Time than I write these words we had burst into Giles' Room, waking him from a deep Sleep by our Cries.

"What is this?" said he, waking in some Anger. But being told, he ceased chiding, and seizing his Gun made for the Intruders.

Presently we heard a mighty laughing, and lo and behold! our two men turned out to be the tame Deer, which, escaping from the Fold that that careless lad James had left open, had gotten into the North Wing, and so into the hall.

We had some Laughter, but presently, remembering that our dear Friend lay dying up Stairs, were quieted, and said naught of our Adventure until yesterday, when with much laughter we related it.

At Dawn Mother called us, saying the Dominie was much weaker, and that she had sent Peter to summon the Doctor. He came at nine, and hearing the whole Affair of the Dream, spoke mockingly of the Dominie's illness saying it was but the idle Fancy

of a Ghost-seer, but presently, going up Stairs, and seeing the Dominie, who in truth looked ill, declared that questionless he was dying, but of what he knew not.

This spread much Sorrow through the household, and the blacks all made an excuse to pass the Dominie's Chamber, who, though being now failing, had a kind Word for them all, and a coin of Value.

At ten o'clock we were all summoned, when, though in a feeble Voice, he exhorted us of Death and Judgment and bade us Farewell, leaving his special Blessing for Joanna. The whole Household was now in Tears, yet we could not forbear smiling at Eliza and Kitty, who, though in much grief, had unlocked the Store Room, and were, with much care, collecting and setting forth the things for the Funeral Feast, being minded not to be caught napping a second Time. Mr. Ryckman, the Lawyer, who was sent for to add a Codicil to the Dominie's Will, being now come, he was conducted up Stairs, and left alone with him at his Desire, the Doctor meanwhile remaining in the Corridor. Dear Mother going in from time to time to wet his Lips with Wine, "Good Madam Beston," said he, "sure you may spare yourself this Trouble, though it is sweet to me to be ministered unto by your Hand, and that of this dear Child here" (looking at Joanna, who had crept in after Mother), "but for the Wine it avails me nothing, since, on the Stroke of twelve I must be gone, not sooner nor later."

Here the Doctor, coming in, felt of his Pulse, and declared that it failed fast. The Dominie then begged that the Door opening upon the Staircase might be left open, that he might look at the great Clock. "For," said he with a Smile, "it is not every Man to whom it is given to know the Time of his Departing." And the Business of the Will being concluded, he called for some one to read aloud to him, he meanwhile gazing steadfastly at the Clock. Joanna began to read, and made shift to get through a few Verses of Job (which the Dominie desired to hear), but being then overcome by Grief burst into loud Weeping, and was fain to give her Place to Robert, who read well, like the good steady Lad he is.

Dear Mother meanwhile went in and out, ever bethinking herself of something for his Comfort, while I betook myself to consoling poor Joanna, who was sunk down on the Staircase in much Grief. In truth, we were all in Sorrow, and in no little Fear as well. While we were thus waiting the End, Harry burst into the Hall, crying that Father was in Sight. I am sure you remember well what Comfort his coming ever brings. We all went down to the Door to meet him. He came in smiling, but noting our grave Looks, and Joanna, who was in Tears, said to Mother, "What hath befallen, Sweetheart?"

Dear Mother then told him all, saying at the End, "It is well that you are come in time to see him die."

We, watching closely, were surprised to see him smile; then, turning to the Doctor who was come to meet him, "You bring ill news of your patient, Sir. Yet I hope soon to show you that I have a Remedy."

Then meeting Kitty on the Stairs, with a large basket of Nutshells in her Hand, he said, "What have you there, daughter? Put them aside: it is unseemly to hasten our good Friend's Departure."

"Sure, Sir," said Kitty, hurt, "I am in Grief that our good Dominie should die, yet I am but anxious to do my Duty in preparing the Funeral Feast."

"Truly, I know you are a good, thrifty girl," said dear Father, smiling, "and you shall prepare us a Feast, yet not a Funeral Feast, God willing."

We were all amazed to hear him speak thus; and being now come to the Landing, dear Mother pausing for a Moment to relate what measures she had taken for our good Friend's Comfort, he kissed her Hand tenderly, saying with a smile, "Sweet-

heart, you are so wise that I marvel that no thought of stopping the Clock hath come to you."

"And wherefore?" said Mother in amaze.

"I am much mistaken," said dear Father, smiling again, "if it prove not a potent Remedy."

Then, bidding Mother stand near the Clock, and us all to keep Silence, he went toward the Dominie's Chamber, the Door of which standing open, we could see and hear all that passed. Dear Father being come in, the Dominie said, "Alas, good Friend, you are but come in time to see me die."

"God be praised, dear Dr. Quitman, that I am come in Time to see you," said Father gravely; "I am the more glad as I have somewhat of importance to say to you." Then, making a Sign to Mother to stop the Clock, he took his stand at the Foot of the Bed, thereby hiding the Clock altogether from the Dominie, and said, "Good Doctor, you were ever ready with Charity; let me beseech you now to call your Lawyer up again, and add yet a Codicil to your Will in favor of poor Dominie Von Brunt of Duanesburgh, who now lies ill and sorely in Want of Help." And thereupon, without more ado, he bade Robert lay aside the Bible, and fetch Master Ryckman.

"Truly, I wish Dominie Von Brunt well, and would fain do him a Kindness, for he is a very worthy Man," said the Dominie, "but I fear it is now too late."

"Not so," said Father cheerily, and then, Mr. Ryckman having come into the Room, having had a Hint from Mother, laid forth his Papers with much Show.

"I fear me the Time is too short," said the Dominie again.

"No, Sir," said Father, moving to show him the Clock, which indeed marked but ten Minutes after eleven, "you have yet ample Time, and in the mean while drink this Cup of Wine which Joanna brings you. If it lengthen not your Life, it may make you stronger to do a manifest Charity to a worthy Man, for such this Codicil will be."

Then the Dominie having drunk the Wine, which was of great Strength, and the Business of the Codicil commencing, our honoured Father did so deftly bring up many knotty Questions of the Law, and so interest our dear Friend by opposing him, which, as you well know, he can noways suffer, that the good Man soon seemed to forget his mortal Sickness in the keenness of Disputation; and good Master Ryckman and the Doctor did so well second our Father's efforts that we, listening, were startled when dear Mother, laying her Finger on her Lips, showed us that it was five Minutes past twelve by her Watch, which as you know is a good Timekeeper. We had thought that but a few Minutes had passed since our Father's coming, and lo, the Hour of the Dominie's Death was gone by and he still lived.

He, being still plied duly with Wine, said presently, "I feel heavy with Sleep. Sure, Judge, it is the Sleep of Death."

"Not yet, good Doctor, please God," said Father gravely. "The Clock yet marks but twenty Minutes after eleven, if it please you to look at it" (which was indeed true, Joanna having moved the Hand as Father spoke, and before he moved aside to show the Clock to the Dominie), "and you must finish the Codicil, or, better, sleep, Sir, for ten Minutes, and we will rouse you presently."

"Will you so, sir?" said he. "Then I will sleep, for in truth I can scarce keep my Thoughts together."

He then slept tranquilly for near an Hour, the Doctor sitting by his Bed the while and holding his Pulse, which, as he affirmed, though weak, grew steadier.

Said dear Father, smiling, "I doubt he is so refreshed with his Turn at Argument, that he will live now." Then, seeing that it lacked but a few Minutes of one o'clock, he awoke the Dominie, saying, "Dear Friend, you have now slept some Time, and it were well that the Business of the Codicil were com-

pleted. But, first, that I may be assured of the Truth regarding the warning you received, I would gladly hear the story of your Dream from your own Lips." Which Trap the Dominie readily falling into, related his Dream at much Length, repeating again, how he had been warned that after Twelve, Noon, he should no longer be in this World.

"Then, good Sir," said Father, smiling, "if you should be alive after Twelve o'clock to-day, you might outlive us all; is it not so?"

"Sure, Sir," said the Dominie, hurt, "I little thought that so good a Friend and worthy a Man as you would be full of Mockery at such a Time."

"God forbid!" said Father, earnestly. Then stepping up to the Bed, and taking the Dominie's Hand in both his, "Good Sir," said he, "God will call you when he pleases, but not yet. The Hour passed in your Sleep, Sir, and 't is now One o'clock." Then, moving, he pointed to the Clock, which, being set on again, was now on the stroke of Two.

We all gathered round the Door, and dear Mother, seeing that the Dominie was like to faint with Surprise, bade Robert read a Psalm, and that being finished did herself read the Thanksgiving for recovery from Sickness, amid Tears of Joy from us all. The Dominie, then calling us round him, exhorted us in moving Words as to the Preparation for Death and Judgment, and, being afterward left alone with the Doctor, slept many Hours and rose refreshed. He came down to Supper, looking somewhat pale, but well and able to eat a good Meal. And he bore with Patience some Jesting from dear Father as to his Love of Disputation, which Father will have it called him back from Death. He hath just left us, having been mild and gentle, not rebuking us for levity, as is his Wont.

Dear Mother writes by this Mail. Pompey hath come in to tell me that the black Mare has a colt, and perceiving my Letter, which I told him was going to England, hath inquired if they have Horses in that Country, and I, answering, "Finer than here," have much surprised him. Diana sends her respectful Duty. Eliza and Kitty beg that by the first Ship coming to this country you will send them Feathers, which they hear are lately come in Fashion at Court. Peggy, Joanna, and I send much Love.

Your faithful and Affectionate Sister,

BETSEY BESTON.

This letter is indorsed in a man's hand:

"Received this letter from my Sister Betsey, at Oxford, June —th, 17—, giving the Tale of the good Dominie Quitman's intended Dying, and my honoured Father's Cure for his mortal Sickness."

Tied up with this is another letter bearing date twenty years later, and addressed to Governor Charles Fleming.

HONOURED SIR AND DEAR FATHER: My Mother bids me Write to tell you that we are all well, and pray daily for your safety. She hath lamed her Hand, and cannot hold a Pen, and, by reason of the Sloop stopping but a moment, I must needs be brief. My Mother bids me say that nothing hath occurred since she writ last, save the Funeral of the late Rev. Dominie Quitman who was buried in the Family Vault on Thursday last, his Corpse being brought hither from Albany. It seemeth he was an old Friend of my Grandparents, but by reason of his infirmities hath not been here for many years. My Grandparents were much moved by Reason of his Decease. My Mother bids me say that you doubtless remember the Tale; so with my loving Duty, I will conclude.

Your affectionate and Dutiful Son,

JOHN ROBERT FLEMING.

Marie L. Thompson.

ISRAEL BETHEL CHURCH.

IT is a low and dingy building, rusty green as to shutters and rusty white as to color, under the hill south of the Capitol, below the new level of the streets, and in an out-of-the-way neighborhood. Of a pleasant Sunday morning a crowd still gathers at its narrow doorways, and I presume there are love-feasts and watch-meetings as in the olden time: but in these latter days negroes manage ward caucuses, and go to the common council, and sit in congressional seats, and are sovereigns of the ballot in the great Republic; they have other and aristocratic churches, and some of them now "attend divine service" with the whites; the glory of Bethel is among the things that were, and it has the general air of being past its prime and well on the downward slope of life.

In its day it was one of the institutions of Washington. There were larger buildings, and churches of more pretension; but in the first years of the war soldiers and citizens from the North went to Bethel, if they desired to see the negro at his devotions. It was a democratic place. Spruce young bucks and fashionably dressed girls sat on the benches with kitchen-maids and runaway field-hands, and the extremes of African or semi-African society joined hands in praying and shouting. Therefore we curious Yankees went to Bethel.

Not so often to the Sunday morning service, for the garish light of day acts as a curb and restraint on the negro's fervor and emotion; and the brethren and sisters, for the most part, then sit quietly and soberly in their pews, and dream their dreams of heaven and hereafter in decorous fashion. The evening service, whether on Sunday or week-day, brought them out: then they were caught of the "power," and wrestled with the Lord, and overcame the Devil, and cried exultantly in the joy of redemption, and to their spirits the whole room was radiant with the very presence of the Most High.

Those were the days when city law or custom required the attendance of a white police official at evening meetings of the blacks, except as the authorities dared take the chance that neither "sedition, privy conspiracy, nor rebellion" would be furthered there. His presence seemed an insult and a menace, but so far as I ever observed he obtruded himself as little as possible, and before the end of 1862 he found it convenient to disappear from the scene. Those were also the days when no slave ventured on the street after a certain hour at night without a permit from master or mistress, except at the peril of a chase by the police, a detention in the watch-house if caught, and a fine by the magistrate in the morning. If one missed his favorite waiter at breakfast, he reasonably surmised that the "boy" might be found at the central police station, and at nine o'clock he sometimes went down and "swore him out" as his personal servant, without much compunction of conscience. For the young men of the North were wonderfully indoctrinated with Mr. Seward's "higher-law" theories, and it was an easily pardonable sin to circumvent the statutes of slavery in the national capital.

The Bethel "revival meetings" of that time were novel affairs to persons unfamiliar with the character and customs of the Southern blacks. They were held in the low broad back basement, packed with the chattels whom we were just beginning to call "contrabands," while doors and windows were thronged with negro boys and girls, and eager-eyed white men and women not quite equal to the social step of entering and sitting on the long benches with negroes. On one occasion I attended a two-weeks' meeting,

—going regularly every evening at eight o'clock, taking a seat that gave me an opportunity to observe the congregation advantageously. It was an experience that none of us can ever have again in all its strange fulness: the lowest of the city blacks had been quickened by the events of these last great years, and to the remotest corner of the South there had entered the influence of a new spirit.

The "leader" of this "revival" was an old man with white hair and trembling hands, the blackness of his face seemingly blanched a little from age. He had no great amount of culture, but his manner was magnetic and fascinating, and his tones could be tender, pleading, and supplicative. At times he thundered forth the terrors of divine law, and sketched graphic and startling pictures of the agonies of damnation; but he liked best to tell the joy of believing, and show us his idea of what delight there is in fellowship with Christ, the loving Redeemer of a wicked world.

Heaven was a reality to him, and to his imagination the Saviour was sovereign supreme: "Thar we 'll sit at his feet an' fol' our han's all de day long ef we wants ter do so; thar we 'll be free to go an' come tzacly as we pleases; thar 'll be de Lo'd in all his beauty, an' he 'll call de poo'est an' de brackest of us his chil'en, an' we can eat at his table, an' w'ar de crowns he 'll gib us, an' walk in de cou'ts o' heben, an' sing de songs ob new Jerusalem from nightfall till sunup, an' dar 'll be nobody to make us afeard, caze de Lo'd is no 'specter ob persons, but 'll hab de brack man same as de white man saved in his big kingdom!" It was such material good as this that he held up as the reward of a Christian life, and it was with such promise as this that he broke stony hearts, and drew "mourners" to the "anxious-seat," and it was such vision as this that his ecstatic soul unfolded to the weeping penitent prostrate at the altar.

In one of these evening meetings we were given an original exposition of the transgression in Paradise. The speaker was an elderly negro who had been a "hand" on one of the vessels in the Lower Potomac. He said the Devil first tried to get Adam to eat the apple, "but enny man in all he senses mighter knowed de Debil could n't er done dat ar; Adam 's too smart fur Ole Nick when he had nuffin but hisself ter tuk care on. But de Debil knew, caze he was in heben fo' de Lo'd frew him outen dar,—he knew dar was a woman to be made, an' so he just hove out de anchor an' waited fur de woman. When Eve cum 'long he knew he 'd got sure ting on dat ar apple; an' he hove 'longside whar she 's a settin' an' whisper in her ear an' say she 's mighty nice gal; an' she 's so tickled wid his fine speeches dat she jus' say guv her de apple when he ask her don't she want it. De Debil so pleased to see she fooled so easy he like to larf out loud. Women is mighty hard creeturs to do anyting sensible wid,—dey jus' done go contrary ev'ry time dey can, an' when Eve got her min' made up to eat dat apple, she's eat it ef de Lo'd hisself tell her let um alone. Soon's she done eat it de Debil say to hisself, 'she made muss dat ar garden Eben'; an' she kinder hear what he tink, an' make up her wicked min' to 'tice Adam to eat toder one. So she cum 'longside one time when she seen him settin' under de tree, an' say, 'Adam, eat dis yer,—he 's berry nice.' But Adam say he won't, an' she keep teasin' him, an' sayin' how she love him, an' finally he 's 'ticed, an' eats dat bad apple, an' den de angel Gabriel fly 'long dar' an' druv 'em bof outen de garden, an' say dey bof hav' ter work fur der livin'. But Adam neber eat dat ar apple 'cept Eve done gone 'tice him; an' he did n't do it den 'less he love her, an' she such a tongue, like all de women, she make him b'lieve brack is white." Nothing could have been on the whole more lucid or satisfactory than this. Some of the younger men in the audience were inclined to smile and nudge one another, but the older ones preserved a gravity

of demeanor that was both comforting and convincing, while numbers of the women appeared to regard the story as a tribute to the smartness of their sex, and only a few ventured to show anything like resentment toward the speaker.

At another time "Brudder Jonsing" dealt with the question of sun-worship. He wasr aised, he said, down in No'f C'lina, and his mammy sot a heap by de sun. "She pore, ign'ant nigga,— got le'el Injun blood, mebbe. She pray de Lo'd Jesus in de meetin's when weuns 'semble out yon in de rosum woods, but she 's drap on she knees an' pray de sun when we 's in de fiel's at wo'k. Raised me dat ar way, she did. No good in dat ar. Pore, ign'ant ooman! Done gone to glory now. Reckon she know diff'rence now,— Son o' God from sun in sky. Don't do no good pray to sun. Shines on just an' unjust, one like toder, — on bad man same 's on good man, — on pore mis'ble sinners hot 's on de saints in glory. But Lo'd Jesus, he 's de sun fur us. Shine on ev'rybody same 's toder sun, but bad men don't know he 's shinin'. He 's what makes life well as light. Times when we 's car'less an' don't mind how we libs, he blazes down on us, an' bimeby we 's mighty glad to run like 's if dogs howlin', an' git down on de knees an' beg him hol' on dar till we turn 'bout, an' turn 'bout, an' mind what we 's doin'. Den when we gits cold an' dark, he 'sinuates hisself into we's souls, warmin'-like and brightenin', so 's we wonders an' wonders how de wo'ld can be so nice place! Dat ar 's his way. Won't do yer no good pray to sun when he stan's over Navy Yard 'morrow mornin', — pray to de Lo'd Jesus; he all de sun you want. He make our way easy an' our hearts light; he bring us what we wants most in dis yer life, an' gib us eb'ryting when we gits ober Jordan. He hear us cry when we larf in de street; he hear what we say when we don't spoke not'ing; he see de load on weuns backs what don't make no show! Dat ar pore mammy o' mine, — she mean all right, but she 's ign'ant Injun-nigga!"

Many of the negroes of some prominence in these Bethel evening meetings were runaways from the South. Slavery still legally existed in the District, but the fugitive-slave law was a dead letter; even the stupidest of plantation "hands" knew it could not be executed there, whatever was to be feared from generals commanding in the field. Washington was, therefore, a city of refuge. Any one considerably conversant with negro dialects could frequently correctly guess from what section the speaker came by the use or disuse of words and phrases. But the African is notably an imitative creature, and soon catches new forms of speech by association. Thus it happened that, as in the case of Brudder Jonsing, one had a mixture of dialects, with an occasional touch of reasonably good English. So, too, customs from a wide area were to be seen at the Bethel services, and songs from various parts of the Coast States found utterance there. I cannot doubt that in a single "revival season" we Yankees heard "spirituals" from dozens of localities, — common in South Carolina but strange to Virginia and Maryland, familiar to the region about Wilmington but unknown in Richmond.

The hymn,

"When I can read my title clear,"

generally began the "revival exercises" proper, which were preceded by a sermon or an exhortation of a most fervid character. A favorite song was one commencing,

"De Lo'd say he won't die no mo',"

and apparently running on indefinitely, recounting the story of the Jews, the dealing of God with each of the prophets, the life and sufferings of Christ, etc. It was sung to a wild and unusually complicated air, and gave rise to musical discords that would have been intolerable but that they were so extraordinarily discordant that I was lost in wonder how they could be pro-

duced. Certain marked changes in the tune were introduced with a shrill and ear-piercing shriek ; and however the members of the congregation sung at random elsewhere, they almost invariably united on this in the highest key of voice and with great energy of action. Another favorite was a chanting air to which about the only words were,

"De way to Heben is a grand highway,"

and this, with a variation of pitch, seemed to answer as a response to the "experience" of any brother or sister. In the meetings there was usually more speaking by the women than by the men, and I have noticed this fact in nearly all the religious gatherings of negroes that I ever attended. There was generally, also, more singing than speaking, for thereby everybody got voice, and the peculiar and desirable pitch of fervor and excitement was sooner reached. The song oftenest sung during the second year of the war was that rare melody, Roll, Jordan, roll. Sometimes it began,

"Massa Linkum sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jordan roll ;
Gen'l Fremont sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jordan, roll,"

and so on, through a list of all the public men dear to the negro heart. At another time it began with the name of the pastor of the church, or the leader of the meeting, and enumerated a dozen or twenty brethren and sisters as to whose religious standing there could be no doubt. I remember that, on one occasion, a singer introduced the name of "Brudder Brown," when the singing was interrupted by a woman with, "Does you mean Brudder Peter Brown ? Caze if you means Fairfax Brown I calls for order ! " A satisfactory explanation followed, whereupon the conductor of the meeting asked another brother to "lead in prayer for Fairfax Brown, and pray that he may return from his backslidin'." Frequently the song began with,

"Lo'd Jesus sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jordan roll " ;

and brought in the names of Moses, Joshua, Elijah, David, Solomon, John, Paul, and pretty much everybody else of good report in the Bible, duly elevating them to a position on "de tree ob life, watchin' Jordan roll." At times the white visitor could not help smiling at the placing there of certain public men ; yet it was never otherwise than delightful to hear the packed audience strike the notes of this joyful and swinging and resonant melody.

Time has rung out the Old and rung in the New, and those marvellous nights lie behind the war and the change of many years. But I have only to shut my eyes to the sights and my ears to the sounds of this busy afternoon, and I am back in the smoky, candle-lit basement of Bethel, and the last of the revival meetings of that March season is in progress.

The final unbeliever has yielded and declared himself "at peace in de Lo'd." The "power" has possession of four old women : one stands erect and stiff against the wall ; one sits on the floor and sways back and forth ; one has fallen in a motionless heap at the corner ; and the fourth springs up and down in front of the altar with loud shouts and much clapping of hands. The "power" has also seized some of the young men and young women. One lies on his back and does nothing but cry, "Glory ! glory ! glory ! " Another is on her knees with her head bent to the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break with excess of joy, while she exclaims, "De Lord is good ! de Lord is good ! " A third is kneeling with upraised face and streaming eyes, repeating over and over again the words, "My Father which art in heaven, — my Father which art in heaven ! " Three or four have joined hands and are singing in the loudest key some jubilant air to words improvised by one who stands near and "beats time" with his fists on the window-sill. Half a dozen are alternately rising and kneeling at the farther end of the "anxious-bench," praying and singing and sobbing in the

same breath. Two sisters have fallen on each other's necks in the middle of the aisle, and, with her trembling hands over their heads, a wrinkled old mother ejaculates her thanksgiving. A young couple have run to the side of the room, and are dancing with clasped arms as they sing Rock of Ages ; while a hundred others, men and women, shout their joys and hopes of Christian life in a volume of voice that may be heard many squares distant. It seems a wild, and almost mirth-provoking scene as I try to picture it for unaccustomed eyes ; but it is a solemn and most precious feast for these negroes, whose faith sees heaven as a new world in which Christ will relieve them from all burdens, and give them the best of every material comfort and delight ; and he would be a very cold-hearted man who did not feel some glow of sympathy with their hope and passion and longing, and thereby come into a mood of pitying reverence.

During the winter of 1861 – 62 and the spring of the last-mentioned year, many sermons and exhortations were delivered at Bethel in which the speakers trod on the perilous edge of what the local law knew as sedition. For months before the passage of the District Emancipation Act, the bolder preachers spoke of slavery as an iniquity near its end. "We must be patient, my friends," said one of them ; "the Lord works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform ; we cannot speed his coming, but we know this present will end, and he will work out his own salvation to the oppressed of every nation under heaven, and it needs that we set our hearts and our hands in order for his deliverance!" The words were not direct, but the dullest hearer in the room knew what they meant ; and from every quarter they were answered with nervous shouts of, "De Lo'd come quickly!" "De Lo'd sees what we want!" "De Lo'd help his pore chil'en!" "Amen and amen!" It was a shrewd peculiarity of the speakers in those times, that many of their utterances had one tone for the ear and another for the heart ; they talked of heaven and freedom and the Lord in impassioned strains intended adroitly to feed and cheer the hope of those longing for earthly liberty and the overthrow of slavery. And when emancipation came, Bethel did its share of work in steadying the liberated slaves to their new relations, — preaching sobriety and forbearance, inculcating a modest and orderly walk and conversation, and counselling dignity and patience in waiting for the civil rights of citizenship. Of its course in later times with respect to political affairs in the city I do not speak, though I confess to a belief that it has not manifested the wisdom and moderation of other days.

When I recall some of the prayers I heard in that unfashionable negro church at Washington, I have a sense of nearness to God often enough missed during prayers at fashionable churches in other cities. Certain of the brethren and sisters were spoken of by their fellow-members of the congregation as "greatly gifted in prayer." Two of these — "cousins" they named each other — were middle-aged men who worked out to freedom from Georgia. One of them was of imagination fairly tropical, and there were never more serene and realistic heavens than revealed themselves when he knelt and drew back the curtain from the refuge and reward of his eager and passionate soul. The other was more deeply concerned with every-day matters, and, unless my recollection is at fault, began every one of the score of prayers I heard him make with a fervent petition for the health, strength, and abiding in Jesus of "Mawsa Linkum de President." There were times when one found it a little difficult to restrain laughter at quaint conceits and odd expressions, but the sincerity and earnestness of the suppliants amply atoned for whatever was grotesque in their phraseology.

The Bethelites believed in prayer. What they wanted they prayed for, —

work, good pay, blankets for de chil'en, customers in the market, the success of de soldiers fightin' de Lo'd's battles. The Lord of Hosts was a mighty being to whom all things were possible, and they did not doubt that he would comprehend the secret of many purposely veiled petitions, and could answer the desire of the spirit as well as the words of the tongue.

At one of the Sunday-evening meetings in the basement, the preacher opened his prayer with, "'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord,' for

> 'I love the Lord, — he hears my cries
> And pities every groan;
> Long as I live, when troubles rise
> I 'll hasten to his throne';

and I 'm sure he 'll never turn his back on any of us, his poor children, — never forget that our way of life is a rough one, and that we need his supporting hand more than our white brethren do.

> 'His ear attends the softest call,
> His eyes can never sleep';

and we know we may come to him with all our woes and wants. Dear Lord, we want a clearer view for our waiting eyes; the world is a hard place for us poor blacks; if thou dost not show us heaven plainly, how shall we keep from easy sin and constant stumbling?" To the very last word the long prayer was wholly of this touchingly unconventional fashion.

On another occasion the services up stairs commenced with the familiar hymn,

> "O God, our help in ages past,"

and continued with prayer which began in this wise: "Father in Heaven, Ruler of the Universe,

> —— 'our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home,'

we draw near to thee this evening in loving confidence." I never before heard a quotation in prayer given with so much point as the preacher's enunciation gave to this. The emphasis he threw upon the word "our" in each line startled me, and looking up I saw that the tears were running down his cheeks. In all parts of the house was echoed, "Amen!" "Amen!" "Bress de Lo'd!" "Guv 'im t'anks!" Clearly, these men and women understood whose arm held them in the long and weary way. In praying for the President and all in authority, the man said: "Be with them continually, teaching them to love virtue more than vice, right more than wrong, justice more than expediency, freedom more than slavery; and we pray thee especially not alone that they may *love* justice more than expediency, but that they may show their love in their deed." The entire prayer was marked by this directness of entreaty. In speaking of the army his word was: "Be with our men in the day of battle, so that the bullets from their guns may do thy sure and holy work."

The war spirit raged strongly at Bethel in 1862 and 1863. The pastor in charge for a part of those years was a stalwart fellow, of pure African blood, I believe, who has since served a term or two in one of the Southern legislatures, and, for aught I know, may still retain a seat therein. He was a leader rather than a follower, and one of the first negroes to enter the military service, going out as a chaplain, and, I doubt not, stirring his regiment to vigor and sternness of bearing. He had no scruples about the shedding of blood in a good cause, and never for an instant, so far as I was informed, wavered in the belief that war against slaveholders was righteous. He was a critic and censor; had no patience with those who adopted half-way measures or were content with a temporizing policy; and declaimed vehemently against the attitude of certain white folks' churches in Washington. Preach from what text he would, begin where he might, he seemed to always find the war within the scope of his theme. I suppose the military question more or less entered all the negro pulpits at that time; in this I always found it the principal one. What the war would do for the colored race, how it

was to bring all rights and all blessings in its train, — this was the burden alike of Sunday sermon and week-day exhortation.

Once I heard a sermon there from the text, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Probably I need not say that I was curious to see what work the preacher would make with the Mosaic account of the creation. He had heard men argue, he said, "that this record of the beginning of things is not true; that there was more than one source of life on the earth; that we did not all descend from Adam and the garden of Eden; that no well-educated person now accepted what was said in the first chapter of the Bible as an exact statement of fact. All this sort of talk, friends, need not trouble us. The Bible is true: on that I rest my feet. Whether we always understand the Bible right, is another thing. We must all study it as faithfully as we can. The Lord will not hold us responsible for mistakes, if we really do the best we know how. He is a tender father, we are ignorant children." How was one to get into an antagonistic mood toward a preacher who disarmed superior culture in this manner?

"This is what God means,— the wisest, greatest, highest, most majestic, most loving, most tender. All nations have this something above all other things. That is God. He created the heavens and the earth and the sea and all that is therein. He is manifested to us in Christ, the Captain of our Salvation." Some one in the rear of the church shouted out, "Thank God for our Captain!" To which the preacher responded, "Yes, thank God for the Captain! God is so high and mighty that we poor creatures would not have dared to call him 'Father,' except for the Captain who redeemed us and will lead us on to glorious victory. The Lord Jesus was in heaven just as God was, but he could n't bear to have the sons of men so far away, and therefore he came down to earth, took our form, lived our life, and suffered everything to death, that he might know just how to be the Captain of our Salvation. He did not escape anything. He was naked and hungry and thirsty and shut in prison, just as we have been. That was what God created him in the heavens for in the beginning, to know whatever afflicts us, so that he might be our Captain.

"In the beginning God created, the Bible says. God has beginnings every day, and he goes on creating every day. Shall I tell you what? He is making us poor men over every day of all this war time. We were n't worth much two years ago; perhaps we are n't worth a great deal now; but God will make men and women of us before he rests from his work. He is every day creating righteousness of heart among the white people of this land, and when he finishes that creation the chains will fall from our race, and we shall walk free everywhere and know no master but Christ. And he is every day creating friends for us, not only here in Washington, but all over the North. Whoever else goes back on him, we can't do so!" This idea of going back on somebody or something was common among the negroes of that time. They were in the habit of saying that such and such officers had gone back on the colored race; and when once that notion got well abroad, the offending person was never again given a seat on the tree of life to watch Jordan roll.

The church had a well-lit audience-room, with pulpit at one end and gallery at the other, no cushions on the seats, cocoa matting in the aisles, and a pretty marble-top table at the front. After he entered the army, his people spoke of the chaplain as though they had a great deal of pride in his position, and the church was full whenever he chanced to be in Washington and could preach. There was a choir of twelve or fifteen good and tuneful voices, and the congregation was frequently asked to join in the singing; though, truth to tell, the great majority of the negroes themselves needed no urging. "Walk in, friends, walk in," was the sexton's salu-

tation as white men drew near the door; walk in, the seats are all free; go in on this side, please, the other door is for the ladies." On more than one occasion when I took a seat near the entrance, I was invited to sit farther forward; I could hear to better advantage, and might be chilly if I remained near the oft-opening door. I cherish a lively memory of that sexton.

In March, 1864, word was circulated on Saturday that the chaplain had come to town, and would preach on the following evening. For some cause he failed to reach the city, and in one sense those of us who went to the church were disappointed. But we heard a stirring war-sermon, nevertheless, and saw the negroes in one of their peculiar moods. The preacher was a smooth-faced mulatto, educated at Oberlin, as I was subsequently told. "Looks quite young," I said to one of the class-leaders after the close of the meeting. "Yes, he is young, but he 's been in service a good many years." War terms had then become a part of the current coin of conversation; these colored people of Washington used them as if use brought a taste of civil advancement.

The "lesson" of the evening was the first half of the last chapter of Nehemiah. Into the words, "and I perceived that the portions of the Levites had not been given them," the reader put that tone meant for the heart rather than for the ear; and half a dozen persons at once answered him with exclamations of, "Have n't got our part!"

The text was, "Will a man rob God?" from the third chapter of Malachi; and the first part of the sermon related to God's dealings with the Jews, showing what wonderful things he had done for them, how much of love and gratitude they owed him, how they robbed him, went off after false gods, and were finally and justly punished for their sin and rebellion. We hear much to the effect that life is a burden of disappointment. This man of an oppressed race, leaning over toward his people, said: "I tell you, dear friends, it 's very seldom that a man does n't get the desire of his heart. If he really longs for love here on earth, some way the good Lord brings it to him. If he longs for the pleasures of sin, God gives him his free will and he gets his desire. But" — rising erect and lifting hands and face upward — "but you must not forget that God holds the balances!"

He turned to the second part of the sermon with this: "It is easy enough to criticise the Jews. There is always a little pleasure in contemplating the failings of others, if we can for the time being forget that we too are human. Shall *we* rob God? Do you see how near to our hearts comes the question asked by the prophet in those far-away days? Do you see how his words apply to us?" Leaning over the pulpit again, with sudden tears in his eyes, a curious fulness of the lips, and a wailing cadence in his voice,— "For we too are in bonds; *we* know what it means to have task-masters; *we* have felt the lash; *we* have given our best and dearest for the oppressor's gain; *we* have been driven to make brick without straw; *we* have wept by the waters; *our* harps have mourned for the joys of other lands!" The effect of these words was instantaneous and remarkable. Many persons burst into tears, and fifty voices responded, "Yes, yes, we knows, we knows all dat!" Springing upright, he made answer with ringing emphasis, "Yes, we know! We *do* know what pain and longing and suffering and passionate desire are! Our fathers and our mothers, and our sisters and our brothers, and we ourselves, are brothers and sisters of the Jews, — sealed as such by common bondage and common degradation. Like them we have cried day and night for deliverance! The tobacco-fields and the cane-brakes and the cotton plantations of the South are our witnesses! The waters of her rivers and the fastnesses of her swamps testify to our slavery and our suffering! Her fields, her forests, her towns, her cities, her wide web of social life, her very bone and marrow, show how we knew

wrong and scourging and contumely and death!"

It seemed as if he must stop, for nearly all the women and a large proportion of the men were sobbing. But he rose to fuller height, and there was a defiant tone in his voice as he cried: "Had we not a right to lift our hands to heaven as the Jews did and cry, 'How long, O Lord? how long? how long?' Have we not deserved the victory? Have we not deserved our manhood? I appeal to these white brethren here with us to-night, do we not deserve the rights and privileges of manhood and womanhood?" He paused a moment, his rigid lips softened into a tender smile, his large eyes again brimmed with tears, he stretched out his arms and again leaned toward his audience: "Dear friends, the Lord heard our prayer! When there was no human ear open to us, he bent down from his mighty throne and gave us his ear! When there was no human arm reached out to us, he stretched down his strong and loving arm and led us through the wilderness! Dear friends, remember the Lord, — remember the Lord!" Once more standing straight, all alive with excitement, pacing up and down the platform behind the desk with rapid steps, he exclaimed: "Remember the Lord! He led us through the wilderness! He made a way for us when we could n't see any! He turns the wrath of man to his praise, and by means of the war we are coming into our own estate! We 've got over the worst of it! We are in the Red Sea yet, but the Lord will bring us through! The great waters are piled on either side, and our hearts grow faint, and our fears wrestle within us, but the Lord will bring us through! He 'll bring us through it all; we shall get our deliverance and stand safely on the other shore! It 's the Red Sea yet, but the Lord will bring us through! Dear friends, trust in the Lord! We shall yet come off conquerors through him who hath loved us!"

This was language to move to the utmost the hearts of those to whom and of whom he was speaking; and from nearly every seat in the house came up, through the wailing and sobbing of the congregation, fervent responses, "Bress de Lo'd!" "Amen and amen!" "Trus' de Lo'd!" "We 's mos' fru de Red Sea!" "Mos' fru, — mos' fru!" A score of men shouted and clapped their hands; half a hundred sprang to their feet in excitement; one old woman jumped on her bench, threw her arms above her head, and fairly screamed, "Stan' by de good Lo'd, everybody! Stan' up straight an' hang on ter his big hand an' he 'll bring us all fru!" The scene was absolutely startling and painful in its wildness; and it was several minutes before such silence came as enabled the preacher to add his few words of exhortation, — that all should remember what God had wrought for them, and do everything they could to sustain religion, the church, and the army.

One evening there was a plea for Wilberforce College. The speaker asserted that it was in danger of being sold for debt, and urged that the colored people of the land ought to save it from such a fate. "Do you tell me," he said, "that you have given a great deal of money lately? Do you say it was not so before the war began? I answer, that is as it should be. It is a burden to be a man, — a burden to be a woman. Did you dream that you could have the ease and pleasure of manhood without its responsibilities? We have cried unto the Lord for our rights; we have wrestled with the world for the blessing of our recognition; thousands and thousands of our brothers are holding their hearts as marks for Rebel bullets (We pray thee, O Lord, thou mighty man of war, be with them on the right hand and on the left, so that they fail not in the work thou givest them!); and shall we who sit in comfort at home shirk our part of these new responsibilities? We want money to-night, — money for God and Wilberforce. Give us liber-

ally. We are not worthy to be men and women, if we do not gladly accept the burdens of manhood and womanhood." The amount realized from the collection was about two thirds of what it was thought the church should give. "I shall call for more next Sunday, and right along every Sunday, till I get what we ought to give," said the pastor; "it costs something to be men and women, but we don't want to be less than men and women, do we?"

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was kept at Bethel in the usual manner of the Methodist denomination, and the abandon of the old men and the old women as they sang the quaint songs of the church was something to be long remembered. "Sing, brethren and sisters, sing from the heart," said the pastor on one occasion; "the Lord made us poor in some respects, but he blessed us more than kings and queens in giving us love of song and the power to sing. Sing unto him a glad song while we eat and drink the tokens of his triumphant death and resurrection." There was no room for mistake as to his feeling in relation to the Sacrament; he knew it to be good for the soul, — a royal blessing full of life and warmth and all cheerful consolations.

During the spring months the Sunday-evening services frequently closed with the admission of persons to the church on trial. In this ceremony the character of the pastor again manifested itself most noticeably. One easily saw that the church was to him the court of heaven; there he found his greatest delight and his highest happiness; and the rest and comfort and inspiration it gave him he ardently desired every other soul to have in the same measure. "Harriet Johnson: says she has n't religion, but wishes to come in among the Lord's people. Hearing no objection, we receive her. Harriet," — taking her hand, — "we are glad to have you here. The Lord is n't such a task-master as you ran away from in old Virginia. He 'll be delighted to serve you, if you 'll only let him. We 'll do you all the good we can; but if you love the Lord Jesus, he 'll do more for you in an hour than we can in a year." Passing to the next of those who stood in front of him: "James Green: has lately joined the army of the Lord, he says. We welcome you to the ranks, James, and will try to help you fight the good fight like a man. Brother Brown, we shall put him in your class, — Wednesday evening, James, — and we want you to show him how we drill and do the Lord's work." So he went through the whole list of applicants, with a special word of encouragement for each, coming at last to a good-looking fellow of about thirty-five. Grasping his hand very heartily: "John, we are right glad to see you here. I 've been waiting all winter for you. I felt sure you would get in after a while. Not one of us has anything against this brother. John, we expect you to do good service in the church. You must train with Brother Jones for a few weeks, but I shall soon put you over a class of young men, every one of whom I am anxious to save for the Redeemer. The Lord bless you, — bless you abundantly!"

Stepping to the pulpit stairway: "Now let us close this season of refreshing with the glorious Praise-God doxology, and then may the good Lord of life and love go with you all, and abide with you till you reach the grave, and then may we all abide with him and the saints in his kingdom for ever and ever!"

Sidney Andrews.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

DR. CLARKE is well known to the public and to the medical profession as an eminent practitioner, teacher, and writer on practical subjects connected with his calling. Having been requested to address the New England Women's Club in Boston, he selected a subject in which all the members of that association might be supposed to take especial interest, that of the relation of sex to the education of women.

The subject is a very delicate one to handle. It involves physiological points which it is difficult to deal with without giving offence in some way or other. Woman is the weaker vessel in many ways, and does not always care to be reminded of it. Yet the facts of anatomy and physiology are at the bottom of many differences in the capabilities and adaptations of the two sexes for the various offices of life. The female's muscles are weaker than the male's, and she must not be expected to do so much bodily work. The female's brain is five or six ounces lighter, on the average, than the male's, and she must not be expected to do so much "cerebration" as he can do. The special relation of the female to humanity that is to be, involves many disturbances, habitual and occasional, which handicap her, often very heavily, in the race of life. It is the duty of the anatomist and the physiologist to insist that these organic facts shall have their due weight in every arrangement which relates to the education and condition of woman. It was doubtless with the view of hearing Dr. Clarke's opinion on this particular subject, to which he was known to have devoted much time and thought, that he was asked to read a paper before the association mentioned above as having furnished him with an audience. A professional or scientific speaker likes to address himself to those who are in a position to understand him, people with eyes in their heads,—*oculatis auditoribus*, as Fallopius calls the hearers before whom he made his demonstrations. The mothers and teachers present were deeply interested, and some of them must have left the room sadder as well as wiser for listening to Dr. Clarke's statement of facts, and his weighty comments with their very serious practical conclusions. So far very well; but whether a woman's club with a sprinkling of men in it is the fitting place for the open-mouthed discussion of such subjects may be respectfully questioned. On the one occasion where we saw it attempted, which was at the reading of Dr. Clarke's paper, there was a cloud of dust raised about the special points involved, in the course of five minutes after the essayist's voice had ceased, under cover of which the main question disappeared like the Homeric hero when his celestial mother carried him out of harm's way in her vaporous mantle.

Still less can pathological conditions involving considerations of sex be discussed freely before the general public. They are to be studied and the facts respecting them made known by the experts who alone are qualified to speak with something like authority on these matters. The statements of these experts are to be weighed by parents, mothers especially, instructors, philanthropists, philosophers, but not to be bandied about in rhetorical debates or lively newspaper paragraphs. It must be remembered in reading Dr. Clarke's essay for whom and with what object it was written. There is nothing in it which will be specially sought for by prematurely or morbidly curious in-

* *Sex in Education; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls.* By EDWARD H. CLARKE, M. D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College, etc. etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

South-Sea Idyls. By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Driven from the Path. Edited by DR. CHARLES SMART. D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

The Dead Marquise: a Romance. By LEONARD KIP. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1873.

Romance of Old Court Life in France. By FRANCES ELLIOT. D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years ago. By HENRY PETERSON. J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

Six Months under the Red Cross, with the French Army. By GEORGE HALSTEAD BOYLAND, M. D., Ex-Chirurgien de l'Armée Française. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Church and State in the United States. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. Boston: J. R Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Intellectual Life. By PHILLP GILBERT HAMERTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

The Abolition of the State. An Historical and Critical Sketch of the Parties advocating Direct Government, A Federal Republic, or Individualism. By DR. S. ENGLANDER. London: Trübner & Co., 57 Ludgate Hill. 1873.

quirers. There is much that is to be gravely considered and tested by the experience of others equally competent to form opinions on a question which is vital in its bearings on one of the social problems of the day.

The doors of our educational institutions have been besieged of late years by considerable numbers of women who have asked and sometimes demanded entrance for themselves and their younger sisters on the same terms with those of the other sex who have enjoyed the privileges furnished by these institutions. They have knocked loudly and long, and have been very unwilling to take no for an answer. Various motives of necessity or expediency have in most or many cases been alleged as the excuse for keeping them out; but the sisterhood and its advocates have not been satisfied; and as they commonly make themselves heard in these times when suffering from any real or supposed wrong, there must be few readers of a periodical like this who have not been reached by the cry of equal privileges in education for both sexes.

The most prominent objection, apart from temporary economic obstacles, has been the questionable effect of too close association upon the more susceptible young persons of the two sexes. Opinions differ as to this, and experience has hardly been ample enough to settle the question finally, at least in the minds of many whose own purity of character leads them to take the highest views of human nature. It is not an easy matter to get to the bottom of, for the sweet poisons of adolescence are subtler than any Tofana ever mingled for her involuntary patients.

But the considerations Dr. Clarke urges have been almost systematically overlooked. They were and are embarrassing to deal with, and yet the root of the matter lies there, and must be got at sooner or later. "Great plainness of speech" was necessary if the question was to be treated at all; and Dr. Clarke has not only promised it in his Preface, but has taken care to make himself understood in a way to redeem his promise. The following are the leading propositions of his essay, stated partly in our own language, which we trust is plain enough, and not too plain, for the common reader.

1. The organization of woman defines for her a special career of her own, as that of man does for him.

2. The maturing process in the female covers the same four or five years which are commonly given to education in the better instructed classes.

3. If the brain is overworked during this period, the force intended for the development of the special life of the female is diverted from it, and there is an arrest in the development of physical womanhood.

4. The *co*-education of the sexes is generally understood to mean their *identical* education, and it is in this identical education that the dangers pointed out in the essay are to be looked for. The co-education of the sexes is an experiment which the poverty of our colleges practically prohibits, and which presents an inherent difficulty in the matter of adjusting the methods of instruction to the physiological needs of each sex: but these difficulties are not insuperable; "the former can be removed whenever those who heartily believe in the success of the experiment choose to get rid of it; and the latter by patient and intelligent effort."

5. Periodicity is the type (law) of female force and work; persistence, of male force and work.

6. A boy may safely study six hours daily, a girl not more than four, or at most five hours. She also requires a remission and sometimes an intermission of both study and work for one or more days at certain regular intervals.

7. The physical evils which follow from neglect of compliance with the physiological conditions of maturing womanhood are most evidently manifested after school-days are over.

8. *Special* and *appropriate* education for each sex is the need of the time.

All these principles, Dr. Clarke maintains, are habitually overlooked or disregarded in the education of our American girls, and to this fact he attributes, by no means exclusively, but in large measure, the discouraging aspects of American womanhood.

"The notion is practically found everywhere that boys and girls are one, and that the boys make the one." Case after case is reported in which the patient's story is condensed in one brief sentence by her medical adviser: "She lost her health simply because she undertook to do her work in a boy's way, and not in a girl's way." "Girls of bloodless skins and intellectual faces may be seen any day, by those who desire the spectacle, among the scholars of our high and normal schools, — faces that crown and skins that cover curving spines

which should be straight and neuralgic nerves that should know no pain. Later on, when marriage and maternity overtake these girls, and they "live laborious days" in a sense not intended by Milton's line, they bend and break beneath the labor, like loaded grain before a storm, and bear little fruit again. A training that yields this result is neither fair to the girls nor to the race."

It is not asserted that improper methods of study and a disregard of the special laws of the female organism during the educational life of girls are the only causes of disease among them, but it is asserted that the number of female graduates of our schools and colleges who have been permanently disabled to a greater or less degree is so great as to excite the gravest alarm and to demand the serious attention of the community. "If these causes should continue for the next half-century, and increase in the same rates as they have for the last fifty years, it requires no prophet to foretell that the wives who are to be mothers in our Republic must be drawn from transatlantic homes. The sons of the New World will have to react on a magnificent scale the old story of unwived Rome and the Sabines."

"Dii, prohibete minas! Dii, talem avertite casum!"

After all, the experience would not be so new to America as Dr. Clarke seems to imagine. The Virginia colonists in the year 1620 being in as close a strait as the unwived Romans, Sir Edwin Sandys proposed to send over to the old country for a cargo of wives. An invoice of ninety girls, "young and incorrupt," was the first importation, followed the next year by sixty more, handsome, and with the best of characters. They cost, on the average, just about their weight in tobacco, that is, one hundred pounds apiece for the first lot, and one hundred and fifty for the second.

"Fortunately," says Dr. Clarke, "the reverse of this picture [that of wife-importing America] is equally possible. The race holds its destinies in its own hands. The highest wisdom will secure the survival and propagation of the fittest. Physiology teaches that this result, the attainment of which our hopes prophesy, is to be secured, not by an identical education or an identical co-education of the sexes but, by *a special and appropriate education that shall produce a just and harmonious development of every part.*"

Dr. Clarke's little book is a most important contribution to the cause of female education. Parents and teachers wish to know what is best, not for an abstract intelligence, but for a growing young woman with an organization governed by peremptory laws of its own which cannot be violated with impunity. The truth is not always agreeable at first, and Dr. Clarke might have borrowed the motto *Vera pro gratis* as a shield against harsh or petulant animadversion. It is a mistake to allow any trifling consideration to disturb the calm balance of judgment with which such an essay on such a subject should be read. There may be some vivacities of style or pungencies of epithet which could have been spared on so grave a subject, and left it free from any possible source of irritation. But we may be very sure that no person who has at heart the best interests of woman and of education will stop to quarrel with a word or a phrase here and there which he might prefer to have had changed or omitted. It cannot be disputed that there is a syllable too many in a line which Dr. Clarke has quoted; that the name Ulysses should have been Achilles; that a sentence here and there might be rewritten with advantage in point of style; that a sharp word or phrase might in one or two instances have had its angles smoothed with good effect on the tempers of some readers. To fasten on these points for serious criticism is like quarrelling with the steersman who is doing his best to guide our vessel through a dangerous strait because his hands are not so absolutely white as a little more care would have made them.

The falling off in the standard of the female constitution means national deterioration and degeneracy. It is a mistake to suppose it is peculiar to this country, though there is reason to fear that it has gone farther here than in other parts of the world. Miss Nightingale speaks of "the fact so often seen of a great-grandmother, who was a tower of physical vigor, descending into a grandmother perhaps a little less vigorous, but still sound as a bell and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and house, and lastly into a daughter sickly and confined to her bed." Miss Beecher's statistics almost go to show that invalidism is in the present generation the normal state of New England womanhood. And in this essay Dr. Clarke attempts to show one cause of this prevailing infirmity, and to suggest the means of avoiding it. No one pretends that any

single opinion on such a subject is final, or that a single series of cases can satisfy all inquirers. But there is probably no one man in this country whose opinion would carry more weight with it than Dr. Clarke's. Of mature age, of a judicial habit of mind, of great and varied experience, recognized by the community and his own profession as standing in the very front rank of American practitioners, his testimony on this vital question, supported by his clinical evidence, is not indeed at once to be "believed and taken for granted" as absolute truth, still less to be pecked at with petty criticisms, but to be "weighed and considered' and committed to the verification or the modification or the confutation which men and women as competent as himself, if such can be found among us, shall work out by the same care with the same opportunities as those which have led him to his momentous conclusions.

— What the native Californian is to be in literature we do not know any critic who is able to foretell, and the first-born of that State is yet too young to give us any means of rightly guessing. The California of the present times is merely a set of circumstances, and the literature which has come from it is the work of young writers who have all felt the same shaping influences, but who are of widely various origin. Very likely the real Californian, son of the red soil and the blue sky, will be altogether different from Mr. Mark Twain Clemens, formerly Missourian, or Mr. Bret Harte, formerly New-Yorker, or Mr. Prentice Mulford, or Mr. Charles Webb, or Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, who are all conscious of their California, and view it objectively. He will probably be no more aware of his Californianism in this sense than the Bostonian or New-Yorker is aware of his local qualities. He will have no ground of former associations from which to regard it, and it may never occur to him as a stupendous joke, of which he is an amusing part, and so he may not be a California humorist, as each of these writers is. It is very possible that he may take it entirely *au sérieux*, and be a poet, say, of a high, earnest, and sober sort.

The writers whom we have named, and whom, without an invidious silence concerning other clever people we may consider as having given California her distinction in our literature, were Californians of occasion, and are now Californians no longer; Mr. Clemens living in Hartford, Messrs. Harte and Webb in New York, and Messrs. Stoddard and Mulford in England. Yet they have each deeply received the same Californian stamp, and their humor, broad or fine, has the same general character, as if in each of them it came from a sense of their own anomaly, as men of the literary temperament and ambition in a world of rude adventure, rapacious money-getting, and barbarous profusion. The state of things in which they found themselves must have affected them as immensely droll; in it, but not of it, they must have felt themselves rather more comic than anything about them; and this sense of one's own grotesqueness in the midst of grotesqueness is Humor, with the large H, which we have been gradually coming at. All literary men, we suppose, feel their want of relevance to surrounding conditions at times and in some degree; and the conditions being exaggerated in the case of the Californian *littérateurs*, we can readily account for the greater irreverence and abandon of their humor, which has now become the type of American humor, so that no merry person can hope to please the public unless he approaches it.

Not to go so far back as John Phœnix, the first and, in some respects, the best of the California humorists, and taking the more conspicuous of the writers we have mentioned, we have three very distinctly different geniuses, each characterized by the same general qualities. The greatest humorist of the three, strictly speaking, is Mr. Clemens, who has, perhaps, also the most thoroughly original expression. You are pretty constantly aware of Mr. Harte's reading; you think of Thackeray, and notably of Dickens, whilst you acknowledge a new force under the changing disguises, which at the important moments puts them all aside, and declares itself a dramatic power, verging upon the theatrical it is true, but accomplishing things that irresistibly move you. We go again and again to Mr. Harte's stories, as we do to the minor stories of Thackeray, and read them with a delight that is always fresh; the bad ones have a charm of vigor and boldness, and the good ones, in spite of their lapses, are simply unsurpassed. But it is for the enjoyment of his dramatic effects, his tragic as well as his comic situations, his strong conception and portrayal (not analysis) of character, that we read Mr. Harte; whereas we read Mr. Clemens solely for the humor of Mark

Twain. He is as present in all he writes as Charles Lamb in his essays, and this perpetual personal companionship with his reader is characteristic of the pure humorist, as distinguished from the humorous dramatist or novelist.

As a California humorist, then, in this strict sense, we should place the author of the South-Sea Idyls next to the author of Roughing It, though in most other traits they are as unlike as possible. Of all the Californians, Mr. Stoddard has the best feeling for style, the subtlest appreciation of literary grace. He is a humorist, and he is also a poet of delicate nerves, and, as one sees, of those fastidious likes and dislikes in words which make a clumsy expression or any phrase not of just the right tint or tone intolerable to him. His style is the effect, not the reflection, of his deeply enjoyed reading, and it is in these papers a most cunningly handled instrument. But it is as a humorist that he first impresses you, — his book is conceived in the true humorous spirit, and written with that unegotistic egotism, that self-abandonment to the reader's right feeling, which is the charming and distinctive trait of humor.

What we should call the Californian quality of his humor is observable enough. He feigns himself an unrepentant prodigal son, returned from his wanderings, and saying to his father, "Don't kill anything. I don't want any calf." "I am never able," he says of the Tahiti women, "to account for the audacious grace of those women, who throw themselves upon the floor and stretch their supple limbs like tigresses, with a kind of imperial scorn of your one-horse proprieties." In days of extreme poverty, not far removed from famine, in Tahiti, he tells us, "I had also a boot with a suction in the toe; there is dust in Papeete; while I walked that boot loaded and discharged itself in a manner that amazed and amused a small mob of little natives who followed me in my free exhibition, advertising my shooting-boot gratuitously"; and so on to no end of instances, not easily detached from their context, but each expressing that careless, audacious irreverence, that aptness for fitting the higher conceptions and emotions with the associations of the lower, that sublime content with the ignominy and even squalor of the personal experiences lending themselves to literature, that confidence that the reader, if he is honest, will own to something similar, which distinguish California humor. Our author's shooting-boot cannot miss its aim, because most people, at some time or other, have fired off similar dusty volleys from the same ordnance. "One-horse proprieties" is preciously imaginative; and no comment can heighten the effect of the burlesquing, unregretful, consequence-defying worthlessness of the prodigal son's, "Don't kill anything. I don't want any calf." It all strikes us as the drollery of a small number of good fellows who know each other familiarly, and feel that nothing they say will be lost or misunderstood in their circle. It was a stroke of genius in Mr. Clemens to address his familiar jocosities to the public as confidentdently as to his nearest friend; this is his characteristic attitude, and that of the other Californians who are merely humorists: it is Mr. Stoddard's attitude so far as he is a humorist; but then he is a poet besides; and in this he differs in world-wide degree from Mark Twain, who, whatever his enemies may say of him, is at least not a poet.

There is a story of shipwreck in the first chapter of the South-Sea Idyls which will not let us say that Mr. Stoddard has not dramatic faculty; but we may safely say that it is not the chief faculty in him, as it is in Mr. Harte, who is also humorist and poet. Mr. Harte seems always drawn onward by his own strong feeling of the dramatic element in what he does; whereas Mr. Stoddard seems not to seek any dramatic effect, and if one falls in his leisurely, discursive way, to be rather surprised at it himself. But the whole tendency and performance of the two are as diverse as their material, — Mr. Harte seeking his material in the gulches and cañons and bars and flats of the sierras, and Mr. Stoddard finding his in the shadow of the breadfruit-trees and cocoa-palms of

> "Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

The figures in his desultory, dreamy sketches are nowhere sharply outlined, but melt into the mellow atmosphere, and emerge from it as they will, and seem often as elusive of the author as of the reader, both of whom we fancy asking with equal doubt whether this fantastic record of vagrant life in Hawaii is half or wholly fabulous, and placidly giving it up in mutual content and the common hope that a thing so pleasant must also be true. For ourselves, we do not know how much or how

little of it we receive as fact; and indeed it matters no great deal what actually happened among the things set down here with such indifference to general statement and order of narration. You must rest satisfied with your inference that at several times Mr. Stoddard visited Tahiti and the islands of the Hawaiian group; for there is no historical *resumé* of the facts of his goings or comings, more than there is of the Howadji's in Nile Notes, a book of which, certainly not by force of literary resemblance, the South-Sea Idyls make you think. They make you think too, by their subject and their vagueness, of Herman Melville's Omoo; and we do not say but we should like a little more structure in the book, something more of bone as well as marrow, of muscle as well as nerve. However, the tone for writing about the equatorial, lotus-eating lands has been set, and we are not sure but Mr. Stoddard gains a charm by holding to the traditional vagueness. Perhaps, indeed, the social conditions of Hawaii demand a certain degree of mystery from the tourist, and it is well for our souls that there should be kaleidoscopic arrangements of palms and surf and coral reefs, and lomi-lomi and hula-hula rather than the honesties of realistic art in his record. At any rate it is only glimpses of the *vie intime* that you get from Mr. Stoddard, humorous and poetic glimpses, full of truth, we dare say, but shimmery and evanescent; and no one need go to the Idyls of the South Sea for information.

There are sixteen sketches in all, of which our readers ought to remember the best, namely, A Prodigal in Tahiti, which is one of the best pieces of light, humorous writing we know, and which we should not know where to match for certain qualities of *bizarre*, reckless melancholy and gentle drollery. We suggest very clumsily what will enforce itself, and we wish to remind the reader of a passage descriptive of the author's latest moments of privation in Tahiti: —

"I sought a place of shelter, or rather retirement, for the air is balm in that country. There was an old house in the middle of a grassy lawn on a by-street; two of its rooms were furnished with a few papers and books, and certain gentlemen who contribute to its support lounge in when they have leisure for reading or a chat. I grew to know the place familiarly. I stole a night's lodging on its veranda in the shadow of a passion-vine; but for fear of embarrassing some early student in pursuit of knowledge, I passed the second night on the floor of the dilapidated cook-house, where the ants covered me.

"There was, in this very cook-house, a sink six feet in length and as wide as a coffin; the third night I lay like a galvanized corpse with his lid off till a rat sought to devour me, when I took to the streets and walked till morning. By this time the president of the club, whose acquaintance I had the honor of, tendered me the free use of any portion of the premises that might be not otherwise engaged. With a gleam of hope I began my explorations. Up a narrow and winding stair I found a spacious loft. It was like a mammoth tent, a solitary centre-pole its only ornament. Creeping into it on all-fours, I found a fragment of matting, a dry crust, an empty soda-bottle, — footprints on the sands of time.

"'Poor soul!' I gasped, 'where did *you* come from? What *did* you come for? Whither, O, whither, have you flown?'....

"At either end of the building an open window admitted the tip of a banana-leaf; up their green ribs the sprightly mouse careered. I broke the backbones of these banana-leaves, though they were the joy of my soul and would have adorned the choicest conservatory in the land. Day was equally unprofitable to me. My best friends said, 'Why not return to California?' Every one I met invited me to leave the country at my earliest convenience. The American consul secured me a passage, to be settled for at home, and my career in that latitude was evidently at an end. In my superfluous confidence in humanity, I had announced myself as a correspondent for the press. It was quite necessary that I should give some plausible reason for making my appearance in Tahiti friendless and poor. Therefore, I said plainly, 'I am a correspondent, friendless and poor,' believing that any one would see truth in the face of it, with half an eye. 'Prove it,' said one who knew more of the world than I. Then flashed upon me the alarming fact that I could n't prove it, having nothing whatever in my possession referring to it in the slightest degree. It was a fatal mistake that might easily have been avoided, but was too well established to be rectified."

This, which is so delightful, is of a piece with very much in the book. Character, coffee-colored or white, is always

effectively, though always very quietly suggested. Here, for example, is a portrait of the first officer of the French transport in which the author once voyaged to Tahiti:

. . . . "A tall, slim fellow, with a warlike beard, and very soft, dark eyes, whose pupils seemed to be floating aimlessly about under the shelter of long lashes. His face was in a perpetual dispute with itself, and I never knew which was the right or the wrong side of him. B—— was the happy possessor of a tight little African, known as Nero, although I always looked upon him as so much Jamaica ginger. . . . . In the equatorial seas, while we sailed to the measure of the Ancient Mariner, B—— summoned Nero to the sacrifice, and having tortured him to the extent of his wits, there was a reconciliation more ludicrous than any other scene in the farce. It was at such moments that B——'s eyes literally swam, when even his beard wilted, while he told of the thousand pathetic eras in Nero's life, when he might have had his liberty, but found the service of his master more beguiling; of the adventures by flood and field, where B—— was distinguishing himself, yet at his side, through thick and thin, struggled the faithful Nero. Thus B—— warmed himself at the fire his own enthusiasm had kindled on the altar of self-love, and every moment added to his fervor. It was the yellow-fever, and the cholera, and the small-pox, that were powerless to separate that faithful slave from the agonizing bedside of his master. It was shipwreck, and famine, and the smallest visible salary, that seemed only to strengthen the ties that bound them the one to the other. Death — cruel death — alone could separate them; and B—— took Nero by the throat and kissed him passionately upon his sooty cheek, and the floating eyes came to a stand-still with an expression of virtuous defiance that was calculated to put all conventionalities to the blush. We were awed by the magnanimity of such conduct, until we got thoroughly used to it, and then we were simply entertained. We kept looking forward to the conclusion of the scene, which usually followed in the course of half an hour. B—— having fondled Nero to his heart's content, and Nero having become somewhat bored, there was sure to arise some mild disturbance, aggravated by both parties, and B——, believing he had endured as much as any Frenchman and first officer is expected to endure without resentment, suddenly rises, and, seizing Nero by the short, wiry moss of his scalp, kicks him deliberately from the cabin, and returns to us bursting with indignation. This domestic equinox we soon grew fond of, and having become familiar with all its signals of approach we watched with agreeable interest the inevitable climax."

The longest of the idyls is called Chumming with a Savage, in which is related the history of the author's romantic friendship with a Tahitan boy, whom he invited afterwards to California to be converted, and who pined away with homesickness and had to be sent back to Tahiti, yet found himself tainted with the ennui of civilization amid his native scenes, and, seeking to return to California in his canoe, was lost at sea. It is lightly told, but with such an undertone of pathos that the reader's smile never broadens into a laugh. The conversion of Kána-aná prospered superficially, but when it seemed well advanced he relapsed into idolatry, and said his prayers to the wooden Indian of a tobacconist.

"When he arrived, I took him right to my room and began my missionary work. I tried to make all the people love him, but I'm afraid they found it hard work. He was n't half so interesting up here, anyhow! I seemed to have been regarding him through chromatic glasses, which glasses being suddenly removed, I found a little, dark-skinned savage, whose clothes fitted him horribly, and appeared to have no business there. Boots about twice too long, the toes being heavily charged with wadding; in fact, he looked perfectly miserable, and I 've no doubt he felt so. How he had been studying English on the voyage up! He wanted to be a great linguist, and had begun in good earnest. He said 'good mornin'' as boldly as possible about seven P. M., and invariably spoke of the women of America as 'him.' He had an insane desire to spell, and started spelling-matches with everybody, at the most inappropriate hours and inconvenient places. . . . . What an experience I had, educating my little savage! Walking him in the street by the hour; answering questions on all possible subjects; spelling up and down the blocks; spelling from the centre of the city to the suburbs and back again, and around it; spelling one another at spelling, — two latter-day peripatetics on dress parade, passing to and fro in high and serene

strata of philosophy, alike unconscious of the rudely gazing and insolent citizens, or the tedious calls of labor. A spell was over us; we ran into all sorts of people, and trod on many a corn, loafing about in this way. Some of the victims objected in harsh and sinful language. I found Kána-aná had so far advanced in the acquirement of our mellifluous tongue as to be very successful in returning their salutes. I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him of the enormity of his error. The little convert thought it was our mode of greeting strangers, equivalent to their more graceful and poetic password, *Aloha*, 'Love to you.' .... So we perambulated the streets and the suburbs, daily growing into each other's grace; and I was thinking of the propriety of instituting a series of more extended excursions, when I began to realize that my guest was losing interest in our wonderful city and the possible magnitude of her future.

"He grew silent and melancholy; he quit spelling entirely, or only indulged in rare and fitful (I am pained to add, fruitless) attempts. . . . The circus failed to revive him; the beauty of our young women he regarded without interest. He was less devout than at first, when he used to insist upon entering every church we came to and sitting a few moments, though frequently we were the sole occupants of the building. . . . . I began to suspect the occasion of his malady: he believed himself bewitched or accursed of some one,—a common superstition with the dark races. This revelation filled me with alarm; for he would think nothing of lying down to die under the impression that it was his fate, and no medicine under the heaven could touch him further. I began telling him of my discovery, begging his secret from him. In vain I besought him. 'It was his trouble; he must go back!'"

Kána-aná's friend very affectingly relates how he learned the circumstances of his death in another visit to the boy's native land. He is one of many of his gentle race whom Mr. Stoddard likes to sketch; he is the best, and after him comes Joe of Lahaina, whom his friend saw last at Molokai. This is the little island to which the government banishes the victims of that terrible leprosy of Hawaii, and there in a pretty village the hopeless creatures live and die by inches.

"A brisk ride of a couple of miles across the breadth of the peninsula brought me to the gate of the keeper of the settlement, and there I dismounted, and hastened into the house, to be rid of the curious crowd that had gathered to receive me. . . . . I used to sit by the window and see the processions of the less afflicted come for little measures of milk, morning and evening. . . . . And it was a constant entertainment to watch the progress of events in that singular little world of doomed spirits. They were not unhappy. I used to hear them singing every evening: their souls were singing while their bodies were falling rapidly to dust. They continued to play their games, as well as they could play them with the loss of a finger-joint or a toe, from week to week: it is thus gradually and thus slowly that they died, feeling their voices growing fainter and their strength less, as the idle days passed over them and swept them to the tomb.

"Sitting at the window on the second evening, as the patients came up for milk, I observed one of them watching me intently, and apparently trying to make me understand something or other, but what that something was I could not guess. He rushed to the keeper and talked excitedly with him for a moment, and then withdrew to one side of the gate and waited till the others were served with their milk, still watching me all the while. . . . . There was a face I could not have recognized as anything friendly or human. Knots of flesh stood out upon it; scar upon scar disfigured it. The expression was like that of a mummy, stony and withered. The outlines of a youthful figure were preserved, but the hands and feet were pitiful to look at. What was this ogre that knew me and loved me still?

"He soon told me who he had once been, but was no longer. Our little, unfortunate 'Joe,' my Lahaina charge. In his case the disease had spread with fearful rapidity: the keeper thought he could hardly survive the year. Many linger year after year, and cannot die; but Joe was more fortunate. His life had been brief and passionate, and death was now hastening him to his dissolution.

"Joe was forbidden to come near me, so he crouched down by the fence, and pressing his hands between the pickets sifted the dust at my feet, while he wailed in a low voice, and called me over and over, 'dear friend,' 'good friend,' and 'master.' . . . .

"How I wanted to get close to him! but I dared not; so we sat there with the

slats of the fence between us, while we talked very long in the twilight; and I was glad when it grew so dark that I could no longer see his face, — his terrible face, that came to kill the memory of his former beauty! . . . . 'Sing for me, Joe,' said I; and Joe, still crouching on the other side of the lattice, sang some of his old songs. One of them, a popular melody, was echoed through the little settlement, where faint voices caught up the chorus, and the night was wildly and weirdly musical. We walked by the sea next day, and the day following that, Joe taking pains to stay on the leeward side of me, — he was so careful to keep the knowledge of his fate uppermost in his mind: how could I dismiss it from my own, when it was branded in his countenance? The desolated beauty of his face plead for measureless pity, and I gave it, out of my prodigality, yet felt that I could not begin to give sufficient. . . . . In leaving the leper village, I had concluded to say nothing to Joe, other than the usual '*aloha*,' at night, when I could ride off, in the darkness, and sleeping at the foot of the cliff, ascend it in the first light of morning, and get well on my journey before the heat of the day. We took a last walk by the rocks on the shore; heard the sea breathing its long breath under the hollow cones of lava, with a noise like a giant leper in his asthmatic agony. Joe heard it, and laughed a little, and then grew silent; and finally said he wanted to leave the place, — he hated it; he loved Lahaina dearly: how was everybody in Lahaina? — a question he had asked me hourly since my arrival.

"When night came I asked Joe to sing, as usual; so he gathered his mates about him, and they sang the songs I liked best. The voices rang, sweeter than ever, up from the group of singers congregated a few rods off, in the darkness; and while they sang, my horse was saddled, and I quietly bade adieu to my dear friends, the keepers, and mounting, walked the horse slowly up the grass-grown road. I shall never see little Joe again, with his pitiful face, growing gradually as dreadful as a cobra's and almost as fascinating in its hideousness. I waited a little way off, in the darkness, — waited and listened, till the last song was ended, and I knew he would be looking for me to say *Good night.* But he didn't find me; and he will never again find me in this life, for I left him sitting in the dark door of his sepulchre, — sitting and singing in the mouth of his grave, — clothed all in death."

These passages, tragically effective as they are apart from the context, lose much in their separation; for Mr. Stoddard's peculiar spirit is diffused through every line of his book. He has apparently not written for the convenience of the reviewer eager for exemplary extracts, and we shrink somewhat from presenting any fragment as illustrative of his graphic power. Here, however, is one picture out of innumerable as good or better: —

"We were in the tropics. You would have known it with your eyes shut; the whole wonderful atmosphere confessed it. But, with your eyes open, those white birds, sailing like snow-flakes through the immaculate blue heavens, with tail-feathers like our pennant; the floating gardens of the sea, through which we had been ruthlessly ploughing for a couple of days back; the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, — all were proofs positive of our latitude.

"What a sunrise it was on that morning! Yet I stood with my back to it, looking west; for there I saw, firstly, the foam on the reef — as crimson as blood — falling over the wine-stained waves; then it changed as the sun ascended, like clouds of golden powder, indescribably magnificent, shaken and scattered upon the silver snow-drifts of the coral reef, dazzling to behold, and continually changing.

"Beyond it, in the still water, was reflected a long, narrow strip of beach; above it, green pastures and umbrageous groves, with native huts, like great birds'-nests, half hidden among them; and the weird, slender cocoa-palms were there, — those exclamation-points in the poetry of tropic landscape. All this lay slumbering securely between high walls of verdure; while at the upper end, where the valley was like a niche set in the green glorious mountains, two waterfalls floated downward like smoke-columns on a heavy morning."

After the sketch of A Prodigal in Tahiti, we think the most finished of the sketches are In a Transport, already mentioned, and My South-Sea Show. The former is comfortably tangible and tenable as a real experience of the author's, and it is full of airy humor, by which the reader is made a partner of the voyage, and the amused companion of those amiable French midshipmen and lieutenants; whereas, humorous and pathetic as is the notion of the

author's carrying three little Polynesians to California, where one of them died from the efforts of a good soul for his conversion, imagining that her prayers were spells to his mortal hurt, it is all so little palpable as to be a kind of trouble, in spite of the subtle grace with which its fantastic substance is managed. A very lovely little sketch, sympathetically reverent and touched with the sweetest humor, is that of the missionary life of Père Fidelis and Père Amabilis, the gentle and devoted young priests whose friendship is described in The Chapel of the Palms.

We welcome Mr. Stoddard's book as a real addition to the stock of refined pleasures, and a contribution to our literature without which it would be sensibly poorer. It is fitly named, for it is at once a series of humorous travel-sketches and of charming poems.

— The tendency now manifest for confining popular novels to the compass of a single volume each is a great improvement upon the old license which allowed the author a choice of expanding his matter into two, three, and even ten volumes; and it is praiseworthy, not only as a tendency favoring the best ends of the art of fiction, but also as producing works which inflict less trash upon the careful critic than those of greater bore can emit. There are even cases, we think, in which the single volume itself might be dispensed with. Without going so far as to include among these Dr. Smart's Driven from the Path, we must still, in conscience, give it as our opinion that it contains very little worthy of preservation. It purports to describe the life of a young Scotchman, one Lew Gordon, who abandons his home to escape the tyranny of an unnatural mother and unjustly favored brother, with the purpose of becoming a sailor. He retains a love for his mother, and imagines that he will some day bring her to a perception of his radical goodness; but, returning home, after four years at sea, he finds her unchanged. He then has an interview with his disagreeable brother, who treats him to a disquisition of seven pages on the use of tobacco, and an entire chapter on religion. Partially as a result of his brother's loquacity, we suppose, Lew goes off to California, where he becomes involved in gold-mining and gambling, — the only activities which writers of fiction have thus far chosen to touch upon as connected with that quarter of the world. There he meets an interesting renegade, known as Red-Shirted Baldy, who is drawn with some clearness and mastery. Baldy, after commissioning Lew to look up his relatives in New York, if anything should happen to himself, is conveniently murdered on a prospecting expedition in Southern California; leaving a sum of ten thousand dollars invested for Lew's benefit. After terrific adventures, Lew gets out of Southern California, and repairs to New York, where he finds Baldy's niece, Dora Raymond, and likewise his disagreeable brother, who is paying court to her. Lew has cherished a passion all this time for a certain Lizzie, at home; but returning thither, he finds that she has been misled and ruined by the disagreeable brother. After due despair, he comes back to America, takes up arms in the Union cause, and meets in battle his brother, who is a Rebel colonel. He shoots at his brother, who falls at that instant by a rifle-ball from somebody else, — a fact which Lew does not distinctly ascertain at the time. He now reproaches himself as a fratricide; but, again returning to Scotland, he finds his mother dead, and learns, moreover, that she was not his mother at all. On this, he sails for New York, "positively for the last time," and marries Dora; though, curiously enough, he retains the name of Gordon, to which he has no right, as we have seen. We have given this careful abstract of the book, to show that, whatever be the causes of its mediocrity, the author is not at a loss for complications of circumstance. The idea embodied in so queer a mass of incident seems to be, that a man is apt to have a different career from that which he projects in boyhood. Lew cannot demonstrate his love for his mother, cannot marry Lizzie, and as it appears cannot kill his brother; he is "driven from the path" at every point. But this idea becomes worthless, because it is not artistically developed. There is more incident than the author can hold together, and he introduces many long yarns from minor characters, which are wholly irrelevant. There is something fresh in the picture of garrison life and Indian diplomacy in the West; and in the course of the four hundred and sixty octavo pages there are two on three not unskilful touches of characterization; but the representation is for the most part so literal and uninspired as to sink the whole into the plane of a muddy vulgarity. The author hints

that he could have made the story better by paying a less strict allegiance to fact than that which he has observed; and we cannot but hope that in any future effort, he will make all the improvements that occur to him, and not satisfy himself with the feeble declaration that he could have done better had he chosen to.

— But at least Dr. Smart has the appearance of taking an interest in his narrative, while one can hardly concede that the author of The Dead Marquise has gone even thus far toward a successful consummation. The *motif* of the story is sufficiently good, and had the whole been well wrought out it would have taken its place at once on a much higher plane than that on which the novel just noticed moves. A certain Marquise, forced to disguise herself and remain in humble lodgings at Paris, in the Reign of Terror, comes to look upon life in a new way, and gradually falls in love with a poor young painter in a garret opposite her own. She had previously been betrothed to a baron, her cousin, Gervais de Montfauçon. Honorable obligation and the pride of caste now oppose themselves to the new inclination of her heart; but before the inward conflict is decided, she is discovered and arrested by the republicans. On this, the young painter, Fluvian, contrives also to be arrested. They meet once in the prison, and rejoice in the mutual consciousness of their love; soon after which the liberation takes place. The Marquise is delivered, but Fluvian goes to the guillotine in the very last tumbril which goes at all. The Marquise retires to her recovered château, lives unwedded, and occupies her last years in writing out this her history. The conception of character and incident is feeble in the details, and the story drags on as if it had in very deed been penned by an old court-lady, who had come to the task without any more literary skill than might have insensibly communicated itself to her from industrious novel-reading through an extended lifetime. The revolutionary incidents are described in a particularly dry and dreary manner; and even the episodical introduction of Bonaparte, as a young artillery-officer in dingy uniform, with his hands precociously folded behind his back, and a piercing eye, fails to make any satisfactory impression. On the whole, it may be doubted whether anything is accomplished toward the improvement of American fiction in the production of a book so evidently an outgrowth from constant absorption of second-rate French romances, — and so weak an outgrowth at that.

— Romance of Old Court Life in France consists of a succession of scenes from the lives of French monarchs through a period of two centuries, — from the accession of Francis I. to the throne, down to the death of Louis Quatorze, — and drawn with some vigor and at least a laudable brevity. Such a work can hardly pretend to anything like artistic unity; but it is a convenient compend of more memoir-history than the general reader would find it possible to take in detail. If the authoress aimed at anything like finished literary result, she would have done bettter to confine herself to a shorter range of subject, and to have entered more skilfully into characterization. As it is, the characters of the various distinguished actors are summed up in a terse, cut-and-dried manner that admits of no appeal, and the chief interest therefore devolves upon exciting incident, intrigue, and picturesque surrounding. We are far from hinting any improper purpose in the book; we would suggest only that subjects of the kind so frequent in these scenes, where Diane de Poitiers, Louise de la Vallière, De Montespan, and De Maintenon figure largely, reconcile themselves better with the laws of ethics and æsthetics if elevated to the rank of intellectual studies, and allowed to present their purely sensuous, scenic, and picturesque aspect only in subordination.

—We have been at some pains to examine the novel entitled Pemberton, both on account of the confident clamor of praise with which numerous daily papers have noticed it, and because it is evidently a well-intentioned endeavor. The result of this examination, however, is discouraging. Two rather wooden young women, one of them in love with Major André, the other with Pemberton,— a vacillating patriot of no earthly importance or interest as here presented; a good Quaker; a spy who appears as a woman, known as Captain Fanny; several historical personages, including Washington and Arnold; and various lifeless supernumeraries, — constitute the ingredients of the volume. And it must be added that they are not very successfully combined. There is but little to attract in the plot, which moves languidly; the style is without force; and the language of the persons is commonplace to the last degree. Even in Thackeray's Virginians one suffers a little from the somewhat ordinary representation of so eminent a character as Washington's;

but the feebleness of his appearance in Mr. Peterson's book is pitiable. The great obstacle in the way of the author's success is, it seems to us, a sheer lack of unifying and creative imagination. His conception, to begin with, lacks vigor; and in the execution he wavers between abject literalism of representation and a purposeless romantic hollowness. There is some doubt, in our own mind, whether the history of the Revolution will ever supply the novelist of to-day with material fitted to his peculiar exigencies. The events and men of that period, in consideration of the idealized atmosphere through which we generally view them, would perhaps yield themselves up more thoroughly to the highest type of drama, which has the extreme resource of verse and poetic diction at its command. But it is certain that if anything good ever *is* to be made out of these passages in our history in the novel form, it will only be through the operation of some more fervent and genuine poetic imagination than has as yet applied itself to the task.

— Dr. Boyland, in his Six Months under the Red Cross, has had the fortune to write a book of the rarest kind in literature, a book with apparently no more literary premeditation than Pepys's Diary, or Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, and having a simplicity, straightforwardness, and business-like clearness that refreshes the jaded critical sense at every moment. He sets down his surgical experience with an exactness that we imagine must commend his reminiscences to his profession; but his value to us is the vigor with which he gives the conditions of this experience, from the time he leaves Paris amidst the arrogant enthusiasm of the French army and people, till, after the long siege of Metz and the capitulation of the starved garrison, he rides into the Prussian lines at Versailles. The criminal want of sanitary preparation in the French service, the insubordination of the men, the laxity of the officers, and the drunkenness of both, the childish insolence of the people and National Guard of Metz, the dubious inaction and secrecy of Bazaine, the vainglorious, helpless bravery of all, the joyfully credited lies, the uncertainty, and the angry despair settling at last upon city and army, make this peculiarly a picture of the Franco-Prussian war; but it is even more to be prized as a picture of War in its large and general sense, and of its horrors as they exist with all the mitigations of our time. It is still war, with hardly a feature changed, hardly a trait softened, and here painted with a distinctness that would be very hard to match. In fine, it is such a picture of war as you may, perhaps, get your soldier-friend to give in some singularly propitious mood, but for which the civil imagination mostly hungers in vain amongst the literary records of war, — the kind of detail being here without which statements of facts are vague and dim. Dr. Boyland gives all with a surgeon's nerve and with a graphic force of which we like to believe he is unconscious. We shall by no means do justice to his fulness by the extracts we have room for, and still less shall we indicate the fluent rapidity of his narrative, in which the events follow each other merely in the order of their occurrence, but seem none of them confused or out of place.

The most pleasing episode of Dr. Boyland's life in Metz was his night at the convent of Sacré Cœur, where he dined with the abbess, and riding back to the city found the gate shut, and so was obliged to return to the convent and implore the protection of the sisters. It is very prettily told, but the reader must go to the book for this humor of war, as he must likewise for its grisliest horror in the description of the horse-butcher, a personage almost intolerably realized at his occupation. It is a glimpse only less terrible that the author gives of the horses of the cavalry in the last days of the siege, "dying at their stakes, or held in useless fetters, for, alas! they little thought of running away. In vain did these noble animals gnaw the bark of trees and the branches, still covered with dead leaves, and dragging in the filth of the camps. They would also eat each other's tails off, as if to deceive their craving hunger. We saw them often — mere skeletons, with the skin worn off in many places — hang their heads in weariness, their eyes sunken and almost out, and fall down in the mud."

The relentless fidelity with which the squalid misery of the camp and the hospital is portrayed, also brings home to the reader many incidents of battle in their proper hideousness. Near Woippy a Prussian cavalry regiment charged a French position. "On they came, swift as the wind and shouting fiercely. They were charging the trench. Our soldiers rose up, and having a few more rounds left, poured sev-

eral volleys into them, while the battery gave them a broadside. It was frightful to see them falling, which the light caused by the battery enabled us to do. They were unable to arrive, and the few that remained turned back. Three only, who tempted death, dashed up and mounted the outwork. They were riddled with bullets; and one (horse and rider) that had reached the top fell over into the trench, crushing to death a soldier standing but a few feet from me, and to whom I had just been talking. The rumble caused as this heavy mass rolled suddenly down the embankment somewhat startled me. I examined the man to see if any life was left in him. His whole side was torn open, stomach and heart protruding, while the skull was fractured in several places and the legs well shot. The horse had come off no better. We climbed over this mass of bleeding flesh, and went on in the direction of the farm."

Here is another of these sketches, which, perhaps, even more vividly seizes the imagination: "Behind St. Barbe is a churchyard, in which, with the aid of my field-glass, I could clearly make out a body of Prussian troops. In an instant more I saw the French rise up on all sides, completely surrounding the churchyard. The Prussians thrust the butts of their muskets in the air, in sign of surrender. Our soldiers did not heed this, but shot them down without mercy. I could hear almost each report separately, observe the flash, and see the man fall."

Of other characteristic features of war there are abundant sketches, often too slight, however, for transfer thither, and, at times, not detachable from too long a context. But here is one that we find extremely touching and effective; the locality being a village to which the wounded were taken after Gravelotte: "We drove into Châtel St. Germain. Almost the first building was the church, from whose steeple, dark as it was, we could see our flag flying, while before the door were stationed four of our fourgons. On entering the church we found it full of wounded, bleeding and groaning; no straw had been scattered about, and they seemed to suffer intensely. None of these had been dressed, and had evidently been hours in that condition, as the clotted blood plainly showed. . . . . After attending to these, I crossed the street and entered a house which was likewise filled with wounded, whom I proceeded to relieve. Most of them were on the first floor, — the house being of wood and but one story high. The dead, dying, and wounded were huddled together in one large room with a door. I walked to this and opened it. Alone on the floor, in a small room, lay a man, whom I supposed from his position to be wounded; he was sitting half up, leaning on his right hand; his head was sunken upon his breast. Going up to him I said, 'Well, my man, where are you wounded?' He made no reply. I called for a lantern. The feeble light shone upon a face sad to behold. The man, a sergeant, was dead. His eyes, glaring from their sockets, were fixed intently upon the ground, while his lips were parted as if he were articulating a name. In his left hand he held something clutched tightly. I opened it and found a woman's portrait."

Not less characteristic and impressive is this incident of the same night: "Observing a high wall with a little Gothic portal, through which light was streaming, I rode thither, got off my horse, and, leading him behind me, entered. The path led up through a churchyard to a chapel. About half-way up the path, and on a flat tomb, I saw a barrel from which wine was oozing; a tin cup and a candle were lying upon the ground beside it. There was no sign of any living being. As I was thirsty, I drank of the wine, and taking the light passed on to the chapel, whose walls were covered with moss and ivy. The door was open. It was midnight. I entered, taking the horse along with me.

"A few French soldiers were lying upon the straw, which some one had scattered about for them. Upon examining them I found them all dead.

"I tied my horse in the sacristy, and taking some straw from under the dead men, put it in one of the pews, where I lay down, and being worn out with the fatigue and exertion of the day, was soon asleep. Just near me, others were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking."

At another time, in a little hamlet near Metz, Dr. Boyland tried to enter some of the village houses, but found them locked: "One of these I helped the men break in; on entering we found the house empty. On the floor of the cellar we found an old woman with her throat cut from ear to ear. Near by was a wine-cask empty. We conjectured that she had been murdered by some soldiers in order to get the wine.

"Leaving this revolting scene, we crossed the street and went into the church. This was in good order, and the holy light was faintly burning above the altar. Its sole occupants were two dead captains. They were lying outside the chancel, and had evidently been brought there wounded. Two chairs had been thrown down, and they were leaning, half sitting up, against the backs of these. They seemed to have been left thus upon the cold stone floor. The resignation depicted in the face of one of them touched me; he had his hands folded in his lap, and the expression was soft and lifelike. He was an old man, and on his breast hung many a medal, doubtless well deserved. He had been wounded in the left temporal region, but was not in the least disfigured, although his weather-beaten and wrinkled forehead was blood-stained."

How terrible, how affecting, is all this, and how simply and poignantly it is told!

But it would be unjust to his book to leave the reader with the impression that it is merely a series of sketches, however powerful. It is not only a careful record of surgical experience, but a comment full of instruction upon the mismanagement of the French army, especially at Metz, where Dr. Boyland shared the common suspicion of Bazaine.

— In the prefaces to his little book, the author of Church and State in the United States tells us that one portion of it was written to be published in the German language for the information of Germans, while others were compiled at the request of Prince Bismarck, and that by Americans "it should be regarded as a rudimentary essay upon topics with which they may be presumed to be familiar." But things which "everybody ought to know" are certain to be those about which most people have vague "impressions," rather than definite knowledge, and therefore we take great pleasure in saying that this is precisely one of the books which "everybody ought to read," for it is a terse, lucid, and interesting sketch of our principal religious bodies, and of the relations they at present hold to the state and to each other, as well as those which they have held in the past.

The book is divided into six sections or chapters, which again are conveniently subdivided into paragraphs with italicized headings, so that one knows just what one is going to read about; and this to the hasty mind is a comfort not to be exaggerated. The first section gives "The Provisions of the Constitution of the Laws of the United States concerning Religion." The second treats of "The Relations of Church and State before the Revolution." The third is upon "The Theocratic Government in New England." The fourth, "The Relation of the Churches to the Laws." The fifth tells us "How Churches are constituted and supported"; and the sixth brings together some "Incidental Relations of the State to Religion." The treatise concludes with one appendix upon the American Thanksgiving, and another upon the German population of the United States. "Familiar" as is the ground traversed by the author in these pages, we hope that few of our people will finish them without a great sigh of satisfaction, and a warm sentiment of gratitude that their lot is cast in a land where this great and magnificent, this unique and — judging from all previous religious history — almost incredible blessing of religious freedom exists in all its fulness. Well as we know it, we do not realize it so perfectly but that a little review like the present is useful in making us feel how immense in this respect alone are the privileges of a political system which rests upon its citizens as lightly as so much gossamer, and which yet against its foes can become a coat of mail invulnerable.

We have but two faults to find with the Rev. Dr. Thompson's book. The first is, that, from being prepared for a foreign market, perhaps, it is rather of *couleur de rose.* For instance, he says that the state, being "grounded in moral reasons and existing for moral ends," has a right to suppress offences against the well-being of society, such as bigamy and polygamy, the plea of conscience or religious liberty notwithstanding (pp. 125, 126). Why, then, do both the latter flourish so rankly in a valuable Territory under this very plea? As for Dr. Thompson's assertion that Utah will never be admitted as a State while polygamy is permitted, — this seems to us by no means so sure, even if that were the question. The real question is, "Why do the United States permit it even in a *Territory?*" It can only be because the country, as a whole, has not made up its mind to stand on the Christian dogma, that "*twain* only can be one flesh," i. e. that a man cannot have in any other relation but that of adultery a plurality of women.

Dr. Thompson speaks also of seven

years as the ordinary length of time taken by candidates to prepare themselves for the ministry, and he says that "a learned ministry is the strength of religion in America." Perhaps that is why their strength looks at present so very much like weakness, for we very much doubt whether the majority of our ministers go through anything like such a curriculum as four years in a college and three in a divinity school would give them. It is probable that as a body they are greatly deficient even in their old-time Greek and Latin and Hebrew, while in the peculiar culture of the day — history and science — they are conspicuously deficient, and keep on in their old methods of divinity-school preaching precisely as if these two elements, now so portentously arrayed against them, had never come into existence. He makes no mention either of the wretched support of the great body of American clergy, which is, no doubt, the chief cause of their deficiencies in ability and education. Again, Dr. Thompson says that the clergy "as a body have been eminently loyal and patriotic," and he gives an instance of service rendered to the military arm of the government in his own church, the Broadway Tabernacle. But this is a knife which cut both ways, for the Southern Clergy were equally, if not more, loyal and devoted to the Confederate government; and the fanaticism of the Southern women for their "cause" is largely attributed to their faith in the utterances of their preachers, who continually told them that the Bible was on their side on the slavery question, and therefore that God *must* be so. To say that clergymen as a body are loyal to the government over them is merely to say that they are "men of like passions with ourselves." They are probably kind fathers, also, but surely that is no merit. There are various other little instances of that loose way of talking common to the good-natured and catholic-minded Henry Ward Beecher school of Congregationalist. Dr. Thompson is a Congregationalist, and very naturally displays a mild partiality for his own denomination in his little book. As for the Roman Catholics, Dr. Thompson sees that they are an enemy to be feared, evidently, and his anxieties many of his Protestant readers will share. All that can really be said on the subject is, however, that having so much the start of them, it will be the fault of disunited Potestantism itself if they ever become the dominant religious body of this country. Certainly we are indebted to Dr. Thompson for telling us some of their ways of evading the laws relating to property held for religious purposes.

— As in all good books by good writers, the dedication and preface of Mr. Hamerton's Intellectual Life are well worth reading. The latter contains a valuable sentence, which may serve as a definition of the title: "The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in the constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts." This, of course, contains the same general conception as Matthew Arnold's "Culture," or one nearly akin to it, with the important difference between the writers, that Mr. Arnold says, "Stupid brutes, you ought to be cultivated, and you're not"; Mr. Hamerton, "Cannot I persuade you to lead an intellectual life?" The aim is not to make men and women select any special calling or special study, or even any particular practical mode of life, but to cultivate certain habits of thought, both in and out of professions and studies, which shall stimulate, develop, and purify the intellect as a whole.

Now, while sympathizing entirely with this aim, and with Arnold's indignation at want of culture, we feel that whether the cultivation of the higher thoughts be within the power of every man or not, by no means every man can recognize the distinctions which these writers do. Mr. Arnold scolds at Philistines. Well, why not? Did not the Philistines capture the ark? Do not the Davids of the present day, harp and all, find Ashdod and Gaza very comfortable cities to live in, while the homes of culture experience very short commons? Mr. Hamerton has "the conviction that the intellectual life is really within the reach of every one who earnestly desires it." But how for those who do not? This charming book seems to assume that all do. Yet many men of sound heads, warm hearts, and pure lives, nay, with sometimes keen intellect and quaint fancy, do not know what you mean by higher and lower thoughts; they do not see why a photograph of the Roman Forum or the Mauvais Pas is better worth having than one of the Burnt District or Hambletonian Judge. There is something on this point in Mr. Hamerton's Part XI. Letter IV., "To an energetic and successful cotton manufacturer." But we could

wish he had given us a letter, "To a a friend who professed himself perplexed by the word 'culture.'"

After the preface we are especially struck and pleased with the practical nature of the whole book. The difficulties noticed and answered are such as really occur in life, and such as have deterred many men of most refined and powerful minds from higher thoughts. We specially commend Part III. Letter II., "To an undisciplined writer"; Part III. Letter X., "To a student who complained of a defective memory"; the letters in Part IX., "On Society and Solitude"; and Part X., Letter IV., "To the friend of a man of high culture who produced nothing.'

In Part III., "On Education," are two or three very striking letters on the subject of the study of modern languages. Mr. Hamerton is especially qualified both by taste and study to speak on this subject, as will be seen in a very interesting sketch of his life in a recent number of our contemporary, Old and New. He states several propositions as the result of his experience, which he admits are discouraging, but insists on their truth. The gist of them is, that the acquisition of even one foreign language perfectly is possible only in very peculiar circumstances, almost always involving loss in your own, and that even correct — as less than perfect — acquaintance with one — still more two — is arduous, and hampered with many difficulties and drawbacks. He relates, in this connection, many amusing anecdotes, and gives a most laughable account of how a Frenchman *read* Tennyson.

Certainly this result is very discouraging; and it is made still more so by the evidently unfavorable opinion which the author has of the study of the ancient languages. Indeed, we cannot help feeling that the best answer to all he says about Latin and Greek is, "You never studied them enough to know." And this has nothing to do with the fact that Mr. Hamerton did not go to Oxford or Cambridge; for neither did George Grote. But really, this book, so strong in its illustrations of the beauty of the intellectual life, is enough to prevent any one from entering on that phase of it which is concerned with language.

The case seems to be this: the author is far too fastidious. His "perfection" in linguistic knowledge must be far beyond that of many cultivated natives; and his "correctness" would involve a teasing, belittling study of comparatively unimportant points; exactly the sort of study suited to Latin and Greek, when the life and soul of the nations spoke through the enclitics and the subjunctives, but, as it seems to us, otherwise in languages constructed on synthetic principles, like those of Western Europe to-day. But apart from his setting his standard too high it seems — and yet it is incredible in a man of such intellectual vigor — that he has not caught the notion of what is called the genius of another tongue; how, after a certain amount of grammatical study, and practice with books and pen, the mind seems to leap all at once to a grand induction, from which the language as a whole, except in a few queer idioms, follows by an almost mathematical sequence. We can appeal confidently to the experience of many a student at college, who after months, possibly years, of befogged drudgery, suddenly "had Greek come to him," and felt that he was possessed thenceforth of an unsurpassed intellectual treasure.

On the subject of the cultivation of the female intellect, our author is well worth studying. His dedication alone indicates his respect and regard for the mind of women; but in his excellent Part VII., he does not hesitate to draw, with a firm hand, what he conceives to be the dividing lines of the masculine and feminine intellects. We specially commend to those who desire to cultivate the minds of both sexes by the same processes, certain remarks on pages 244 and 245, about the absence of *intellectual initiative* and of *scientific curiosity* in most women as distinguished from most men. Is he not right in asserting that most women, no matter how generously educated and warmly encouraged, stay where their teachers leave them, repeating, but not extending their information; and that they rarely care to know the insides of things, or to ask the reason why?

A single point more must suffice. In the earlier part of his book, the author dwells on the importance of freedom from party spirit in the intellectual life, the perfect willingness to accept truth whatever it may be, and the aversion he feels, and thinks all men should feel, to the position of an *advocate* of any view. This is a very common tone among the cultivated men in England now, and we think much to be regretted. Their doctrine appears to be that the

student should go on indefinitely pursuing truth, accepting nothing as not possibly to be changed to-morrow, and as indifferent to what becomes of his views; that all advocacy implies enmity to a possible change, and an attempt to check free discussion and investigation. Of course this theory is entirely inconsistent with anything like first principles of truth, to which touchstone all observation can be brought, and which, once recognized, are incapable of change. But without going so deep into the nature of things, Mr. Hamerton's own theory of higher and lower objects of thought involves a belief in the repulsive and the attractive, the injurious and the beneficial, the corrupting and the depressing. The lover of the intellectual life will come sooner or later upon painful truths, humiliating truths, blasting truths; these it is his duty by vigorous and persuasive advocacy to — not deny, not seek to ignore, but — combat, sap, kill, and to enlist all men in the same work. There are truths in the world of which men ought to be ashamed, and these the lover of higher thoughts should present in something other than a cold moonlight.

But the best commentary on all this doctrine of a judicial or rather indifferent temper about questions is found on pages 326–328, where, discussing "solitude," he bursts at last into one grand, truly oratoric sentence, nobly and *rightfully* disdaining, in the interests of real truth, all pretence of that silly impartiality which affects to see two sides when there is but one.

In conclusion, we wish Mr. Hamerton might be induced to pass some months — years would be better — in America, and write a few chapters on the peculiar hindrances and opportunities of the intellectual life here. His frequent and cordial tributes to our honored and lost Greenough show that he is entirely prepared to appreciate our efforts for culture.

— American readers will perhaps be able to judge how far they would be edified by Dr. Engländer's Abolition of the State from a few extracts, the italics being our own. "I am not free so long as I accept the standard of my rights and of my duties from any other, even if the other one should call himself the majority of society" (p. 35). "Laws should only be binding on that party or fraction of a party which specially acknowledged them" (p. 37). "Every class hopes that when the war is over the law will remain with it. . . . . Only a small knot of our governable men desires that in the universal struggle for the post of law-giver, *the law itself may be broken up*, and that people may no more be made happy or be governed by act of Parliament, ... and that with the abolition of written laws *authority itself may cease to exist*, and mankind awake to self-consciousness and morality" (p. 46). "Must I, a single individual, by the foolish abstraction of popular sovereignty, be content with things which I regard as false, and which drive me back a century? May it not be allowed for a hundred individuals to band themselves together in unrestrained liberty, while another hundred continue under the old system of legal guardianship? Away with the notions of universality! We will not be citizens. We will all be sovereigns" (p. 47); and so on through nearly two hundred pages of obscure and tedious narrative and declamation.

It is a French way of talking which is almost incomprehensible to English or American common-sense, that the "State" is an entity existing outside of the "People," and tyrannizing over the latter for its own advantage; whereas the most fundamental of all political conceptions surely is, that the People *is* the State, the last being but the external form of the mysterious life which moves through the first. One cannot but pity the radical school of French political thinkers, for they seem forever trying to solve the problem of how to get humanity outside of itself so that it may begin all over again. Hence "revolution" is the principal word in their vocabulary of progress. It does not appear to contain those of "regeneration," "reformation," "amelioration"; and that a people must be changed in heart and life before its forms of government can radically alter, has never occurred to them.

Proudhon is the inspired prophet of Dr. Engländer, and his theory was that "property is robbery," and that all government is a violation of the natural rights of adult manhood. If the "State" could only be abolished long enough for the "People" to get used to doing without it, he thought that everything would arrange to get itself done by contract merely. Meantime, while waiting for this happy crisis, and as a preparation for it, he proposes that the "People" should organize a Federal Republic, and that they should elect not only their legislators, but all their pastors, judges, generals, teachers, and revenue officers, and that "the heads of these various administra-

tions" should be placed together to fulfil the double function of a Council of State and of the Executive Power. In particular, after the legislators had passed a law, it must be referred back to the whole people to be voted upon by them; and from the rest of the book, we infer that Proudhon would have only those who voted for it obey it.

There can be no doubt that human affairs will ameliorate and the exactions of government grow lighter in proportion as morals grow purer and sentiment kinder. But these things will hardly be through the teachings of Proudhon and his followers. The dismal fruit of the seed they sow is rather to be found in the acts of senseless violence which characterized the Paris Commune; for that experiment was an actual result of the principles of those who, like the author of this little work, advocate what is called "Direct Government," and who glory in the name of "Anarchists."

French and German.*

In his book *De la Corruption Littéraire en France*, M. Potvin takes up a fruitful subject, and one which perhaps goes beyond any one man's strength to solve. What he finds fault with is the immorality of most French novels and modern plays; and his book is a seasonable and sharp-tongued attack on their lack of principle, which is so strongly marked that the appellation "Frenchy" is the summing up of serious blame of some production which it would be euphemistic to call frivolous. That he has plenty of material to base his denunciation on is, of course, plain enough; but that his book will be of much service to the cause of propriety we cannot help doubting. It is a peculiarity of the French mind first to settle all complicated questions on paper; and that being done, it seems to be imagined that all is done, and that we have no further call for uneasiness. Among English-speaking people matters are settled in that abstract way only by debating societies, which seldom discuss questions that have arisen during the last century; we prefer to deal with each case as it comes up, with an eye to its own merits, and with but little regard to the broad question involved. This is a hasty generalization after the manner of the Gaul whom we are now deriding, but it expresses an opinion which more or less clearly defines a great difference between the French and ourselves. In France such books as M. Potvin finds fault with are tolerated, and then the question whether they should be tolerated comes up; if by a *plébiscite* to-morrow the whole French nation should declare their aversion to them with their usual unanimity when an appeal is made to universal suffrage, as they would still go on reading and writing them, their votes would go for little. With us such books are denounced as they appear, and the main question is left in abeyance.

M. Potvin regards this fault as a sign of literary decay; but if so, French literature has always been decayed, and English literature often. Our literature has recovered from its paroxysms of degradation; but in France there has been no such change. The French good book is seldom more than dull, — of course, here we only refer to novels and plays, and that too with knowledge of certain exceptions, — and such one-sidedness is all that is needed for making out a just accusation of inferiority. Against so sweeping a judgment the names of half a dozen writers could be mentioned which stand and always will stand pre-eminent in the roll of literature; they are faulty, but they are really great. Such are Balzac, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset, to mention but a few of the best known. But leaving out of the question those who are great in spite of their faults, we are here more especially concerned with those who are notorious on account of their faults. Before following M. Potvin through his book, we should like to call attention to one peculiarity which seems to escape the eyes of the French, and that is the frightful snobbishness of nearly all of their writers of fiction. In their minds Paris is more than human; no American who has been received at a foreign court feels half the self-complacency that fills the Frenchman's heart when he puts his dainty foot on Parisian asphalt. So much is Paris to France, that their devotion to the city serves Frenchmen for patriotism. Their pride in it, their contempt for the rest of the world, their unflinching belief in it, their joy in all its habits and ways, their ignorance of everything else, claim univer-

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

De la Corruption Littéraire en France. Étude de Littérature comparée sur les lois morales de l'art. Par Ch. Potvin. Bruxelles, Leipzig, and Paris. 1873.

sal admiration so loudly that the foreigner bows his head in deep humility and acknowledges its supremacy. In their novels and plays the French exhibit this quality to the utmost; they treat of purple and fine linen, and titled men and beautiful women, and mock sentiment with artificial rhetoric, and such unbounded self-confidence, that nonsense, which, seen without that glamour, would only excite laughter, is read with credulous calmness as if all the rest of us, English, Germans, and Americans, were rude barbarians. It would seem as if admiration were to be had, not for the asking, but for the taking.

M. Potvin in beginning shows that the accusation against the immorality of the French lighter literature is one that is by no means new, nor one that is wholly due to outside influences. On the contrary, the Academy, the magistrates, the critical press, even novels and plays themselves, have had their say against it. M. de Montalembert, Victor Hugo, have been charged with it as well as Feydeau and Dumas *fils;* Proudhon and M. Louis Veuillot have both been most earnest in their denunciations of it. Our author draws a sorry picture, but a true one, of the condition of modern French literature. His own words hardly touch the root of the evil, which is a natural fondness of man for forbidden things; with the French this inclination is buried within a cloud of pseudo-philosophy. All sorts of foulness are pandered to under the pretence of devotion to art, and where the line is to be drawn no one can say; it varies with custom, the susceptibility of the readers, their greater or smaller faith in it, and a thousand other things. But there is no need of wandering from the point to settle so abstract a question; we are all more specially concerned with those books about which there is no room for doubt. M. Potvin compares the lofty morality of other writers, such as Homer, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Molière, with the laudations of breaking most of the laws of the decalogue which are so prominent in French literature. He quotes from George Sand's earlier works as well as from other writers, enough to acquit them from the charge of being allies of society. On M. Dumas *fils*, who has brought to the study of certain sides of Parisian life great cleverness and an exceedingly ingenious and artificial system of immortality, he is especially and deservedly severe. This last-named writer, who, wit and all, if he undertook to write in English would be in danger of the horse-pond, deserves as severe reprobation as any one; but in the way of ridicule for his narrow-mindedness, rather than in the form of reproachful condemnation, which is but the advertisement of his meretricious wares.

But M. Potvin hits very much in the dark when he seeks the causes of this degeneracy. He ascribes it to artistic and literary liberty, and also, singularly enough, to the fact that French writers are too familiar with Shakespeare. He says with rigid obedience to the maxim, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, "It was perhaps an error to try to introduce this romanticism into France, as had just been done in Germany. Great as he is, Shakespeare's genius is not French enough to take root in France and bring forth healthy fruit. Was it not enough for French genius to produce Molière and Corneille? One would have had to be master of his art, and especially of its moral conditions, to break with the old traditions and create a new, unfamiliar art! Literary progress is never made, unless according to of the genius of a nation. Victor Hugo failed in that point as well as Goethe."

A more rational suggestion is that of the number of men living by their wits, each one of whom has to seek to outdo his neighbor. But that merely touches one point.

We may perhaps be excused for translating a few words of Ch. Renouvier, quoted by M. Potvin: —

"Why is it that the power of reasoning is so weak in this great man (Victor Hugo), that all the writers of our time have so failed when those of earlier periods have been so successful, and that they cannot justly be praised for accurate thinking, sound judgment, natural sentiments, correct imagery, nor for persistent, well-directed instruction, and that they have left unguided the popular thought, the minds of women and children? The admiration which Chateaubriand aroused at the beginning of the century has been used in behalf of retrograde ideas; what Lamartine won as a poet has hardly passed beyond a petty, worldly circle in which reign dull, affected emotions; what the young felt for Alfred de Musset did not tend to improve their morals; what we all feel for Victor Hugo, and which has become greater than ever since his muse has reached the lofty

heights of a broader view of humanity, is not of a sort to become general, to descend into the hearts of the people and act on the minds of ordinary intelligence, because this great dreamer lacks taste, moderation, and sometimes perception and judgment. Such are the harsh truths which we have to face concerning the path followed by the intellectual leaders of the age; and yet we say nothing of the long and brilliant series of novelists and play-writers who have contributed so much towards producing the anarchy of heart and head against which our struggle is so long and sad."

While we cannot commend M. Potvin's book as either a successful attack upon the evil it denounces, or by any means as a very thorough analysis of its causes, it will be found readable for the statement of the nature of the fault he would have removed. It will, at any rate, tend to show people of other nations how great is the evil towards which we are willing to look with lenient eyes so long as it is our neighbors and not ourselves who are guilty of it, and so long as we can derive from it an amusement which is only occasional and so without harm. It will also serve to teach us that we need not relax our efforts to keep literature clean; the French writers do not monopolize all the wickedness in the world, and it will only be by persistent weeding that we shall be able to preserve what is now one of the greatest honors of English literature. Against it we shall always hear the cry of art for art's sake; but if we will only see to what that maxim may lead us, we may more cheerfully bow our heads to those narrow-minded conservatives who say that man is not all wickedness nor woman either. That plan of life which claims to be the most untrammelled is really most tightly bound by chains of its own forging to monotony of subject and variations of treatment which only degenerate from bad to worse.

MUSIC.

THE editorial leader — What are the Symphony Concerts for? — in a recent number of Dwight's Journal of Music throws open an interesting field for discussion on the subject of concert programmes.

Although the article in question has more direct reference to the ways and means of obtaining a series of ideally perfect orchestral concerts in Boston and to the insurmountable difficulties that stand in the way of the complete realization of this object, there is still enough of sound truth in it, applicable as well to all concerts with a serious artistic purpose, to make it worthy the careful attention of everyone interested in musical matters, and especially in the musical culture of our public. That the article is written from a conservative point of view, in so far that the production of any but tried and acknowledged master-works, and all exploring into what is new and not yet of recognized sterling value is strongly deprecated, must not blind those whose instincts are more progressive to the real merits of the writer's position. Mr. Dwight states at the outset that he would have the concerts appeal to "a public who wish to be assured every season of some programmes of pure standard music, caring more for the chances of keeping alive their acquaintance with the great, unquestioned master-works, than for any novelty." Again he says, "Nor is it the especial province, nor in any sense the duty, of these concerts to introduce the new composers, and cater largely to the passion or the curiosity for novelty. These things they can safely leave to others. They undertake to fill a certain place. Professedly they are, and strive in the best sense to be, classical concerts; their chief aim is to keep the standard master-works from falling into disregard; to make Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and others worthy of such high companionship, continually felt as living presences and blessed influences among us. Yet they would not be 'classical' in any bigoted or narrow sense. *Good music* is the one thing sought; when aught presents itself with a convincing proof that it is worthy, it will not be

rejected." This sounds well, and would be entirely well, were circumstances different. We do not think that the introducing of new composers can as yet be safely left to others, and it can hardly be doubted that the hearing of their works is now almost an artistic necessity with many of us, especially the younger ones. Not from any Athenian craving after mere novelty as such, not from mere curiosity, but from a need to imbue ourselves thoroughly with the musical spirit of our own time, do we feel impelled to listen to Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, Gounod, and others. And here let no one for an instant think that we believe that Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven have had their day, or that their music is any less fresh and vigorous now, or, humanly speaking, ever will be, than it was in their own time. If ever human works were immortal, theirs are; they belong to no particular age and fashion, but to all ages, and can outlive all fashions. We cannot hear them too much. But yet, with all this, we at times feel a craving after music that belongs distinctly and perhaps exclusively to the time we now live in, for, as George Eliot says, "None but the ancients can be always classical." There are a goodly number of composers to-day, of greater or less genius, writing music in as grim earnest, and with as much artistic singleness of purpose, as any man who ever put pen to paper. If there be, perchance, among them some man, the anointed of divine genius, who has laid the foundations of immortality, and is successfully building the ladder by which he is to climb to that high place where he can meet the Beethovens, the Michelagnolos, the Dantes, and Shakespeares on equal footing, all the better. But that is not our affair, as indeed we can now know nothing of it; but say that his works are only of the transitory sort, and will not bear the wear of ages, — does that prove that there is no good and elevating thing in them? and because they are not fitted for eternity, shall we say that they are not fitted for the uses of the present? If they are immortal, then small is the need of hurrying them into public notice; if they are perishable, then let us, in heaven's name, take them while they are fresh, and before they have staled with age, — always premising that there really is good in them; and few will be inclined to deny the existence of much good of the really sound sort in the works of men like Gade, Raff, Brahms, Svendsen, and some others. Of these composers Gade, it is true, has had his full share of recognition in our Symphony Concerts (his music came to us, indeed, with the quasi indorsement of Felix Mendelssohn), and Raff's name has figured once or twice on the programmes; but of Brahms, Max Bruch, Svendsen, the Frenchmen Gounod and Massenet, and some of the young English composers, we have yet to hear the first note; while the performance, a year or two ago, of Bargiel's *Medea* Overture only made us wish for more. Of other modern composers of a more distinctly *Zukunft* type, such as Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, we have indeed had some specimens (with the exception of Berlioz, who, of the three, has, perhaps, the best right to find a place in a symphony programme), for which let us be thankful. We have said that the introduction of the modern composers cannot, in our opinion, be safely left to others, because we do not see where and who the others are that shall present their works in a satisfying manner and in congenial surroundings. With the manner in which their works are performed by, say Mr. Thomas's orchestra, we have no fault to find, but we have yet to see a programme of Mr. Thomas's that bears the stamp of any artistic *raison d'être* whatever. His chief object seems to be to present as many novelties as possible. We find Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, Volkmann, Hornemann, and others thrown together pell-mell into a programme, with perhaps a movement from a Beethoven symphony, a Strauss waltz, a Meyerbeer march, and some Franz or Mozart songs, and a harp solo by Godefroid. The mere recollection of it makes us groan. What would be said of a programme composed of an unheard Beethoven overture, a set of dances (new) by Schubert, a Bach suite (performed for the first time), a Handel organ concerto with which the audience were wholly unacquainted, some songs from an entirely unfamiliar opera of Mozart, say the *Oca del Cairo*, or the *Schauspieldirector*, and the *Allegretto* from the Eighth Symphony? Somnolence or headache can be the only results in either case. No, we are far from wishing to hear the modern music as a novelty, but *as music*, in a programme constructed upon some really artistic principle. One or, at most, two new things are enough for one concert. And when we do have a new thing performed, let us have it repeated once or twice during the winter, that we

may really get acquainted with it. One hearing of a work is nothing. Ask any number of musical people what their impression was on first hearing the Seventh Symphony, and we think that nine out of ten will say that they could make very little out of it. Keeping up the interest, or creating new interest, in the greatest classic music is a noble ambition for any musical association ; and all other ends and objects that cannot be made to go hand in hand with it should give way to it, as of prime importance. But the programme committee of the Harvard Musical Association should bear in mind that their concerts are virtually the only source to which we can as yet look for the performance of orchestral works on a large scale under fitting and congenial conditions, and that to enlarge their repertory a little, so as to include the works of contemporary composers, would in no wise detract from the purity or artistic symmetry of their programmes, while it would supply a want that Boston has long felt.

Again, Mr. Dwight says: "It is a mistake to suppose that these concerts are for the purpose of bringing famous virtuosos, vocal or instrumental, before the public. . . . . A Symphony Concert in which a Nilsson should be announced to sing, or a Rubinstein to play, were it but a single piece, becomes at once a Rubinstein or Nilsson concert, draws another audience, with another motive ; Beethoven and Mozart lose the place of honor ; it is a Symphony Concert no longer. . . . . Now these concerts seek, as the first end and aim, to make the master compositions . . . . paramount in interest, so that the music shall be of more consequence than the interpreter, the poem than the reader. Solo performances, of course, fall properly within their scope. But when they are introduced it is always for one or the other of two reasons, or for both : first, because certain important compositions exist in the concerto form, with orchestral accompaniment, which ought to get a hearing, and which otherwise would seldom or never get it, in which case the composition, for its own sake, is inserted in the programme, if there chance to be at hand an artist who, even if not famous, can perform it with a fair degree of skill and in a true artistic style and spirit ; . . . secondly, solos are brought in to give variety and elasticity to programmes which otherwise might challenge a too close continuous attention." We quote this because it is in every way so excellent, and is so complete an answer to all those who, carried away by the first enthusiasm for the superb technique of Mr. Thomas's orchestra and the brilliant virtuosity of Miss Mehlig and Miss Krebs, have since then taken every occasion to pooh-pooh the Harvard Musical Concerts as slow and poor in the matter of technical efficiency. But we should nevertheless bear in mind a fact regarding concertos (and one which some of our resident soloists themselves seem at times too prone to forget), namely, that one of the prime objects of a concerto is and ever has been just to show off individual virtuosity and highly developed technique. Take the element of bravura out of a concerto, and you at once take away half its vitality. We are most of us inclined to take concertos, especially the older ones, much too religiously. Because the quondam brilliant runs and bravura passages in the old Mozart concertos, for instance, strike us now as technically mere child's play, we must not forget that they once excited the greatest astonishment, and that they were probably played by their composer with all the fire and brilliancy that we see and wonder at now in Rubinstein's or Von Bülow's playing of some of their own hand-racking cadenzas. The old composers did not, certainly, indulge in any very outrageous flights of bravura by our present standard, but they put into their concertos the most brilliant and astonishing things they knew how, and we of the present day should play them in as much of the spirit they were written in as we can. We are far too prone nowadays to treat everything that came from the pen of a classic genius with oppressive and undiscriminating solemnity. We sing Handel's long roulades, for instance, as if some deeply poetical, and usually rather sad, meaning were attached to every note. Does any one suppose that Handel jotted down all those long flourishes of "linkéd sweetness long drawn out" only in obedience to the promptings of his own mighty genius? Not a bit of it! Handel was one of the run-after opera composers of his day, and was straining every nerve to outwrite Buonnocini, who happened just then to be a thought more run after than he ; and he well knew that the public liked roulades, and that, if he did not put plentiful flourishes into his songs, there was not a singer in London who would think it worth his while to sing them. The only difference

between him and the *mere* effect-composers was that *he* wrote *good* ones. Just so with Mozart! During his whole life in Vienna he was keeping up a brisk rivalry with Clementi and the Abbé Vogler as a pianist and doing his best to outplay them. Look at the first page or two of Beethoven's great E♭ Concerto, the "Emperor," and see if all that running from one end of the keyboard to the other does not mean technical display and virtuosity. Look at all the runs and flourishes in the G-major Concerto, that exquisite poem in tones that some of us can hardly mention except in a whisper of reverential awe, and see if even they do not come to much the same thing. That there is in them something much higher and nobler than mere virtuosity and bravura is most true, or else any Herz or Litolff concerto would be as fine as they; but the virtuosity and bravura are distinctly there for all that.

— Talking of pianists and piano-forte virtuosity brings us insensibly to a subject of rather vital, if unpoetical, importance to one part of the musical education of our country, namely, that of piano-stools. Now that many of our prominent physicians and surgeons are laying weak spines, abdominal tumors, contracted chests, and all sorts of anatomical irregularities to the charge of piano-forte practising, it seems high time that as much as possible should be done to prevent these abnormal outgrowths of music. We ourselves have had considerable experience with piano-stools of various descriptions, and must confess to never yet having seen a really good one. Of all the various kinds, the old-fashioned stool that screws up and down is the most abominable. Let anybody try to sit down and rest on one for half an hour, and he will begin to appreciate what a seat he has been practising on, sometimes for perhaps three hours on a stretch. In piano-forte playing worthy of the name the arms from the shoulder down must have perfect freedom, and must in no wise be called into requisition to balance the body. If the seat is continually turning, even in the slightest degree, from side to side (and with what wabbling motion, if the stool is at all old, pianists know too well), the body as continually tends to be thrown out of balance by any at all violent side motion of the arms; and as the player has absolutely no firm support, he must keep his balance by bending, and twisting his spine from side to side. Add to this that the pedal of a *square* piano-forte (when will that insane instrument, whose only proper place is in a museum of antiquities, at last fall into disuse and give way to the rational upright?), at which full nineteen twentieths of all practising is done nowadays, is a good long foot *to the right* of the middle of the keyboard, opposite which the player sits, and we see under what hygienic conditions practising is usually done. The solid four-legged stool is much better, but not so good as a chair of the proper height. The old idea that a piano-stool should not have a back may be regarded as pretty well exploded. To have a support to the back while playing quiet passages is a great and entirely innocent comfort. But if the player sits back in his chair so that the front of the seat comes forward to the inside of his knee-joint, he has only the weight of that part of his leg *below* the knee to act as ballast to his whole body. He should sit as near the edge of his chair as is consistent with having a firm seat, and then, with his heels firmly planted on the floor, the weight of his legs will easily and naturally counterbalance any horizontal or vertical motion of his arms, however violent, and his arms will be at perfect liberty. Now to bring the back of the chair up to the body, the seat should not be more than nine or ten inches deep for an average man. The seat itself should be as cool as possible. Cane-bottom is the best, *with the rough side of the cane turned uppermost*, as less slippery than the polished side. The legs of the chair should flare considerably, so that there shall be no possibility of tipping over, or resting on two legs. That the chair should be perfectly firm in every way, and that nobody should be allowed, even for ten minutes, to practise on a rickety chair, is a matter of course.

— Before closing we must say a few words about M. Frédéric Boskowitz, the young Hungarian pianist, who has lately come to Boston. Judging from the little that we have heard of his playing, and that too in a most unfavorable hall, we should hail him as a most valuable and solid addition to our already brilliant array of resident pianists. In a pupil of Liszt, great executive ability and dashing *verve* in playing is never surprising; and in this respect M. Boscowitz more than satisfies all expectations we may have been led to form of him. His playing also shows that exquisite delicacy that can only come from great

strength. In the light and graceful as well as the strong and fiery phases of piano-forte playing he is alike excellent. Of his playing of the more thoughtful or deeply passionate piano-forte compositions we can hardly judge as yet, although his really superb rendering of Sebastian Bach's great Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue points to his being in no degree wanting in the higher kind of musical sentiment and understanding. We hope that we shall all have the privilege this winter of hearing him under the best conditions that our city can afford.

SCIENCE.

IF we return again so soon to the Spontaneous Generation controversy, it is for several good reasons. First, the theoretical importance of the question is immense. Second, from the monotony of the experiments, almost all of them being concerned with flasks and degrees of the thermometer, we know by trial how hard it is to keep a distinct "tally" in one's head of the number of points each side has recorded in its favor, and how useful a clear summary from time to time may be. And, third, the subject is in so rapid a state of development, that every few months enables one to shape a few more questions, if not conclusions. And in science a well-put question may be as useful as a conclusion.

Referring our readers back to the Atlantic for January and May of this year for an account of the question prior to, and at the publication of, Dr. Bastian's book, we will only say that at its appearance it was pretty roughly handled by many critics. From the first, Dr. Bastian's career has been unusually marked in this way. Not only has the Huxleyan hoof left its print upon him, but biologists of a lesser growth have taken pains to treat him with personal contempt. It may be that his early work deserved this, and left a presumption that all he might do would prove to be but rough experiment and rash conclusion. Certainly the brunt of the criticisms was that Dr. Bastian could not be depended on for his facts. Professor Huxley said he should as soon believe a geranium or a gold snuff-box to be generated in an infusion flask as some of the things Dr. Bastian said he had found there. In short, when he said that flasks of turnip infusion, sealed while boiling so that the fluid remained *in vacuo*, were productive of bacteria, every one denied the fact of production, and not the probability of the boiling heat having destroyed all the germs that may have pre-existed in the flask. *They*, hardly any one doubted, died far below 100° C. But when Dr. Bardon-Sanderson, whose authority as an experimenter no one seems to doubt, came out in the journal Nature with a communication corroborating in every point what Dr. Bastian had advanced regarding the behavior of turnip infusions, the tactics of the panspermatists had to change. And the vital question now is one that was formerly supposed settled, namely, To how high a temperature may organic germs be exposed, and yet remain capable of propagation? Whether the theory which Dr. Bastian upholds prove true or false ultimately, it is now certain that he will remain in possession of a most honorable reputation as a persevering, profound, and, in all that regards bacteria at any rate, accurate investigator.

The ultimate decision of the question will, we think, depend on a balance of probabilities. The germs whose existence is to be decided are confessedly invisible by the highest microscopic powers, and any *direct* assurance that they are excluded or not, or killed or not, is impossible. A crucial test experiment seems also impossible to contrive. And we shall have to look about therefore for as extensive a mass of facts as possible, and see which theory, that of germs or that of spontaneous molecular reconstruction, is, on the whole, the simplest and easiest "fit" for them all. Pasteur, taking a single series of data, arranges them so as triumphantly to point to a conclusion in favor of the germs; Bastian is now able to arrange another set so as to point almost as persuasively to evolution. But neither Pasteur's nor Bastian's series

leaves an opposite explanation *impossible*. To take a few examples, Huizinga (in Nature, May, 29, 1873) thinks he has proved the genesis of bacteria without germs in this way: he takes three fluids, composed respectively of a solution of certain salts and peptone, of the same with the addition of glucose, and of the salts, glucose, and urea. Each solution is an excellent *nidus* for bacteria (i. e. it will swarm with the creatures if a drop of fluid containing them be sown in it), but if three sets of flasks are filled, each set with one of the solutions, boiled ten minutes and closed while boiling with a hot tile cemented by asphalt to the rim of the flask, so that the air which enters as the flask cools may be strained of its dust and germs by the porous clay, all containing the second-named fluid will be fertile, while all of the two other sets remain barren. The barrenness of the two other fluids proves, this author thinks, that the boiling heat destroyed all germs within the flask, whilst the tile excluded all new-comers from without. If germs had survived the heat and filtration, they would infallibly have developed in these two niduses. *Ergo* in the other flasks which were fertile there could have been no germs, for they were subjected to identical physical conditions; and their fertility was then independent of germs. But this reasoning wholly ignores the *possibility* that germs in one fluid may survive a degree of heat which in another would be fatal to them. Their vital resistance may be not simply a resistance to thermal, but to thermo-chemical death. And the second fluid, being differently composed from the two others, *may* have let them live for ten minutes even at a boiling heat, so as at last to make it fertile. Or, another possibility still, there may be two kinds of germs present, one most apt for propagation in the second fluid, and capable of resistance to ten minutes' boiling; and this may have survived also in the barren fluids, but not developed there, owing to their uncongeniality; whilst the germs to which they were congenial could not survive the boiling. Either of these *possibilities* leaves open a door of escape from spontaneous generation. Whether we shall take it depends on their being made, by other evidence, *probabilities*.

Here is another recent experiment by Dr. Bardon-Sanderson, which he thinks tells against archebiosis: he finds that a turnip and cheese solution which was fertile after exposure to 100° Centigrade was barren if the temperature was carried one or two degrees higher. He supposes that the slight additional rise of heat might easily have made the difference between life and death to germs, but may less easily be supposed to have altered the molecular constitution of the fluid so as to turn it unfit for taking on those molecular reconstructions that archebiosis implies, while it was fit a moment before. Nevertheless, the latter alternative is *possible*, and we may adopt it if we can make it on other grounds seem *probable*. And the same balance of probabilities comes in when Dr. Bardon-Sanderson then inoculates the barren fluid with a drop of distilled water and soon finds it teeming with bacteria. Which is *likeliest*, that the drop contained germs, or that it modified favorably the molecular state of the liquid? Of course, the former supposition.

Thus nowhere, the reader sees, is there a truly crucial test of the two explanations. Every experiment appeals to alternate possibilities, and the aim of experimenters now should be to multiply facts to give to one or the other of these a clear balance of probability. Whichever gets this, be it panspermism or evolution, will no doubt be adopted as truth. Often an experiment will seem to strengthen both sides. Thus, — to take a recent very beautiful one by Chauveau, — rams in France it appears are sometimes converted into wethers without rupturing the skin by twisting the spermatic cord. This occludes the artery, and if the animal is healthy, the part cut off from blood undergoes fatty degeneration, without inflammation or gangrene. But when Chauveau injected a putrid fluid full of vibrios into the ram's blood long enough before the operation for the animalcules to reach every organ, and then twisted the artery, the gland putrefied. He then filtered carefully some of the fluid and injected into another animal the liquid alone without the vibrios. In this case the gangrene did not take place. This proves, he thinks, the absolute dependence of putrefactive changes on a supply of animalcules from without, and is certainly very brilliant as far as the particular case goes. But Bastian can say, Let us distinguish! *This* gland, I admit, under *these* circumstances, cannot engender animalcules of itself. But you have no right to make the case universal. And your result seems to prove, moreover, that vibrios have no germs. No filter

can hold back germs of the minuteness which panspermism postulates. If there had been any in your case they would have passed through with the liquid and inoculated the testicle, which, the first experiment shows, was inoculable. I have a right therefore to appeal to this experiment as disproving the existence of those invisible bacterium and vibrios germs which no one can directly observe, but which you erect as a dogma.

And so the matter hangs while observations are multiplying. The day is past when the behavior of one or two fluids could be taken as types by which the general problem might be settled. Hundreds of fluids will become alike good niduses, yet they differ enormously in the influence which physical circumstances have upon their productivity. Degree of heat, length of exposure, pressure, presence or absence of air, specific gravity, warmth of incubation, are all factors of fatal or vital moment, but to no two fluids in just the same way. This diversity is accounted for by the panspermatists by the supposition of a corresponding number of germ species, each with its peculiar physiologic idiosyncrasy. Thus, if 60° C. renders saline solutions barren, though they be open to the air, while Professor Wyman once found a mutton-juice flask fertile after 152° C., we may suppose a peculiar salamandroid mutton-juice germ to exist everywhere, but to find in a saline solution no fit nidus; while we must suppose that the germs which saline solutions suit are both killed by a heat of 60° in such fluids, and are not carried about alive by dry air.

Bastian ingeniously explains the different effects of different fluids under the same circumstances, and vice versa, by supposing the power to produce an organism by archebiosis to be only an intensification of the power to make a germ hatch or to nourish an adult. And he divides all substances into three classes, corresponding to as many degrees of this fertility or fermentability. In the first and highest class (of which a turnip infusion, neutralized and containing a speck of cheese is the best known type) the power is absolute and the liquid is fertile of itself. In the second degree we find a stimulus from without needed. But that of a dead ferment will do, any speck of dead organic matter such as the air is filled with may start the molecular reconstruction by its own "motor-decay," as in Liebig's theory of catalysis. A great many infusions and liquids are contained in this class, all in fact which will not keep *in the air* after exposure to a higher temperature than 60° C., which is supposed fatal to germs. The success of Pasteur's whole set of experiments (straining air through cotton or flexed tubes, taking it from mountain-tops and vaults, or calcining it) is explained by the exclusion of this indifferent organic *dust*, not germs as Pasteur thought. Substances of the third or lowest degree of fermentability need actual inoculation with infusoria before they can produce. Such are saline fluids as regards bacterium production. The surrounding conditions may make a given fluid pass from one class into the other. Thus in tight-stopped bottles which they fill, simple turnip infusions are of the third degree; in flasks communicating with the air by a tube bent many times, of the second; while *in vacuo* they are of the first.

Now here again the issue is one between probabilities. And at the first glance both Dr. Bastian's theory and that of an immense germ fauna or rather flora struggling for existence * lie open to rather similar objections. The fact for both theories to explain is the same, namely, that the difference between barrenness and fertility in a liquid depends on very minute physical and chemical circumstances. The theories differ in their definition of *what* it is in the fluid upon which these varying circumstances bear, and bearing make or mar the result. Pasteur & Co. call it germs and their viability. Bastian calls it determinate possibilities of molecular re-groupment. Now Bastian may say to the friend of germs, "What you postulate in each particular explanation is at variance with what we see in the general total of cases. You require an exact fit between germ, moment, and nidus before evolution can take place. Yet we find everywhere, when we intentionally inoculate with infusoria, that they are not so squeamish, but almost indifferent about their habitat; that is, *any* nidus may be fertilized at *any* moment by a drop from almost † any source." Whilst the friend of germs can retort, "So does the general look of facts contradict your theory of the necessity of a sharply defined adjustment of the molecular state. How can the exact

* Any experiment showing an inhibitive effect of infusoria upon each other's growth when sown together in a nidus would be important in establishing this struggle of life conception of their status.

† "Almost": see Lister's observation, farther on.

state desiderated be present alike in all the infinite variety of fluids which may be niduses, — fluids differing from each other as much as ammonic tastrate solution and beef-juice,— and yet be made to abort in a given fluid by so slight a change as five minutes more of heating, or a degree of rise in the thermometer, or a few shades more of density or pressure?"

Appeals again to probability! The panspermatist may defend himself by saying that germs do not behave as adult infusoria. "These latter are what you sow, and to these the nidus is to a certain extent indifferent. But their *germs* need an exactly propitious soil; as a chicken can live and a hen lay under circumstances in which no egg will hatch." And the evolutionist may quote Huizinga (Pflüger's Archiv. June, 1873): "Time may show that the characteristic properties of portoplasm flow rather from its physical molecular structure than its chemical composition, and that the latter may within certain limits vary"; and go on to say, "Fluids of very different chemical composition may offer this structure at certain moments of their existence, but not at others, and so the production of life depend more on the moment being realized than on the fluid which shall realize it." *

But a truce to explanations and counter-explanations! When we get enough data, the more probable hypothesis will readily enough appear. And we have left ourselves no space for telling what some of the most important recent achievements in the way of data are. We may say however that one fact is now pretty clearly established: the air is a less sure ally to panspermism than was supposed. Exposure to air is not necessarily fatal to the purity of a nidus. Saline niduses may be left open almost *ad libitum* after heating above 60°. And Lister found that he could cover and uncover a variety of organic fluids for a few seconds, and even transfer portions from one vessel to another, without the air inoculating them as much as twice in sixty times. This disarms to some degree the reproach of having failed thoroughly to exclude air germs, which has so often been thrown at successfully fertile flask experiments. Lister himself makes this reproach as regards the fermentation of milk, which many investigators, including Pasteur, found fertile after boiling; milking a cow with carbolized fingers, from a carbolized udder, into a superheated glass which had been allowed to cool under certain precautions, he found that once out of eleven times it kept unaltered, though unboiled for six months. And this once, he says, suffices to prove the inalterability of milk *per se*. (Nature, July 10 and 17, 1873.) Boiled milk he easily kept unaltered, and so did Roberts. (Ibid., February 20, 1873.) This contradiction only shows that we need more observations on milk; Lister's interpretation of his result seems inadmissible, for his bold indifference to atmospheric contamination in one half of his experiment renders nugatory his extra-scrupulousness in the other half. Bastian reports cases of flasks containing turnip juice and urine into which cold air had been allowed to penetrate, but which remained barren.

Lister also found that bacteria which appeared in milk refused to grow when transplanted into egg-water and urine. This is very important if true; for it will show real idiosyncrasies among bacteria, and strengthen the hands of the germ theory very much, whilst the other observations of the same Lister reported in the same paper, showing how organisms have no intrinsically distinct tendency to development, but may change their forms when placed in different media, will reinforce Bastian's notions about heterogenesis, and have an opposite effect on the germ theory.

The putrefaction with vibrios, etc., of eggs within the shell has been a sort of stumbling-block to the germ theory. But lately Jayon (Comptes Rendus, 21 Juillet, 1873) reports that he has found animalcules in the oviduct of fowls; in which position there is no doubt they may be inclosed within the shell while it is forming, and afterwards multiply.

But we must close abruptly. If the reader will remember the principal subproblems into which we have seen the total question resolve itself, he will, we are sure, find no difficulty in following and thoroughly understanding in their bearing the new observations of fact which every month will probably continue to bring forth in this most interesting field.

* So that the dead organic dust particles which Bastian says his second class of fermentables require as a stimulus may while in that state start a process which would be beyond their power if previously dissolved and heated in the fluid.

POLITICS.

IN the last number of the Atlantic we endeavored to explain what seemed to us to be the true cause of the panic, which had, when we wrote, hardly begun. In the events which have since occurred we have seen no reason to change our opinion, then expressed, that the distrust which caused the difficulty was at bottom a well-founded moral distrust. At the outbreak of the panic the country was in a very prosperous condition; crops were never larger, manufactures never more flourishing, and ordinary business never conducted on a sounder and more conservative footing. There was, however, one black spot on the horizon, which was not of sufficient size to attract the attention of the general public, but was already noticed and dreaded by those whose occupation always makes it necessary for them to keep a sharp look-out for disturbances in the financial atmosphere. That spot was the stock market. During the entire summer, and indeed for much longer, rumors had been spreading affecting the credit of railroad corporations throughout the country. Now that the storm has burst and swept over us it seems a trite thing to say that it was brought about by a panic in stocks. But, as we said last month, it certainly is an interesting thing to know why there should have been a panic in stocks, when there was no reason to anticipate a panic in anything else.

Stocks in theory and stocks in fact are two very different things. In theory the railroad stockholder is a capitalist who, having by some means or other — perhaps by an operation on the "street," perhaps, but not probably, by honest industry — accumulated a considerable sum of money, goes to Washington, and by corrupt means secures, in combination with other capitalists, a large land-grant from Congress, then builds his road by means of selling his land, calculates how much the poor farmer ought to be made to pay for transportation, in order to render his stock profitable after it has been thoroughly watered, establishes rates of freight based on the result of this calculation, and then retires from business on the fruits of his fraud. If at any time he needs more money, he makes a new calculation, waters his stock again, and again wrings from the poor farmer his hard-earned substance.

Railroad stocks in fact, however, as many people know to their cost from what has happened in the past few weeks, are quite a different thing. So far from its being true that the dividends they yield are certain and easily made, there is hardly in the world any security which is subject to so many risks of a kind so difficult to calculate. There are, it is true, a good many railroads in the older parts of the country the condition of which is thoroughly known and under management entirely trusted, which yield a certain income upon the capital invested in them; but the income is small, and it is not these roads which even in theory form and support the breed of railroad capitalists. It is the new roads built through the West, with land-grants, by means of bonds, as well as such old roads as find it necessary to extend their business in all directions by the purchase and lease of competing or connecting lines. And these are the roads of which we say that stock in many of them is, and will be for a long time, a dangerous investment; so dangerous that those who risk their money in the purchase of them are amply entitled to all the returns they ever can make.

It will probably be admitted, even by those who look with suspicion upon what they call capitalists, that an investment which leaves the investor without any means of ascertaining from month to month what income, if any, he will derive from his investment, is hardly to be considered absolutely safe: but this is the case with all that kind of stock of which we are now speaking. There is, in the first place, the land-grant. As one instance of the precarious and speculative nature of property of this sort, we may refer to the case of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has one of the most enormous land-grants in the world. Stories have been set afloat damaging to the value of the land in the grant, but it seems unquestionable, from the report of Haas, recently published, that the grant in reality consists of good fertile land; but land may be the richest in the universe,

and if there are no people on it, it will be of no marketable value. This was the difficulty with the Northern Pacific, and has been the difficulty with many other roads. It is never possible to know in advance what will be the amount of so uncertain a thing as emigration; and emigration with a new railroad is the one thing which is absolutely necessary.

If we suppose, however, that by some species of prophetic insight the projectors of a new road are able to make reliable calculations as to the product of their land, there is still in the way, so far as all the stockholders not actually engaged in the management are concerned, the difficulty of understanding the actual financial condition of the road. This difficulty can hardly be over-estimated. Once a year, it is true, the directors make a report to the stockholders, and submit to them an account of the earnings and expenses; but the directors who submit it are the only men who know what it means. We are not speaking now of fraudulent management, like that of Fisk and Gould, but of an ordinarily honest management. It is of course easy enough to make out from the report of such a road what amount of stock and bonds have been issued, but to the stockholder who is not preternaturally acute of what use is this information? It is the amount of earnings, compared with the amount of expenses, which he ought to know; but the net earnings of a road, though they are put down in black and white, are still very likely to be matter of conjecture. What with the "construction account" and the "suspense account," the managers themselves are very often in doubt as to the true nature of large sums of money, and of course in doubtful cases it would be unreasonable to expect that managers should not have a very strong temptation to divide as earnings any sums which might even by strained construction come under that head, trusting to new loans to make any deficit good. The other day, at a meeting of the Erie stockholders in London, Mr. Peter H. Watson, president of the road, and a skilled railroad manager, made a statement which seemed to be considered satisfactory by those who were present, but which illustrated very well the impossibility of stockholders knowing anything more about the state of their property than their directors choose to tell them. He had been asked by a stockholder whether a balance appearing to be in favor of the road "was available for division"; and he made the following lucid statement in reply: That when he became president of the company, the accounts were in confusion, and it had taken a long time to get them into any approximation to system; indeed, they were not yet entirely organized. Under the charter and laws, before a dividend could be paid on the common stock, the company must first pay seven per cent upon its preferred stock, if its earnings would permit; that if there were not earnings to that amount in the year, then the right to claim a dividend lapsed and was forever gone. The accounts were made up to the 30th of September, because the company was required to furnish a report specifying certain items to the State engineer, and the reports are made up to the 30th of September, and must be in the office by the following December. It was impossible to make up the report for 1872, the accounts were in such a disorderly state, and the engineer had kindly extended the time for sending in the report till February; as to the present account, the officers could only swear that it was correct "so far as they were able to state." When that report was made out for the engineer, there was a balance of $ 280,000 standing to the credit of profit and loss, and on the 30th of June, to which date the accounts were as correct as possible, there was a balance of $ 290,000; but until the account could be completely analyzed, no one could swear whether the balance was net earnings or balance of some other account. "He was therefore satisfied that it would be safe for them to pay one per cent." There is no reason to doubt Mr. Watson's honesty, but there is no reason either to believe that anybody who was present at this meeting knew anything more about the condition of the road than he did before it was called. Here we find a company declaring dividends when they themselves, after careful investigation for a year or two, confess that they do not know in what condition their affairs are, and admit them to be unintelligible. The Erie Road is an exceptional case, it will be said, and this to a certain extent is true; but it is not an exceptional case that directors should be anxious to declare dividends at all hazards. Indeed, it is hardly worth while to cite examples. Every candid man who has looked into railroad accounts will be willing to admit, that as a guide for investors little or nothing can be made of them; while the tendency appar-

ent in the minds of many brokers engaged in selling and buying railroad securities, to consider the annual statements rather in the light of a joke than as anything else, is not reassuring.

The value of stocks, however, is affected by still other considerations. It is not merely that it is difficult to learn anything about the exact value of the land-grant or the exact condition of the finances from the annual reports (the right of the stockholder to "inspect the books" of the corporation long since became valueless and fell into disuse, for the same reason that railroad accounts became mysterious), but that stock in all railroads of importance is used for two different purposes, which gives it two different values, the precise relation between which, in ordinary times, no one knows. Railroad stock is, of all securities, the best to borrow money upon, on account of the ease with which it can be transferred and sold. For this reason it is that millions of stock in roads which are commonly spoken of as good roads for investment are in easy times pledged in Wall Street for millions of debts. This stock may be perfectly good, dividend-paying stock, the management may be honest, and the business of the road increasing, but nevertheless, if money becomes "tight," quantities of it are likely to be thrown upon the market by people who have been taking it as a collateral security. This creates an unnaturally large supply, and the price falls. There are really, for all the well-known stocks, two prices, one of which is determined by the actual earnings of the stock, and the other by the condition of the money market. This is what is meant by the phrase "shrinkage of values"; there is in such a panic as that of September 20th no shrinkage of real values at all. There was on the 20th of September just as much real value in any one of the stocks quoted on the stock exchange as there had been on the 1st; but the value which had been determined on the 1st, mainly by the dividends or supposed earnings of the stocks, was now determined by the enormous and unnatural supply produced by fear. It may be said, of course, that this fact, not diminishing the real value, therefore does not affect railroad stocks as an investment. But the manner in which it affects them is through the difficulty of finding out in any case how much of the quoted price is due to the condition of the money market, and how much to the present and prospective earnings. Something is clearly due to both, but who shall say how much.

This difficulty does not yet exhaust the subject. The fundamental trouble (and, as we said last month, it was this fundamental trouble which caused the distrust that led to the panic of this autumn) is the enormous opportunities of dishonesty which the present system of railroad management offers. There is very little difference in this respect between a great modern railroad and certain modern political corporations, resting on the same fiction of universal democratic control, vested in a body which never exercises it. Both railroads and large cities like New York rest on universal suffrage, but railroad stockholders are to this degree in a worse condition than the inhabitants of such a city as New York, that they are scattered over the four quarters of the earth, have no acquaintance with each other, and no opportunity for concerted action. It will be remembered that during the Tweed rule in New York, the stockholders in that municipal corporation always voted regularly, or went through the form of voting, just as many stockholders of the Erie Railroad at that time may, for all we know, have been in the habit of sending their proxies to the annual meeting of that corporation for the purpose of keeping Fisk and Gould in office. There was very little difference between the *modus operandi* of the two cases. By shrewd manœuvres, the purchase in the one case of votes, in the other of proxies, two or three men get control of a majority of the stock or the votes, and after that keep the control by new issues of stock or by fraudulent returns. In how many roads this has been done we do not know, but the facility with which it may be done is now pretty generally understood.

It was becoming a matter of private inquiry and speculation just before the panic. We cannot, for obvious reasons, give the names of the roads the management of which since last January had been the subject of excited discussion, — a discussion not so much about the good sense as about the honesty of the management. We do not refer to the silly proclamations and pronunciamentos of the farmers, but to anxious discussions of a much more private and a much more rational kind. There were roads in Kansas, there were roads in Illinois, there were roads in a dozen other States, about which it was

beginning to be asked what were becoming of their dividends, and what was the character of the management. Simple-minded stockholders consoled themselves for the decline in the market value of their stock by the fact that they had always got ten per cent on their stock; and astute men explained the situation by means of generalizations (to a certain extent true), to the effect that in modern times it was necessary for roads to extend themselves, and that earnings must be used for that purpose rather than for the old-fashioned object of paying dividends on stock. With regard to the Pennsylvania system of roads, it was openly declared not so very long ago, with what truth we do not pretend to know, that the dividends the stockholders continued to receive were paid out of capital instead of income.

It is not our object to inquire into the truth of the stories which filled the air a few months since, and which, in our opinion, naturally and legitimately produced, in connection with the startling revelations of dishonesty in offices of trust of which we have lately been having such a plentiful supply, the distrust which led to the break in stocks in September. Whether the stories about Western roads were true or false, there was enough plausibility in them, when taken in connection with the fact that the accounts of these roads are to the investors in them absolutely unintelligible, to explain what has happened.

Of course there are in cases like these a large number of persons who always wish to know "what is proposed as a remedy." For ourselves, we propose no remedy at all. The only remedy for dishonesty is honesty, and the only remedy for absurd investments is safe investments. The remedy proposed by the farmers, of taking away from the stockholders what little profit is left them, hardly seems likely to be carried out; the remedy of handing the railroads over to the State or to the United States is not a practical question among intelligent people; and there remains nothing but to leave them in the hands which now manage them, to leave freights to be governed by the law of supply and demand, and to leave stockholders to discover that the industry of building railroads in new countries is highly speculative, and that, if they choose to invest in undertakings whose actual condition they have no means of ascertaining, they must take the consequences.

Great complaints have been made, and we have ourselves helped to make them, of new roads "built on bonds." We are obliged so admit, however, that the more this subject of railroads is studied, the more evident it becomes, that while these roads have in many cases been nurseries of fraud and swindling, the dishonesty has been brought about, not by the system of building "on bonds," but by the general causes which we have tried to indicate here, and which may be summed up in words,— irresponsible power. Roads nowadays must, like everything else, be begun with borrowed capital, and must be controlled by a very small number of men, generally one. There is no objection to such a system, if it is well managed. But when these few men induce the public to believe that they are a corporation of the old-fashioned democratic kind, and that the public will do wisely to buy their shares, they merely give one more proof of the extreme gullibility of the people, and their own rather dishonest sagacity.

There seems to be reason to hope that this panic will do something to bring people back to their senses on the subject of railroads. In 1857 a panic was produced by over-speculation in railroads, which restrained the public for some years from having anything to do with shares. Then the mania began again, and went on with increasing violence till last year. It had reached its height at about the time of the exposure of the Union Pacific Credit Mobilier swindle; though that road, to be sure, had never reached the point at which the public could be induced to take an active interest in its stock certificates. The curious part of this later railroad craze of the public is that, side by side with it, has gone on *pari passu* a more and more intelligent discussion of the real character of railroad investments, amounting practically to a demonstration that, while investment in bonds might or might not be prudent according to circumstances, there was no question that stock was a thing which, though nominally in the hands of the owner, was practically managed for him by some one at a great distance, who gave no security either for the honesty or efficiency with which he executed his trust. It is now several years since the exposure of the condition of Erie made a suggestive contribution to the public knowledge of the railroad question, and yet the exposure of Erie has been followed by wilder and still

wilder speculation in more and more distant roads. It seemed evident to most people at that time that Fisk and Gould, far from being monstrous productions of unnatural forces, were really natural though exaggerated results of a system which had spread over the entire country. Still people persisted in treating them as "out of nature," all railroads other than Erie as well managed, and all stocks other than Erie as perfectly safe.

While the public at large went on investing in all sorts of wild securities, managed by men of very doubtful reputation, and often managed no one knew by whom (for it is one of the peculiarities of the modern railroad that those most interested in the matter are sometimes unable to find out even who the real head of it is), the farmers of the West began to study the railroad problem, and in face of the fact, of which half an hour's examination of a few railroad tariffs will convince any one, that for years past the rates of transportation have been declining, boldly asserted that the way in which railroads were managed was this: the freight rates were established in a fixed ratio to the stock or debt of the road, and the freight tariff was made to depend, not on the expense of transportation, but on the amount of dividends the directors chose to declare. The farmers, having made this brilliant discovery, determined at once to limit the rates of transportation by law, and, without a doubt, greatly contributed, by their insane clamor, in bringing about the depression in all railroad property. Their discussion has certainly had one good effect, that of making it plain that the great farmers' movement of 1873 grew out of a glut in the grain market, and not out of the iniquities of the unfortunate holders of watered stock.